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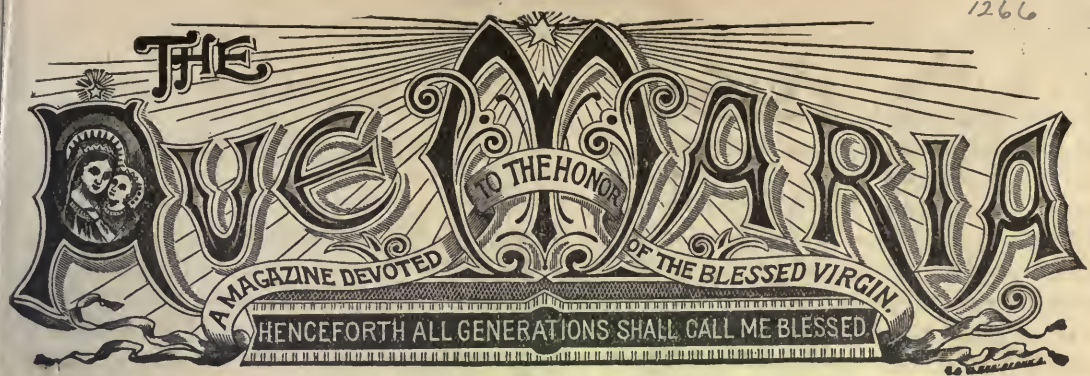
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The Angelus



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"Ave Maria!"

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

"AVE MARIA!" ages bore the phrase;
 "Ave Maria!" epochs bear it still;
 For when, submissive to her God's sweet will,
 She heard it spoken on that day of days,
 It made the Epoch then.

"Ave Maria!" not two pretty words
 Used by some poets in a convent scene;
 Not only for sweet girls in May-time green,
 Not only named with flowers and the birds,
 But last on lips of men,—

Of men in all the ages since our God
 Came to this earth to suffer for His sons;
 It rose in Cæsar's legions, and it runs
 In chords sublime wherever any sod
 Is soaked with Christián blood.

"Ave Maria!" prelude of the Word;
 "Ave Maria!" first on Gabriel's lips;
 "Ave Maria!" soft as sound of ships
 White-winged and speeding, the sweet words
 are heard
 Upon the world's dark flood.

'Twas last upon the lips of Charlemagne;
 False Julian fell when he it uttered not;
 Napoleon lost it,—'twas not quite forgot;
 And at the end he spoke it not in vain,
 Because he spoke it well.

O phrase beloved by angels and by men,
 First after Jesus named at mother's knee,
 Last spoken ere on earth we cease to be,—
 That gives each in his war the strength of ten,
 And frights the hosts of hell!

Our Blessed Mother.

BLESSED art thou amongst women!"
 These are the words with which the
 Angel concluded his address to our
 Immaculate Mother. After saying, "The Lord
 is with thee," he proceeded to add: "Blessed
 art thou amongst women!" These words sur-
 pass in magnificence any other form of saluta-
 tion. They declare that as grace is the source
 of blessing, she amongst all others was pecu-
 liarly blessed,—blessed amongst virgins, and
 therefore the Blessed Virgin; blessed amongst
 mothers, because she is the Mother of Him
 who is the Lord of glory, the God of angels
 and of men, of heaven and of earth. The same
 words were pronounced by St. Elizabeth when,
 "filled with the Holy Ghost," she saluted the
 Mother of God on the occasion of the Visita-
 tion. Our Heavenly Mother herself prophesied
 it when she broke forth into the sublime can-
 ticle of the *Magnificat*, and declared that the
 title of "blessed" was to be her own especial
 title throughout all generations; and in fulfil-
 ment of that prophecy the faithful of the whole
 world never cease to repeat it.

Well might the Angel address her as
 blessed; for it was a blessing he had come to
 announce,—the blessing that had been prom-
 ised ever since the world began, and which was
 then about to be fulfilled. The world had for
 four thousand years lain under a curse, and
 now that curse was to be removed and the
 earth blessed once more. The original curse
 had come upon the world through the fault
 of our first mother Eve, who listened to the

voice of the tempter, the Evil One, who led her away from her obedience, and induced her to give her consent to an act which brought sin and death into the world. But now it is to be redeemed, and the blessing which is to redeem it comes through Mary. Now a messenger from heaven comes to this second Eve, to another Mother of mankind, to obtain her consent to an act which was to reverse the work of disobedience and bring life and pardon to man.

Thus the Fathers of the Church, to show how Mary is blessed above all other creatures, look first to the contrast between her work and that of Eve. In Mary, they say, the fall of Eve is restored; the prudence, the obedience, and the faith of Mary making reparation for the imprudence, the disobedience and the unbelief of Eve. (2) God, who condemns Eve, crowns Mary with glory. (3) As death flowed from the first Eve, so did life come from the second,—as all that is evil came through Eve, so through Mary comes all that is good. (4) By Mary salvation and life is within the reach of all, as by Eve all fell into ruin and death. (5) Mary raised Eve from her fall, restored Adam, despoiled hell, and opened the gates of Paradise. (6) As we all die through Eve, so do we all live through Mary,—we gain the adoption of children and return to our former dignity. (7) The new Virgin hath expiated the evil deed of the old; and lastly as all censure Eve, so do all praise Mary. Therefore, rightly does the Angel say that Mary is blessed amongst women; for she is a being wholly different from all other members of the human race, in her unspotted purity and superabundant holiness. She was not merely an instrument in the Incarnation, but her faith and obedience co-operated with it; and thus, as Eve was the cause of ruin to all, so Mary was the cause of salvation.

Another consideration is that when the Angel addressed her as blessed, he added a striking testimony to her holiness and sanctity, which he had proclaimed when he said, "Hail, full of grace!" How great indeed must have been her holiness to fit her for the high dignity of Mother of God! As we have seen, it is a law which Almighty God has followed in His dealings with man, that when he destines any one for a special office he prepares him by

particular graces necessary for that office. So, then, we may conceive that God prepared her for her exalted duties by enriching her with sanctity, a perfection of holiness far beyond all other creatures together. Amongst all His creatures, she is the one upon whom God has vouchsafed to look with a peculiar love, to whom He has given an abundance of grace beyond what in His good-will He has freely bestowed upon others; one whose merits have been greater than others have been enabled to acquire, and whose glory has been beyond all proportion higher than all other creatures. Therefore is she indeed blessed amongst all the creatures of God.

And she herself, inspired by the Holy Ghost, in her canticle of the *Magnificat*, prophesied that all generations should call her blessed. So has it been ever since, so is it at present, and so is it to be till the end of time. Down through the ages the Church of God has ever taken up this holy canticle of praise, and has made it resound throughout the whole world. Her sweet name has gone forth with that of her Divine Son, and wherever His adorable name has been venerated throughout the world, the name of Mary has been honored with it, and she has been called "Blessed." In every country in the world wherein the light of the Gospel has penetrated the faithful children of Holy Church gather around the shrines of our Blessed Mother, and with loving hearts, and in every language spoken by human lips, proclaim her blessed; they sing her *Magnificat*, and extol her glories, and declare her full of grace and radiant with the beauty of perfect holiness. Indeed, the language of the faithful, loving Christian shows the constant fulfilment of this sublime prophecy, in its striking contrast with the cold, unfeeling language of heresy, which speaks of her as "the Virgin"; whereas the true, devoted heart will call her blessed—the Blessed Virgin.

In the year 431 there was an Archbishop and Patriarch of Constantinople named Nestorius. It happened on one occasion that one of his priests while preaching declared that the title of Mother of God ought not to be given to the Blessed Virgin. When the people heard that assertion their feelings were aroused; for the title was familiar to them,—

they had always invoked the Blessed Virgin under the title of Mother of God,—and so an appeal was made to the Archbishop. He decided in favor of the priest; but as this destroyed the confidence of the people, he tried to win them back by inviting a holy and learned Bishop, St. Proclus, to preach upon the subject in his cathedral. The Saint did preach, and in his sermon maintained that the title of Mother of God should, above all others, be given to the Blessed Virgin, and that those who refused it actually declared that Christ was not the Word of God, and thus separated themselves from God. The sermon was received with the greatest enthusiasm; but Nestorius arose and contradicted the statement of St. Proclus, and again denied that it could be said that the Divine Word was born of Mary, or that He died upon the Cross. On hearing this, the people rose in a body and left the church. For the faithful of Constantinople were remarked for their love and devotion toward the Blessed Virgin, and their city had been especially placed under her patronage.

The excitement soon spread throughout the whole East. St. Cyril of Alexandria condemned the teaching of Nestorius. The case was laid before St. Celestine, the Pope, who, in a council held in Rome, condemned the heresy, excommunicating and deposing Nestorius unless he retracted his errors. This was refused, and the Pope, in order to give greater solemnity to the cause, summoned a general council to meet at Ephesus, and appointed St. Cyril to preside in his name.

The city of Ephesus was indeed a fitting place for a council convoked in support of such a doctrine. St. John the Evangelist, the great defender of Our Lord's Divinity, had been bishop of Ephesus; he died there, and his relics were reposing in the city. The Blessed Virgin Mary too had, after the day of Pentecost, dwelt in Ephesus, where she was exercising to St. John the duty of mother, and he paying to her the obedience of a son, according to the words of Our Lord when dying upon the Cross on Calvary.* So that the city was indeed a fitting one in which the council met; and the church in which the

bishops, to the number of one hundred and ninety-eight, assembled was dedicated to God under her name.

It was in this venerable assembly that St. Cyril, filled with devotion to the Incarnate Word and His Holy Mother, rose and spoke. He said he was oppressed with sorrow because the honor of the Mother of God had been assailed, but the joyful and hopeful looks of the Fathers around filled him with gladness. "Hail, Holy Trinity," he said, "who hast called us together into this church of Mary, the Mother of God! Hail Mary, Mother of God! By thee is the Trinity glorified, the Cross praised and venerated throughout the world; by thee the heavens rejoice, angels are gladdened, demons are put to flight, and man recovers his claim to heaven." He argued the point with great depth of learning, and brought forward one hundred and ninety-eight passages from the New Testament against the false teaching of Nestorius, and showed how the mystery of the Incarnation required that one Divine Person should possess two natures,—be both God and man. The Person is the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, and we must affirm of that Person whatever belongs to either of these natures. Of that Person we must declare, with the Creed, that He is the only-begotten Son of God, and also that He was born, suffered and died. If born, then she of whom He was born was His Mother, and therefore she is and must be called the Mother of God. This was defined by the council, and thus the honor of the Son and the Mother was defended.

While the council was being held in the church, the people in great crowds waited anxiously outside far into the night. When at length the bishops appeared and the decision was made known, the air resounded with their acclamations and shouts of joy. They carried the bishops in triumph to their residences; the whole city was brilliantly illuminated, and the enthusiasm knew no bounds. Such was the spirit of the faithful in the beginning of the fifth century, and shows the absurdity of those who will say that devotion to Mary the Mother of God is of modern growth.

Such were the circumstances which led to the composition of the second part of that

* "La Sainte Vierge," par l'Abbé U. Maynard.

beautiful little prayer, the "Hail Mary," in the year 431. Thus early in the history of the Church began the recitation of this prayer under its present form, which ever since has been the source of consolation, hope, and strength to the soul in every age, condition, and circumstance of life; not alone to the faithful, to those aspiring after perfection, but to the sinner as well. How often is it not the case that the "Hail Mary" learned in childhood's days is the last spark of Christian faith and hope and practice that lingers in the hardened sinner! And how often, too, has not the poor sinner found, for the unspeakable happiness of his soul, how truly Mary is the Refuge of Sinners as well as the Queen of Angels and Saints!

Let us, then, as faithful children of the Church, enter into the spirit with which she is animated in her love and devotion to our Immaculate Queen. And as often as we recite the "Hail Mary," and repeat those words of the Angel, "Blessed art thou amongst women!" let it be with hearts filled with love and reverence toward her who is blessed above all, because she is the perfect reflection of the beauty, the holiness and the perfection of God Himself, who made her all beautiful and without spot or stain. Let us remember, too, that as in all things Mary is our model, so is she in this. She was blessed amongst all, not only because God had done great things for her, but also because she in turn had done great things for God, by her fidelity in the discharge of her high duties, in her correspondence with grace. We, too, have to seek to make ourselves blessed of God, keeping our souls in a state of grace, pleasing and acceptable in His sight, and thus merit to be blessed forever in heaven. Grace is the source of every blessing; it is by our fidelity to grace that we acquire merit, and by merit we purchase our future glory.

THE recitation of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin is like the weaving of a garland, of which each of her sweet attributes is a flower, until the whole, a mass of glorious color and rich perfume, is laid perfect at her feet.

NEVER forget that all created things perish. God alone has always been and always will be.

The Carnival of Venice.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

THERE is something ludicrous in the subdued hilarity of the Venetians. When they are happy they smile a sweet, sad smile, and call it laughter. I don't remember ever to have heard one good, hearty "Ha! ha!" from the lips of a Venetian. They seemed to me to have forgotten how to laugh.

Do you remember that delicious dance by Paganini called "The Carnival of Venice"? It is quaint enough and sprightly enough; it is wild and weird, and all that; but did you ever discover any trace of jollity in it? I never could. If you play it in the major key it has the effect of a minor, and when it is transposed it is heard to the best advantage. It portrays the spirit of the Venetian Carnival, which is so very unlike the rollicking daily and nightly carousals of Naples. There is more hilarity in proud old Rome in this season than in Venice. Here the maskers go about the streets like mourners. I would as soon expect an unshrived ghost to make merry as one of these Venetians. Once I heard one of them yawning as if life were indeed a burden; and when he was questioned as to the cause of his distress he replied, with characteristic brevity: "*Suspiro, signore!*" It was only a sigh, you know; and is there not a whole bridge of them in this silent, serious city?

The Piazza of San Marco is the favorite resort of the maskers. They go to and fro, arm in arm, saying all sorts of impudent things to everybody, and saying them, of course, in the ridiculously high falsetto voice which the maskers affect as a disguise. There is no mirth, no *confetti* throwing, no assumption of reckless gayety such as makes mad the whole population of the South Italian cities; this, we were informed, is not a phase of the Venetian character.

The crowning feature of the Carnival was the arrival of the little ferry from the Lido, about eight o'clock in the evening. A company of maskers, disguised as Neapolitans, had gone over to embark, and when the small steamer

came puffing back across the Lagoon, ablaze with colored lamps and embowered in streaming banners, one could almost imagine that the bark had literally come over the seas to the sound of soft music, while all Venice was on the marble pavement of the Riva Schiavone to give her welcome, and enjoy the pleasure of the scene.

The crowd was dense, the Piazza of San Marco almost gay. The *Tarantella*, danced under the glow of a thousand flaming torches, brought back such vivid recollections of darling Naples that I was half glad when the sky suddenly let loose a smart shower of rain, that hurried us all under cover, and most of us home on the double-quick. Later we heard the sound of exquisite music on the water, and saw the maskers drifting out to sea, while the air was still moist with the late shower. What a glorious spectacle!—the steamer, one pyramid of torches, was pursued by hundreds of illuminated gondolas, that resembled a constellation of tropical stars.

The Aquatic Carnival occurs but once in two years. It is really the festival of the plebeians, but the nobility seem to enjoy it hugely, and for the time being every man is on the best of terms with his neighbor. The first day is set apart for a race of barge-men on the Grand Canal. The barges are large, clumsy boats, very low in the water, very full in the bows, and used for the transportation of heavy freight,—no freightship lies at a dock in Venice; in fact, there are no docks in the whole sea-girt city.

The barges are manned by two or three unhappy wretches, who devote their lives to poling the ugly affairs through the broader canals; the narrower ones admit only the more slender and elegant gondola. When one of these toilers of the sea plunges his pole into the bottom of the canal, and places the other end of it against his shoulder—thus walking the plank on the side of his scow, while he pushes against the pole with all his might,—he looks as if he were some martyr transfixed upon a lance point. And he is to a degree a martyr; he crushes in his chest with this continuous pressure, and usually manages to die under thirty.

His *festa* is a splendid mockery. Preceded by the music of floating orchestras, and by

fleets of official boats with streamers flying, the barges are poled through the whole length of the canal at their utmost speed; on week-days, during business hours, this seldom exceeds two miles an hour; but there is something to strive for now, and there is nothing to carry but the gorgeous draperies that festoon each barge.

Innumerable gondolas line the walls of the canal; the palace windows are resplendent with the beauties of Venice; the balconies are decorated with flags and cushioned with Oriental rugs. When the race is over, the mouth of the canal is choked with the multitudes of skiffs and gondolas that have been following in the wake of the barges. You can easily cross from one shore to the other on the decks of these dainty boats,—this is just what the winners of the first, second and third prizes do: they run hither and thither, hat in hand, collecting wine-money from all sorts of people. Everybody is enthusiastic, sympathetic, and charitable. The successful barge-men appear to be as happy as lords for a whole month after their triumph, while the city quickly relapses into its normal repose, patiently awaiting the final race between one-oared gondolas, which takes place a couple of days later.

Between us, let me whisper, the barge race is really the *fête* of the nobility; it is under their especial patronage, and without their aid it would never take place. The barges are hung with silks and satins and velvets, that float upon the water and deaden the splash of the waves. Cleopatra relished this picturesque extravagance, and she could afford to indulge it every day of her life; but the noble Venetian who lives within his means, though the ladies of his household make an enviable display of old lace and jewels, glorifies the Grand Canal but once in two years, and then his pageant is as splendid and unreal as one of Turner's masterpieces.

The Fête Royale,—a *fête* that outshone the Carnival,—is remembered with some enthusiasm. A party of us, all Americans, moored our gondola at the steps of a palace facing the United States Consulate on the Grand Canal. There was to be a meeting of distinguished personages at the railway station, followed by a procession of boats. The canal swept in

a grand curve just above us; we were charmingly situated; for the fleet, in its downward progress, was to sweep suddenly into view and take us by storm.

While we were dividing our admiration between the superb tapestries that were suspended from the balconies of the long lines of palaces, and the Stars and Stripes that floated above the Consulate over the way, we heard a signal-gun. It was a moment of positive relief, for we had been waiting a whole hour for the sound of that gun; we had now only to tarry a little time for the arrival of the procession.

Nothing can be conceived of more bewildering than this novel and brilliant spectacle. As it came in view around a bend in the canal, preceded by a hundred gondolas with fluttering flags and gaudily dressed gondoliers—the advance-guard,—the imagination of the spectators was at once fired by the sudden and rapid approach of twelve barges of the most gorgeous description. No two were alike; each was propelled by a dozen picked gondoliers, dressed in the fantastic costumes of the golden age of Venice; resplendent breadths of silk and satin and velvet, fringed with silver, hung from the high poops of the barges and trailed upon the water. The prow of each, swelling like a swan's breast and towering high in air, was decorated with fairy bowers, wherein numerous cupids were suspended among wreaths of roses and tufts of ostrich feathers.

There was one barge fashioned like a silver shell; above it an enormous butterfly, with glittering, transparent wings, hovered, just touching a curled plume as long as the barge itself, and as graceful as a palm-bow in the moonlight. The gondoliers were dressed in garments of silver tissue, and the oar-blades were of silver, flashing in the sun and dripping crystal drops. Another barge was of the most exquisite lilac, fair as a lily, and flower-like in the delicacy of its design. A third was scarlet and golden. In each case the gondoliers were costumed to match their barge, and the oars, of wondrous length, were dyed accordingly. There was a beautiful barge as green as an oasis, another orange colored, and one of the deepest azure.

No words can possibly picture the ravishing

loveliness of the scene. I have never met with anything approaching it in the line of theatrical spectacles. It was the realization of an opium dream; a flight of paradise birds over a glassy stream, wherein the reflection of each barge was a mass of confused color, spangled with sunbeams and agitated by a myriad ripples.

The pageant was over in a moment; before we had time to comprehend half its marvellous charm, before we had even thought of cheering, it was over and gone. We ceased to breathe, every soul of us, wrapped in dumb admiration and half blinded with its unexpected beauty; while the rush of the water under those swan-like prows, mingled with the entrancing melody of scores of lutes and viols that were played by unseen minstrels, held us spellbound.

We saw a glory on the Lagoon at the foot of the royal stairway,—a flush as of a tropical sunset, a flutter of ten thousand flags; we heard a low murmur of applause, and the next moment we were swept into a moving mass of gondolas, all hurrying forward in the wake of the fairy barges. The Peris' paradise can not awaken in me a new emotion after this rapturous vision.

In the midst of it stood two commonplace-looking gentlemen; it was for their especial benefit that the barges were born of the brains of some poet; that the music was made to breathe sweetly under the windows of venerable palaces, that had displayed their gorgeous treasures of brocade and antique tapestry upon balcony and window-seat and richly cushioned threshold; and for them the sun seemed to shine more brightly and the waves to dance again. These personages were the Emperor of Austria and the King of Italy, but in the gladness of so much beauty we forgot to look at them.

As the dusk drew on, the whole town gathered upon the wide Riva facing the island of San Giorgio Maggiore, to witness the illumination. The canals broaden into a little harbor just here; you are surrounded by the chief architectural features of Venice; it is a marvellously dramatic setting for a dramatic pageant. On this evening the ships were hung full of lanterns; they swung like golden chains from mast to mast; they out-

lined the slender spars and swarmed among the rigging; in the dark water beneath them there was a mimic fleet etched in gold. San Giorgio was ablaze; the campanile a pillar of fire; it changed color, and enveloped itself in purple, scarlet, or emerald-tinted smoke, that curled about it like sunset clouds spangled with burning stars.

A long barge, moored midway in the water, sent forth fountains of rockets, and spun its fairy wheels till the sea was a sheet of gold and the city glowed again. It was the triumph of Venice! You forgot her age, her dinginess, her weather-stained walls, and the sad silence that has settled upon her forever. You saw only a city with domes and towers reflecting the glare of a conflagration; a long line of palaces, whose radiant façades were mirrored in rivers of rippling gold; a gorgeous mirage flashing and flickering under a heaven that seemed to rain stars of every conceivable hue, and above a sea that outshone the lustre of its many tinted shells.

Forgiven.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE dew of the Blood of God
Has washed me clean
As the daisy star on the sod,
The singing brook on the green,
The young dove snowy and bright,
The silver cloud in the sky.
His scarlet has washed me white,—
His lamb, even I.

I could sing with the bird on the bough
A little innocent song;
I could leap like the young lambs now
The fleecy mothers among;
I could laugh so careless and wild,
With the youngest child in the sun,—
I, with the heart of a child,
Christ's little one.

Hark, how it flutters and sings,
Clothed in white,
The soul that hath known dark things,
Somewhere, far out of sight!
As a bird goes home to its nest,
I fly with never a word
To His breast that will give me rest,—
Christ's singing-bird.

The Disappearance of John Longworthy.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

I.—BROADWAY AT NIGHT.

JOHN LONGWORTHY walked up Broadway, swinging his umbrella rather recklessly. Fortunately, there was not anybody in lower Broadway to be prodded by its gyrating point; for eight o'clock had just struck, and, until he came to Fulton Street, Broadway was a desert. He walked rapidly, unheeding a slight drizzle of rain. He had no need to be in a hurry as he had just dined, and yet he dashed under the heads of the horses of a street-car that was turning into Broadway, as if it were twelve o'clock noon and he were a broker late for an expected arrangement on 'change.

Longworthy was not satisfied with himself or the world. He had dined at the Twilight Club, which met periodically in a restaurant in the top of a great building down town. He had heard a number of speeches on the subject named for discussion at this symposium. Mr. Henry George and Mr. Redpath had spoken; a popular Baptist minister, a Conservative young lawyer, and a Catholic priest had given their opinions; and yet nobody had quite convinced Longworthy that there was any way out of the muddle into which modern civilization had gotten itself. The question had been, "How Shall We Help the Poor?"

The Catholic priest's utterance had struck him as having a practical ring, but it seemed to Longworthy that he laid too much stress on the spiritual condition of the poor in New York. And yet he seemed to know them better than the others, and that was an advantage. Most people whom he had heard talk on this burning question seemed to feel that the less you knew of the poor personally and the more you knew of them statistically, the better you were qualified for defining their wants. The priest seemed to know the poor of New York, and in them John Longworthy was very greatly interested. But, not being a Catholic, he failed to understand why the priest put so much stress on sin and so little on sanitation. He was of the opinion that if you gave poor people light, pleasant rooms, gymnastic appa-

ratus, swimming schools, good music, and lectures improving to their literary taste, you would make them as contented as mortals could be. It suddenly occurred to him, as the priest spoke, that perhaps it would be well to know the poor and what they considered their needs before prescribing for them.

John Longworthy was forty years of age and a bachelor. There had been a romance in his life ten years ago. He had admired intensely a young Italian girl, but religious differences had been an insuperable barrier to their marriage. This experience made him graver in tone than he had been. Being moderately well off, he travelled much in out-of-the-way places. He had written two books—on “The Science of Politics” and on “Social Questions and their Solution.” It was the prestige of these volumes which had earned for him many invitations to the Twilight Club. He had gone thither in search of light on questions which—his books said—he had already answered. Somehow he felt that he was outgrowing these volumes, although they continued to sell. He had in contemplation an article for the *North American Review*, in which he would show that the essence of all religions was to be the religion of the future, and that this essence was reverence for age and love of little children. Apart from those feelings possible of cultivation in every breast, and which should be cultivated by the State, religion was a collection of ancient odds and ends, barnacles,—*roba di Roma*, and other effete places. Reverence for the old and love for the young should be cultivated by perfect plumbing, annual poetical celebrations, good music, and the introduction of Longfellow’s poems as a text-book in all schools. He had determined to find out who said “I love God and little children,” and to put it—if it happened to have been written by Jean Paul Richter—at the head of his paper. It meant really the essence of all religion,—for of course “God” stood for the forces of nature.

All this ran through Longworthy’s mind as he walked up Broadway in the rain. To passers-by he was a tall, well-dressed man, in a hurry. If you had seen him in the *Herald* office—into which he dropped to give an advertisement to the clerk at the desk—you would have seen that he was a man with a

high forehead, a healthy color, kindly blue eyes, a rather long blond beard and mustache. His eyes were grave eyes with a latent spark in them; he carried a light overcoat over his arm; he wore a dark frock-coat, gray trousers, and a silk hat; a bunch of violets in his lapel did not distinguish him particularly, for the New Yorker has become as fond of flowers as the ancient Roman. He paid for his advertisement—he wanted a copyist,—and turned away from the desk, forgetting his umbrella. The clerk called after him, but Longworthy did not hear him. It had ceased to rain. Before the clerk could get out from behind his rampart, Longworthy had jumped into a *coupé* which happened to be passing.

The clerk looked at the umbrella curiously. It was a good one, with a handle of some foreign polished wood, and the initial “L” on a little silver plate. The clerk thought with complacency that his own name was “Long.” He went back to his work, feeling that the day had been a lucky one; for a man who was capable of leaving an umbrella behind him on a damp night would in all probability not remember where he left it. The clerk reflected that a man who could afford to take a *coupé* when he felt like it, and to wear a nosegay of Parma violets in December, would not miss his umbrella much; and he examined the engraved “L” again, with a certain feeling that virtue, in his case, had been rewarded. A newsboy who had watched the clerk congratulated him, and said ‘the bloke that lost that umbril was his uncle, and that the property ought to be given to him to take home.’

The driver of the *coupé* stopped at Canal Street. Longworthy had told him to drive to the Union League Club, where he expected to meet his publisher, and he introduced to a member of Parliament who had read his “Social Questions.” There was a block at Canal Street, because a circus company was moving its luggage and animals. The carriage paused ten minutes; when it stopped again, in front of the Union League, the driver waited a moment in the hope that his “fare” would open the door himself and get out. As there was no sign, the driver descended and opened the door. There was nobody inside! The driver was astonished; he lit a match and found a two-dollar note on the seat.

"It's queer!" he said to himself. "The man looked like a gentleman—and so he was!" he concluded, as he fingered the note. "Some people, if they wanted to try this game, would have beaten me out of my fare."

He did not say anything about the matter, until he saw in the papers of one day after that Mr. John Longworthy, an eminent man of letters, had disappeared. The last people who had seen him were the clerk in the *Herald* office, the driver, and the newsboy. They were heroes of the moment, and the umbrella with the "L" on it divided public interest with them.

The clerk described the upper part of John Longworthy—the forehead,—he had taken off his hat at the window, for the walk had heated him,—the violets, and the color of his coat. The newsboy described his trousers and the pair of white over-gaiters he wore. He had gone, and his friends believed that he had been murdered; but the driver scoffed at this, until his hat, with a card pasted in it, was found, battered and almost shapeless, in a gutter in Canal Street. Even then he reluctantly assented to the theory; for it was his opinion that a gentleman who might have had a free ride and did not take it was too good to come to any bad end. He was alone in this opinion, though John Longworthy's friends, in a series of interviews, declared that he had not an enemy in the world. As his publisher, too, was loud in this assertion, it seemed to be true. He had disappeared,—that was certain.

II.—THE SCENT OF THE VIOLETS.

All the daily papers had theories about John Longworthy's disappearance. It was a case of murder or suicide. He had been dragged from the *coupé* and sandbagged. He might have walked into the river in a fit of temporary insanity. He was considered to be eccentric at times, and perhaps some sudden trouble had driven him mad. But there was no trace of sudden trouble. His last letter to a friend in Paris lay half finished in his study. It was printed in all the papers. It ran:

"Your report of the condition of the poor in Paris makes me shudder. You say that the work of the Sisters of Charity and of other 'religious,' male and female, seems to be all that is effective in the worst parts of your

city. How do you account for it? Is it because these people really love the poor, or because they live with them and are poor like themselves? There is positively not much left to me in life, except an intense interest in the great problem of raising the poor above their present level. They suffer like driven beasts, but they are not beasts. Sometimes I think that, if I were a Catholic, and could understand what 'vocation' in the religious sense means, I might get nearer to the poor. Do not fancy that I mean the poor in the New England towns of our boyhood, who merely were not rich, and who worked every day to gain what the rich got without working. Write soon, my dear Dick, and let me know more about the Parisian poor—"

His servant said that he had looked at his watch, ordered him to lay out his evening clothes before half-past eight, and written on a card, to be delivered if a certain friend called: "I shall be at the Nineteenth Century Club in time to meet you late,—I have heard all the people there have to say about Socialism before. Shall drop in at the Union League to see Brooks for a minute."

He had not seen Brooks; his evening clothes still lay on the bed; he had not appeared at the Nineteenth Century Club, by which Socialism had been discussed, and now he was—where?

It came out that he had been paid two thousand dollars on the day of his disappearance. Mr. Casper Mollenhauser had gone to his office after banking hours on that day, and paid him a mortgage in bills of one hundred and five hundred dollars each. This fact was a great support to the murder theory. But the carriage driver laughed at this. How could anybody be dragged out of his *coupé* early in the evening at Broadway and Canal Street without his hearing a row? Mr. Longworthy might have jumped out—he probably did,—leaving two dollars on the seat for him. As to sandbagging and that sort of thing, he had no patience with it.

John Longworthy's will was discovered. He was a fairly wealthy man. He had no relatives living, except a rich uncle in Liverpool. The will made the town stare. He left all his money for the purpose of investigating the tenement house question, and magnificently endowed a

chair of sanitation at Yale College. This seemed very absurd to his friends, who thought he might have done so much for Italian Opera, the propagation of fox-hunting on Staten Island, the new Episcopal Cathedral, or toward founding a school of Ethnical Culture. But as his death could not be proved, his will remained a dead letter.

Various societies and clubs, all more or less interested in Socialism, drew up resolutions and made panegyrics. His acquaintances talked over the mystery, and one or two friends earnestly lamented him. Many, neither friends nor acquaintances, to whom he had been kind in various ways, missed his face, and were sincere in their regret for his loss.

The police worked silently—more efficiently than they were given credit for. Nobody seemed to think that the search for the missing man was made more difficult by the tendency of the newspapers to make public any clue the moment it was discovered. The detectives were obliged to work in the light, instead of in the dark, as they preferred, and all the time were held up to derision by the daily papers, which tried to outdo one another in showing the public how much cleverer than the police they were.

It happened, however, that the only reasonable clue was made out by a young man who had read the minute descriptions of John Longworthy's dress given by the clerk in the *Herald* office and by the newsboy. His name was Miles Galligan; having no regular employment—he was one of those unfortunates who have held political place, and henceforth live on the hope of more office,—he amused himself by doing some amateur police work. Longworthy's clothes were good. The *Herald* clerk, who evidently knew about such things, declared that the coat was of French make. A glance had told him that; for the shoulders were sloped in a manner not affected by English or American tailors; and, then, the collar was very high. The clerk was positive that Mr. Longworthy's hat and coat were of foreign make.

So much stress was laid on the victim's clothes that Miles Galligan determined to see whether he could find any trace of them or not. They were so peculiar in cut that the murder or murderers would not wear them, and yet much too good to be thrown away.

In the public mind John Longworthy had become "the victim," and his inexplicable disappearance was generally called a "murder." Galligan, having plenty of time on his hands, went the rounds of the "misfit" and second-hand tailor-shops. Time and patience finally brought him into the quarter of the Polish Jews. He permitted himself to be almost torn to pieces by the proprietors of the various caves; for their favorite method is more forcible than that of the spider who wanted to entice the fly into his parlor. A man who falls into the hands of two of these old-clothes dealers will be so tattered and torn by the time they let him go that he will need new attire.

Galligan, in his search, saw many strange garments,—which represent the foam cast up by the tide of humanity, ebbing and flowing in the metropolis. In one place was a draggled skirt of green tulle—the cast-off property of some dancer at the theatre,—hung next to a pilot coat, fished out of the river and probably lost by some drunken seaman; a little child's frock—bought at a pawnbroker's sale,—dangled near a frock-coat of dark blue, which looked fresher than the rest of the contents of the place. Galligan's eyes brightened. He pretended to examine the pilot coat. The proprietor was assisted by an aged woman, who wore a light brown wig, and carried a string of dried mushrooms and an antique goose. She had come in to bargain for the child's frock, but she diverted her attention to support the efforts of Isaac Zcayski in selling the pilot coat. She was the widow of Isaac's cousin, hence the wig; for the widows in the quarter of the Polish Jews always cut off their hair and wear wigs of unparalleled ugliness.

The pilot coat? Surely the young man was charmed by its warmth, its softness as of velvet,—look at the lining! It alone was worth the whole price of the garment. Galligan was coy. Then the widow of Simon Zcayski began. Her husband had one like it; he could not wear it out; it was buried with him. Galligan understood little of their gabbling; he examined the pilot coat carefully. It was too big!

"Too big!" Both the Zcayskis raised their hands in horror. "Too big!" they shrieked. "Why, it fits like the skin of a fat goose! It is worthy of a prince. And so cheap: three dollars

and a half,—only three dollars and a half!"

Galligan turned away. The Zcayskis almost wept. "Ah," said the widow, with a flash of inspiration, "the young man is a nobleman; he would have the coat of a nobleman. Behold!" And she pointed, like a sibyl, to the dark blue frock-coat.

Galligan turned away sulkily. Isaac clung to him. "I am ruined if you do not buy. I have sold nothing to-day. It will give me bad luck if you leave my shop!"

The widow added her pleading, and put herself, the goose and the dangling mushrooms in Galligan's way.

Galligan took the coat; he turned down the collar and read the label on the inside: "Sturm, Paris." It had been made in France, and yet that told nothing. He did not dare to search the pockets, with the eyes of the voluble Polish Jews fixed on him; he held the coat in his hands, and ran over in his mind the descriptions he had read,—“Dark blue frock-coat, rather long in the tails and tight in the waist, high collar, a bunch of violets.” He brought the lapel close to his face.

"Ach, Rachel," cried Isaac, "he will find the stitches beautiful, done in real silk! The button-holes are alone worth the price of the coat. I wish I were rich,—I would wear such a coat on all feasts."

A faint, sweet odor became apparent to Galligan. Caught in the button-hole was a withered Parma violet, hanging dry on its limp stem. Galligan's heart jumped; but he sulkily threw the coat across the clothes-line on which it had hung.

"Not to-day!" he said.

Isaac called down the vengeance of Heaven on him. Rachel wiped her eyes with the string of dried mushrooms. Could human nature be so depraved as to slight such a bargain?

Galligan yielded to their entreaties and reluctantly took the coat again. He turned the pockets inside-out,—he found nothing; he turned the label in the inside of the collar, and read, embroidered in white silk on the reverse of it, "J. L."

He had no doubt now that it was John Longworthy's coat. After some haggling, he paid just half what Isaac asked for it and took it away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Old Year and the New.

TOLL, bells, toll,
As if for a parting soul!
The Year is waning, the Year is old;
His pulse is feeble, his breath is cold;
Sadly, wearily lying there,
Let him die with a silent prayer,—
Toll, bells, toll!

Toll, bells, toll,
As if for a parting soul!
Who knocks loud at the outer gate?
Hush his clamor and bid him wait
Till the midnight signal comes!—at last
The Year is passing, the Year is past,—
Toll, bells, toll!

Chime, bells, chime!
Break into tuneful rhyme;
Cast the trappings of gloom aside,
Ope the portals and fling them wide:
The guest is coming, the guest is come.
Welcome, welcome the New Year home,—
Chime, bells, chime!

Ring, bells, ring!
Youths and maidens sing!
Gather round him with shouts of joy,
Crown with roses the smiling boy;
(Hide with garlands yon sable bier),
The King is buried, the King is here,—
Ring, bells, ring!

S. H.

Favors of Our Queen.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE AT LOURDES.

MADAME FACQ, aged forty, of Pont-à-Mousson, was a member of the Lorraine pilgrimage to Lourdes. She suffered from a complication of diseases—paralysis of the bladder, of the intestines, and of the limbs, with spinal disease. Doctor Pierron certifies that she was under his care for over five years, and since the birth of her tenth child, three years ago, all chance of recovery by medical art was deemed hopeless; she could not move, and had a nurse attending her night and day. Nevertheless, although earthly aid was despaired of, the Comfortress of the Afflicted and the Health of the Weak was

confidently invoked. At last a pilgrimage to Lourdes was resolved upon.

But how was the poor patient to travel such a distance? However, she set out, and it was a first miracle that she was able to accomplish the journey. On being carried, with the utmost precaution, into the railway car at Pont-à-Mousson she fainted. During the entire journey she lay almost senseless, her eyes closed, her head drooping on her shoulders,—in a word, between life and death; yet her faith never faltered. At Clermont-Ferrand, when she was lifted into a cab to go to Notre Dame du Port (a local shrine), a man, seeing her exhausted state, exclaimed: "It is cruel to make a dying woman travel such a distance!"

At last the pilgrims reached Lourdes, God alone knows at the price of what anxiety and suffering in the case of Madame Facq and others. She desired to be immersed in the piscina without delay; she fell into a swoon on reaching it, and, in spite of restoratives, did not recover her senses. Her reclining chair was rolled in; the ladies and Sisters who plunge the sick into the healing water looked at one another, greatly perplexed; the fainting fit continued, and they feared that death was imminent. The Sister that accompanied Madame Facq cried out: "She is lost if the Blessed Virgin does not cure her!" With much difficulty she was quickly undressed and put into the piscina, the charitable nurses praying fervently all the while. On being lifted out of the water a fearful hiccough seemed again to forebode the fatal moment. The ladies of the piscina now began to recite the prayers for the dying; the poor woman seemed to be in her agony: her dark, sunken eyes and the black line round the mouth and nose were signs not to be mistaken by those accustomed to see death. They wrapped a few garments about her and laid her on her little carriage.

At this instant burst forth joyous shouts announcing the approach of the Blessed Sacrament, which was being conveyed in procession back to the Basilica. "We must take her out quickly and place her on the passage of the Blessed Sacrament," said the ladies.—"But she is not dressed."—"Never mind."

A large woollen *peignoir* was thrown over her and she was carried out. "Ah, ladies! why

do you take her out?" said an old *brancardier*, thinking with horror she was already dead. Heeding nothing but the approach of our Blessed Lord in the Eucharist, the ladies knelt down on each side of the litter. The Sister that nursed Madame Facq called her by name and tried to raise her head, but the poor head fell back and the death-rattle was heard; those around looked at one another in awe.

A minute later the dying woman joined her hands, her eyes opened, and she gazed at the Blessed Sacrament advancing toward her; she sat up, then stood up and walked! The Sister hastily threw another wrap round her shoulders. When Mgr. Turinaz, Bishop of Nancy (her own diocese), approached bearing the ostensorium, she knelt down, and then followed the procession, forgetting that she was insufficiently dressed, and even barefooted. The happy creature walked as far as the pilgrims' shed, when those who accompanied her obliged her to stop. She was taken back to the Hôpital des Sept Douleurs. When questioned as to what she had felt she replied: "I felt nothing, but I seemed to hear *le bon Dieu* say to me: 'Come, rise and walk!' I rose and walked."

Before setting out for Lourdes Madame Facq had commissioned a friend to purchase a pair of shoes for her. Seeing them tried on, her baby girl, three years old, cried out, quite astonished: "Are you going to walk, mamma, that you are putting on shoes?" The child had never seen her mother leave her bed. "Certainly, darling, I will walk when I return from Lourdes." After the pilgrimage, on reaching Pont-à-Mousson, she walked, with her husband and her ten children who came to meet her, from the railway station to the Church of St. Laurent, where all returned thanks to God for the inestimable blessing bestowed upon her. She visited in the same church the Chapel of Notre Dame de la Pitié to renew her expressions of gratitude to our Heavenly Mother. On the way the eagerness of the crowd to see and touch the *miraculée* was so great that it was necessary to guard her against their religious enthusiasm.

THE highest exercise of charity is charity toward the uncharitable.—*Buckminster.*

The Column of the Immaculate Conception at Vienna.

IN the seventeenth century the Emperor Ferdinand III., of pious memory, was attacked by the Swedes, who were then foremost among the enemies of the Church. Seeing himself defeated by the permission of Heaven, and afflicted at the same time by a plague which ravaged his empire and decimated his people, he realized that the only means of averting entire ruin was to implore the divine mercy and the powerful protection of her whom he had always venerated and celebrated in her Immaculate Conception. In this extremity, he erected on one of the great squares of Vienna a beautiful bronze column dedicated to the Virgin Immaculate. A statue of Mary crowned the column and overlooked the whole city, her virginal foot on the head of the horrible serpent. On it was engraved, in large characters, an inscription testifying to the Emperor's unshaken confidence in the Queen of Heaven.

The inauguration of this monument was the occasion of one of the most religious and touching spectacles ever witnessed in Vienna. The entire city participated in the ceremony. From early dawn multitudes crowded the streets, the public squares, and the church where the Emperor was to assist at Mass. He entered in procession, with the clergy, the religious orders, and the nobility, accompanied by his sons, the Kings of Bohemia and Hungary; his daughter, the Queen of Spain; the Pope's legate and several ambassadors.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated pontifically, followed by an eloquent discourse on the singular privilege of Mary's Immaculate Conception. At the moment of Holy Communion the Emperor, kneeling, in a few brief words declared that he consecrated to Mary Immaculate his person, his family, the State, the army, and all that he possessed, promising from thenceforth to celebrate regularly and solemnly the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. He signed the act with his own hand, and advanced to the Holy Table. His thanksgiving ended, he repaired with his *cortège* to the column of triumph, which was blessed amid the ringing of bells,

the firing of cannon, the singing of joyful anthems, and clouds of fragrant incense. That night the city was illuminated, and the column was surrounded with torches and crowned with a diadem of light.

Immediately after this pious and happy celebration the Empire of Germany was delivered from the plague, and joyfully gave thanks for the complete and wonderful relief. Nevertheless, the Protestants and the Turks continued their wars; but Sobieski, who was devoted to the Blessed Virgin, in his Christian ardor routed the Swedes and dispersed the immense Turkish army.

Happy era, when the rulers of nations consecrated their persons and their kingdoms to the Immaculate Mother of God! After the example of the generous Emperor and the fervent Sobieski, let us oppose to the errors of our time the immovable column of faith, and the invincible weapon of the Rosary.

The Horrors of the African Slave Trade.

A RECENT number of *Les Missions Catholiques* contains a vague hint of some of the horrors of the African slave trade. Graphic as the description is, we are assured by those who know that it is a mere sketch in gray as compared to a picture in brilliant colors. England keeps employed a number of vessels for the purpose of hindering the trade. Lately an Irish officer and five sailors were in the hospital at Zanzibar. The officer was an excellent Catholic, and much interested in the saving of slaves. He was engaged on one of these blessed ships. He and his men had been wounded in saving a cargo of children from a fate worse than death. One of these children, who had become a Christian, told a missionary the particulars of the kidnapping.

"First," he said, "let us sit in the sun; I am cold everywhere"—he was exhausted by long sufferings; dying, in fact. "I was born far from here; and, I remember, when I was much smaller, that I slept one evening at the door of our cabin—I had a mother then,—but a man came and told me that there was an entertainment in the next village. My mother, he said, had asked him to take me there. I

went with him, half-asleep, half-awake. I was carried some distance and then made to walk a long time. The next morning I could not find my mother: I had been kidnapped. With other stolen children, I was taken to Kiloa, where I was sold."

After that they, with a number of men, women and children, were put into a large ship. The Arabs in charge of them discovered, after a time, a cloud of smoke on the horizon. They knew what it meant, and they prepared for battle. All sorts of weapons were made ready. A cannon-ball flew from beneath the smoke and struck the sail of the Arabs' ship. It came from an English vessel, which was soon within hailing distance. The English captain ordered the slave-boat to stop. The Arabs refused and fired a shot at the English. The battle then began in earnest; forty Arabs fought in vain against the English, though many of the latter were disabled. At last the Arab captain, in despair, drove a hole into the bottom of his craft. The water rushed in; the crew, crying to the prophet, and the slaves, calling on heathen gods, struggled in the water. The English saved all they could, and among others this child, who had been brought to Zanzibar, set free, and placed in the care of an Indian; but he had been neglected, and was almost starved when the missionary found him.

"You know my story now," he said. "I need food."

The missionary supplied his wants, but he could not live. Happily, he was baptized before his young life—a life of horror—had passed away. He was only one of millions who have been torn in this nineteenth century from their parents and homes. The infamous trade still goes on, and only lately has Cardinal Lavigerie succeeded in awakening the civilized world to its horrors.

THE unjust and oppressive—all those, in fact, who wrong others,—are guilty not only of the evil they do, but also of the perversion of mind they cause in those whom they offend.

—*Manzoni.*

THE poison of a corrupt atmosphere can not hurt us, even should we be obliged to breathe it, so long as we defend our souls with the double armor of virtue and religion.

"The Angelus."

THE engraving accompanying this number of THE "AVE MARIA" is an excellent representation—as far as can be made on cold plate—of Millet's famous painting, "The Angelus," which has been characterized as one of the most intensely religious pictures that have ever been painted. It is indeed accepted by all as well-nigh the technical apogee of French art, and hailed as the essence of religious sentiment and unquestioning faith. An extraordinary amount of interest attaches to this painting in view of its sensational purchase in Paris for the Art Gallery of New York, in competition with the French Government. The dramatic sale of the picture for £22,120 took place in one of the most exciting scenes ever witnessed in a sale-room, being exceeded only, it is said, by that of Murillo's masterpiece, "The Immaculate Conception" (now in the Louvre), at the Marshal Soult sale in 1852.

Still, this great work of art can be appreciated only by those who, sharing the faith of the artist, can enter into the spirit of his design and realize the full meaning of his work. A young peasant and his wife are represented at their daily labor in the field. It is at the close of day, and the descending sun sends its level rays over peasant and field. In the distance is seen the spire of a chapel, from which the sounds of the evening Angelus come floating through the balmy air. The laborers have ceased from their work, and are reciting the Angelical Salutation. So natural and lifelike is the scene that many on beholding it have exclaimed: "Why, we can almost hear the bells!"

That this painting should command the attention and admiration of the world, in spite of its indifference to religion and devotion, is an illustration of the power of genius when aided and inspired by faith. May the subject which it portrays, and which is so happily forced upon the notice of the beholder, be the means of recalling many to the grand old Faith which their forefathers so loved and practised, and of reminding the Christian soul of one of the most beautiful devotions in the Church!

Notes and Remarks.

Signor Gallenga, who has hitherto been regarded as an Italian Liberal, writes a letter in the *Nazione*, in which he compares the condition of the American mind on the Catholic Church fifty-three years ago with its condition to-day. Signor Gallenga is astonished by the immensely favorable change. He applies the sentiments awakened by the inauguration of the University to the position of the Church in Italy, and says that in all civilized countries the present antagonism between Church and State there seems devoid of common-sense. "And still," Signor Gallenga concludes, "we have not, from '70 to '90—a period of twenty years,—advanced one step in the solution of the grand problem."

Madame Modjeska, Countess Bozenta, the actress, is much attached to Polish customs, which are, above all, Catholic. She writes that, though during the rest of the year she is an American, at Christmas she is thoroughly a Pole. Of all the ceremonies of Christmas, none, she says, is so sweet and solemn as the Midnight Mass, to which the Poles always go over the snow; for they never have a "green Christmas."

The perpetual adoration of the Holy Eucharist began at Notre Dame, Paris, with the commencement of the ecclesiastical year. Five thousand men, of all classes, joined in the opening procession.

The Holy Father desires that the widest contradiction be given to the statement that he intends to open a bank in the United States.

We can now easily forgive Mr. Edward Clifford for the touches of bigotry in his "Life of Father Damien" when we read his letter in answer to the vulgar strictures on that martyr of charity printed in *The Congregationalist*. Mr. Clifford's letter was rejected by that unprincipled journal, but it appeared in the *Boston Herald*. The criticisms in *The Congregationalist* were in the tone of a man who would find fault with a great act of heroism because the hero of it did not blacken his boots. They referred principally to Father Damien's manners and domestic habits, but there was a hint that his life of miraculous sacrifice was followed with the intention of gaining ecclesiastical preferment. "Do his critics," asks Mr. Clifford, "imagine that he hoped to be a cardinal or archbishop? I asked him if he expected to become a leper when he devoted himself to Molo-

kai, and he told me that he was well aware at the time that he could not escape. Such close association with the sufferers, before the health reforms which he aided the Government to establish, must be fatal. He washed their sores, attended them when dying, breathed their tainted atmosphere, cleansed their dead bodies, and helped to dig their graves."

It must not be imagined that all the lepers were in the beginning favorable to Father Damien. If, in the natural sense, he had an Augean stable to clean out, he had, in a spiritual sense, even a worse condition of things to ameliorate. The neglected lepers did not view with favor his crusade against intoxicating liquors or their traditional licentious dances, and there was a group—which gradually became extinct—ready to distort all his doings. That he overcame this spirit of evil adds another star to his diadem of sacrifice. The malicious speeches of the adherents of the worse than pagan condition of things in Molokai seem now to be remembered only by people who call themselves Christians; hence the article in *The Congregationalist*. Mr. Clifford, referring to some of the drops of mud which envy has tried to splash on Father Damien, writes: "As to his personal habits and home-life, I can testify that his two little rooms, though poorly furnished, were always fresh and wholesome, though there was not the scrupulous neatness which characterized the dwellings of the Franciscan Sisters. He lived in this respect much as most other bachelors would live. He was evidently greatly loved by the lepers, who used, while I was with him, to be always making excuses to come up his staircase and be in his company. He played and laughed a great deal with the boys, and I hear that in his last illness the distress of his people was dreadful, and that they could scarcely be kept from thronging his sick chamber."

Father Damien needs no defence. The fact that the modern world has been so deeply impressed by his life is a rainbow of hope to men of goodwill. The result of Father Damien's example on all classes of people leaves little ground for a pessimistic view of the future.

A large pilgrimage to Rome is preparing in Germany.

The Feast of St. John the Evangelist was chosen for the consecration of the new Bishops of Jamestown, Dakota (the Rt. Rev. John Shanley), Duluth, Minnesota (the Rt. Rev. James McGolrick), and Winona, Minnesota (the Rt. Rev. Joseph Cotter). It was a day of great rejoicing not only in St. Paul, where the ceremony was performed,

and in the districts to which the new prelates have been appointed, but in every part of the Northwest, where they have long been known as able and laborious priests. Bishop Cotter's zeal in the cause of Total Abstinence has borne fruit in every part of the Union. The Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland is to be congratulated in having secured such efficient suffragans,—priests after his own heart, who, like him, will do wondrous things for the spread of religion in the fields of labor assigned to them. God grant them health and length of days!

Active preparations are being made at Oberammergau for the Passion Play, which will be performed on Whit-Sunday and the two following days. The actors have been chosen and rehearsals have already begun. A new play-house is to be erected with three stages, the estimated cost of which is set down at eighty thousand marks. The auditorium will be greatly enlarged, the scenery much improved, and a sensible addition made to the orchestra. For new costumes an item of fourteen thousand marks is inserted in the municipal budget. As for the text of the play, the general opinion is that the old one had better remain unchanged.

Mgr. Freppel and M. Cluseret are as opposite as the poles in most opinions, but they are united on the subject of duelling. In the last French Parliament the Bishop of Angers succeeded in getting a serious hearing for his project of a law against the barbarous code. M. Cluseret, ex-commandant of the troops of the National Guard, now brings it before the Chambers again.

The Abbé Vaslet, editor of the *Volksgeluk*, has formed a Temperance Society in Brussels.

The *Indo-European Correspondence* quotes the following remarkable utterances of M. Thiers, the eminent French statesman, in a conversation with Mgr. Dupanloup. A change for the worse has come over French statesmen. Thiers and Guizot would now be denounced as clericals. But Frenchmen, in every age and the world over, are always very far from the right or very near it—on either side. Thiers is reported to have said:

"I have not the happiness of possessing faith, and I regret it. I am but a philosophic spiritualist, but I respect, I love, I adore Catholicism. Guérault (one of those who have most violently attacked the Holy Father in France) said to me yesterday: 'How could you make such a speech as that, for you are not a believer?' I replied to him: 'It is true that I am not a believer, but I am sincere. I am passionately spiritualistic,

and I respect, I love Catholicism, because Catholicism is the protector of spiritualism in the world. And you who labor to disorganize this great religion, you do an evil work.'" And with emphasis he repeated his declaration: "Yes, Monseigneur, I love Catholicism; its worship pleases me. When I attend Mass I am at ease, I am happy. My grandmother was a saint. I remember how happy I was when she took me with her to Mass, and I still retain the same feeling." And he went on to give his reasons for his admiration and love of this glorious religion. "What I particularly admire in Catholicism is that admirable unity and authority which your Church possesses, and that during eighteen centuries! Look at the Anglican bishops; they met last year in London, but could not agree upon any one point, and separated divided in opinion and having done nothing."

The Rt. Rev. Jean-Gabriel-Leon Meurin, S. J., Bishop of Port Louis, Mauritius, deplotes in a recent pastoral the existence of the "execrable Mauritian divorce law, which is the means of dragging many souls into the depths of hell." He announces to his flock that it is the duty of its members to work for the revocation of this infamous law. He calls attention to the Society of St. Francis Regis, whose mission is to lead those who have been divorced and have married again, or formed any illicit union, back to the paths of virtue. The influence of the irreligious sentiment in France seems to have spread to Port Louis and other colonies.

In his last sermon at Naples Father Agostino da Montefeltro, treating of religion as a social force, said:

"The struggle for existence tends to suppress the weakest, and religion is their only refuge. Were it eliminated, society would be ruined to its very foundations. Religion is a social force and an element of public order. Liberty of conscience, religion, brings peace to a nation. Therefore, it must not be assailed; souls must not be oppressed, just as bodies must not be oppressed. Let everyone follow, in his own manner, his belief in God."

The *London Tablet* prints this amusing paragraph:

Bologna has recently been the scene of considerable popular excitement. A young man was in search of his father's asses which had strayed. He tracked them perseveringly, and at last traced them to the premises of a manufacturer of Bologna sausages, for which the city is so justly famous. The young man found that his father's donkeys had certainly wandered into the establishment, and just as certainly had come out of it in a more portable form. The

young man was unhappy; for, though one donkey may be converted into many Bologna sausages, from no number of Bologna sausages can you get one donkey; and so there was hue-and-cry and consternation in all the town. The elders of the city were called in council, and the mayor denounced the enterprising manufacturer with severe solemnity. The event which had so disturbed the townsmen was not one which the civic dignitaries could lightly pass over. If an unsuspecting ass was liable at any moment to be turned into a string of Bologna sausages, "Why," cried the mayor, with generous warmth, and turning to the city fathers, "which of us is safe?"

A writer in an English journal contrasts the manner in which French bishops and priests are spoken of by certain French workmen with that which greets them everywhere in the United States and England. In the Assembly a French representative of the workmen spoke of Bishop Freppel as "*enjuponne*" (petticoated), without rebuke. Such a thing would call down a storm of hisses in any assembly—except perhaps one of Anarchists—in this country.

The *Western Watchman* notes with satisfaction that the chief illustration of the Christmas number of the *Churchman* is the Sistine Madonna. Nor can Episcopalians reasonably object to this representation of the Christ-Child. The Gospel is precise,—“They found the Child with Mary, His Mother.” “Hitherto,” says Father Phelan, “Episcopalian prints have represented the Child as poised in the air or borne on the arms of angels. We are glad they have restored Him to His Mother.”

Mgr. Lagrange, the new Bishop of Chartres, is known to many Catholics outside of France for his admirable “Life of Mgr. Dupanloup,” which has been translated into several languages. Mgr. Lagrange was formerly Vicar-General of the Diocese of Orleans. A French correspondent says of him: “Mgr. Lagrange is remarkable for virtue and learning. He wears a threadbare cassock, which is known by the poor to cover a generous heart.” Perhaps that *soutane* made him a little more accessible to them. The poor are shy.

Mr. John Sweetman, of Currie, Minn., writing to the *Catholic News*, makes an excellent suggestion. He says that it is evident that the prospect of erecting a statue to Orestes A. Brownson has fallen flat, in spite of Mr. Harson's efforts. He recommends that the form of the memorial be changed to a Brownson Chair of Literature in the Catholic University. Certainly the most appropriate monument to a man like Dr. Brownson is that whose foundation is laid in his own works.

New Publications.

SERMONS FOR THE SUNDAYS AND CHIEF FESTIVALS OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL YEAR. With Two Courses of Lenten Sermons, and a Triduum for the Forty Hours. By the Rev. Julius Pottgeisser, S. J. Rendered from the German by the Rev. James Conway, S. J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The name of Father Pottgeisser is well known in this country as a fervent preacher of retreats to the clergy, and in Germany as a preacher of missions. The Rev. James Conway, S. J., has translated some of the most celebrated of his discourses into English. He may be said, in fact, to have really Englished these sermons,—that is, put them into language which, though at times a little rough, is almost as appropriate to their meaning as if they had been originally written in it. The truth is that these sermons were made to be *spoken*, not *read*. Father Pottgeisser has grown old in the service of the Church, and his years have brought him leisure,—or rather what he would consider enforced idleness, if he could not have undertaken the congenial work of preparing these sermons for publication. One of the most remarkable qualities in them is their practicability. Father Pottgeisser applies without a seeming effort the lessons drawn of the festivals of the Church to the experience of everyday life. The second of his sermons for Lent is one of the most searching in the volume. He has thought only of reaching hearts that have suffered and that have been tempted to rebel. He strikes straight at the root of sin, and shows that the fruits of suffering may be either good or evil, but that both need patience. In a word, the characteristics of the sermon are lively faith, deep feeling, and that common-sense which causes the most unlearned to feel the force of both.

These two volumes are well printed. A good index, not a mere table of contents, would be better. This is the only improvement we can suggest. It is something of which many books printed by American publishers stand greatly in need.

ST. TERESA'S OWN WORDS; OR, INSTRUCTIONS ON THE PRAYER OF RECOLLECTION. Arranged from her Work “The Way of Perfection.” By the Rt. Rev. James Chadwick. To which is added a Novena to St. Teresa, revised by the Very Rev. Felix Varella, D. D. Same Publishers.

Here we have St. Teresa's instructions on the admirable method of prayer known as the Prayer of Recollection, arranged in such a way as to enable most readers to understand them more clearly and to remember them more easily than could be done by studying her “Way of Perfection.”

tion." The learned editor has added a "Particular Examen" on the use of St. Teresa's method of prayer, also an "Exercise" to aid in acquiring a habit of it, as well as of "living united to Jesus Christ."

Writing of the advantages of the Prayer of Recollection, which was taught her by Our Lord Himself, St. Teresa says:

"Those who practise it may rest assured that they are following an excellent way, and that at last they will be allowed to drink at the fount of perfect contemplation; for they will advance much in a very short time. It is like sailing in a ship to one's journey's end. If the wind and weather be favorable, he who travels by water reaches the end of his voyage in a very few days, while he who goes by land is a long time on the way. In the same manner, those who use the Prayer of Recollection are embarked, so to speak, on the sea; and though they have not yet altogether quitted the shore, yet by this recollection of their senses they are doing their best to leave it behind them. . . .

"In this manner we shall be able to pray vocally with great peace and recollection, and thus be freed from a vast amount of trouble we should otherwise have. For my part, I acknowledge that I never knew what it was to pray with satisfaction till Our Lord taught me this method; and the great profit I have always found from this habit of recollecting myself in my own interior has induced me to speak of it so much at length."

LINDA'S TASK; OR, THE DEBT OF HONOR. From the French. By Sister Mary Fidelis. London: Burns & Oates. Ld. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

Linda, or Adelinda, which subsequently appears to be the full form of her name, is a young lady who hears the term "bankrupt" attached to the memory of her deceased father. Her generous determination to obliterate this reproach from the family escutcheon, and her persevering efforts to accomplish her noble design, form the theme of the story. The lady whose skill has been exercised in putting into English this attractive tale has done so much more effectually than could many a translator who appends "M. A." to his name. The scene is laid in France, of course, and the manners and customs are French, but the idiom is thoroughly English. A beautiful New Year's gift this book will be, in its elegant cover of sea-green, on which the golden flower-de-luce displays its bloom. We commend it to all who would make virtue attractive to their children.

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY AND OTHER STORIES. By Mary Catherine Crowley, Author of "Merry Hearts and True," etc. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

Miss Crowley's stories have been deservedly popular with the little folks for some time past,

and their healthy tone is such that parents may place them with perfect confidence in the hands of their offspring. The work before us contains six stories of varied incident, but all breathing a living spirit of kindness and true affection. Her former productions have received well-earned commendations from the Catholic press, as well as from secular periodicals, to which she has been a welcome contributor. Messrs. Sadlier have issued this volume in attractive style, and a more pleasing New Year's gift could scarcely be selected. We wish the talented author many years of usefulness in the career of her choice, and hope that the public may continue to appreciate her efforts as she deserves.

THE CATHOLIC CHILD'S LIVES OF THE SAINTS.

Three Volumes. By the Rev. D. Chrisholm. Aberdeen: King & Co.

These are three neat little volumes, with large print and good binding. There are six "lives" in each volume, told in good, terse English. There is not a word in the sketch of St. Stanislas Kostka, for instance, which could not be understood by any intelligent child of eight years of age. We have long needed such books as these. Another volume, "The Catholic Child's Little Sermons," by the same reverend author, printed by the same publishers, has all the excellent qualities of clearness and strength of expression which we have noticed in the "Lives of the Saints."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. J. J. Turner, a fervent client of the Blessed Virgin, who departed this life in Baltimore on the 16th of October.

Mrs. Margaret Traill, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., whose happy death occurred on November 28.

Mrs. Hugh Hart, whose exemplary Christian life closed in a holy death at New Haven, Conn., on the 16th ult.

Daniel J. Murphy, of Fall River, Mass., who passed away on the 26th of November, fortified by the last Sacraments.

Owen McKee, of Omaha, Neb.; Nellie V. Cotter, Millbury, Mass.; Mr. Joseph Flanagan, Nashville, Tenn.; Mary Donnelly, Philadelphia, Pa.; Patrick Finnerty, West Albany, N. Y.; and John McDonald, Johnstown, Pa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



A Song to the New Year.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

GOOD-BYE to the tulips and roses,
 Good-bye to the birds of last year!
 When a rose dies, another uncloses,—
 And so a New Year is here!

We grew in the Old Year's showers;
 We'll grow in the New, we hope,
 When the spring-time brings new flowers,
 And the top and skipping-rope.

Good-bye, Old Year! You leave us
 With snow on the frozen sod;
 But why should your going grieve us,
 Since you go by the will of God?

And we'll take the thorns and the roses,
 And grow in His love and grace;
 When a rose dies, another uncloses,—
 New Year, we bless your face!

A Happy New Year!

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

I.

It had rained in the night. Johnnie sprang out of bed at the first stroke of the Angelus bell. He was to serve at the half-past six o'clock Mass, and dressed hastily, so as not to disturb his tired mother, who was still quietly sleeping. Then he ran out into the arms of the fresh young morning.

"Glorious after the rain!" he said; and so it was. The sky a brilliant, cloudless azure; golden sunbeams just lighting the eastern horizon; a delicious coolness in the air, fragrant with the breath of sweet-fern and mignonette blooming luxuriously in the grassy cañons. It seemed as though the emerald turf on the hill-sides had grown softer and greener during the night; the drooping, feathery branches of the pepper-trees still sparkled with crystal drops, their bright red berries shining like coral amid the graceful foliage.

The little garden lay a mass of bloom and color at his feet; the world had put on a gala dress; for this was Southern California and New Year's morning.

Johnnie ran gayly down the steps, his heart like that of Nature—full of joy and spring. At the corner he met the baker with his basket full of fresh loaves. "Happy New Year!" said the lad as he sped along. "Happy New Year!" replied the man, his heart touched by the gladness in the boyish face. He felt better and more cheerful all that day for the meeting, and his wife and children wondered what had changed his usual surly mood.

Old Mrs. Cregan was standing, bonneted and shawled, in the porch of her cottage as Johnnie passed. "Happy New Year!" he called out. "Are you going to early Mass?"—"Happy New Year to yourself, and many of thim, my boy!" she answered. "I'm for late Mass to-day. I just came out to see if the rain done any damage to my flowers,—they're all the children I have."

The old woman looked after him till he was out of sight, the echo of his "Happy New Year" reaching far down into the depths of her lonely heart. "'Tis many a day since I had such a kindly New Year wished me by such a fair-faced lad as you," she soliloquized, gathering a large bouquet of beautiful roses. "Half of these will be for the altar, and half for the boy when he comes back on his way from Mass," she continued. "An' there's no reason why I can't kill one of thim ducks that does be annoyin' the neighbors so, and send it home by him to his mother for the day's dinner. I'll do it as soon as I have the fire lighted and the coffee boilin'. That New Year's greetin' did me such a power of good that I'll put a two dollar and a half gold piece in the box to-day instead of a dollar bill, so I will." After which she set about catching the fattest duck she could see.

Johnnie next met a Chinaman with a basket of clothes on his head. "Happy New Year, Charley!" he laughed. The almond-eyed Oriental opened his eyes wide at the salutation, slow to believe that anything in the shape of a small boy could have been so polite to "Charley." "Hoppee! hoppee!" he replied, bobbing his head up and down, and went on his way, with the comfortable feeling that at

least one "Melican boy" had treated him like a human being on the first morning of the New Year.

"Happy New Year, Father Lane!" said the boy as he entered the sacristy. "Happy New Year, my child, and God bless you!" the gentle priest replied. "You look like the spirit of the New Year yourself, with your joyous eyes and rosy cheeks. I will give you a special memento this morning."

Mass over, Johnnie hurried away. Mrs. Cregan was waiting for him at the gate.

"Come inside a bit, my boy," she said. "I have a few roses for your mamma."

"Oh, thanks!" he replied. "She will be so pleased; she is so fond of roses, and there are none like yours anywhere."

"And here is a fine fat duck that I killed and picked since you went by. Take it home with you; it'll do for your New Year's dinner."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" exclaimed Johnnie, deeply touched by this new kindness. "But won't you come and help us eat it, Mrs. Cregan? Mother will be so glad if you do. It must be lonely for you here."

"I'll take you at your word, Johnnie," she replied. "Tell your mother I'll be along with her from last Mass. It is lonesome in this place year in year out."

After leaving her, Johnnie hastened, fearful that his mother would be wondering what had detained him. Before he had gone many steps he heard a gruff voice calling,

"Hello, boy! Hello, I say!"

As the boy turned to face the speaker his face flushed, and for a brief moment the bright eyes seemed clouded; but he remembered that his mother had told him he must always be very civil to the owner of that same voice, and it was with his usual hearty manner that he said:

"Happy New Year, Mr. Potts! I hope your gout is better."

"My gout will never be better," replied the old man, trudging along beside him. "And what do you mean by 'Happy New Year,' eh? Say, boy?"

"Oh, many things!" Johnnie answered in the same bright, cheerful way. "That you may have joy and health and kind friends—everything that is good."

"Friends? Humph! Health? I parted with

that long ago. Joy,—joy? Did it ever get you a meal?"

"Perhaps not, sir; but if I were obliged to go without a meal, cheerfulness would help me to forget my hunger."

"Setting up for a philosopher already? How old are you, boy?"

"Fourteen, sir, Christmas Day."

"Old for your years and young for your age. Do you know what that means?"

"I can't say I do, sir."

"Well, it doesn't matter. Where did you get the flowers?"

"Mrs. Cregan gave them to me for mother. She gave me the duck also. Wasn't it kind of her?"

"Silly of her, I should say—unless she expects to help eat it."

"She does expect to," replied the boy. "She is coming to dine with us to-day."

"Well, well! I never get an invitation to dine out, New Year's or any other day. I'm a lonely old man. I like fowl pretty well, but I have only corned-beef and cabbage every day for dinner. I can't afford duck. But I'd like to know how it feels to be invited somewhere to dinner. Eh, boy?"

Johnnie hesitated. He knew that this man's presence would throw a damper on the New Year's feast, and was not certain whether his mother would be pleased. But something in the half sad, half quizzical expression of the cold grey eye appealed to his kindly boy-nature, and he said, impulsively:

"Come, then, and help us eat the duck. There will be enough for four." Then, with perhaps the faintest touch of sarcasm, which his hearer did not fail to understand, he added: "You know it will only be coming a little earlier, Mr. Potts; for mother will be expecting you this evening."

"Ha, boy! You knew I was expected, did you?" replied the old man. "I believe you *are* genuine. No, no: I'll content myself with my usual fare, and you may eat your dinner in peace. I'll be along about nightfall to settle up that matter. By the way, what was that remark you made when I met you?"

"Happy New Year!" said the boy.

"Say it over again."

"Happy New Year," repeated Johnnie, "and many of them!"

"Go into the house, boy. Your mother is watching for you at the window," was the only reply the old man made, as he hobbled off.

"Happy New Year, mother!" exclaimed Johnnie, opening the door, and half smothering her in his embrace.

"Happy New Year, my darling boy!" she replied. "Was that old Mr. Potts talking with you at the gate?"

"Yes, mother. I met him down street, and while we are eating breakfast I'll tell you all about it, and the flowers and the duck and old Mrs. Cregan. She is coming to take dinner with us to-day. And if you just prepare everything I'll watch the duck beautifully while you are at Mass."

II.

While Johnnie is relating his story we will tell the reader something of the history of the family. After the death of her husband, two years before, the bank which held the larger part of Mrs. Allen's small fund failed, leaving her with an income of barely five hundred a year. Still she had been very brave and cheerful under her misfortunes, until she was surprised to learn that "Old Man Scotch," as he was commonly called, held a mortgage on her house and lot, which would fall due on this very New Year's Day. She had vainly thought of some means of paying it off, and there now seemed to be no alternative. The house must be sold to satisfy the mortgagee, and her heart was very sad at the prospect before her. But, like a true Christian, she had taken this cross from the hand of God in a submissive spirit, and her smile was as pleasant and her voice as cheerful this morning as though the newly-born year promised only joy and plenty. She had educated her boy in the same school, and by common consent they had resolved to accept the inevitable; for, after all, their world was in each other. As the boy proceeded with his narrative it was beautiful to see how free from all uncharitableness was the speech of mother and son. Surely the angel of peace and benediction was hovering over the little household that sunny New Year's morning.

The day passed quickly and pleasantly, Mrs. Cregan's visit being prolonged till dusk, when Johnnie gallantly offered to see her safely to her own door. They had hardly left

the house when Mr. Potts made his appearance.

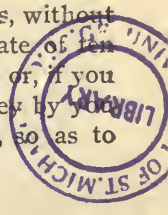
"Good-evening, ma'am!" he said, quite cheerfully, as Mrs. Allen opened the door. "Where's that boy of yours? Sick in bed from overfeedin', I'll be bound."

"Oh, no!" replied the widow. "He has just stepped out with Mrs. Cregan, who has been spending the day with us."

"I'm glad he's out of the way," said the old man, as he entered the sitting-room. "Comfortable-lookin' here, for a fact. It does take a woman, and a tasty woman, to make things look like this. It would go hard on you to give up this little place now, wouldn't it, Mrs. Allen?"

"Indeed it would," Mrs. Allen replied; "but I see no alternative. I have, as I told you before, no means of paying the debt, save in small sums from time to time, and that you will not hear to."

"Just so, just so!" was the reply. "I tell you I am a blunt old fellow, and I'm not going to beat about the bush. I might as well be honest with you. I ain't got much faith in human nature, and, from all my experience, it ain't got much in me. I always knew your husband to be a soft-hearted fellow, and kind of despised him for it. It don't work in this world. But when I see a 'boy like yours—bright, manly, cheerful, and brave under all circumstances, not ashamed to pass the time of day with the poorest and meanest (I've been a-watchin' him), pleasant to every one he meets, and runnin' errands for you, and waitin' on your priest regular; more'n all, perlit to me, that was about to seize on the house over his head,—I tell you, madam, I can appreciate it, if I *am* an old curmudgeon. Why, that little feller wished me a 'Happy New Year' this very mornin' as if I'd been his grandfather comin' with a purse full of gold pieces! I haven't had such a whole-souled greeting as that this many a long year. That's what I call Christian, madam,—Christian and kind and genteel; and he must have learnt it from you, ma'am. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do—what I've done. I've divided the full amount of that note into sixty equal parts, without interest. You can pay me at the rate of ten dollars a month till it's all paid up; or, if you should happen to have more money by you—say twenty dollars occasionally, so as to



shorten the time,—you can pay it sooner; and if anything should occur—sickness or the like—to cramp you, I'll not be hard. Does that suit you, ma'am?"

Tears stood in the widow's eyes. "Oh, Mr. Potts," she exclaimed, "how can I ever thank you? It will be like child's play now."

"Thank your boy, thank your boy," said the old man, pulling out a red silk handkerchief, with which he rather suspiciously wiped the upper portion of his face. "He's bound to be a successful man and a good man, too. He's worth all the lots in this town at one hundred dollars a foot. He's a treasure; take care of him."

Here he produced a package of notes, neatly tied with dark blue tape, which he gave to Mrs. Allen.

The door opened and Johnnie made his appearance. After saluting Mr. Potts, he sat down quietly in a corner; for his heart had grown heavy at sight of the old man. But his mother's voice quickly reassured him. She soon explained the situation, and, boy-like, Johnnie heartily showed his appreciation.

"May I shake hands, Mr. Potts?" he said, coming forward. "You *are* a 'brick,' a real trump!" he exclaimed, vigorously shaking the old man's proffered hand. "Mother," he continued, struck by a bright idea, "Mr. Potts said this morning he was fond of fowl. There's a nice little wing and part of the breast of that duck left, and lots of cake and blackberry wine. Do have some, Mr. Potts!"

"I'll not object," answered the old man. "I've had nothing to-day but corned-beef and cabbage. And though blackberry wine isn't to say much of a drink, I'll have a drop of that too for the sake of old times; for, though you may not believe it, I was once a boy myself."

When the door closed on "Old Scotch" that evening there were two grateful hearts behind it, and I doubt not his own was lighter than it had been for many a day. By dint of economy and careful management of her resources, Mrs. Allen paid the debt in less than four years. Johnnie applied himself to the acquisition of a good commercial education, proving a bright scholar in every respect. Although "Old Scotch" has never set foot in the little cottage from that day to this he

recommended the boy to a prominent banking firm, where he now occupies a lucrative and responsible position. He is a general favorite, a good Christian, and the joy and consolation as well as the main support of his mother, who now lives in ease and comfort, with something to spare for others not so fortunately situated.

This little tale bears its own moral. Cheerfulness costs nothing; kindness and good-will to others should be the well-springs of every youthful heart; so that, as the years go on, instead of narrowing and contracting, its life currents may expand and become potent influences toward the happiness of its fellow-beings. Pleasant words seem to mean little, but they often carry messages of comfort to lonely, weary, suffering human creatures, forsaken or neglected of mankind. Who can tell, dear boys and girls, what joyous possibilities lie in a single "Happy New Year"?

The Mission of a Picture.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

Miss Green, schoolmistress, was looking over three rather cheap etchings. She had promised prizes to the best members of the drawing class, and an art publisher had kindly sent her these specimens as suitable for that purpose.

She meditated. "The flower-piece must go to Dolly; Alice is fond of dogs—I will give her this picture of Landseer's; and that leaves this one for Willie; but he is so amiable that he will not complain because it is not as pretty as the others."

She held "this one" to the light, not having the slightest idea of its meaning. Two peasants, having ceased from labor, were standing in a field. The man held his hat in his hand; both heads were bowed, and the hour was sunset. In the distance there was a church spire, and overhead some birds were flying. The subject of the etching was a mystery to Miss Green; still she so valued the opinion of the person who had chosen it that she accepted it without further thought.

The next day when the pupils received

their prizes there was no Willie to answer to his name; so Miss Green, alarmed at his absence, carried the picture to his home and asked for him. She found that he had had a chill and was then in a raging fever.

"He is out of his head," said the servant, "and draws pictures in the air, and I saw the doctor shaking his head."

Miss Green left the etching and a kind message and went away.

"It's Willie's drawing prize, mum," said Annie to his mother; "and the teacher said he was to have it at once. She said he had worked so hard that it might do him good to see it."

And so when the sick boy opened his eyes they fell upon the picture, held by pins to the wall-paper at the foot of his bed. Then it had to be taken down so that he might see it better, and for many days—for he was ill a long while—it was his chief comfort. He did not understand it. The man and woman seemed to be looking on the ground, "as if they had lost something," his brother Tom suggested.

"No," said Willie; "they look as if they were listening." Then, suddenly, "I'll tell you what I think. I believe they are praying."

"Praying?" answered Tom. "That isn't the way folks pray. They just shut their eyes and put their heads down on a book, while the minister does the praying. And they wouldn't be saying prayers out in a potato field, any way."

"Maybe some folks would; maybe they do in the country this picture is about," insisted the sick boy. "This isn't America, I'm sure; and I guess they're peasants."

"Peasants? Why, the peasants in theatres wear pretty clothes and play on guitars. They don't dig potatoes."

"Perhaps some peasants do; any way I do wish I knew what my picture meant."

He had not long to wait. An old friend of his father's was in town for a few days, and called to see the little sick boy, who was named for him.

"Ah," he said, after the first greetings and inquiries were over, "you have a copy of 'The Angelus!'"

"Of the what, please?" asked Willie, anxiously.

"'The Angelus,' I said."

"I didn't know its name. I called it 'The Sunset Prayer.'"

"Well, you were not far out of the way. Would you like to have me tell you all about it?"

"Oh, yes! oh, yes!"

So he told in simple words of the struggles of the painter Millet: how he left the country and went to Paris to seek his fortune; how he was followed by ill luck and misery because he would not paint the wicked pictures that the public wanted; how at last he went back to the fields and became a peasant again, with a peasant's blouse and cap; how he painted the wonderful picture, looking at which one could almost hear the bells; and how he died and never knew that he was famous. And then he told how, as years went on, people began to find out what a great painter he had been, and to value his pictures beyond all other modern works; and finally how "The Angelus" was sold for a fabulous price and brought to the United States.

"But its name—why is it called that?" asked Willie.

"The Latin form of their devotion begins with the words '*Angelus Domini*.' They have heard the bell from that far-away steeple, and it has a message for them. It tells them to forget their work for a few moments, and remember the Word which was made flesh."

"Would you mind telling me what they are saying?" said Willie,—“all of the very words?"

Mr. Ward hesitated for a moment, and then replied: "If you will remember that to say the Angelus is to pray, I will repeat it for you."

"I will remember," said Willie, folding his little thin hands on the bedclothes as the words, so familiar to the speaker, so strange to the listener, sounded in the room.

"Oh, that is beautiful!" said the boy. "Where did you learn it?"

And Mr. Ward told him of its use and place in Mother Church's devotions. Then he said: "I must be going now, "but I hope I will leave you something new to think of."

The figures in the picture had a different meaning for the young convalescent, and when the triple strokes of the bell in the next square sounded, he, understanding their mystic meaning now, fancied that the French

peasants in the picture heard too, as they put down the implements of toil and recited the words, old yet ever new, of the Angelus.

And this is how it came about that Willie, when he was well again, sought the church whose bell sounded three times a day the musical call to prayer. Tom, who always followed where his brother led, went with him, out of curiosity at first, and stayed from love.

There is no startling end to this true story except that the members of a whole family were led to love the Church of whose devotions the Angelus is a part, through the simple ministry of a picture of Millet. Poor Miss Green little knew what she was doing that pleasant day when she assigned the flower-piece to Dolly, the picture of the dogs to Alice, and, with some misgivings, the etching of the peasants to Willie because he was "so amiable."

Tom's Dinner.

It was Thanksgiving Day in Chicago, and Tom Treat, bootblack—very ragged and very dirty, but in uncommonly good spirits,—was debating in his mind whether he should take his dinner at Hodson's, where you could get pork and beans for seven cents, or at The Golden Goose, where one could find a slice of roast beef with gravy, and plenty of mashed potato, for a dime. Just then a benevolent-looking man accosted him.

"Have you a home, boy?"

"Nary home," was Tom's answer; "ain't never had none."

"Right this way then," said the man. "There is a waifs' dinner at No. 220, and they lack one waif."

And before Tom knew it he was ushered into a long room, where people were hurrying to and fro with smoking turkeys and cranberry sauce. He took a seat, thinking that he really had some reason to feel like an American citizen, when he saw a friend going toward the door with a very solemn look on his face.

"Hello, Joe! What's up?" he called.

"I'm a hundred and one," said Joe; "and the rules is agin more than a hundred."

Tom gave a look at his plate. There was a second joint on it, and some white-meat

and some dressing; then he said, hurriedly:

"Here, take my place, Joe. I don't feel so very well." And Joe was lifted into the vacated chair before he could say a word.

"Guess I'll go to Hodson's, after all," remarked Tom to himself as he went out. "Pork and beans is pretty fair eating, and Joe is such a puny little feller."

There is no known ending to this little story, but it is strictly true, and is only one out of many similar incidents, which serve to show how the poor help one another. "What the poor are to the poor," says a writer, "only God and themselves know."

FRANCESCA.

Our Ancestors' Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

Long ago, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, it became necessary for the authorities at Venice to instruct their representative at the English court to send them a faithful account of the customs of the people among whom they dwelt. This picture in the record testifies to the devotion paid our Blessed Mother by our ancestors:

"They all hear Mass every day, and say many Rosaries in public,—the women carrying long strings of beads in their hands; and whoever is at all able to read carries with him the Office of Our Lady, and they recite it in church with some companion, in a low voice, verse by verse, after the manner of religious."

The Blessed Virgin's Grandchild.

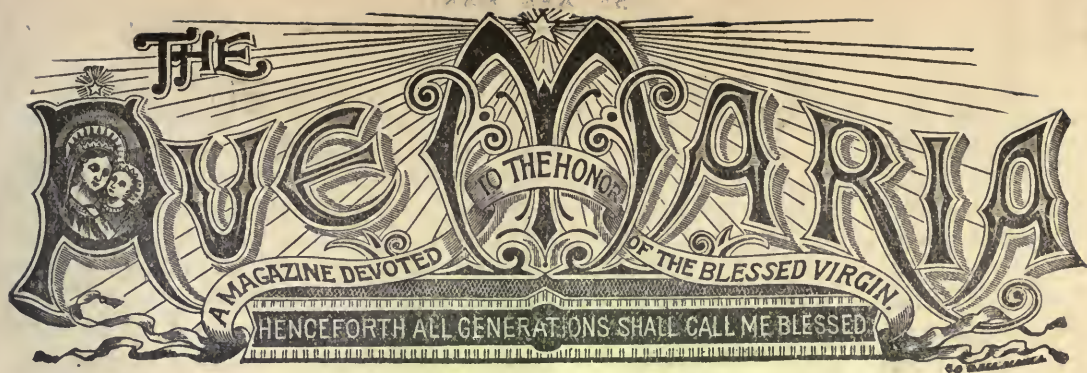
THE little lambs cling to their mothers,
The little grapes cling to the vine;
And shall not I, just like these others,
Cling to this Mother mine?

For she is my own mother's Mother,
And she is Queen divine;
Her love for us is like no other,—
Its light will always shine.

My mother dear a little child is
When we to Mary pray;
And, though without the dark storm wild is,
She gives us joy next day.

Oh, this dear Queen so sweet and mild is!
(And I was born in May!)

My mother her beloved child is,
Her grandchild I,—I say!



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Contentment.

BY THE REV. R. J. M'HUGH.

WHEN fields are bleak and skies are dun,
And winds are moaning in their sadness,
Some spot, I know, lies in the sun,
All light and gladness.

When black clouds float athwart the moon
And sullen rains come pouring after,
'Tis somewhere, I am sure, high noon—
All life and laughter.

When trees grow rigid with the rime
And chilling gusts of grey December,
Somewhere the flowers are in their prime,
I then remember.

So, let us learn to bear our woe,—
The morn will always follow even;
And, though our lot's to toil below,
There's rest in heaven.

Our Lady's Hospice for the Dying.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE word "Hospice" involuntarily brings to one's mind a suggestion of a resting-house for travellers, with danger lying behind and danger waiting in front; such an hospice as the traveller may tarry in on Mount St. Bernard, having escaped the deadly cold and the drifting snow and the precipices and the avalanche, and there fortify himself for the descent which will at

last bring his feet into the flower garden of the world—the blue and gold country which we call Italy. So when it came into the heart of an Irish Sister of Charity to build a hostel in Our Lady's name, where the poor bruised and weary and sick-to-death traveller might rest him after a stormy world, before his descent into the dark valley leading to heaven, it was a lovely thought to call it Our Lady's Hospice. A lovely charity it is, and worthy of this nineteenth century, which, with all its sins upon its head, is yet marked by a great growth of tender-heartedness—at least among English-speaking folk.

The Hospice is at Harold's Cross, a quaint suburb of Dublin, with the canal separating it from the city at one side, and a stretch of common land known as Harold's Cross Green, still given over to the recreation of children and dogs and goats, and a meeting place for popular grievance to cry aloud on a Sunday. The country is beyond it, in wide green pasture fields, walled with the ineffable tenderness of the grey-blue mountains. Many a lovely spot, unknown to Dublin folk, one finds one's way to through green lanes behind Harold's Cross.

The Hospice itself—or the part of it in which the charity began—was an old country-house, square and solid and comfortable-looking, with its windows hidden in glossy ivy. It used to be the novitiate of the Order, and I have a dim memory of it when I was a child, with its light, bright corridor, from which a half-glass door looked into a garden of roses and sweet-pea and mignonette, with gooseberry bushes and apple-trees that bore

plentifully. The buildings of the Hospice have encroached much upon this Old-World garden, but it still stands in the midst of greenery, with birds singing in the chestnut-trees, and placid cows grazing in a green pasture, and a little pond where some of the men who are well enough to be still about go fishing.

There is no hostelry like this of Mary, the Mother of God, anywhere else in the Christian world. Who first thought of it we know not, for the Sister of Charity goes hidden beneath her veil; but God knows, and the beatified souls for whom she found sanctuary. Anyhow, the thought lay waiting for a while, till a generous and wealthy Dublin family, whose deeds are written in God's book, gave the necessary money for starting the Hospice; afterward fresh aid came in the generous bequest of Mrs. John Sweetman, a member of another wealthy family of Dublin merchants, whose benefactions are great. The new charity was inaugurated on the 9th of December, 1879, and within the first three months of its existence it had sheltered, in the rooms of the old novitiate, forty dying creatures. As might be expected, applications became many; for the Irish poor, to whom death is always Death the Friend, love to die under the shadow of the Cross, and here where there are always holy hands to lift the crucifix to dying lips. So the charity which lives from day to day, with no endowment whatever, was sorely straitened. "I can not tell you how we suffered," said one of the nuns, "having to send them away. We always said we'd take them in as soon as there was room; but the creatures couldn't wait, and by the time there was room they would be dead." So after a time new buildings were planned, and the money to pay for them came out of the pockets of the generous Irish, who surely are the most loving and giving folk anywhere. And now the new wards are in full swing.

One can understand so very well how tired the dying must be, and how there comes a time for the worn-out body when just to lie and die peacefully is sweet. But peace in the miserable tenement houses of the poor is an unpurchasable luxury. Think how the crying of children, the scolding of angry voices, a drunken row in the street—nay, the noisy street traffic, which can not be hindered,—

will startle the dying poor back from their peaceful dying! Think of the squalor, the dirt, the discomfort, vaguely troubling the patient, dying creature! Now I will tell you about Our Lady's Hospice, where one may lie in clean, sweet-smelling sheets, with bright things around one, and holy things ever in view; and so die sweetly, with prayers to go with one to death's door, and reach out after one like kind hands of help and succor.

I have often seen this grey old house when the chestnut-trees swung all their censers in the winding avenue, and the thrush and black-bird sang their song over many times. But I visited it last on a clear December day, blue and golden, which toward evening would take on the pennons of the frost and hang the west splendidly with rose and orange and azure, and delicate green, paling to yellow. The old house stood up dark in its ivy, the bare-walled new buildings stretching beyond it to the mortuary chapel, where, in a purity of white marble, broken only by the scarlet of hothouse flowers, and the light of the little red lamp throbbing like a heart, the dead lie on their couches, shaped like the tomb of a knight in some great cathedral. Death is always here,—a difficult thing to realize as one sits in the brown parlor, more homelike than convent parlors usually are, with its solid, old-fashioned furniture, and the fine bookcase spreading across one end. What a vocation it is to dwell here in the midst of death! I think within myself that if one could do this, against which all one's human nature revolts, there would be no measure of sacrifice, not even that of Molokai, impossible afterward. I say as much to the brown-eyed nun who comes to me presently, and who puts away my implied praise with cheerful humility. For all that, she is tender to my cowardice, and will spare me much that grieves and frightens one unaccustomed to behold death, in our pilgrimage through the wards.

We go up a stairs first, whence the long corridor winds away, full of air and sunlight, with woodwork all of cheerful yellow, and the upper walls distempered in pretty grey-blue. The long ward is of like cheerful colors, with the high, wide windows catching all the gold of the short-lived days. Facing one, over the fireplace, is a great crucifix; and the mantle-

piece has half a dozen vases filled with flowers, for all it is winter. In the snowy beds there are women and girls in all stages of weakness, propped by pillows, or lying in an exhausted sleep. So many of them have the waxen pallor of death one shrinks involuntarily, believing for a moment that here is the King of Terrors. Each little bed has its curtains, not cold white, but with roses gaily wreathing themselves on the chintz,—a part of the tender thoughtfulness which will refresh those dying eyes with bright and pretty things. Each little bed has its hanging cord and handle, by which the weak creatures can lift themselves up and support themselves.

The nun goes along, with a tender word here and there; some are past hearing or understanding, and by these she goes quickly, in her desire to spare me, with a whispered, "Ah, she's sinking fast!" and a look of tender pity. By the fire, with its two kettles boiling cheerfully, is a group of old women, still able to be up and about, to do their knitting, and chat a little over the world which they shall never revisit. They stand up as we come near, but the nun, with the tenderness of a mother-hen over her chickens, says, "Sit down, my dears; sit down," accenting the caressing words with an indescribable lovingness. Here I am quaintly rebuked. The nun says, "I will not have them to stand," and appeals to me; whereat I beg them to be seated. But an old granny, with a face as wrinkled as a walnut shell, says gravely, and pointing to the nun, "It's for this lady we're standing up"; and so extinguishes me properly. We talk a little to them. The singing kettles, which suggest cozy teas, are for hot-water bottles and for comforting drinks; for it is nearly dinner hour. While we are here the nuns begin bringing in the trays, helped by the willing hands of an occasional girl-patient whose illness is not of a wasting sort. It is a Friday, and, despite all dispensations, there is many a one here that will not be dispensed from keeping the fast.

In a little inner room there was a young girl sewing, up and dressed, and looking so healthy that one took her for an attendant on the patients. But she disillusioned us herself, standing by the table, with her tidy little work-box upon it, and the sewing in her hand. "You see, Miss," she said, "it's the hectic

color I have makes me look well. I'm far gone in consumption. O yes, I'm very happy here! And the nuns are so kind, and it's a great happiness to be able to go to Mass every morning."

In this room there were two beds,—in one a girl, with wide blue eyes full of honesty, and a clear flush which might deceive one if the terrible strain in her breathing were not audible. "Here is a naughty child," said the nun, with playful tenderness, "who has to lie in bed to-day just because she was so careless."—"I only went as far as the chapel without my jacket," says the poor little culprit; "but sure I'm better to-day. It's the first day this week I was able to look at my knitting,"—indicating a heap of scarlet wool on the counterpane. In the other bed grey eyes looked at us out of a wan face. This little girl of fourteen had come in only yesterday, and was strange as yet. "She has come to us from a convent out at Blakerock," the nun says; "so she is used to nuns, and won't be lonely with us." There is a poor little hand laid out on the coverlet, and the wrist shows, both terribly emaciated; the skin hangs loose over the blue veins; she has not much more of her pilgrimage. She does not speak at all, this great-eyed child, and scarcely looks at us as we go away. It is strange what a stateliness they all take on in this last extremity; one feels awed in their presence, who so soon shall pass beyond the veil.

In the outer ward we stop here and there for a word. Indeed the nun passes no one who is awake, but she does not always call me to her side. There is a woman with heart disease, suffering terribly. She is propped up on pillows, and breathing heavily; her eyes are dim with pain, and her cheeks flushed to fever-heat. She must have been a pretty woman once, with delicate skin and soft blue eyes. "Ah, I'm a long time going!" she says. "I never thought I'd have had to wait so long. And it's terrible when the pain comes on." It is strange that they are all more impatient for death than impatient of pain. "My poor child," says the nun, "Our Lord must love you very much to let you wear His own crown of suffering. Courage, dear! It can not be very much longer. And won't you pray for this lady, because Our Lord loves you so much?" The dying eyes look at me, kind

through all the mist of pain. "Yes, I'll pray,"—with little gasps between. "I'll offer my next Communion for her."—"Dear child," says the nun, "that's a great charity"; and turning to me, "the poor thing has so few Communions to receive now!"

Not far off there is a cheerful patient sitting up in bed sewing, who shows us her work with great pride, and tells us how much she misses her neighbor, who died last week. In the bed by the door there is a woman lying, her knees drawn up, whom I take to be dead, and so look away; but she is not dead, only sinking fast, as so many are here. I read of her death in this morning's newspaper, and felt glad she was with God.

The floral bed-curtains I spoke of before serve another and more charitable purpose than their obvious use. They are drawn round the bed of death closely, so that the poor creatures whose agony is yet to come may not behold the dying agony of their fellows. Then when all is over they are carried away to the little chapel, to lie there amid the flowers till they return earth to earth.

Outside in the corridor we meet a brisk little nun, with a face like a rosebud. She is in the men's wards down-stairs, and one can understand how the poor fellows must be glad to have that bonny face about them. There is a sitting-room close by for the women who are well enough to use it, with a cheery fire burning, and a pile of periodicals on the table. It is a bright room, with the pitch-pine paneling and pretty, bright walls; but it is little used: the women prefer the fireplaces in the wards, unlike the men-down-stairs, whose sitting-room is always in use. Farther on there is the linen-room, with open cupboards full of clean, sweet-smelling linen, where a bright-faced nun from the West, with a keen interest in politics and literature, is at work, with a couple of patients helping her.

From the window one sees the white lines of gravestones in Mount Jerome, the Protestant cemetery. "Quiet neighbors," say the nuns. On the day of my visit there was a pleasant instance of Christian courtesy and charity. There was a great funeral of an officer of the highest rank, with full military honors; but the officer commanding, learning the proximity of the Hospice, would not have the usual

salute fired over the grave, but ordered it to be fired instead outside the gates of the cemetery, at such a distance that the noise would not disturb the patients in the Hospice.

The corridor down which I went, the nun holding my hand, was full of things to speak of hope to the dying,—here a statue of the Sacred Heart with lamp and flowers before it, there a stained window with a device of Our Lady leaning over a dying girl. On the upper floor, which is the women's part of the house, there are four of those long, bright wards, with their atmosphere of spirituality and peace, where death is held to be the gates of life, and human agony is raised into a divine upper air as high as the Mount of Calvary. Sometimes one talked with a pet of the Hospice—a little girl, or a quaint old woman like Judy, the oldest inhabitant, who came in nine months ago to die, and is still able to be about, and to make her cup of tea by the ward fire. O strange place of meetings and partings, where to abide for nine months constitutes a long habitation! The greater number of the patients are consumptive or have heart disease. There are no infectious diseases, but occasionally there are beings afflicted with the worst pains of humanity,—here a cancer patient, there a poor soul suffering with gangrene in the foot, and too far gone for an operation, and who is troubled only because she's not sure she's offering up her suffering to God cheerfully enough to please Him.

On each floor there are rooms for paying patients, for so many people flee here from the horror of dying alone. They are such pretty rooms, with painted and stencilled walls, and bedroom suites in light woods, and the little brass bedsteads covered with snowy counterpanes. The deep windows take in a great stretch of sky, and the sparrows are chirping out on the sill. By the cheerful fires were little dinner-tables, at which the patients were eating their dinners; for in the rooms we visited they were able to be up. Nearly all the rooms were occupied, except a charming corner room, with two quaint windows, where a priest died last week. Sometimes Protestants come here to die, just as Protestants often leave bequests to the charity. A dying priest from the Rocky Mountains

came up to us in the corridor, as we were talking to the cheery doctor, whose presence one was not surprised to hear was hailed with delight in the wards.

Down-stairs we passed one ward where a soul had just taken flight. In another there was a young man lying, his handsome, dark-bearded face clear in profile against the pillow. He was a sculptor, he said, and had been working here last year at the stone ornamentation of the outside of the buildings. "It's the dust of the stone does it," he said: "it gets into your lungs and cuts them all to pieces." He was very peaceful, and answered everything said to him with a bright look. But for the catch in his breathing one would not have known him to be in rapid consumption. "Ah! well, my poor boy," said the nun, "it's the same to go now as in ten or twenty years, when you might be leaving those on earth you would find it hard to leave."—"Aye, indeed!" replies the poor fellow. "But it's little I thought last summer I'd be coming in here myself."

In the men's sitting-room there was a group reading the papers, with great interest; for be it understood these, whose feet are on earth for such a little time longer, are as much interested in Home Rule, and such questions, as if they expected to live to see Parliament meet again in College Green. As we left here we met the priest coming from administering the last Sacraments. It had taken me nearly three hours to go through the wards.

Before leaving the subject of this heroic charity, I must say that the nuns are often sorely pressed for means to feed all those helpless ones, and supply the dying hours with such alleviations as money can buy. The beds, whose little brass tablets hold here and there the name of a donor, are quite unendowed. The Sisters perforce take no thought for tomorrow, but, trusting in God and Our Lady, spend all that is needed to-day. Such an institution as this, which is singular, ought to be in every great city. With a proper government Our Lady's Hospice would not be left to private charity. Dublin has magnificent charities, so many and urgent that even the most generous of our generous folk can only dip a little way into the ever-open purse for each. I am sure that clients of Our Lady in

other lands need only know of this pathetic charity of hers, and its necessities, to drop their gold and silver into her outstretched hand.

It was strange to come out of this principal-ity of death to the orange evening, and the hurrying crowds of people, their faces bright and cheerful with the pleasant business of Christmas; strange to pass through the great gates where so many say good-bye to the world, and return to the abodes of men. One felt with a passionate thrill that it was a time of Birth not Death, the Christmas Star being in the House of Birth, and this close on the Feast of Our Lady's Expectation. But is it not birth and life also for them, when, their earthly tenement crumbled, the glorious creature that is the soul springs out from its prison, as Lazarus from the grave—nay, rather as Christ from the sepulchre, whose image our souls are, whose way we must take, whether we will or not, through His Passion and Death, even to His glorious Resurrection?

The Disappearance of John Longworthy.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

III.—A FAMILY CIRCLE.

THERE was no doubt now that John Longworthy's hat and coat had been found. But this did not help the police forward much. The coat, picked up by Miles Galligan, was looked at by thousands and pictured in all the papers. Miles Galligan now became the hero of the moment. He bore his part in the various "interviews" with such amiable sprightliness, and managed to use the prevalent political "catch-words" of his party with such effect, that he dated his election to the Assembly—which occurred later—to the "boom" he received at this time.

Isaac and Rachel, who had foolishly sold the coat for only double what had been paid for it, were inconsolable; and Isaac allowed the disappointed and energetic Rachel no commission on the sale. Where had he gotten the coat? This question met Isaac on every side. He had bought it from a man in the Bowery,—a drunken man,—a man who spoke English well. He had bought the coat in the

dark—about midnight; he did not notice that it was such a good coat until the next morning. This statement covered him with ridicule. Nobody believed it; but, as nobody could disprove it, Justice had to keep on her bandage for a while.

The search stopped at the coat. John Longworthy's servant identified it, the *Herald* clerk identified it, even the newsboy added his testimony. Isaac either knew nothing more or he was obdurate. He had acquired the coat in the way of business, that was all he knew about it. This was a great blow to Miles Galligan, who had taken the detective fever badly. He had long talks with Longworthy's servant. He examined every article in the lost man's wardrobe. The only peculiarity about the linen was that over the initials "J.L." there was a faintly traced Maltese cross. It was not a crest,—merely a mark Longworthy had fancied. Even the newspapers began to see that the police could do nothing with the Polish Jew, unless they put him to the torture after the manner of earlier times. As this was impossible, what could be done? Amateur detectives tried to bribe Isaac into telling more. At first he wept and swore he knew nothing; then the amateur detectives pocketed their money and went away. Isaac learned from this to be silent and suggestive until he had the money safe in his pocket, after that he wept and swore that he knew nothing. He was prepared to follow this up indefinitely.

After a time the newspapers dropped the subject of the disappearance. John Longworthy's books, which had sold rapidly during the investigation, ceased to be called for. In a month's time the police, Longworthy's executors, and Miles Galligan, were the only folk who kept up a deep interest in the search. Miles' interest was due to the fact that he was idle; he had no taste for study, or even for much reading; he had too much respect for himself to lounge in bar-rooms, and he was weary of "pressing bricks for the city,"—as he euphuistically called his aimless walks. Moreover, there was a large reward ready for the person who would discover either the murdered one or his murderer. And Miles Galligan's funds were becoming much reduced.

The Galligans lived in one of the most comfortable precincts of the East Side. It is

too near Canal Street to be fashionable, or even liked by nice people who do not pretend to fashion. There the houses are roomy, substantial, solid-looking. They are possibly as ugly and as unornamental as man ever made, but they are as respectable in appearance as a Hollandish burgher. They have seen better days. Many a befurred sleigh dashed up to their wide doors fifty years ago, and let down groups of gay callers on the New Year's Days of that time. But the snows of last year are gone. How much more reason have we for asking, more hopelessly, where are the snows of eighteen hundred and fifty? How many times had "She Wore a Wreath of Roses" and "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls" echoed through those drawing-rooms, now fast becoming tenement houses? There is an odor of old-time grandeur about them still, like the attar of roses which even now lingers, it is said, in one of the Empress Eugénie's rooms in the Tuileries.

In one of these old houses Miles Galligan and his sisters lived. Mary, the elder, taught school; she was a sweet-tempered girl of twenty-five or thereabouts, somewhat fragile in appearance, with black hair and the veritable dark-blue Irish eyes. She was an object of wonder to all the Europeans who lived in the neighborhood. They were not used to seeing this combination of the raven's wing and the shadowed turquoise. And Mary, who among Americans was thought to be a rather plain but sweet-looking girl, became noted as a beauty of the first class in the German and Hebrew quarters around her bailiwick. These appreciative people were never tired of admiring her. Nevertheless, in her own circle, Mary was set down as settled on the list of old maids; and she had rather accepted the position, until Arthur Fitzgerald saw her one Saturday evening, when he was waiting outside the confessional,—saw her in the act of putting a calla lily at the foot of the altar of the Blessed Virgin. She looked so gentle, so recollected, so womanly in the act—and what act could more become a woman?—that he could not get her out of his head. Rossetti's vision of the Blessed Damosel was earthly indeed compared to his remembrance of the sight of the maiden and the lily on that Easter Saturday.

Fitzgerald found it difficult to meet Mary and her sister Esther. They never attended those public assemblies in which the whole ward, Jew and Gentile, joined for the purpose of merrymaking. They had no father or mother now, and, though they amused themselves very pleasantly at home, they were not given to public amusements.

Part of their house was rented to various respectable people. The rest they reserved for themselves. The house had been bought by their father shortly before his death; it now furnished their only source of income, except what Miles and they could earn. Esther was assistant music-teacher in a neighboring convent school. She was prettier than her sister, four years younger, and with a girlish brightness about her, which was delightful because it was entirely unaffected. She was rosy, brown-haired, quick in her movements. If Mary might be likened to the soft color of the tea-rose, she had something of the perennial hue of the lady-apple. Mary would have sacrificed her last drop of joy in the world to make Esther happier. Somebody who knew them named Mary "Duty" and Esther "Beauty." And there was this much truth in it all: if anything could tempt Esther from a duty it was some glimpse of the beautiful. Mary often laughed and said that she was an artistic "Little Red Riding-Hood," forgetting her errands to pick flowers on the way.

"But I have never met a wolf yet!" Esther generally retorted.

"The wolf always comes from among the honeysuckle vines, just as one's head is bent closely over the strawberries; and he has time to scent the neglected pot of butter and fresh cakes for which one's sick grandmother is waiting."

Mary's wisdom always called forth a new application of the fable from Esther, who persisted in holding that, after all, Red Riding-Hood would have gotten into trouble some other way, and there might have been no wood-cutters to get her out of it.

When Miles was in some municipal department or other, in some capacity or other, he was absurdly generous, his sisters thought. They were economical. Mary, from acquired habit, was always so; Esther was so by snatches. She liked pretty things, and pretty

things cost money. Miles, when he was "out," found his sisters very good friends; they delighted in keeping him in neckties and other accessories; and Hannah Dempsey, their old servant, petted him as if he were still a boy. The sisters hated politics and adored Miles. That he had no intellectual resources; that he was much inferior to them in tone of thought and refinement of manners; that he did not understand everyday allusions of theirs, did not matter to them. He was Miles, and that he should remain their own Miles, and graciously keep awake an hour or two in their company once or twice a week, was all they asked.

These young women were very happy. Their long vacations by the sea or in the mountains brushed away the effects of the year's hard work. They loved each other; Miles was kind; they had their books, their music, a few friends who, like themselves, were not eaten up with the desire to get into "society"; they had to make plans in order to save a little money, and they made their four or five rooms as cheerful as possible.

Mary would be an old maid; Esther, by and by, would go to Europe, learn more about music, and perhaps marry; Miles would marry, of course; and Mary's object in life would be to look after him,—because his wife, his sister concluded, would be incapable of properly performing that delicate task. This was the future, according to their lights.

But one day, while his head was full of the Longworthy case, Miles strolled into Arthur Fitzgerald's office in Chambers Street. Miles and Fitzgerald had been at school together, and Miles felt himself privileged to ask for a volume of "Reports" from his friend's library. Fitzgerald had been a "promising" lawyer for five years; he was just beginning to fulfil his promises.

Fitzgerald knew that Miles was Mary's brother. Here was his chance. Miles was astonished at the young lawyer's affability; he had always considered him rather "uppish." Fitzgerald gave him a cigar, and began to ask after all the Jesuits who had taught at St. Francis' in their time. Miles asked for the "Report," giving the date. Fitzgerald was all amiability. Sorry,—he could not get it just then; his partner had the key of the big bookcase. This was true, but [the] partner

was in the next room, and the key in easy reach. But Fitzgerald would leave the book at Miles' house in the evening, and have a chat, if he had no objection. Certainly, Miles said; nothing would please him better.

"Ah!" Fitzgerald added, grasping his hand, "you can't imagine how pleased I am to see you, and to look forward to the chance of renewing our old acquaintance."

Miles was pleased. He concluded that it was his notoriety in the Longworthy business which had made that "stuck-up Fitz" so anxious to see more of him. And when he went home to dinner he announced that he would have a friend in his "den" later in the evening.

"And can't we have a sight of him?" asked Esther. "I don't think I've ever seen him."

"He doesn't care for girls," Miles said, finishing his coffee; "he wants to talk over old times with *me*."

In spite of this, Esther ran up-stairs to put an extra touch to her hair, while Mary, having settled that her black silk gown could be turned again, ordered some lemonade and cake, in case the guest should come into the parlor. These young ladies had a rooted belief that lemonade, however much they might dislike it, had a salutary and even ennobling effect on the male sex, and it invariably appeared in a silver pitcher whenever Miles introduced any of his associates.

IV.—A HANDKERCHIEF.

To use an old pagan expression, when Arthur Fitzgerald entered the old-fashioned house in which Miles and his sisters lived, the Fates entered with him. The coming experience was to make some of them better, but after it had passed they would never be the same again. Hitherto, life for these four had not been a complicated matter. They thought little of it in the abstract, because they knew little of its real sorrows. All of them believed that poverty, with the discomforts it brings, was the most terrible evil that could come upon them. If Mary had known a time when she could not have ordered a good dinner for her brother; if Esther could have certainly looked forward to a time when she could not have a new bonnet in the spring, like the other girls who sat in the

same aisle with her at the Sunday-school; if Miles could have been made to feel that the City Hall would always be closed to him; if Arthur Fitzgerald had been authoritatively told that he could not expect to succeed as a lawyer in New York,—they would have been wretched. But hope was strong within them, and, like the strong man who does not know how healthy he is because he does not feel that he has a liver, they thought little of life, not feeling its burdens.

Arthur Fitzgerald ascended the steps precisely at eight o'clock, with the designated "Report" under his arm. Miles opened the door for him, and when he saw how carefully the young lawyer was "gotten up," his face assumed a look of astonishment. *He* was in his slippers; he led Arthur up-stairs to his den, where pipes and newspapers were the principal articles of furniture. His student's lamp was turned up, a grate fire blazed, and, after the "Report" had changed hands, he mysteriously produced a decanter of sherry.

"The girls don't like this sort of thing," he said, locking the door; "they swear by lemonade, so I keep the sherry out of sight. Or perhaps you'd like a little whisky? No? If we were going to meet the ladies I shouldn't ask you,—they're awfully queer about drinking. But, as we're going to have a quiet evening to ourselves—no sherry? Why, you haven't joined a temperance society, have you?"

"Not at all," Fitzgerald answered, setting down the glass which he had raised to his lips; "but I don't feel much like it to-night. Besides, it's not a good habit to acquire."

"Well, if you were in politics you'd have to acquire it. A man that can't drink before the bar hasn't much chance."

And Miles plunged into a torrent of political reminiscences. After this the two touched on their school-days. Miles wondered why Fitzgerald, after all the gush of the morning, had so little to say. Just as Miles was in the middle of a story about a certain Billy Maguire, who was always in trouble in the old days, Fitzgerald asked him if he didn't hear music. Miles paused a minute, and carelessly answered that it was probably one of the girls drumming on the piano down-stairs, and went on:

"Do you remember the day—I can't think of it without laughing—that Billy was ar-

rested for piling up the ash-barrels on the sexton's front steps? Ha! ha! ha!"

But Fitzgerald did not laugh. He only looked at him with lack-lustre eyes, and said: "I beg pardon, I didn't hear what you were saying—is that one of your sisters singing?"

"I suppose so," continued Miles. "Billy played the cymbals in the band, and just as McAllister—you remember Fatty?—was doing the B-flat solo in 'Come Back to Erin,' he made a break and came in with a crash. Ha! ha! ha!"

Miles, overcome by the mirth of the remembrance, threw himself back in his chair and nearly overturned the student's lamp. Fitzgerald jumped up, caught it, but cut his finger on the edge of the glass globe. His handkerchief was out in a moment.

Miles apologized, and looked at the bleeding finger.

"You've spoiled your handkerchief. Too bad. It's only a slight cut. Now, if it were bad, I've a sister Mary who can tie up a wound better than a surgeon."

"It might be serious," Fitzgerald said, squeezing some more blood out of the top of his finger. "Perhaps you'd better ask her to look at it."

"Nonsense! We're having a comfortable time; don't break it up. Girls chatter half the evening. Ha! ha! ha! Billy—I can't help laughing, and you being up here brings it all back,—Billy got the high hats,—don't you remember the day the band came out in high hats?"

"Of course, of course," said Fitzgerald, perfunctorily, with more than half of his attention fixed on the prelude to "Connais-tu le Pays?" which ascended from below.

"Billy put the new hats on the stairs,—there were just eighteen hats and eighteen steps on the stairs, and each of the eighteen steps had a hat on it. Ha! ha! ha! Then he called 'Fire' outside. Of course we all dropped our instruments—we were rehearsing the 'Heidelburg March,' you know,—and bounced down-stairs. It was an awful wreck; the hats were like pancakes—what's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing much!" said Fitzgerald,— "that is—this cut is decidedly inconvenient."

Miles fumbled in his waistcoat pocket and brought out a small piece of yellow sticking-

plaster. He removed Fitzgerald's handkerchief from the cut and carefully applied this panacea.

"It doesn't look very neat," he said; "but it's the right thing to help an annoying cut like that. If Mary were here she'd know how to fix it."

"Perhaps she might—" began Fitzgerald, with a slight blush.

"Well," said Miles, reluctantly, "we'll go down to see. She's in the parlor. I don't ask her up here, you know"—and he winked at the decanter. "She'll give you something for that cut, which must be worse than it seems."

He was surprised by the change in Fitzgerald's manner: he was all interest at once. As he followed Miles down to the parlor he actually gushed over the memory of Billy Maguire. When they had entered the parlor, and Miles had presented Fitzgerald, he called attention to the cut. But, to his utter amazement, Fitzgerald said:

"Oh, it's nothing,—just a slight scratch!" and changed the subject.

The room was rather a *salon* than a parlor. It was long and wide, divided by an archway of fluted wood, painted white. Mary arose from the old-fashioned, square piano, and looked at the newcomer a little shyly. Esther gave him her hand quite frankly. Fitzgerald looked at the graceful figures, the various knickknacks scattered about the room, and felt that awe and delight which impress the young bachelor who has no sisters and who has lived in boarding-houses nearly all his life. A more æsthetic young man might have objected to the red plush chairs and sofa, and the gorgeous flowers in the Brussels carpet, but Fitzgerald thought they were not only beautiful but even sumptuous.

Miles soon began to feel neglected. The sisters found that Fitzgerald was musical, and the three, with that sense of comradeship found in the young, began a trio from "Linda." Miles yawned, and then went out and stole softly up-stairs. He took up his pipe and yawned again. Then he grinned.

"I don't believe," he muttered, "that Fitzgerald wanted to see me at all." He stooped to knock the ashes out of his pipe, and saw Fitzgerald's handkerchief. There was the slightest of blood-stains on it. "Oh, what a fraud!"

said Miles. "As if a cut like that—hello!"

He spread the handkerchief out under the light. In the corner were the initials, "J. L., and above them the little mark which, as Miles had discovered, was embroidered on all John Longworthy's linen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Heavenly Visitant.

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

A LITTLE winged thought
From realms of bliss
Came nestling to my heart
With timid kiss;
It chased my fears away,
It turned my night to day;
I longed that it might stay
And ne'er depart.

I cherished it for days
With loving care;
It tuned my heart to praise,
My lips to prayer;
It drew from pain its thorn,
New strength was in me born,
And Hope's unclouded morn
Rose bright and fair.

'Wouldst know this thought that came
With soft caress,
'That set my heart aflame
With happiness?
Listen. "For others spend
What God to thee doth lend;
He will thy cause defend,
Thine efforts bless."

Fain would I selfish be
And hide away
This thought that comforts me
By night and day;
But, as I muse alone,
I hear a sweet low tone:
"I too am not thine own,—
I may not stay."

I yield to thine appeal.
Sweet thought, then fly!
To some sore heart reveal
Joys from on high;
Yet in my heart I'll keep
Thy memory buried deep,
Whether I wake or sleep,
E'en till I die.

Our Lady of Aberdeen.

NOT far from the shores of the German Ocean, situated between two great rivers—the Dee and the Don,—is the ancient city of Aberdeen. In the year 1110, when David I. was King of Scotland, it became the see of a bishop, whose cathedral was the Church of St. Macarius. Although at that time this city was one of the most important in the kingdom, it has since lost much of its celebrity on account of its proximity to New Aberdeen, which has sprung up almost at its side. It is now more generally known by the name of Old Aberdeen, or the "Altoun."

What made this city so famous in times gone by was its attachment to the Catholic religion. From the earliest times the faith was preached there by saintly bishops and holy monks, who by their example and piety, as well as by the miracles which God wrought at their hands, converted the followers of paganism to the true God. In after times a celebrated university was founded there, from which, as from a luminous centre, many men illustrious for their sanctity and learning issued, to spread the light of the Gospel throughout the whole kingdom and even to countries beyond the seas. It was only toward the middle of the sixteenth century, when heresy devastated the land, that this fair spot also gave way and yielded to the force of the tempest.

In the cathedral church of St. Macarius there was a statue of Our Lady made of wood. For more than six hundred years this image had been an object of veneration to the faithful. Many miracles were wrought and many spiritual favors were granted by our Blessed Mother in behalf of those who sought her aid at this venerable shrine; and immense multitudes of the faithful came, even from afar, to pray there, and to implore the protection of Our Lady of Aberdeen.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century there lived in Aberdeen a Bishop named Gavin Dunbar. His eminent sanctity procured for him the esteem and respect of every one, even of those who were enemies of the Catholic religion. His residence was near the cathedral, and he never allowed a day to pass

without going to the altar of Mary and pouring out his soul in fervent prayer. It was also by Our Lady's help that he succeeded in erecting a bridge of seven arches over the river Dee. After the custom of Catholic times, he constructed a little chapel on the first arch of the bridge; in it he placed the holy image of Mary, which he caused to be solemnly translated from the cathedral in the Altoun to its new sanctuary, in order that those who were setting out upon a journey or returning home might place themselves under her protection. The chapel has now entirely disappeared, although its site is still pointed out; and the fishermen who at the present day ply their craft on that part of the river give it the name of "Chapel Nook," or the "Chapel Corner."

Not far from this chapel, near the end of the bridge, sprang up a little fountain of limpid water, and many miracles are recorded to have been wrought by its use through the intercession of Our Lady. One day a heretic, to show his hatred for the Mother of God, threw a quantity of filth into the well. But God's vengeance soon overtook him. On the spot he was seized with a terrible malady; a hunger which nothing could satiate seemed to consume his bowels, and he cried out: "I am stricken by God for what I have done!" And he warned all who saw and heard him never to speak against, or in any way dishonor, the Holy Virgin, lest a similar evil should overtake them. The heretics themselves, who were witnesses of the crime and of the awful punishment which followed, were forced to acknowledge that it came from the hand of God.

After this event, and in order to preserve the shrine from further profanation, the Bishop caused the statue to be carried back to its former resting-place in the Lady Chapel of the cathedral. Here, as before, it drew together immense multitudes, and became more famous than ever on account of the number of miracles which the Queen of Heaven wrought in favor of her devoted clients.

One day, in the year 1520, the Bishop was on his knees praying and weeping before the holy image, when suddenly he heard a voice come forth from the statue, which said that, on account of the sins of the people, great calamities were about to befall the Scottish

nation, and that Scotland would apostatize from the true faith. "Alas, Gavin!" continued the voice, "thou art the last bishop of this city, in these times, that shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." The terrible corruption of morals which soon afterward spread over the land carried with it people of every age and condition, and opened an entrance to that great heresy which even at the present day devastates that unhappy country.

More than a century after the death of the holy Bishop, Almighty God, who is honored in His saints, wished to glorify on earth the memory of that great servant of Mary, even in that very city where the light of the Catholic faith, which for nearly twelve hundred years had shone so brilliantly, was now almost extinct. A Protestant gentleman having died, his relatives chose for his interment the place where the remains of the saintly Bishop had been deposited. Their astonishment was great when, on digging the grave, the sexton came upon the coffin of the holy prelate. Opening it, they found the body robed in episcopal ornaments, without the slightest sign of corruption,—as fresh and beautiful as the day on which it had been interred. Surprised at the news of this wonder, the minister of the cathedral went in person to witness it. On examination it was found that the body emitted no disagreeable odor, and was perfectly entire. The minister, through a sentiment of respect, commanded the grave to be closed at once, and forbade any one to touch what had been so wonderfully preserved. Seven years afterward the Regent, accompanied by thirteen schismatic bishops and a number of gentlemen of rank, went to the tomb of the holy man, and ordered it to be opened in their presence, that they might be personal witnesses of what had been recorded. When the grave was opened, the body was again found fresh and untouched by corruption, while from the countenance issued rays of light, which filled the beholders with astonishment, although their hearts still remained hardened, and they refused to accept the teachings of the true faith.

It is impossible at this late day to ascertain the history of the statue of Our Lady of Aberdeen. It is the constant tradition of our forefathers that from the middle of the eleventh

century—that is, from the time when St. Margaret was Queen of Scotland—this image was held in great esteem, and that even then pilgrims came to offer up their prayers before it. During the terrible days of persecution, when the enemies of God and religion overran the country, desecrating the magnificent sanctuaries erected by our pious ancestors, their fury was especially directed against holy images. They tore down the pictures of God and His saints which adorned the walls of the churches, and broke or burned the statues of the Immaculate Mother. But Our Lady of Aberdeen escaped their sacrilegious hands. Mary wished to show in a special manner how dear to her was this image, and historians tell us that it is the only one now in existence belonging to Scotland previous to the Reformation. The following is a brief account of how the Blessed Virgin preserved her favorite image from the profanation of the iconoclasts:

When the report reached Aberdeen that the followers of the apostate priest Knox were on their way to the city, some fervent Catholics took the holy image from its altar in the cathedral, and concealed it in a spot where they thought no one would suspect it to be. Unfortunately, its hiding-place was discovered, and it fell into the hands of the heretics. Their rage at the sight of this image was beyond expression. More than once they endeavored to destroy it, but an invisible hand always protected the statue, and their impious design was frustrated. Some of the men, when on the point of raising the hammer to break it, were so overcome by a sentiment of involuntary respect that they left it untouched. Finally, one of them took it with him to his home, and here again Mary manifested her affection for this image by a twofold miracle.

The Calvinists, having discovered the house wherein the statue had been placed, entered it several times with the intention to destroy the image; but, although it had been put in one of the most conspicuous places in the house, they could not see it, and had to withdraw without carrying out their evil design.

The second miracle was the conversion of the man who had taken the statue under his protection. As in former times, when the Ark of the Covenant was sheltered in the house

of Obededom, God showered down His blessings in abundance upon him and his family, so the Immaculate Virgin poured down upon this good man the blessings of Heaven. Penetrated with wonder at the miracles of which he had been an eye-witness, and touched by the grace of God, he and his family abjured the errors in which they had been brought up, and were received into the True Fold.

After his conversion this good man resolved to place the image of Our Lady, now doubly dear to him, under the care of some one who would be able to afford a more secure protection than he could give it. There happened to come to Aberdeen at that time a noble Scottish Catholic named William Laing, who was styled Procurator to the King of Spain. The convert entrusted his beloved image to William, who received it with sentiments of unfeigned devotion, and for a time succeeded in concealing it in his house. The fanatics, however, at length discovered its hiding-place, and once more determined to destroy it. But to prevent this William had it secretly conveyed on board a vessel belonging to the King of Spain, which happened to be in the Aberdeen harbor at the time. He gave orders to the captain, Antony Rochahague, to convey it to Flanders, and place it in the hands of the Archduchess (Infanta) Isabella, then governess of the Low Countries, whose devotion to the Queen of Heaven was known throughout Europe. This was in the year 1623 or 1625.

Here again Satan, who seemed full of wrath because his agents in Scotland had allowed the statue to escape destruction, made a last effort to destroy it. But how vain are his schemes against those who are under Mary's protection! Scarcely had the ship left the harbor when a terrible tempest arose, and the bark was tossed to and fro by the violence of the hurricane. The masts were thrown down and the sails destroyed, and when the tempest abated nothing was left but the hulk on the surface of the deep. A few hours later the ship encountered a pirate vessel from Holland, which rapidly advanced to seize her. Antony made a brave resistance, and, considering the disabled state of his ship, the victory he gained must be attributed to the protection of the Queen of Heaven, whose image was on

board. When the piratical craft had been put to flight, a favorable wind and tide brought the other ship in sight of land, and in a short time the anchor was cast in the bay of Dunkirk.

When the Governor of that city saw a ship entering port without masts or sails, and was told that it contained the miraculous statue of Our Lady of Aberdeen, he was struck at the marvel, and a sudden thought entered his mind. He determined to take possession of the statue, and, after a time, send it as a present to the King of Spain. But Our Lady soon manifested her displeasure at this project, and sent him a dangerous illness, which brought him to the brink of the grave. This made him reflect on his conduct; he recognized his fault, and immediately countermanded the orders he had given for the seizure of the statue.

By a wonderful disposition of Providence, it happened that the Archduchess Isabella came to visit Dunkirk at that time. When the Governor heard of her arrival he sent at once for Father de los Rios, her chaplain, and with tears in his eyes told him what he had done, of the malady with which he was afflicted in consequence, and begged him to go to the ship and receive the sacred image, and convey it to the Archduchess, to whom it had been sent. As soon as this had been done the sick man was restored to perfect health, to the wonder and admiration of all the people.

The Archduchess Isabella, full of gratitude to the Mother of God for this special manifestation of her affection toward her, received the sacred image with indescribable emotion. She gave orders that it should be at once taken to Brussels, and placed in the chapel of her palace with great pomp. In the meantime, to secure an exact and authentic record of the various wonderful events she had heard related with reference to the statue, she charged William Laing to go to Scotland and collect all documents relating to its previous history, and to make strict and careful inquiry not only as to the honor and veneration which centuries of faith had rendered to the image in that country, but also concerning the miracles and favors granted to the people through the intervention of Our Lady of Aberdeen, that the glory of our Heavenly Mother might be handed down to all generations.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

A Spanish Dominicaness.

FEW cities in all Spain possess more attractions for the intelligent tourist than Seville; for beauty of situation, historical and religious associations, it stands unrivalled. And yet in our own days a new attraction has been added—that mysterious charm which lingers round the dwelling of a saint. *La Monja Santa* (the holy nun) is the name bestowed by popular veneration on Sister Barbara of St. Dominic, the cause of whose beatification is expected to be brought forward in Rome very shortly; this brief sketch of her life will enable the readers of *THE "AVE MARIA"* to judge how far that appellation was merited.

One of the most striking Moorish remains in Seville is the Giralda Tower, which, originally built in the twelfth century by Abu-Yusuf-Yakub to serve as a minaret to the adjacent grand mosque, was converted to its present use of bell tower when St. Ferdinand took Seville from the Moors. That holy conqueror turned the mosque into a cathedral, and got Ferdinand Riaz to add an additional hundred feet to the minaret, which already rose to the height of two hundred and fifty. Riaz accomplished his work with wonderful success; the marvellously delicate tracery of his addition to the tower has been happily compared to Mechlin lace in stone. He encircled it with a motto from Proverbs (xviii)—"*Nomen Domini fortissimi turris*,"—and placed at the top a beautifully chiselled gilt-bronze statue of Faith, which, although of immense weight, revolves with every breeze. Hence the name of the tower, Giralda (weather-vane).

In this wonderful old Moorish tower Sister Barbara was born, on the 7th of February, 1842. Her father, Casimir Jurado, who was bell-ringer of the cathedral, and her mother, Josefa Antunez (who is still living), were pious, simple Catholics of the true Spanish type. Barbara was an only daughter; she had a brother, her senior by two years, of whom we shall speak further on. These were the only children of the bell-ringer and his wife. The elder was a merry, mischievous child, full of life and fun; but Barbara, from her earliest infancy, showed signs of precocious sanctity. Her mother testifies that she never fretted or

cried like other infants: she was always serene and smiling like a little angel; but no efforts could induce her to take the breast oftener than once on Fridays, so that one may say her fasting commenced from her very cradle. At three years of age she began to show a wonderful love for divine things, and to pray with her arms raised in the form of a cross, although she had never been taught to do so—at least by human teachers. Her favorite devotions were the Passion of our Divine Lord, the Five Wounds, and the Rosary. When only six years old she began to fast three days in the week, and to wear a sort of hairshirt, which she contrived to make out of the ends of old bell-ropes begged from her father.

Josefa had hitherto looked on in silence, perceiving that God had wonderful designs on her child; but maternal love and anxiety made her venture on some words of tender remonstrance against those austerities, undertaken at so tender an age. "Let me alone, dearest mother," the little Barbara would say; "don't you see how strong and robust I am? If you but knew how sweet it is to suffer for Our Lord, who has suffered so much for us!" Marvellous words, surely, for a child of six years!

Her father was in the habit of reciting the Divine Office daily; she recited the Psalms alternately with him, and this without any previous teaching. In fact, she was never taught either to read, write or cipher, nor did she ever get any schooling; yet she read well, wrote with fluency and elegance, and possessed several accomplishments; and she herself taught her brother to read, write, and cast up accounts.

Every morning she hastened to hear Mass in the beautiful cathedral, of which a well-known Catholic writer says: "To understand the Cathedral of Seville, you must know it; you must feel it; you must live in it; you must see it at the moment of the setting sun, when the light streams in golden showers through those wonderful stained-glass windows, jewelling the curling smoke of the incense still lingering round the choir; or else go there in the dim twilight, when the aisles seem to lengthen out into infinite space, and the only bright spot is from the ever-burning silver lamps which hang before the taber-

nacle." Barbara was familiar with its every aspect; she grew up in the shadow of its venerable walls, and might truly be said to "live in it."

When Mass was over, she coaxed her mother to accompany her to whatever church was celebrating the Devotion of the Forty Hours; for in Seville, as in Rome, Lisbon, and many other cities, the Blessed Sacrament is perpetually exposed,—the Forty Hours commencing in one church ere they have terminated in another, so as to deserve the name of "*Laus Perenne*," by which it is generally called. Sometimes, however, Josefa would object, saying the church in question was too far away, and her husband's breakfast would be spoiled; but Barbara always confidently assured her that she would find everything in order on their return, and events invariably justified this assurance; so that her mother bears witness to the fact, and declares that, however distant the church or prolonged their stay, she never suffered the least inconvenience in her household arrangements.

Years passed on. Barbara grew into a tall, slender maiden, of singularly winning aspect. Her virtues seemed to grow with her years, and so angelic was her disposition that her parents never had the slightest fault to reprehend in her. A trifling incident which occurred when she was twelve or fourteen years old, and which cost her torrents of tears as the greatest sin of her life, will show her purity of conscience.

Her brother, although her senior by two years, was, as already said, of a very different disposition, and extremely giddy and turbulent. His greatest delight was to mount the tower when the sweet-toned bells were being rung; but his father, who feared some accident, generally locked him up on those occasions. It happened one day that he escaped from his temporary prison, and was running up to the top of the tower, where his father was busy with the bells, when he met Barbara. Knowing the danger he incurred and her father's orders, perhaps foreseeing the fate which eventually befell him, she indignantly gave him a little slap, reminding him of his disobedience. This she always considered the greatest sin of her whole life. The boy was soon after killed; for, persisting in his wilfulness,

he went up one day as the bells were being rung, and was caught by the ropes and thrown, from an aperture in the tower, lifeless into the square.

Two incidents are recorded of Barbara's girlhood, very dissimilar in circumstances, yet alike in the fact that in both she incurred great danger,—once of her soul and once of her life.

Some Protestant ladies visiting the Giralda Tower were so struck by the innocence and grace of the young Spaniard that they offered to adopt her, promising wealth, honors, pleasures—everything the world could bestow,—but in vain. Barbara had early learned from her Divine Teacher the vanity of all earthly things; she only aspired to forsake the world and give herself entirely to God. She was little more than six when she told her mother that she would be a Franciscan nun. "No," said Josefa: "you are my only daughter, and you must stay with me and be the support of my old age; for you know I have very poor health." (This was the case: Barbara's mother had always been very delicate.) "Don't be afraid, mamma," replied the child; "I'll ask Our Lord to grant you constant good health, so that you may not want my aid." From that day up to the present Josefa Antunez never had a day's illness.

During one of the revolutionary outbreaks so frequent in Spain in the present century, a band of ruffians broke into the Giralda Tower, and ordered Jurado to ring the joy-bells to celebrate the success of the revolutionary movement. Jurado refused, and one of the party, furiously seizing Barbara, put the muzzle of a pistol to her forehead and swore he would blow out her brains. Calm and unwavering, apparently supported by an interior assurance of safety, the young girl confronted the furious Republican, and, as if overawed by some superior power, he threw down his weapon and released her.

To become a Franciscan nun had been Sister Barbara's earliest intention; as she grew in years so did her purpose become stronger and more definite. Having no dowry, she determined to learn music, so as to fit herself for the position of organist in the community; and, by a singular disposition of Providence, she actually carried this purpose into effect,

without ever learning that the Franciscans use no musical instruments.

Our Lord had other views for Barbara. He willed her to join the Dominican Order, and the musical proficiency she had acquired was destined to open to her the doors of a Dominican cloister. Shortly after she attained the age of seventeen, she was praying one day in a side chapel of the Cathedral dedicated to Nuestra Señora de los Reyes, when Don José Maroto, one of the Cathedral canons, happened to pass by. Attracted by the devout and modest air of the maiden, he stopped and said to her mother: "Does that young girl aspire to become a nun?"—"Yes, Father," replied Josefa, simply. "She wants to be a Franciscan." He shook his head. "Not a Franciscan," he said; "she will be a Dominicaness."

Barbara overheard the words, and as the canon passed on she grew troubled, thinking over what he had said and the difficulties she had encountered in seeking to join the Franciscans. With childlike confidence she threw herself at the feet of the Mother of God, and asked her to make known to her the will of her Divine Son. At the same moment the Blessed Virgin appeared to her, smiling, with her mantle spread out sheltering an innumerable multitude of religious of all the orders in the Church. A group of Dominicanesses, whose white raiment glistened with peculiar lustre, seemed to look toward Barbara with particular complacency; and the Queen of Virgins, pointing to them, said: "It is my Son's will that you should join those." Then the vision faded, and Barbara's heart was filled with joy and delight.

That very day she sought Don José Maroto, and, accompanied by her mother, went to the Convent of Madre di Dios, where an organist was wanted. The nuns who survive to this day love to relate the impression made on them by the young postulant as she appeared before them at the grate for the first time. All felt interiorly moved and attracted by her angelic appearance. Unanimously they exclaimed: "Let her enter! She is an angel!" She was therefore at once admitted as a postulant; and from the day of her entrance until that of her decease, twelve years later, she was the model of that holy and observant community.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Eminent Australian Priest.

[We are indebted to a reverend friend in New South Wales for the following notice of the Rev. Julian Tenison Woods, F. G. S., F. L. S., deceased at Sydney on the 7th of October. A zealous missionary, an eminent scientist, Father Woods was also remarkable for his devotion to the Blessed Virgin.]

Father Woods was a native of London. Born and educated amongst Protestant influences, he was from his earliest years strangely attracted to everything Catholic, and equally repelled by what he felt to be the emptiness of Protestant worship. At the age of sixteen he became intimate with Canon Oakely, Father Faber, and others of the Tractarians, whose influence and example were doubtless instrumental in bringing him into the True Fold. He succeeded by his prayers in obtaining the conversion of every member of his own family, who had at first been greatly afflicted at his change of religion. Attracted by the austere virtues of Father Ignatius Spencer, he entered the Passionist novitiate near London; but after two years ill health compelled him to quit it. On his death-bed, however, Father Woods was again received into the Order, and died clothed in its habit.

He studied for some time in France, and afterward went to Australia in search of health, but not intending to remain there. He was ordained in Adelaide, South Australia, on January 4, 1857. From that time his health was fully restored, and he lost all desire of leaving the country. He was soon appointed to a parish 22,000 square miles in extent, whose Catholic population was so small and scattered that it could scarcely support a priest. For ten years Father Woods labored hard in this trying charge, undergoing fatigues and privations incomprehensible to any one unacquainted with the Australian bush. He always contrived that every Catholic in his vast district, however remote his dwelling, should have an opportunity of receiving the Sacraments once a year.

He was sadly afflicted at the utter destitution of the poorer classes of Australian Catholics in the matter of education, and to remedy this evil he organized a teaching Order of

religious, who were, in his words, "to be poor, to be composed of the children of the poor, and to be the servants of the poor." This community met the wants of the poor people in the scattered bush districts as nothing else could; and the Sisters of St. Joseph, as they are called, now number some hundreds, and are spread over nearly all the Australian colonies.

In the year 1872 Father Woods left South Australia, and began his career as a missionary priest. He continued for eleven years to give missions and retreats in several of the colonies with most abundant fruits. His labors during this period seemed superhuman. His usual custom was to preach four times a day, though he was ready to hear confessions from early morning till midnight. The wondrous power of his eloquence, and still more his disinterested zeal and rare self-sacrifice, were the means of numerous conversions; indeed, he hardly ever gave a mission without receiving several converts into the Church, while the number of lukewarm Catholics who became fervent, and of sinners who returned to God, might be said to be countless.

His manner was singularly attractive. His preaching, which held crowded congregations spellbound, was remarkable for its simplicity of language. A child could understand every word he spoke; in fact, he had a peculiar gift of expressing his meaning in the fewest and simplest words. A little book ("A Guide to Confession and First Communion") which he wrote affords the best illustration of this. He was remarkably happy in his methods of instructing children, whose innocence and simplicity endeared them to his gentle nature, or whose faults and spiritual destitution excited his compassion.

Perhaps his most striking characteristic was his love for the poor. His voice and pen were ever uplifted in their cause. It was for the poor he instituted the teaching Order already referred to; and, lest the Sisters should ever lose the spirit of this vocation, he made it a rule that they should never own property or possess anything beyond their absolute necessities. "Freely you have received, freely give," he would say; and this was the rule of his own conduct. He never kept money, nor would he ever accept property. He gave alms at a rate which would have done credit

to a millionaire; in fact, his generosity was such that people imagined him to be very wealthy, while in truth he was penniless.

Father Woods' scientific attainments were of a very high order. Geology was his specialty, and he is perhaps the highest authority on the geology and paleontology of Australia. His works on corals and bryozoa are also eagerly sought by the scientific world, as well as his numerous botanical writings. He was an excellent conchologist, and published several papers on this subject, the latest and most interesting being "The Anatomy and Life-History of Mollusca peculiar to Australia," for which he received the premium and medal of the Royal Society of New South Wales.*

Amongst Father Woods' other contributions to science may be mentioned "Geological Observations in South Australia," "History of the Discovery and Exploration of Australia," "Fish and Fisheries of New South Wales," "The Volcano of Taal," "Malaysian Essays," etc. He was a Fellow of the Linnean Society and Geological Society of London, and a member of numerous scientific associations in Asia and Australia.

In 1883 Father Tenison Woods left Australia for a well-earned rest, and proceeded, *via* Batavia, to Singapore. He travelled through Java, Sumatra, many parts of the Malay Peninsula, Cochin China, and the Philippines. After a residence of eight months in Japan, he returned to Australia in 1886. The companion of his travels, Father Benedict Scortechini, also a scientist, had succumbed to malarial fever at Calcutta, and Father Woods himself was beginning to feel the baneful effects of travelling in such trying climates. On his return, however, he made an exploration in North Australia, which occupied him three months, and may be said to have completed the ruin of his once vigorous constitution. He returned to Sydney, partially paralyzed in the lower limbs, and remained a complete invalid until his lamented death, when, after an illness of nearly three years—borne not only with heroic patience, but the utmost sweetness and perfect union with God's holy will, and during which he was consoled and fortified by the last Sacraments,—he gave up

his soul to his Creator. His obsequies were celebrated at St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, his Eminence Cardinal Moran officiating.

The many scientific friends of the Rev. Father all over the world, as well as his spiritual children and *confrères* in the sacred ministry, deeply lament his loss; for he was one of whom it might be said that he was an ornament to the Church, to society, and to the scientific world. May he rest in peace!

Columbus' Day.

MR. EDWARD BRADFORD, writing in the *Century* for January, makes a suggestion which deserves serious attention: "Nearly four hundred years ago—on May 20, 1500,—Spain permitted the world's most illustrious sailor to die in disgrace. Some three hundred years later a Frenchman erected at Baltimore a neglected and almost forgotten monument to Columbus. In Roman Catholic circles, there is now a serious proposition to honor the daring navigator by canonizing him into St. Christopher. Taking all together, can any generous citizen of the three Americas think that the discoverer who suffered so much has yet been fitly rewarded?"

Mr. Bradford proposes that Thanksgiving Day shall be shifted a little in the calendar. It comes at present too near Christmas, he says, in an ungenial season. Why not, the Governors of the States consenting, let the holiday come off October 12, in honor of the discoverer and the discovery of America? "Let us," concludes Mr. Bradford, "by all means keep the honored feast-day; and, better yet, let us give it new worth and lustre." He recommends the Governor of New York to set the example of naming Columbus' day. "Let the President follow in the great quarto-centennial, and then poor Columbus will no longer be unhonored in the country upon whose grateful memory he has so special a claim," he says, going straight to the point.

Mr. Bradford justly thinks that no memorial of the illustrious discoverer would be so dear to the people as an annually recurring feast-day. He was evidently not aware that there is a bill before Congress to declare October 12 a national holiday, and the Italian

* Jour. Roy. Soc. New South Wales. Vol. xxii, 1888. pp. 106-187.

citizens of Memphis, Tenn., have memorialized the Senate and the House to vote for it. We hope that in those States whose statutes do not permit the President of the United States or the Governor to name a holiday without legislation, similar petitions will be drawn up. In honoring Columbus America honors herself. The country that gives an annual festival to Washington can not afford to neglect Columbus.

Columbus canonized and his feast celebrated as a national holiday in the United States is certainly a pleasing prospect,—a very pleasing prospect.

Notes and Remarks.

Hoffman's *Catholic Directory* estimates the Catholic population of the United States at 8,301,367; the number of clergy, both regular and secular, at 8,463; churches, 7,420; chapels, from incomplete returns, 1,539; and parochial schools, 3,209. The Catholic population of Boston is 510,000; of Baltimore, 220,000; Chicago, 460,000; New York, 800,000; Philadelphia, 400,000; San Francisco, 200,000; New Orleans, 300,000; St. Louis, 280,000.

The Diocese of Pittsburg is fortunate in possessing a most unique and beautiful Christmas gift. Mr. Andrew Carnegie presented the Rt. Rev. Bishop Phelan with a copy, by Herr Schlessler (a Dresden artist), of the Madonna di San Sisto, the most inspired of all that great painter's works. The newspapers declare that it is the only accurate copy of this Madonna, and that permission to paint it was only given by the King of Saxony to Herr Schlessler, as a reward of great services and after much hesitation.

The announcement of the death of Father Damen occasions profound sorrow in every part of the United States. This venerable Jesuit was the greatest missionary this country has ever known. His earnestness, his zeal, his magnetism, his endurance, the distances he travelled, and the length of time he conducted missions,—all were remarkable. Father Damen was a man of God, and his death was the echo of his well-spent life. Bearing his sufferings with the patience and resignation he preached to others, in fervent prayer, with aspirations of lively faith, and fortified by the last Sacraments, he expired on New Year's Day, at Creighton College, Omaha. Of late years Father Damen had not been the prominent

figure he was in the earlier part of his career; however, he was engaged in mission work in Wyoming when stricken with his last illness. He will be remembered especially for his missionary labors, but his Christian and sacerdotal virtues were even more noteworthy. His chief characteristic was self-abnegation. Two years ago, when the Catholics of Chicago—where he built the Church of the Holy Family and laid the foundations of St. Ignatius' College—were uniting in getting up a testimonial in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of his admission to the Society of Jesus, he positively refused to accept a present of any kind. Not one cent would he take, nor an article of value of any kind. The offerings of gold and silver, paintings, and other articles, were by his express wish converted into a sum of money for the benefit of St. Joseph's Home for girls and the school for deaf and dumb,—two institutions which always had a warm place in his heart. The whole life of this true priest was marked by similar acts.

Father Damen was a native of Holland, and came to this country with Father de Smet in 1837. He was ordained in 1844, being then twenty-nine years of age.

The Guardians of the Poor of Chester, England, have been debating whether the poor in their charge should be allowed knives and forks or not. Finally, by a vote of thirteen to ten, it was agreed to hire knives and forks for Christmas Day. A decision of philanthropy,—charity would not have had the doubt.

A Centre Party is forming in Austria. A Centre Party without a Herr Windhorst will lack force. It is possible that Prince von Lichtenstein may be a leader worthy of the opportunity.

It is to be regretted that the thoughtless following of a fashion has caused Ibsen's plays to be performed in New York to admiring but unreflecting audiences. It is fashion that makes people go to the exhibition of Verestchegin's pictures, though they are, as ethically as they are artistically false. But the Ibsen "fad" is particularly bad. Ibsen teaches that law is bad, that love has nothing to do with law; and he says things which no mother would permit her daughters to hear, or listen to them herself. And yet, because a *coterie* of English writers profess admiration of Ibsen, we have a new "craze." What a sad thing it is that "culture" should be thought to mean slavish obedience to every new English literary caprice! The *Home Journal*, in a notice of Ibsen's play, "A Doll's Home," lately performed in New York, says of the conduct of

the heroine, who, having committed forgery for the sake of her husband, deserts him when he reproaches her with the disgrace the act has brought upon him: "This audience did not seem to realize that here was a woman who was deserting the husband she had deceived, because he gave way to a burst of passion; but was also deserting her two children to the care of a man whom she avowed was unworthy of her love. Eight years of happy married life, during five of which she had been living a lie under the roof of the father of her children, were no palliation for a few choleric words. This may be the 'advanced' idea of wifebond, but it is not the idea which makes wifebond sacred and maternity holy. It is true that the play abounds in fine language, but it is false in moral, and it must also be confessed it is frequently bungling in dramatic construction."

This opinion of the play, from a competent non-Catholic source, ought to be enough to warn Catholics to keep away from it.

The pageant at the funeral of the late Cardinal Ganglbauer was magnificent, as the Emperor, archdukes, and all the great personages of the Viennese court attended. A more splendid array has seldom been seen in the Cathedral of St. Stephen. Close to the Emperor, and in contrast to the grand uniforms and dresses of state, stood a group of very poor people—the relatives of the late Cardinal, for whom his flock was weeping, and in whose honor this grand pageant was created. The Cardinal had never accepted his state or the reverence paid to his rank as a personal thing, and he had always remained as poor as the poorest of his relatives.

The Prince of Wales, supported by Cardinal Manning, the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Charles Russell, and others, will take the chair at a subscription dinner in London to aid a national Leprosy Fund.

We make the announcement of the death of the Rev. Dr. James O'Hara with deep regret. Dr. O'Hara was one of the most respected men in Central New York. His influence was felt on the right side of all social questions both by Catholics and Protestants. Dr. O'Hara was born in Bally Shannon, County Donegal, Ireland, November 2, 1829. He came to this country in his nineteenth year, and began the study of law. Becoming aware that his vocation was to the priesthood, he entered upon his studies at St. Thomas of Villanova, Philadelphia, continuing his course at St. John's College, Fordham, and at St. Mary's, Baltimore. Ordained priest in 1857, he remained at Albany to

assist Bishop McCloskey, and, after a short service at St. Patrick's Church, Oneida, he became pastor of St. Mary's, Syracuse, in 1859. Since that year he was in charge of the parish until he died. He was the first American to receive the degree of D.D. from the Sapienza at Rome; he was remarkable for his charity, benevolence, and breadth of mind.

King Leopold of Belgium has a good heart. A little girl in Philadelphia, Bertha Keim, wrote to his Majesty in behalf of her uncle, who had deserted from the Belgian marine service. Bertha informed the King that he had run away only after he had been refused permission to attend the death-bed of his sister, and that he had afterward returned to his duty under a fictitious name. "If your Majesty had been in his place," she added, "you would have done the same." The King has written back saying that he sets her uncle free, 'according to the wishes of his little friend.'

The following additional offerings for the Passionist Fathers in South America are gratefully acknowledged:

B. B., Clontarf, Minn., 50 cts.; H. Meibuescher, New Baltimore, Pa., 50 cts.; Mrs. M. T. Stone, in honor of St. Anthony, \$1; A Friend, \$1; A Friend, Salem, Mass., \$2; C. P. and M. D. A., \$4; E. A. McK., \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xlii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister Mary of St. Margaret, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, whose peaceful death occurred at St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Ind., on the 31st ult.

Mr. Charles B. Layden, who died suddenly on the 27th ult., at Swaledale, Iowa.

Mrs. Ellen Teresa Corcoran, of Washington, D. C., who departed this life on the 19th ult.

Miss Mary A. Cashman, who piously yielded her soul to God on the 11th ult., at Allston, Mass.

Mrs. Mary Marri, of Chelsea, Mass., who passed away on Christmas Eve.

Mrs. Matilda Luther, whose exemplary Christian life closed on the 21st ult., at Altoona, Pa.

Miss Catherine Boyle, of Buffalo, N. Y., who peacefully breathed her last on the 7th ult.

Mrs. Catherine Lyston, of Baltimore, Md.; Miss Julia Buckley, Newburyport, Mass.; Miss Mary Cousins, Cleveland, Ohio; Philip Brady, Mrs. Annie Lawrence, Miss Bridget Lawrence, Philip Lawrence, and Mrs. Mary A. Flynn.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



A Little White Dress.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

"Only three weeks more, Constance. Aren't you glad?" said Lillie to her little companion and neighbor as they hurried to school.

"Indeed I am. But it's so long in coming!" sighed Constance. "The days never seemed to go so slowly before."

"I have made a calendar, and every morning I cross off a date; there are already seven gone since the 1st of May," explained Lillie, with a satisfied air, as if she had discovered the secret of adding "speed to the wings of time." "We shall not have a great while to wait now."

Was it a grand holiday that our young friends were anticipating so eagerly, or the summer vacation, now drawing near? One might suppose something of the kind. But not at all. On the approaching Feast of the Ascension they were to make their First Communion, and, being convent-bred little girls, every thought and act had been directed to preparation for this great event, to which they looked forward with the artless fervor natural to innocent childhood. No one must imagine, however, that they were diminutive prudes, with long faces. Is not a girl or boy gayest when his or her heart has no burden upon it? In fact, it would have been hard to find two merrier folk, even upon this bright spring morning.

Lillie was a sprightly creature, who, somehow, always reminded Sister Agnes of one of the angels in Murillo's picture, "The Immaculate Conception,"—a lively, happy-go-lucky, rollicking angel, who plays hide-and-seek among the folds of Our Lady's mantle, and appears almost beside himself with the gladness of heaven's sunlight. Yet Lillie was by no means an angel. She had her faults of course, and these often sadly tried the patience of the good Sister. She was quick-tempered, volatile,

inclined to be a trifle vain. Alas that it is so hard to keep a child's heart like a garden enclosed as with a fragrant hedge, laden with the blossoms of sweet thoughts,—safely shut in from the chilling winds of worldliness! She was lovable withal, generous, affectionate, and would make a fine woman if properly trained.

Constance, a year older, was more sedate, though with plenty of quiet fun about her. But, as a general thing, she knew when to be serious and when to play,—a bit of wisdom which Sister Agnes frequently wished she could manage to impart to the others of the band of aspirants, of whom the gentle nun had special charge.

Constance and Lillie were nearly always together. Now, as they tripped onward, they were as happy as the birds in the trees above them, and their voices as pleasant to hear. Having turned the corner, they began to meet a company of children, who came along, sometimes in groups, again in detachments of twos and threes, all clad in white, with white veils upon their heads and floating about them as they passed joyously on, as if keeping time to the music of their own happy hearts. Poor children they were, most of them, with plain, ordinary faces, but upon which now shone a light that made one think of old sweet stories,—of St. Ursula and her throng of spotless maidens; of Genevieve, the child-shepherdess of Nanterre. Who that has ever witnessed such a scene can forget it?—this flock of fair, spotless doves amid the dust or mire of the city streets, that by their very passing bring even to the indifferent spectator a thought above gain or traffic,—a memory perhaps of guileless days and noble aspirations, as, looking up at the blue, calm sky, perchance he likens them to the snowy cloud-lets that gather nearest to the sun and are irradiated by its brightness.

"Why," exclaimed Constance, "here come the first communicants of St. Joseph's parish! They must be just going home from Mass. How happy they all are, and how pretty in their white dresses!"

"They do look lovely," assented Lillie, readily. "How could they help it? And some of the dresses are nice, but surely you see, Connie, that others are made of dreadfully

common material, and the veils are coarse cotton stuff."

"Well, I suppose they couldn't afford any better," returned Constance, regretfully.

"I declare there's Annie Brogan, whose mother works for us!—don't you know?" cried Lillie, darting toward a girl who had parted with several others at a cross-street and was walking on alone.

As Constance did know, she hastened to greet her, and to vie with Lillie in congratulating her. "O Annie, what a happy day for you!"—"What a favored girl you are!"—"I almost envy you!"—"We have three whole weeks to wait yet!" This is about what they said, again and again, within the next few minutes; while Annie turned from one to the other, with an added gentleness of manner, a smile upon her lips, and a more thoughtful expression in her grey eyes.

Yes, she was happy; she felt that this was indeed the most beautiful day of her life. To be almost envied, too, by such girls as Lillie Davis and Constance Hammond! This was almost incredible; and so she continued to smile at them, putting in a word now and then, while they chattered on like a pair of magpies, and all three were in perfect sympathy.

Presently Lillie chanced to glance at the little communicant's white gown, which, though fresh and dainty as loving hands could make it, was unmistakably well worn, and in some places had evidently been carefully darned; indeed, her sharp eyes discovered even a tiny tear in the skirt, as if Annie had unwittingly put her fingers through it when searching for the pocket.

"Why, Annie Brogan," she exclaimed, thoughtlessly, "you did not wear that dress to make your First Communion!"

"Yes, to be sure. Did not mother do it up nicely?" answered Annie, with *naïve* appreciation of the patient, painstaking skill which had laid the small tucks so neatly, and fluted the thin ruffles without putting a hole through them. "And mother was saying, when she was at work on it, how thankful we ought to be to have it; since, much as she wished to buy a dress for me, she would not have been able to do so, with the rent and everything to pay; and how good your mamma was to give it to me."

"Pshaw!" rejoined Lillie. "I could have given you a dress ten times better than that if I had only remembered. Mamma just happened to put that in with a bundle of some of my last summer's clothes, which she hoped Mrs. Brogan might find useful. But she never dreamed you would wear it to-day."

"I thought it was so nice!" said Annie, coloring, while a few tears of chagrin and disappointment sprang to her eyes; somehow, a shadow seemed to have unaccountably arisen to dim the brightness of this fairest of days,—a wee bit of a shadow, felt rather than defined.

"So it *is* nice!" declared Constance, frowning at impulsive Lillie, to warn her that she had blundered. "It is ironed perfectly; your mother has made it look beautiful. And what a pretty veil you have!"

"Yes, I did buy that," replied Annie, in a more cheerful tone.

"Oh, it's all right! And Our Lord must have welcomed you gladly, Annie, you are so good and sweet," added Lillie. "I didn't mean any harm in noticing your dress; it was only one of my stupid speeches."

Lillie looked so sorry and vexed with herself that Annie laughed. The shadow was lifted; the children wished one another good-bye; Annie went homeward, while the others quickened their pace, fearing that they would be late for school.

But the circumstance had made an impression, especially upon Lillie; and at the noon recreation, which the first communicants spent together, she hastened to tell her companions about it.

"Just imagine!" she cried; "Annie Brogan made her First Communion this morning, and she wore an old dress of mine,—an old dress, all mended up, that mamma gave her!"

"The idea!"—"What was she thinking of?" etc., etc.; such were the exclamations with which this announcement was greeted. Most of the girls did not know in the least of whom Lillie was speaking, but it was the fact which created such a sensation.

"Why didn't she get a new one?" inquired Eugenia Dillon, a girl of a haughty disposition, who attached a great deal of importance to costly clothes.

"Hadn't any money," responded Lillie,

nibbling at a delicious pickled lime which she had produced from a corner of her lunch basket.

"Then I'd wait till I had—"

"Oh, not put off your First Communion!" protested one of the group.

"Why, yes," returned Eugenia, conscious that she had scandalized them a little and trying to excuse herself. "It is not respectful or proper not to be fitly dressed for such a great occasion."

"But Annie was as neat as could be," said Constance; "and looked as pretty as a picture, too. I'm sure Our Lord was as pleased with her as if she were dressed like a princess, because she is such a good little thing."

"Come, Connie, don't preach!" objected Eugenia, impatiently. "Besides, how could she have looked pretty in a mended dress? I wish you could see the one I'm going to have! It's to be of white silk,—the best that can be got at Brown's."

"It won't be any more beautiful than mine. I'm to have tulle," said Lillie.

"And I—" continued Constance.

"Mine is to be trimmed with point-lace," broke in another.

"And I'm to wear mamma's diamonds," boasted somebody else.

"You can't," demurred a quiet girl, who had not spoken before. "Sister Agnes said that we are not to be allowed to wear jewelry or silk either; and that, though the material for the dresses may be of as fine a quality as we choose, they ought not be showy or elaborate."

"That is all very well to say," answered Eugenia. "The nuns can enforce these rules in their boarding-schools, but hardly in a day-school like this. We'll wear what we please, or what our mothers select. Mamma has decided to get the white silk for me, because so many of our friends will be present, and she wants my dress to be the handsomest of any."

This information was received without comment, but it aroused in some foolish little hearts a feeling of envy, and in others a desire of emulation.

Eugenia Dillon was the richest girl in the school. Her father, a plain, sensible man, who had lacked early advantages, had within a few years amassed a considerable fortune, which he would gladly have enjoyed in an unosten-

tatious, unpretending manner. This, however, did not suit his wife at all. Mrs. Dillon, though a kind-hearted, charitable woman, was excessively fond of style, lavishly extravagant, and inclined to parade her wealth upon all occasions. She did not realize that the very efforts she made to attain the position in society which would have come to her naturally if she had but the patience to wait, caused her to be sneered at as a *parvenu* by those whose acquaintance she most desired. Unconscious of all this, she pursued her way in serene self-satisfaction,—a complacency shared by Eugenia, who delighted in the good fortune and bad taste which permitted her to wear dresses of silk or velvet to school every day in the week, and caused her to be as much admired as a little figure in a fashion-plate by those of her companions who were too unsophisticated to know that vain display is a mark of vulgarity.

"O children, children!" exclaimed Sister Agnes, who caught the drift of the conversation as she came into the room. "Do not be troubling your precious little heads about the fashions. We must all trust something to the good sense of your mammas that you will be suitably gowned. Certainly it is eminently fitting that one should be beautifully attired to honor the visit of the King of kings. Considered in this light, no robe could be too rich, no ornament too splendid. But, lest a small thought of vanity should creep in to spoil the exalted motive, the custom is to adopt a lovely simplicity. If you notice, we never think of the angels as weighed down with jewels. Bestow some of this anxiety upon the preparation of your hearts: see that you are clothed in the royal robes of grace; deck yourselves with the jewels of virtue,—rubies for love, emeralds for hope, pearls for contrition, diamonds for faith and purity. It was with gems like these that the holy maidens, Saints Agnes, Philomena, and Lucy, chose to adorn themselves, rather than with the contents of their trinket caskets."

Thus the nun continued to speak to the band of little girls, who had eagerly gathered around her; thus was she wont to teach them lessons of wisdom in a sprightly, gay, happy-hearted way, as if generosity, unselfishness and self-denial were the most natural traits imaginable, and the whole world fair because

it is God's world, and we are all His children. Was it this spirit of joyousness which attracted young people especially to her, and gave her such an influence with them?

"Somehow, when Sister Agnes talks to me," even so flighty a little personage as Lillie Davis said one day, "I feel as if I could make any sacrifice quite as a matter of course, and without a speck of fuss about it."

"Yes," agreed Connie. "She seems to take your hand in her strong one and to lead you up a stony, hilly path; and then, when you come to the roughest, steepest places, she almost carries you onward; and you are ashamed to complain that you are tired, because, though she is so gentle with you, she does not mind such trifles at all herself—"

"She makes me think," interrupted Lillie, "of the pleasant, sunshiny breeze that comes up sometimes on a cloudy morning, and chases away the mists through which everything looks so queerly, and lets us see things as they really are."

Lillie's quaint comparison was an apt one, as was proved in the present instance.

When Sister Agnes had gone the subject which the girls had been discussing presented a different aspect, and the key-note of her character which always impressed them—"Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long,"—caused them now to feel dissatisfied with themselves and to cast about for something to do. This reminded Constance again of Annie Brogan and the white dress that Lillie had regarded with so much scorn.

"Girls," said she, "wouldn't it be nice if we could give a dress and veil, and whatever is necessary, to some poor child who is to make her First Communion on the same day as ourselves? Perhaps, too, we could arrange to have her make it with us. Don't you think this would make us happy, and be a good way to prepare?"

"It's a grand idea, Connie!" proclaimed Lillie, with ready enthusiasm.

"How could we do it?" asked the quiet girl, coming to the practical question at once.

"By giving up some of our ribbons and candies and knickknacks during the next few weeks, maybe," continued Constance earnestly, thinking it out as she went along. "Suppose we all agree to get the pretty

dresses the nuns wish us to wear on that day, instead of the showy ones we want? They would not cost as much, and our mothers would, I am sure, let us use the extra money in this way."

"What! give up the white silk! Oh, I couldn't!" objected Eugenia, disconcerted. "Anyhow, I don't believe mamma would like to have me do it."

"Tulle is so lovely!" sighed Lillie. "And I never did like plain mull."

On the whole, the proposal was not received with favor. It was discussed with much animation, but the bell rang before any decision had been arrived at. Later, however, after a consultation with Sister Agnes, who promised her cordial co-operation, the children concluded to adopt Connie's suggestion, if their mothers would consent.

"I must acknowledge that I am disappointed," remarked Mrs. Davis to her husband that evening. "To-day I ordered the material for Lillie's First Communion dress,—an exquisite tulle. But she came home from school with a story about furnishing an outfit for a poor child, and she assures me that her companions are to wear plain dresses for the occasion." Thereupon the lady proceeded to give the details of the plan as she had understood it.

"A very creditable determination," said Lillie's papa, approvingly. "I endorse it heartily. If attired simply, the children will not be distracted by the thought of their gowns, while at the same time some deserving little girl will be provided with an appropriate costume. I advise you to send back the tulle by all means, my dear, and apply the difference in price between it and the fabric agreed upon to the fund the children are trying to make up."

"Well, I suppose it will be best to do so," decided his wife. "Anyhow, tulle is so delicate a tissue, and Lillie is such a heedless little creature, that it would probably be badly torn before the end of the ceremonies."

"I am sorry," soliloquized Connie's mother when she heard of the project. "Connie's First Communion will be so important an event for her that I feel as if I could not do enough in preparation for it. I should like to dress her more beautifully than on any day in her life. If she were grown and about to enter society, or if I were buying her wedding-dress, I would

select the handsomest material procurable,—why not now, for an occasion so great that I ought hardly mention it in comparison? But, after all,” mused she, later, “the children’s arrangement is the best. I am happy that Constance is so free from frivolity, and has shown so edifying a spirit.”

For Eugenia Dillon, the giving up of the white silk was, as the girls generously agreed, “the biggest act of all.” At first Mrs. Dillon would not hear of it; “though,” said she, “I am quite willing to buy the dress for the poor child myself, if you wish, Eugenia.” But Eugenia explained that this would not do, unless she carried out the plan like the others. In fact, she found that one of the hardest things in the world is to argue against what we want very much ourselves. At last, however, her mother good-naturedly yielded the point, saying, with a laugh, “Oh, very well, child! But I never before knew you to object to having a pretty dress.” And Eugenia was very sure she never had.

The great day finally arrived. To picture it, or to describe the joy which filled the soul of each of our first communicants, is not the purpose of this story. But as the white-robed band entered the convent chapel, to the incongruous throng of fashionable people there assembled their appearance was the strongest possible sermon against vanity. Their soft white gowns were as simple as the most refined taste could make them, and as beautiful; their fleecy veils enfolded them as with holy thoughts; their wreaths of spotless blossoms signified a fairer crown. They numbered seven originally, but now among them walked another. Which little girl was the stranger, however, only one mother knew,—a humble woman, who, as she knelt amid the congregation, silently invoked a blessing upon the children who by their thoughtfulness had made possible her pious desire that her child might be appropriately and respectfully attired to welcome the coming of Our Lord.

The first communicants remained at the convent till dusk. During the afternoon somebody noticed, indeed, that Eugenia’s dress, though of mull like the rest, was more fanciful, and her satin sash twice as wide as that of any one else. But the discovery only caused a smile of good-humored amusement; for it

was hardly to be expected that Eugenia would conform absolutely to the rule they had laid down for themselves.

After Benediction, as they prepared to go home, they said to one another: “What a truly happy day this has been! How often we shall think of it during our lives!”

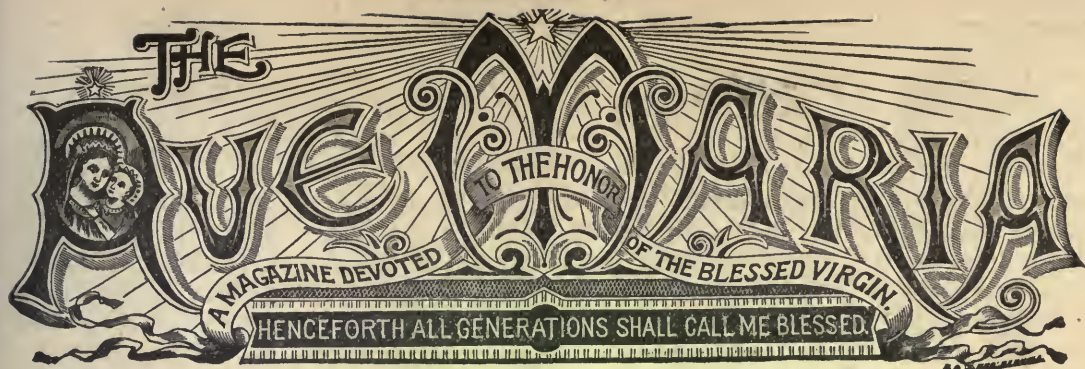
Unspoiled by Greatness.

The life of Maurice Sully, Bishop of Paris, has many touching incidents. He went to Paris from his poor home in the country when a little boy, to seek his fortune, like many another lad, and begged his bread from door to door. His discouragements were without number, but he conquered them all, and, with the help of some pious people, went from one stage of advancement to another, until he was a learned doctor of divinity. His old mother heard rumors of his greatness, and, taking her staff, she said: “I will walk to Paris and see my boy.” So in some way she found the gay city, and inquired of some fine ladies for Doctor Maurice, as he was called. They offered to guide her to him, and threw over her a large woollen mantle, which hid her peasant garb. But when her son saw her he said: “My mother is a poor woman. I can not believe it is she till I see her old peasant gown.” Then she threw off the cloak, and her son embraced her and presented her to his friends, who thought all the more of him for not being ashamed of his poorly dressed old mother.

He afterward became Bishop of Paris, and rebuilt the great Cathedral of Notre Dame.

Royal Lessons.

When we think of Louis XIV., of France, we have at once a mental vision of as much state and magnificence as can surround a mortal. Yet this great King, while requiring those about him to be perfectly polite, was himself their best example. He was never known to speak to a woman, however humble her station, without removing his hat. Henry IV. used to say: “I can not understand how any one can fail in civility and cleanliness; for it only requires a little water to be clean, and to take off one’s hat to be civil.”



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Jesu Dulcis Memoria.

JESU! to memory ever sweet,
In Thy dear Name all true joys meet;
But sweeter than all else below
The sweets that from Thy presence flow.

No song so sweet the voice can sing,
No sound so gay in ear can ring,
Of soothing thoughts there is not one
So sweet as "Jesu, God's own Son."

Jesu! the sorrowing sinner's stay,
How good Thou art to all who pray!
To those who seek Thee, oh, how kind!
What, then, to those who seek and find?

No tongue has power to tell in speech,
No word of book can ever teach,
The heart alone thrilled from above
Can feel how sweet is Thy dear love.

Jesu! be, here, our sole delight,
And future prize of hard-won fight.
May all our glory be in Thee
Through ages lasting endlessly!

W. H. E.

Our Lady of Aberdeen.

(CONCLUSION.)

IN 1626 Father de la Rios requested the Archduchess Isabella to permit the miraculous statue of Our Lady of Aberdeen to be transferred from the chapel of her palace in Brussels to the newly built church of the Augustinian Fathers, that it might be exposed once more to the public veneration of the faithful. To make repara-

tion, as far as possible, for the outrages which the heretics of Scotland had offered to the Most Holy Virgin, the Archduchess ordered that the translation of the statue should be made with the greatest possible solemnity.

Sunday, May 3, Feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross, was the day appointed for the ceremony. The evening before, the bells of the city rang out a joyful peal for a whole hour, to announce to the inhabitants of the surrounding country the approach of the great festival. To induce the faithful to celebrate the occasion with all possible devotion, Urban VIII., who then occupied the Chair of Peter, granted a plenary indulgence to all who, having communicated, would join in the procession of the sacred image. And James, Archbishop of Malines, to afford the clergy and people an opportunity of gaining this indulgence, issued a pastoral letter commanding the Holy Sacrifice to be offered up in all the churches of Brussels from an early hour.

At length the day dawned with unusual splendor, and was ushered in by the ringing of bells and the thunder of artillery. The new church of the Augustinians was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Magnificent tapestry ornamented the walls, the pillars were wreathed with garlands of evergreens and flowers, while the altars shone with a splendor rarely witnessed on earth. The pious princess, with her own hands, placed on the venerated statue a robe glittering with gold, precious stones, and her own most costly jewels.

All the clergy, nobility, and magistracy of the city were present, as well as the members of the different religious communities. The

people, in holiday attire, flocked to the environs of the palace, and the crowd was so dense that it was only with the greatest difficulty the clergy reached the palace gates. The streets presented a gay appearance. Exquisite banners and oriflams of every color floated in the breeze, and joy and happiness were depicted on the faces of the multitude:

At a given signal the procession moved forward. The pupils of the college conducted by the Augustinian Fathers came first, mounted on horses richly caparisoned; they bore aloft magnificent banners on which was embroidered the image of Mary. After them came the cross, borne by one of the clergy, and accompanied with lights; then the various confraternities, religious orders, and collegiate bodies, marching in two lines, under their respective banners; these were followed by the clergy of the different parishes, in their most precious vestments, and by the canons of the Cathedral in copes of cloth of gold. Then came an immense multitude of children clad in white, some of whom carried baskets of flowers with which they carpeted the streets, while others bore caskets of perfumes which embalmed the air. Farther on, toward the end of the procession, in the midst of unparalleled magnificence, placed upon a portable altar borne by eight priests, appeared the statue of Our Lady of Aberdeen, crowned with flowers and glittering in the sunlight with dazzling brightness. Finally, under a splendid canopy borne by four of the Augustinian Fathers, walked the Archbishop of Malines, carrying the Blessed Sacrament. Immediately followed the Archduchess, accompanied by his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Patras, Apostolic Nuncio of Belgium. At his side, in grand military costume, walked the commander in chief of the Spanish army, Ambrose Spinola. The Archbishops of Cambrai and Cesaro, the court of Mansfield, the nobility and magistrates, closed the procession.

The streets through which the pious *cortège* passed were densely crowded, and the people looked on with religious awe, while hymns and sacred canticles filled the air. As the Blessed Sacrament appeared the crowds knelt down to adore, and even those who were least religious felt their souls filled with enthusiasm and respect.

When the procession entered the church the statue was placed on a magnificent altar prepared for it, and the Archbishop of Malines proceeded at once to offer up the Holy Sacrifice for the intentions of the Archduchess. The scene at that moment can not well be described. The church all illuminated, the altars decorated with richest ornaments, the priests robed in vestments sparkling with gold, the statue of Our Lady surrounded with a halo of glory, the pealing of the bells, the swelling notes of the organ and lesser musical instruments,—all combined to remind one of the glory the angels and saints render to God in heaven. "On that day," says the historian, "Our Lord was adored in spirit and in truth; and the Virgin of virgins received the homage which her Divine Maternity merited, and which had been refused her in a city she once loved so well."

When the Holy Sacrifice was over the Augustinian Fathers went in a body to thank the Archduchess for her kindness, and to assure her that they would not cease to pray for her before the holy image, that success might attend her in her temporal and spiritual enterprises, all of which, they knew, she undertook solely for the honor of God, the welfare of religion, and the good of her subjects. From that time the statue of Our Lady of Aberdeen began to be generally known as Our Lady of Good Success, on account of the many extraordinary favors the Blessed Virgin obtained for those who prayed before it.

That same day the illustrious Archduchess, in honor of the event, made generous offerings to the convents of the city, and distributed as alms in each parish one thousand loaves of bread and a large sum of money. When the poor people had partaken of her generosity their joy and gratitude knew no bounds; they hastened to the church to pour forth their prayers before Our Lady's image for their kind benefactress, and then repaired to the palace to offer to her the thanks of their devoted hearts.

In the evening a grand display of fireworks closed the proceedings of the day. But the gratitude of the people was not yet satisfied. For ten days the solemnity lasted, and during that time Archbishop Conruse, of Tuam, Ireland, and the Abbots of Grimberghen and Dillingen, with several other prelates,

offered up the Holy Sacrifice at Our Lady's altar. Each day some distinguished preacher mounted the pulpit to proclaim, in glowing words to a devout multitude, the glories of the Immaculate Queen of Heaven. These honors given to Our Lady produced abundant fruit in the souls of the people, some of whom obtained an increase of faith and piety, while others found peace and joy for their souls wounded by sin.

The 12th of May brought this popular festival to an end. On that day the Holy Sacrifice was solemnly offered up by his Eminence Cardinal de la Cueva in presence of the nobility and the court. At the Gospel Father de la Rios, whose name as a preacher was known far and near, ascended the pulpit to speak once more of Our Lady's glory and her maternal love. The words he uttered went straight to the hearts of his audience, many of whom were moved to tears.

In the evening a magnificent procession again formed, when the image of Our Lady of Aberdeen was borne in triumph through the city, and the mitred Abbot of Candenburg, surrounded by the clergy and followed by the people, carried the Blessed Sacrament. When the procession returned to the church the organ and other musical instruments poured forth strains of joy; after which the Cardinal intoned the *Te Deum* in thanksgiving to God for the glory He had bestowed on His Most Holy Mother.

The Queen of Heaven did not delay long before testifying to these good people how pleased she was with the reception they had given her beloved image in its exile in a foreign land. The noble Lord Henry Meullmans, Abbot of Candenburg, who carried the Blessed Sacrament at the closing procession, was one of the first to experience the power of Mary's intercession. For a long time this pious prelate suffered from a disease which the physicians declared to be incurable. But when the solemnity began, on the 3d of May, he prayed to Our Lady with great fervor that she would grant him a cure. On the octave day, as he went to the altar to say Mass, all at once he was delivered from the malady. After the Holy Sacrifice he told the people what had occurred, and asked them to join him in thanking his heavenly Benefactress.

During the remainder of his life he consecrated himself especially to her service, and published on every side her great goodness and mercy.

But this was only the first of a countless number of favors which followed. People from all parts crowded to this hallowed sanctuary; some were bowed down under the weight of physical sufferings, and had come to solicit aid from the Health of the Weak; whilst there were others whose perverse dispositions had hitherto resisted every effort of grace,—men under the tyranny of pride, avarice, hatred, and ambition.

Among the favors obtained through the intercession of Our Lady of Aberdeen may be mentioned the cure of Catherine Raes, who had the misfortune, in a fall, to dislocate the cap of her knee. For months she suffered intense pain, and the surgeons were unable to afford any relief. Seeing that all human aid was useless, she had recourse to Heaven. A novena to Our Lady of Aberdeen was begun, and on the third day, at the conclusion of a Mass offered for the invalid, she felt a sudden inspiration to rise. Without a moment's hesitation, she who had not been able to leave her bed since the accident, rose and began to walk about as if nothing were the matter, to the great surprise of her family and other persons who were present. This extraordinary cure was testified to by several of the clergy. The Archbishop of Malines ordered the circumstances to be investigated with the greatest care, and the witnesses to be rigorously examined; whereupon, finding their testimony strong and unanimous, he declared the fact to be miraculous.

In the year 1633 there lived in the town of Amiens a magistrate named Louis Clarisse. He was afflicted with a dangerous malady, and so great were his sufferings that it was thought his days on earth were numbered. Although the doctors had given him up, the poor man did not lose courage. It was about this time that the devotion to Our Lady of Aberdeen had reached Amiens. He immediately had recourse to the Blessed Virgin under this sweet title, and his prayer was heard. Not only did he improve at once, but he afterward enjoyed better health than ever before.

In the year 1695 Brussels had to sustain a

siege; the battle raged with intense fury outside the city, and the shells were bursting in the streets and causing terrible destruction. All the houses around the church of the Augustinian Fathers were laid in ruins, while the sacred edifice itself remained untouched. The Fathers attributed this to the protection of Our Lady of Aberdeen, whose statue was in the church. Every year, on the anniversary of the event, they held a special solemnity in thanksgiving for their preservation.

One hundred years after Our Lady of Aberdeen landed on the shores of Belgium the faithful of Brussels celebrated a solemn festival with an octave. Nothing was spared to make the occasion a memorable one. Large crowds flocked to the church to honor the Immaculate Virgin, and their fervor and joy knew no bounds. A sodality in honor of Our Lady of Aberdeen was established, and people of every rank, from the Archduchess Isabella, who governed the Netherlands, to the poorest beggar in the country, hastened to enroll their names, and to place themselves and all that were dear to them under the protection of the Queen of Heaven.

In the year 1796 the terrible Revolution which swept over France reached Brussels. The churches were pillaged and the relics of the saints scattered to the winds. The fanatics broke to pieces sacred images, and put to death the priests of God who remained faithful. But Our Lady of Aberdeen here again took care of her beloved statue. In the midst of universal ruin it escaped uninjured. The Augustinian Fathers had to fly from their monastery, but before their departure they confided the image to a man named John Baptist Joseph Morris, who concealed it carefully for nine years. In 1805 Napoleon I., Emperor of the French, granted the Fathers permission to return, and once more the statue of Our Lady was exposed to the veneration of the faithful. Some years later, on April 7, 1814, it was solemnly transferred to the church of Finistère, not far distant, and was placed in a niche near St. Joseph's altar, where it remained till 1852. In that year a beautiful side chapel was built in honor of the Blessed Virgin, in which, on a magnificent altar of white marble, was placed the image of Our Lady of Aberdeen, where it may still be seen.

The Disappearance of John Longworthy.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

V.—NO THOROUGHFARE.

MILES GALLIGAN solemnly examined the handkerchief, while the sounds of gay music came from below. There was no mistaking the little Maltese cross embroidered in the corner. John Longworthy, like many bachelors of his age, had been a very methodical man; and he had, like all bachelors, idiosyncrasies. One of these was the practice of having in his desk hundreds of envelopes, of all sizes, marked with the little cross. They were convenient, and he never paid a bill except in clean notes or absolutely bright silver, enclosed in a suitable little envelope. He held the opinion that much-handled paper money carried contagion, and at frequent intervals he instructed his clerk to change all the currency that happened to be paid him into fresh, crisp notes or glistening silver. This "crank" of John Longworthy's amused his friends, and his superstition about the Maltese cross amazed them. But as the most "advanced" and unbelieving of them had superstitions of his own, it was not so wonderful, after all. There was old Bob Akers, for instance, an agnostic of the most pronounced type, who felt nervous all day if he spilt the salt; there was Miss Wesley Horton, who declared that religion was a failure, and yet believed in palmistry,—and a whole group of the credulous incredulous.

Miles had gathered every possible point of interest about John Longworthy from that gentleman's servant, and had made enough notes of all the minute details of his surroundings and habits to satisfy the most scrupulous detective. He knew the Maltese cross well, and as he held the marked handkerchief his hand trembled.

"Where did Arthur Fitzgerald get that handkerchief?" he asked himself. Was the long-sought clue in his hands at last? He sat down near the table, a changed man. He did not hear the soft sound of music or the echo of pleasant chatter from the parlor. Arthur

Fitzgerald had become a person of immense importance to him; for the moment there was no one in the world so important to Miles as the young man who had carelessly entered the house an hour or so before. Miles locked the door and examined the handkerchief again. There could be no mistake about it: it was John Longworthy's; his servant had shown many of the same kind to Miles, saying that his master had bought a large supply of them at Belfast. Miles felt that this was a golden opportunity; but how was he to make use of it? Should he return the handkerchief to Arthur Fitzgerald, and at the same time point out the tell-tale initial? Perhaps. And, as this thought flashed through his mind, he said to himself that he had never cared much for Fitzgerald, anyhow; that man downstairs knew too much about Longworthy's taking off.

Miles thought and thought, oblivious of all except his thoughts; and at last he came to one determination. He would not take anybody into his confidence; he would watch and wait. If Fitzgerald—and just then he caught sight of the slight drop of blood on the linen and shuddered—had helped to put Longworthy out of the way, some motive for it must turn up.

He forgot that Fitzgerald was his old schoolmate, and that the worst thing he had been hitherto able to say of him was that he was "stuck up." Fitzgerald suddenly became lurid; and Miles' imagination, slow enough at ordinary times, was made vivid by suspicion. How could Fitzgerald afford to dress so well and go out so much, and be seen with lots of "swells" whose names Miles barely knew? The money must come from somewhere. And of late Fitzgerald had seemed more than usually prosperous. It was understood that he had a little money of his own, for he was sent to the Jesuits' school by his guardian; and the girls, who knew him by sight, often said he was acquainted with socially nice people; but everybody was aware that it took as much money to keep "in the swim" with people who were socially nice as with people who were not socially nice. Miles knew this to his cost; for his associates, the ward politicians, were not nice; but, nevertheless, they were expensive. From these Fitzgerald had always held

aloof, and some of Miles' irritation against him was due to this fact.

It must be admitted that the thought of Fitzgerald's social superiority gave him great pleasure now. Miles reflected how bitter was the fate of a man who went out to dinner in a "swallow-tail coat" three or four nights in the week,—and this, he heard, Fitzgerald was in the habit of doing. It must lead to all sorts of extravagance, and finally to ruin. A fellow that would lie in that polite way—and wasn't it as bad as a lie to induce another chap to tell stories about old school-days just as a blind?—would steal. And if a man begins to steal, where will he end? Miles felt a thrill of pity for his old school friend as he heard his voice, a fair baritone, begin the recitative to "Rest thee, O Mother!" from *Trovatore*:

"If the dread moment of darkness oppress me—"

Azucena's words, in Arthur Fitzgerald's voice, sounded weird and terrible to Miles; and when Esther's pure soprano came in, with the soothing notes of Manrico, he felt a certain sorrow for his old schoolmate.

"After all," Miles said, his eyes moistening at the thought of his own magnanimity, "I could not give him up to justice, and perhaps he may only have been accessory to the crime. If he'd tell me the whole thing I'd be satisfied, though I'd like to have that reward. Justice or no justice, reward or no reward, I *must* find the clue to the mystery."

And yet Miles could not decide on any course of action. His brain was in a whirl. He raised the window-sash and looked out. The moonlight and the keen air cleared his head. After all, Arthur Fitzgerald could not be a villain; he was a fool, of course,—he always had been a fool, but Miles had never been quite sure of it until he played that mean trick by which he deserted him and got into the parlor; and yet he was incapable of serious crime. The fresh air helped Miles to this conclusion.

"It seems to me they've grown very well acquainted," he said, as, the parlor door opening, he heard Arthur Fitzgerald, in a buzz of laughter, saying good-bye and gaily promising to come again. Then Mary's voice called out:

"Miles! Miles! Mr. Fitzgerald is going."

Miles took his resolution. He would try the

effect of a surprise. He unlocked the door, took the handkerchief in his hand and walked slowly down-stairs into the brightly lit hall, where his sisters were standing; for they were not fashionable enough to say a cold good-bye at the drawing-room door. Fitzgerald had put on his overcoat, and stood hat in hand.

"Don't forget the music from 'Mignon' when you come," Esther was saying.

Fitzgerald looked radiant,—in the best of humor with all the world.

"Good bye, old boy!" he said, extending his hand. "I've had a jolly evening, thanks to you."

Miles, with a grave air that struck his sisters as rather funny, nodded his head, and put the fateful bit of linen into Fitzgerald's hand.

"There's your handkerchief," he said.

Fitzgerald thanked him, and carelessly tucked it into his pocket. He had started down the steps when Miles darted toward him and whispered:

"That's not *your* handkerchief."

Fitzgerald probably did not hear the words, for he responded, making his way down the stoop: "Thanks! It was careless of me to drop it. Thanks!"

Miles' face, when he closed the door and turned to his sisters, betrayed conflicting emotions. Mary looked at him in surprise and doubt.

"O Miles," she said, "I hope you have not been drinking—"

"I haven't," he answered. "I've been thinking—about that brass-faced monkey."

A little later Mary knocked at his door timidly, and handed in the pitcher of lemonade. He felt the reproach, but he only ground his teeth. "Girls are such idiots!" But what was he to do now? All night he stayed awake, and through the long hours Arthur Fitzgerald took many shapes before him.

VI.—A SOCIAL QUESTION.

Mary and Esther went back to the parlor after Fitzgerald had gone. Mary was a trifle subdued by her surmise about Miles. She parted the lace curtains and looked out into the street; this was a habit of hers when she was disturbed.

Esther was in the highest spirits. Her face was very bright and saucy; she sat down on

the piano-stool and tried softly over again the last few bars of the duet she had been helping to sing.

"He has a good voice—of its kind," she said suddenly, turning around on the piano-stool.

"Miles—yes, but he hasn't sung since—"

"Bother Miles!" responded Esther. "He has no more voice than a bear. I mean this Mr. Fitzgerald. I enjoyed his visit very much. I wonder how Miles came to introduce him,—he never does introduce anybody; in fact, he never comes in here of evenings, if he can help it. You know you only lured him in the night Eleanor Murphy was here by promising him stewed kidneys for breakfast." Esther laughed—a low, soft laugh, full of enjoyment, and quite as pleasant as her smile, which is saying a great deal of a laugh.

"Poor Miles!" said Mary, moving toward the large picture in oil of Washington at Wilmington, and brushing some imaginary dust from the heavy gilded frame. "Poor Miles!" she repeated, with a sigh.

Esther struck a chord with a crash.

"Really, Mary, you do 'aggravate' me, as the children say. It's always 'poor Miles!' Mamma was always saying that too. If there was only one apple-dumpling left, 'poor Miles' had it invariably; if there was a tender bit of steak, 'poor Miles' was made to gobble it up,—and I must say I never knew him to refuse it; if anybody took the newspaper before the sweet boy read all about the police news—"

"O Esther!" cried Mary, in a shocked tone. "I've never heard you find fault with Miles before."

"That's true enough," said Esther, standing up and taking her sister's arm. "I've had vague thoughts of doing so, but until to-night I fancied there was a certain halo about our Miles. You know I love him as much as you do; but to-night, when I looked at this Mr. Fitzgerald, and heard him talk so well, and thought that Miles and he had equal opportunities, I felt mad at Miles,—there!" And Esther sat down again, and struck another vicious chord. "I never felt exactly that way before," she went on. "And you know I don't care overmuch about how a man dresses or compliments, but I do like good manners."

"I am sure Miles did not mean to be rude to Mr. Fitzgerald to-night about the handker-

chief," began Mary, a slight flush rising to her cheeks. Esther's answer dissipated a certain fear she had.

"I didn't notice that," went on Esther, marching up and down the parlor, and making Mary keep step with her. "I'm not saying anything against Miles' manners, though I know they're bad—now, let me have my grumble even at the sacred object, Mary,—but I wish Miles and Miles' friends were not so—so—so impossible!"

"You seem to be very much interested in this Mr. Fitzgerald," said Mary, assuming a cold tone. She was afraid to let Esther run on; whatever critical thought of Miles might intrude in her own loyal mind, it was never wilfully retained there, much less uttered.

"I am," smiled Esther, taking a gorgeously painted and beribboned tambourine from a gold-headed nail and beating a tattoo. "I am."

"O Esther!" said Mary, stopping before her. There was the same reproach in her tone as when she had suggested to Miles that he had tasted something besides lemonade.

Esther laughed. "Of course I am. I don't intend to marry him, though."

"O Esther!"

"Well, Thackeray says that a woman can marry any man she wants, if she knows how to go about it; and Father Mullaney said at the mission last spring that no girl ought to be an old maid. If you don't marry, you've got to go into a convent—"

"O Esther!"

"That's what he said!" exclaimed Esther, with an almost imperceptible twinkle in her eyes. "I'd never make a good Sister. Fancy, teaching the young idea how to play scales on worn-out pianos all one's life! I *couldn't* do it. You see the alternative—"

"Come, go to bed," Mary interrupted.

Esther seized her by the arm again, and went on in a more serious tone:

"Now, we can't marry Miles' friends,—not any of them."

"They are as good as we are."

"They may be. They live in the same part of the town; their fathers and mothers quarrelled with our father and mother in prosperity, and helped one another in adversity, after the manner of most Irish fathers and

mothers; we played together when we were small children. Oh, yes, they're as good as we are, no doubt, but they're not so nice or clever as we are. We are nice and clever, and you know it, you dear old sis!"

Mary said nothing. In her heart she admitted that Esther was nice and clever.

"And, to take the edge off that conceited assertion, I may say that the sisters of all Miles' friends are nicer and cleverer than their brothers. Now, what's the reason?"

"I don't know," answered Mary, forgetting in the interest of the question her non-committal policy. "I wish—"

"I am not a snob, I hope, but I wouldn't marry one of the men that Miles knows for a fortune. We haven't the religious vocation; we will never make a 'mixed' marriage; and, after what Father Mullaney said, I feel that it would be a sin to even *think* of being an old maid."

Mary laughed a little in spite of herself.

"And Mr. Fitzgerald suggested all this?"

"Yes, because he is the only nice young Catholic I have ever met."

"You're a snob, Esther," said Mary, trying to be angry.

"No: I told you I didn't intend to marry him; but he makes me *mad* at Miles, all the same—what's this?"

Esther had swung the tambourine out of her hand, and it fell on the floor with a jingle. Picking it up, she touched a little white envelope.

"It's something Mr. Fitzgerald dropped," said Mary.

Esther held it up. "There's a Maltese cross on the flap. How pretty! Miles can give it to him to-morrow."

She laid it on the mantel, and the girls knelt down very gravely and said their beads, Mary thinking very lovingly of Miles all the while; for him her prayers were said.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE more we pursue the study of the Scriptures, the more fascinating does it become. Unlike the manna in the desert, its sweetness never cloy: each taste is of a finer flavor than the old, furnishing pleasant and perpetual sustenance to the mind and soul that aspire to drink of its delights.

His Choice.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

"Wherefore let us beg of God to make us love with all our hearts the treasure of holy poverty."—*St. Francis of Assisi.*

OH, where do you go in the morning gray,
Sir Knight with the winsome grace?
And what have you seen on your knightly way
That hurries your lagging pace?—
I go to the land where the sunrise bides,
And my lady in spirit beside me rides;
And I see no beauty save that which hides
In the light of the gentle face
Of my Lady Poverty.

Oh, stay, Sir Knight of the lordly mien!
There are others sweet as she:
There's a fair princess and a maiden queen
To whom you should bend the knee.—
I bend no knee to a fair princess,
I care not for royal loveliness;
For my heart is pledged to no one less
Than the one who rides with me:
To my Lady Poverty.

This lady of yours has a ragged gown,
And a tear on her faded cheek;
Oh, how can a knight from the crowded town
Be drawn to a maid so meek?—
Her robes of silk she has flung away,
She weeps for the sins of your town so gay,
And she stops at each wayside shrine to pray
And an *Ave* to Mary speak,
Does my Lady Poverty.

Come back, Sir Knight, to the world you left,
And the wealth that you have in store;
To the friends whom your going has bereft,—
Come back to us all once more.
But the knight has gone where the sunrise bides,
And his lady in spirit beside him rides;
And little he recks what the world betides,
For dearer than gold galore
Is his Lady Poverty.

AGGRESSIVENESS is not courage, nor rigidity an essential attribute of the firmness so necessary to the formation of the Christian character. Gentleness and meekness should be the outer garments of the soul, whose closest armor is faith and constancy.

POVERTY, penance and prayer, when united, are certain liens on the inheritance of Heaven.

A Spanish Dominicaness.

(CONTINUED.)

THE Convent of Madre di Dios, was at that time one of the finest monastic buildings in Andalusia, or indeed in all Spain. It was built by Cardinal Deza for the Dominicanesses of the Second Order; and Isabel the Catholic was in the habit of repairing to this tranquil cloister whenever she communicated, or desired a brief rest from the toils of government. The community, which was purely contemplative, had always preserved the spirit of its founder, and was honored in all Spain for the holy and austere lives of its inmates.

Into this home of prayer and penance Barbara entered, not as a stranger, but as one restored to her native air. Profoundly humble and submissive, detached from her own opinion, loving and gentle to every one, and scrupulously exact in her observance of rule, she soon became the delight of that fervent and edifying community. At her reception she took the name of Sister Barbara of St. Dominic, and after her year's novitiate she was solemnly professed on the 3d of February, 1861, wanting only four days of her twenty-first birthday. After this important event, as if forewarned that her stay on earth would be short, Sister Barbara redoubled her austerities. She was consumed by that passionate desire for atonement which made St. Teresa exclaim, "To suffer or to die, O Lord!"

Before proceeding with our narrative, it is well to examine the account left us of the saintly director who guided Sister Barbara in the path of perfection, and who was chosen by God Himself for that office. And, when reading of her constant ill health, if we wonder that she was permitted to practise such great austerities, let us remember that the office of spiritual director brings with it a special grace by which to discern the designs of God on the soul; and the holy and enlightened priest who guided this religious dared not follow the counsels of mere human prudence in the direction of one who from her birth had been so singularly attracted to a life of penance.

The Rev. Don José de Torres Padilla was canon of the Cathedral of Seville, and had assisted at the Vatican Council in the capacity

of theologian, which sufficiently proves the estimation in which he was held by the archbishop and chapter. He founded the religious Congregation of the Sisters of the Cross, and was called the "saint-maker," from the number of holy persons he directed. When he died his body was kept three days unburied, in order to satisfy the devotion of the Sevilians, who revered him as a saint. Sister Barbara had the utmost confidence in him; for once when she was praying before the Blessed Sacrament during the Forty Hours' Adoration, and was in great trouble and perplexity of mind, Father Padilla entered the church, and she heard an interior voice saying, "There is the priest I will to be your director." He consulted the Dominican Fathers of Ocaña constantly with regard to Sister Barbara's direction, and more particularly Father Moran, O. P.; also Don Antonio Ortey Urruela, who afterward wrote her life.

Sister Barbara concealed as much as possible her extraordinary graces and penances, but her Sisters soon discovered that more than met the eye took place in that privileged soul, and she had a good deal to suffer from their somewhat indiscreet curiosity. She was organist and infirmarian for many years; always affable and condescending to all, it was easy to perceive that the unalterable serenity of her character had its base in exalted virtue and perfect charity.

After seven years of quiet and retired life, Sister Barbara, with her beloved community, had to endure one of the greatest trials that can befall a cloistered religious—expulsion from the sacred precincts of her convent. However, before entering on this phase of her life, it would be well to give some account of her austerities, which almost surpass belief.

As already related, she fasted on Friday from her infancy; at the age of three years she began to fast on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday. When she entered the convent she took bread and water on those three days and on all the feasts of Our Lord and of the Blessed Virgin. On other days she partook of one dish and a little salad; but even this scanty pittance she ingeniously contrived to render unpalatable. Her constant study was to mortify her taste in everything, and innumerable instances of this are recorded in the written

depositions of the Sisters given after her death. During the last year of her life she took no food but herbs on three days in the week, and bread and water on the other four. Like St. Bernard and St. Catharine of Sienna, when forced to take food she suffered intensely, so that the physician ordered her not to be obliged to eat.

Her love of holy poverty was extreme; she would have nothing in her cell but her poor wardrobe, her breviaries, a cross made of two sprigs of jessamine, and a common print of the Blessed Virgin pinned to the wall. Her only chair was the window-seat, and her bed was an instrument of torture made with most ingenious cruelty. Her pillow was a piece of wood about a foot wide and half that in thickness.

Her other instruments of penance were numerous and of various kinds. Her disciplines were composed of small chains of steel, with points projecting, like ears of corn, from every lash. It was impossible to use them without drawing blood at every stroke, and Sister Barbara used them constantly, and sometimes thrice a day. She had a girdle made of wire points, so constructed that it formed a circle of raw flesh round her waist. Her inner garment was of coarse hair cloth. This garment, stiff and clotted with her blood, is preserved as a relic. On her chest was a board, into which nails had been hammered so as to form the name of Jesus; the points were then cut off, and the jagged edges left to imprint the name in the bleeding flesh. She wore round her head, concealed by the head-dress and veil, a crown of wire points, which must have caused her intense suffering.

Her obedience was entire and most perfect; the prioress had only to express a wish and it was obeyed. Yet, though tenderly loved by her superiors, she was never spared. Unmerited humiliations were plentifully showered on her; but they were always borne, not alone from superiors but from all around her, with such perfect meekness and such angelic serenity that one might have thought her uninfluenced by human frailties, were it not for the accounts of her interior struggles, which her confessor obliged her to write for him during the last four years of her life.

Allowing for all the exaggerations of her

humility, it is evident that Sister Barbara had a fiery, Southern temperament, and a strong, passionate nature. She relates how the impetuous retort would rise to her lips at a hasty or unjust correction; how the proud heart would rebel, and the tempter murmur insidiously, "Why should this woman command you? In what is she your superior?" But the interior tempest was betrayed by no outward sign; so perfect was her self-control that none suspected the heroic effort it demanded.

The demon waged perpetual war on this truly valiant woman. Not content with filling her mind with the most frightful temptations, he appeared to her visibly, and ill-treated her in many ways.

In 1868, when Isabella II. was dethroned and a Republic declared, war against the Church was proclaimed; armed bands of half-drunken wretches patrolled the streets, shouting, "Down with the priests! Death to all friars and nuns!" The inmates of the Convent of Madre di Dios knew their monastery was too rich not to excite the cupidity of the revolutionary mob. On the 13th of October they were turned out, and placed in the Bernardine Convent of San Clemente, where they had the good fortune to find a most holy and observant community, who received them with true sisterly charity. During the nine years they dwelt with those admirable religious nothing could exceed the kindness lavished on them, yet it was a severe trial to the poor Dominicans. They bore it with the resignation to the holy will of God to be expected from souls whose true home is heaven.

Sister Barbara was destined never to see her convent again; those who survived to 1877 obtained the restoration of a part; but the beautiful cloister, with its dependant buildings, had been turned into a medical academy, which it still remains. The part restored to its original owners was in so ruinous a state as to necessitate a large outlay ere it was rendered habitable. In a letter to her confessor, who was in Rome, Sister Barbara says:

"I can not explain to your Reverence the sadness which fills my soul at the sight of the offences committed against our beloved Redeemer, and the number of souls that are hastening to perdition. My heart is bursting with grief. Tell me what I can do in reparation

for their offences and to obtain their conversion. I beg of God to send me the punishment they deserve, and to turn them from their evil ways. I deserve every punishment, and would gladly shed the last drop of my blood to save those perishing souls and to repair the injury done to God's honor.

"We seem to live in an infidel country at present; for the time being we are in San Clemente, but we scarcely hope to remain here long. They declare they will not leave a priest or nun alive; we expect to be turned into the street every day. Last week the Government sent envoys to take an inventory of the plate, pictures, etc.

"Pray, dear Father, to God and His Blessed Mother to preserve the faith. I am sorrowing because they have driven us away and are teaching evil doctrines to the young. My sins, it seems to me, are the cause of all this evil falling on us."

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

Marvels of Our Own Day.

"**T**HEN the age of miracles has not passed away!" exclaimed, in unfeigned surprise, an ill-instructed convert to the Faith. She was addressing a member of the Order of the Visitation, who was trying to remove some stubborn vestiges of the scales of prejudice which still remained before her eyes.

"Certainly it has not," replied the nun, smiling at the earnest manner of her questioner. "Did not Our Lord promise the Apostles to be with them always? And did He not say, 'Ask and you shall receive'? Where faith is lively and prayer is fervent miracles are frequent the world over. In the course of many years spent in this quiet retreat I have been witness to several miraculous events. However, we do not often speak of these favors, lest pride intrude where humble gratitude alone should reign."

"But if by narrating some of these experiences you should excite faith in one who has but just begun to peep into the temple of Truth?" pressed the convert.

"Your argument is convincing. I will tell you of a favor granted to one of this community who has passed away. Many years

ago our Bishop asked us to found an academy in his own city. Our superior objected: there were not enough of us for another foundation. At his next visit the Bishop declared that he was sure that some arrangement could be made, and called for the list of the community, running his finger over the names and occasionally saying, 'Here is one who would do'; and then, suddenly, 'Ah, here is the very one! Sister Eugenia is eminently fitted to direct the school.'—'But you forget,' said Mother Superior, 'that she is a confirmed invalid, unfit for any service.' The Bishop remained silent a moment, then replied: 'Let the Sisters make a novena to obtain her cure. If our prayer is favorably answered we will believe that the projected school is in accordance with God's will.'

"We all prepared to carry out the Bishop's wish. At the close of the novena Mass was to be celebrated in the convent chapel at an early hour in the morning, and there was to be a general Communion for the intention. I was the youngest novice, and my stall in choir was close to the sanctuary; hence Mother Superior begged me to observe whether Sister Eugenia, after receiving the Sacred Host, kissed the floor. If she did so it was in token that she was cured; and then it would be my duty to go to Reverend Mother's stall and inform her, that a *Te Deum* might be sung. I promised obedience, but I confess I felt pretty sure that I should not have to leave my stall on the desired mission. Sister Eugenia's spine was so singularly bent that a large pillow could easily be laid in the curve of her back, and she had been thus afflicted for a long time. The novena was made with great fervor, and at the moment of Holy Communion Sister Eugenia, who was the first to receive, reverently bent forward and kissed the floor! I was paralyzed with awe, but at length collected myself and managed to get to Reverend Mother's stall, and told her. Our dear Sister was cured. She founded the desired academy, and when she could bespared she came back to us. Strange to say, the old complaint and its deformity returned to her then, and she was only delivered from it by death.

"Then there was our little Sister Beatrice," continued Mother A., "whose life was so con-

formed to Our Lord's that whenever we needed special help we applied to her. When she became seriously ill the chaplain said: 'Sisters, try to keep her; for she seems to draw down blessings both upon the sisterhood and school.' One morning the infirmarian came to me and said: 'Mother, Sister Beatrice asked for a humiliation, and her breath became charged with a stifling odor that has nothing to do with her malady. We can not banish it, and we can not endure it.' I hastened to the cell of Sister Beatrice, and unceremoniously reproached her for asking for a humiliation that was inconsiderate. 'Remember, dear,' I said, 'that the Sisters who attend you have to suffer, and ask our Blessed Mother to remove this misery at once.' She smiled, joined her hands, prayed for a moment, and all at once the air in the room was sweet and pure, and heavily laden with the odor of lilies and violets. When she was near the end several of our community begged her to intercede for them. This she promised to do, saying, however, that her first request to the Blessed Mother would be that her brother might again be able to say Mass, he having long been a paralytic and his right arm useless. The next Sunday after her death he had that happiness.

"Sister Stanislaus was a daughter of Commodore Jones, of the United States Navy, and a fervent convert. When young she was one of a party of visitors at a friend's house in Maryland. Among the guests was an invalid priest, seeking rest; and Miss Jones, after meeting him, was astonished to find that so cultured a gentleman should be a Catholic and a priest. He seemed very upright, was no doubt sincere though deluded, and she would convert him. Delicately she approached the subject of religion, and expressed her surprise that a man so well-informed could believe in the errors of 'Romanism.' The clergyman was amused, and, declaring his willingness to be convinced, asked her to state some of the errors of which she believed him to be a victim. So Miss Jones laid one proposition after another before the priest, only to see them demolished like straws before a burning taper. The visit came to an end, but they decided to continue the discussion by letter. She would ask her pastor, 'Bishop' McIlvaine, to help her, and did so; but, alas! his replies only

militated in favor of the Catholic priest. What was to be done? Pray to Almighty God, suggested her Good Angel. She fasted three days on bread and water and prayed for light. It came—the true Light,—and she abjured the errors of her former belief. A conversion to Catholicity is even now a costly step, and at that time demanded nothing short of heroism; but she steadily persevered, and soon heard the *Veni* of the Divine Spouse, inviting her to follow Him in the path of Christian perfection. During a fashionable gathering at her father's house she slipped away to the convent in her satin dinner-dress, and was received with some misgivings by our superior, who dreaded vigorous opposition on the part of her family.

"This same Sister was the subject of a cure which everyone regarded as miraculous. She had undergone a serious operation—the removal of a cancer from her right side; after a lapse of some years it had reappeared in the left side. Although, on account of her delicacy, she preferred death to another operation, the rule of her Order obliged her to disclose the secret to her superior, who at once ordered surgical attendance. The critical day was at hand, and all in readiness for the operation. On retiring to rest the previous night, Sister Stanislaus laid her case, with holy familiarity and perfect resignation, before the Help of the Afflicted. The next morning the infirmarian went to the cell of the sick Sister to care for her as usual, but she only said that she wished to see the superior at once. When Mother A. entered the cell, 'I think the Blessed Virgin has cured me, Mother,' were the words which greeted her ears. The Sister then told how, after her earnest petitions, a velvety hand had passed over the wound. The pain ceased, and sweet sleep followed. When the bandages were removed there was no sign of any disease. The flesh was pure and sound."

* * *

Several decades have passed away since an humble convert listened to these interesting narrations. As most of the persons they concerned have passed to the Better Land, the writer opines that there can be no harm done by recounting them, and that perhaps some seeker after truth may be helped and edified.

E. V. N.

Notre Dame des Epines.

IN the department of the Loiret, just outside the town of Châteauneuf-sur-Loire, stands a chapel built in the style of architecture so much in vogue in the eighteenth century, except its portal, which is of the purest Romaine. This chapel, much celebrated in all the country round, is known under the name of Notre Dame des Epines, or Notre Dame de Lépinay, and its origin dates back to the eleventh century.

It is related that one of the Lords of Châteauneuf, whose devotion to the Blessed Virgin was most edifying, was favored several nights consecutively, during his sleep, with a miraculous vision of the Mother of God. Each morning the good Seigneur related to his friends how Mary, holding the Divine Infant in her arms, had appeared to him; and this extraordinary mark of the divine favor excited the jealousy of his acquaintances. "See," they often said to the Seigneur de Châteauneuf, "how the Blessed Virgin singles you out amongst all the devout clients she possesses in the country around!" For, in truth, devotion to the Mother of God lay deeply rooted in the hearts of the inhabitants of Châteauneuf and the surrounding country.

But the pious Seigneur was sore perplexed; for in the miraculous apparitions with which Heaven favored him he beheld the Queen of Angels with a look of deep sadness overspreading her countenance, whilst her feet and hands were all torn by brushwood and thorns, and almost bleeding, as it seemed to her devout servant. What could it mean? What did Mary ask of him—for the expression of her face was one of intense supplication? Days passed, during which he stormed Heaven with earnest prayers that Our Lady might free him from this anxiety by graciously imparting what her desires might be.

At last one day, feeling more afflicted than ever at the torn and bleeding condition of the apparition on the preceding night, the pious Seigneur betook himself to walk in the country, and almost mechanically wended his way toward a wood some distance from the town. So deep was the reverie in which he was plunged that it was only on feeling his hands

pricked by the briars which lay thickly about him on every side, that he asked himself where could he be; for, during the innumerable promenades which from his childhood he had made through this wood, never before, to his recollection, had he been in this spot. So thick was the brushwood that, even with the heavy stick he carried, he found it impossible to beat down the brambles; and soon he reached a spot from which it was almost impossible to proceed.

In this emergency the good Seigneur de Châteauneuf again recalled the apparition of the Holy Virgin. Scarce had he invoked her when, casting down his eyes, he beheld a block of stone lying before him in the very thickest of the wood. He tried to advance in order to examine it closer, but found it impossible to make a step. Straining his neck, he was enabled to catch a glimpse of the face of the statue. O marvel! it was the sad, familiar face of the Queen of Heaven so often contemplated in his sleep!

The pious Lord understood at once that the Blessed Virgin wished to be honored there, and instantly he promised to erect a chapel on the spot, in reparation for the outrages and profanations which Mary's image must have suffered. Scarcely had the good man formed this resolution when, all around, the thorny brambles drew aside miraculously, thus leaving free egress. The Seigneur de Châteauneuf returned to his dwelling, and, full of joy, assembled all his household and the peasantry of the neighborhood. A procession formed, and, before the pious country people returned to the château, Mary's statue was placed on a altar formed of turf, moss, and branches.

However, the Holy Virgin was not allowed to remain long in this humble resting-place. A pretty chapel quickly replaced the rustic altar; and soon, owing to the numerous graces obtained before the miraculous statue, and the many cures effected through the intervention of Notre Dame des Epines, the shrine became quite celebrated. In the year 1130 Charles VI. bestowed the sanctuary on the monks of Saint-Benoît-sur-Loire, who later on erected it into a priory. The church, as the visitor now sees it, was completely restored in the eighteenth century, and is used as a chapel of ease to the parish church of Châteauneuf.

The Lesson of "La Grippe."

WE are sorry to notice a disposition to laugh at la grippe—among those who have not had it; those who have, are unanimous in declaring that it is "no joke." A malady so widespread, fatal in so many cases, and often so uncontrollable by medical science, ought to inspire serious thoughts—the most serious reflections we can have. But the whole world is sneezing, and there are few, it would seem, to say "God bless you!" This symptom is said to have been an infallible sign of "sickness unto death" in the case of a Middle-Age epidemic, and gave rise to the pious ejaculation, which was never omitted when any one was heard to sneeze violently. In la grippe the symptom is not so serious, but la grippe itself may turn out to be more serious than we are willing to think. The disease continues to spread, and the phenomenal weather, which is supposed to be favorable to it, also continues. And there is no telling of what it may be the forerunner. Let us not laugh at la grippe; it is not a fit subject of mirth.

The inexplicable prevalence of this strange malady brings to our minds the words of St. Gregory. In one of his homilies he reminds us that death knocks warningly at the house of life, but never so warningly as when he knocks with the inconveniences of sickness. If la grippe remind some of us that death is real, that it *must* come, and that the only way to take out its sting is through the Sacrament Christ left us after His Resurrection, there is balm even on its vampire-like wings.

"Blessed is the man," says the Christian sage with whose sayings we are all familiar,—"blessed is the man that hath the hour of his death continually before his eyes, and daily putteth himself in order for death."

"Study therefore so to live now, that in the hour of death thou mayst be able rather to rejoice than to fear."

RECEIVE the good things of this world with gratitude, even joy, yet in the spirit of detachment; so much the more readily then shall we be able to renounce them if, in the Providence of God, they should be taken from us.

Notes and Remarks.

The Holy Father has made a dignified but vigorous protest against Crispi's law transferring all pious trusts to the State. By this infamous law the wishes of Christians who left money for giving young girls dowers, for Masses, etc., are ignored, and pries's are tyrannically thrust out from the administration of all pious funds.

The silly calumny that Catholic priests do nothing for science or the material advancement of the people is every day contradicted by facts. We saw the other day that the Pope's Castle of St. Angelo was the first to adopt the methods of prison improvements now in use in civilized countries. A letter from the Dutch West Indies tells of a newly invented tricycle and electric clock—described some time ago in the *Scientific American*,—the work of priests. And Prof. Huxley himself pays a tribute to the priest who discovered the laws of the movements of glaciers.

At Trinidad, in Japan, in China, in India, in Madagascar, there are asylums for lepers founded and conducted by Catholic missionaries. In the last mentioned place the Jesuits have created a special asylum for these unfortunates. Before the establishment of this place of refuge the lepers were entirely neglected.

M. de Bonnefon, whose book, "Le Pape de Demain," was condemned by the Sacred Congregation of the Index, has made an unqualified submission.

The editor of a leading daily in one of the Eastern cities, who is a reader of THE "AVE MARIA," has kindly called our attention to a touching incident bearing upon the sentiment of Millet's "Angelus," related by a correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*. The episode occurred many years ago, but had never before found its way into print:

"Two naval surgeons, friends, were once walking in the streets of Lima, when they came upon two men engaged in a furious fight. Suddenly the Angelus bell rang; custom prevailed over passion, and the combatants fell upon their knees. The prayer conquered. When they rose each turned and went his way,—they could not finish their fight. One of the witnesses was so impressed by this proof of the power of prayer that his thoughts took a serious and devout turn; he ended by embracing the Catholic faith. These friends were soon separated; and after long years had passed one of them, entering a cathedral in a European city, saw his old comrade partaking of the Communion. His mind at once reverted to the

scene in the streets of Lima and the Angelus. The thrall of the past, the influence of the present hour, were alike mighty, and he, too, became a convert to the Catholic faith. Both of these naval surgeons are now with the dead, and when Millet's 'Angelus' became world-renowned the son of one of them bought an engraving of it as a sacred relic of a beloved parent; through it he, 'being déad, yet speaketh.'"

It may be true of most works of art that we get from them only what we bring to them; nevertheless, as our obliging correspondent remarks, Millet's little canvas seems destined to do a great deal of real missionary work in the United States.

The Holy Father recently received two American gentlemen—Messrs. T. T. Betz, of Philadelphia, and Dr. F. M. Biber, of Nevada, employers of large numbers of miners. They were greeted cordially by His Holiness, who seems to be specially gracious to Americans; and they presented an appropriate offering to him, and a fine collection of gold and silver ore to the pontifical school of St. Apollinaris. The Holy Father was much interested in their account of the life led by the miners.

Cardinal Gonzalez y Diaz has asked the Holy Father to let him resign the Archbishopric of Seville and the red hat, that he may retire to the Dominican Monastery of Ocaña, where he began his religious life. The Holy Father has permitted him to resign the Archbishopric, but not the cardinalate. His Eminence is one of the ablest writers in Spain; he will devote his retirement to writing a voluminous book on prehistoric discoveries.

The new Diocese of Jamestown is co-extensive with the new State of North Dakota, and that of Sioux Falls with South Dakota. Though large, these districts are sparsely settled; still, the growth of the Church in Dakota has been unprecedented.

The Very Rev. Archdeacon Cavanagh, parish priest of Knock, Ireland, has received information of a remarkable cure at Bloemfontein, South Africa. The information rests on excellent evidence, for which the Rev. Father Bompert, of Bloemfontein, vouches. A young man named Corbect, well known and respected, took ill of diphtheria. The malady was so virulent the doctor announced he could not live until midnight. He still lingered, however, and the doctor again declared that he could not live. A new doctor was then called—the first having taken diphtheria himself,—but with no better result: he said the young man must die. We quote from the letter to Archdeacon Cavanagh: "Every preparation

was made for his approaching death, even to sending for his soutane and surplice to lay him out in, he having been an acolyte from an early age. On July 24 the priest and doctor were again surprised to find him still alive, though evidently in his last moments. The doctor sent more medicine, expressing an opinion that he feared it would not relieve him, as he was already too far gone. The medicine was given, but came back through the nose, as he could not swallow it. Then his mother, with great faith, gave him some cement of Knock, which he swallowed, and, wonderful as it seems, the swelling of the throat went down. Prayers were said at the convent and Mass offered for him, after which he seemed slightly better. On the 25th the doctor expressed his astonishment at not only finding him still alive, but better. He told the family that it would be necessary to amputate the arm to save his life. The poor young man was so startled at the idea of being maimed and a burthen to his family for life, that he preferred dying. His mother (who is a convert) consoled him by telling him that the Blessed Virgin never does things by halves, but that she, through her powerful intercession, would obtain for him not only his health, but also the use of his arm. She, with her usual faith, continued giving him the cement of Knock." In two weeks he was able to take exercise, and the chances were, at the time this letter was written, that he would completely recover.

The editor of the *California Catholic* began the year in depressed spirits. The following paragraph, from the latest issue of our esteemed contemporary, explains why:

"In our last issue an aggravating typographical error occurred, which we wish to correct." In the notice of the services of the cathedral the notice read that 'Miss ———, the greatest living sinner, would sing,' etc., when it should have read 'the greatest living singer.' We regret this mistake, the more so as it was the lady's first appearance in the cathedral choir, and will use our endeavors to prevent a recurrence of an error of a similar nature."

Rafael Cattaneo lately died at Rome. He was an eminent sculptor, and, it is said, the only religious sculptor in Rome. He had partly finished an Italian sculpture from the fourth century to the tenth. He had also begun an illustrated history of the seven basilicas.

One of the most celebrated missionaries of the Pacific coast recently died at San Francisco. This was the Rev. James M. C. Bouchard, S. J. Father Bouchard was a little over sixty-six years of age, and a native of Louisiana. To the people of the

Pacific coast he had become what the late Father Damen was to those of the Middle, West, and East. Father Bouchard was ordained by the venerable Archbishop Kenrick, August 5, 1856. From that time until his death his life was filled with good works, that have borne abundant fruit. The writer of a short sketch of his life in the San Francisco *Monitor* knew this humble priest's wishes when he wrote: "Prayer is the best pall with which Catholics can cover their dead." No man deserved praise more, cared less for it, and hated *post-mortem* panegyrics more than Father Bouchard. May his gentle soul rest in peace!

Miss Alexander, the artist and author, better known as "Francesca," though an American by birth, is Italian in virtue of her long residence in Italy, her sympathies, and her mode of life. No one knows and loves the Italian peasant better than the author of "Christ Folk among the Apennines," "Roadside Songs of Tuscany," and "The Story of Ida." An artist friend writes of her: "When Miss Alexander aims at drawing some old saint, her practice is to seek out the man or woman who has passed through experiences similar to those attributed to the saint, and she takes this person as her model without reserve."

The Rev. Father Foy, of the Order of Preachers, sends good news from Canelas, in South America. There are three Fathers there, and they have built a residence. The Indians love the priests very much, and even give up their hunting excursions to gather in the church and the convent for instruction.

A work that appeals most forcibly to every true Christian heart is the religious instruction of the thousands of colored people in the United States who are now left spiritually destitute. Much good has already been accomplished in this regard by self-sacrificing missionaries in our Eastern cities, notably New York, Baltimore, and Richmond. But the result is far from being commensurate with what it might be, were the minister of God supplied with adequate means for carrying on his noble work. This is a thought that every Catholic in the land, who loves his religion and desires to see God better known and better loved, should bring home to himself. Thousands should join the list of benefactors, and help the priests, who have devoted themselves to this work, to build schools and churches for these unfortunate people, that they may learn to know the true God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent.

The Rev. P. J. Fahey, 709 N. First St., Richmond, Va., Director of St. Joseph's Colored Mis-

sion Union, makes a special appeal to the charity and zeal of Catholics everywhere in behalf of his work among the 650,000 negroes in the State of Virginia, who are as yet without the true knowledge of God.

Another undertaking that should engage the practical sympathy of all is St. Benedict's Home for destitute colored children, 120 Macdougall St., New York. This work of religion and charity is beyond the means of the colored people, poor and few in numbers, and therefore commends itself to general zeal and devotedness.

There are addresses and addresses. Some bear evidence of their perfunctory nature and the paucity of thought in every line; and the circumstances under which they are written, in a manner, excuse defects which make them very dreary reading. One, an oasis in the desert of addresses, was that lately sent to the Rev. Father Lalumiere, S. J., for many years rector of St. Gall's Church, Milwaukee, Wis., who has been transferred to Cincinnati. This address has no element of the commonplace in it. "Your going," said the writer, "was as the disappearance of some long-loved landmark,—the hiding of a high, green hill from eyes that had won rest and strength from its refreshing influence; the changing and vanishing of a broad river in the night. It was, for the moment, the extinguishing of a torch that was long wont to illumine a winding and rugged path." Father Lalumiere's gentleness and "tolerance for everything but wrong" are set forth in language which is both sincere and poetic.

Among the signs of spiritual growth in this country the *Catholic News* notes the revival of pilgrimages. One of the Catholic events of the New Year will be a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. It will leave New York on February 19 by the Red Star Line to Antwerp, visit Lourdes on March 5, Rome on the 15th, and be in Jerusalem on the 29th. It will be a favorable opportunity for those of means and leisure to visit as pilgrims the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes, the sanctuaries of Rome, and the spots in the Holy Land sanctified by the birth and life of Our Lord, His passion, death, and resurrection. The Abbé Provancher, of Cape Rouge, Canada, will direct the pilgrimage.

In the Count d'Haussonville's book, "The Church and the First Empire," the dealings of Napoleon with the Church are drawn in all their brutality. The history of the unfortunate seminarians of Gand is well known. They refused to acknowledge a bishop intruded upon them by the State, and they were forced into a brigade of

artillery and sent into a district remarkable for infectious fevers; here sixty of them perished. Another case of cruelty is that of the Abbé Fournier, priest of St. Sulpice. The Abbé, preaching a sermon at St. Roch, saw Talleyrand among his auditors, and spoke very freely. He was sent at once to the Bicêtre and put among the insane. Afterward he was transferred to the citadel of Turin. He was liberated in 1803, and became Bishop of Montpellier in 1806.

The condition of a good many people, who find that religious progress has left them in a very uncertain state of mind, is well described by Mr. Baring Gould in a recent novel. He writes of a certain Lady Lamerton, who always taught a Sunday-school:

"She could not live in peace without a Sunday-school. . . . She was one whose head might be, and generally was, in a profound muddle as to what she believed, but who never for a moment doubted what she should do. She would be torn by wild horses rather than not keep Sunday-school, and yet did not know what to teach the children in the school she mustered. One day she found that miracles were incredible to intelligent beings; the next, her faith in the miraculous was restored on the massive basis of a magazine article. For an entire fortnight she labored under the impression that Christianity had not a leg to stand on; and then, on the strength of another article, was sure it stood on as many legs as a centiped."

Dr. Hastings, a much-esteemed Presbyterian minister of New York, writes to the *New York Sun*, objecting to the terms in the Presbyterian "confession" which characterize Catholics as "infidels and idolaters," and the Pope as "anti-Christ." Dr. Hastings is unwilling to be responsible for such language to a "great Church," which he regards "as a Church of Jesus Christ."

One of the most remarkable signs of the times in France is the increase in the number of novices for the Christian Brothers. The Duke de Broglie recently reported, at a meeting in Paris, that in 1884 the novices numbered three hundred and sixty; in 1889 there were two thousand seven hundred and five.

The *Home Journal* prints the following paragraph about Augustin Daly, who has done more for the elevation of the American theatre than any other living man. We wonder if our country will ever become religious enough to produce miracle plays. These were the origin of the modern drama:

"Augustin Daly, the theatrical manager, is a re-cluse; you rarely see him at his own theatre, seldom

at any other theatre, nor ever in the street, at a club, hotel, or at any public place of amusement or private reception. When abroad, he is most frequently found rummaging among old and new books in Paternoster Row, London. The fact is that he spends all of his time either in his own library at his home in West Fiftieth Street, or behind the scenes at his own theatre, where he stays at every performance until the curtain falls, solicitous that every detail shall go right. Mr. Daly was sorely afflicted some years ago in the simultaneous loss of two beautiful and unusually bright boys, about the age of thirteen, but he has borne the severe blow with unflinching Christian fortitude. He is a man of generous impulses, and performs many acts of charity in a quiet way, never allowing the left hand to know what the right doeth. He has many sterling qualities, which endear him to those who enjoy his confidence; and if he allowed himself to be better understood, he would be still more widely and highly esteemed. He is a devoted husband and 'a friend in need.'

New Publications.

ASTRONOMY, NEW AND OLD. By the Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A. M., Author of "Electricity and its Discoverers," and "What Catholics have done for Science." New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co., 9 Barclay Street. London: Burns & Oates.

In this little manual of two hundred and forty-four pages the author has contrived to compress a great many interesting facts relating not only to the present state of astronomical science, but to its gradual rise, progress, and development. Setting aside the practical applications of astronomy to the arts of chronology and navigation, it has always been a favorite study for its own sake among mankind in all ages, opening vistas for poetic fancy such as no other physical science can afford. Even since its divorce from astrology—although we no longer believe our actions to be subject to planetary impulses,—our interest in its revelations of brighter, perhaps better, worlds than our own has never seemed to flag. Those who desire to obtain correct notions on the subject without wading through the interminable folios in which mathematicians have displayed their erudition, can not do better than procure this compendious work of Father Brennan's, in which they will find all that they are likely to remember, written in a popular and attractive form. The manual contains numerous illustrations, the spectroscopic ones carefully colored, to assist the understanding of the text; and the binding and letterpress are what we should naturally expect from the firm by which the book is issued.

THE POOR SISTERS OF NAZARETH. An Illustrated Record of Life at Nazareth House, Hammersmith. Drawn by George Lambert. Written by Alice Meynell. London: Same Publishers.

The religious community known as the Poor Sisters of Nazareth was established in England by the late Cardinal Wiseman. The end of its institution is, like that of some other mendicant orders, the care of the aged and the orphan, the religious supporting themselves and their charges by the alms which they solicit. Certain peculiarities and privileges demanded by the country and people distinguish the Poor Sisters of Nazareth in the attainment of their object. The daily life of the members, devoting themselves for the love of God to the service of His suffering poor, must be of interest and edification to all who love virtue and admire self-sacrifice.

In the handsome book above named the daily routine of the humble, devoted life of these religious is presented in such a way as to interest and instruct. The writer, in elegant language and pleasing style, depicts the simplicity and perfection characterizing the convent duties and exercises, which the artist, by means of numerous and well-executed illustrations, places still more vividly before the mind of the reader, who is thereby made to realize the beauty of holiness. The chapel and choir, wherein the praises of God are sung and His blessing invoked upon their work; the infirmary, the kitchen, the rooms of their charges, their ministrations to the orphaned childhood and enfeebled old age, are among the subjects upon which the artist has exercised his skill in portraying the reality of the life of the Poor Sisters of Nazareth. The book has been issued in a style reflecting great credit upon the good taste and enterprise of the publishers.

AN ESSAY IN REFUTATION OF AGNOSTICISM AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE UNKNOWNABLE. A Review with an Analogy. By the Rev. Simon Fitzsimons. Rochester, N. Y.: Post Express Printing Co.

We are told in the Gospel of certain demons that can not be cast out without laborious and painful preparation. Whether the demon of Agnosticism can be successfully expelled by the methods of this pamphlet of seventy-seven pages we shall not presume to judge. The "analogy" is between a blind man who believes the testimony of those who see in regard to the objects of sight, and the soul unilluminated by divine light, who should in like manner receive the testimony of those to whom revealed truth has been made manifest. But since this faith is the divine light itself, it can not be received without dispelling the spiritual blindness in question, which has no analogy to physical blindness except so

long as it continues to reject the aforesaid testimony. We hope this little book will not do the harm that some "well-meaning" efforts effect.

ST. THERESA. By Mrs. Bradley Gilman. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This is a very unsatisfactory book. One wonders what could have induced Mrs. Gilman to write it, unless she felt that a Saint whom George Eliot and Charles Kingsley admired must, in some way or other, deserve to be served up as one of those *vols au vents* of literature which make up the series of little books called the "Famous Women" series. Mrs. Gilman's power of appreciating St. Teresa may be gauged by the opinion, which she utters quite seriously, that Charles Kingsley might have written a good life of the Saint! The battle-axe of Richard the Lion-Hearted could have as easily cut the silken cushion of Saladin,—to use a metaphor of Justin McCarthy's. Mrs. Gilman's "St. Theresa" is an awful example of what complacent superficiality may undertake, and at the same time it has the negative merit of being neither coarse nor scornful. It is the work of a gentlewoman, who, if she fails to understand St. Teresa, tries at least to explain the sources of her power in a reverential spirit. The best we can say of the book is that its inadequacy may cause some keen-minded Protestants, who have hitherto regarded this great Saint as a myth, to go to safer sources of information about her.

THE GOLDEN PRAYER. By the Abbé Duquesne. Translated from the French by Anne Stuart Bailey. Benziger Brothers.

One never wearies of new meditations upon the prayer of Our Lord, called in this little work the Golden Prayer; and these thoughts, arranged for each day in the week and each day in the month, will be warmly welcomed. The book is one of a series, so small that it can be carried in the pocket, and so spiritual that it is almost a compendium of the devotion excited by the matchless prayer, which frequent repetition only makes more precious.

THE POWER OF THE MEMORARE. Translated from the French of a Marist Father by Miss Ella McMahon. Same Publishers.

This is one of the booklets which the publishers term Pocket Gems, and in it are related a considerable number of incidents concerning prompt and wonderful answers to the prayer known as the *Memorare*. In connection with this we are glad to mention that the little book itself has been the means of affording relief in a great difficulty to a correspondent who signs herself "A Child of Mary." The volume was sent to her by a friend, and she, inspired by the words and ex-

amples contained therein, determined to faithfully say the *Memorare* to Our Lady for the adjustment of a trouble which seemed a hopeless one. She thankfully says that her pious endeavor was entirely successful.

A SHRINE AND A STORY. By the Author of "Tyborne." London: The Catholic Truth Society.

This is another flower laid upon the grave of the saintly Lady Georgiana Fullerton, and relates principally to the institute which she founded, the members of which were known as the Poor Servants of the Mother of God. Extended mention is also made of Father Henry Young, whose holy life has been likened to that of the Curé of Ars, and who was the revered chaplain of the asylum at Dublin which was under the charge of the Poor Servants. It is unnecessary to say to those who are familiar with the writings of the author of "Tyborne" that this little book is pervaded with a devout spirit and edited with taste and skill.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister M. Adile, of the Sisters of Charity, Emmetsburg, Md., who was called to the reward of her selfless life on the 2d inst. She had been a Sister of Charity half a century, lacking one month.

Mr. Charles Rheinberger, who peacefully departed this life at Nauvoo, Ill., on the 27th ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. William O'Hara, of St. Joseph, Mo., who calmly expired on Christmas Eve, after receiving the consolations of holy Church.

Mr. William Kearney, who met with a sudden though not unprovided death at Faribault, Minn., on the 12th ult.

Mrs. Matilda Murtha, who passed away on Christmas Eve, at MacSherrystown, Pa. She had just assisted at Mass and received Holy Communion.

Miss Mary C. McNally, who was called to her reward on the 16th ult., at St. Joseph, Mo.

Mr. Luke McGlue, a well-known citizen of Rochester, N. Y., whose happy death, after a short illness, occurred on the 30th ult.

Mr. William Symons, of Savannah, Ga., who died on the 19th ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Miss Sarah F. Dougherty, whose exemplary Christian life closed in a holy death at Rochester, N. Y., on the 28th ult.

William Robertson, of Murdock, Minn.; Mrs. Catherine McNamee, Boston, Mass.; Thomas Connell, Mrs. Mary Love, Mrs. P. Lavin, Mr. and Mrs. John Murphy,—all of Iowa City, Iowa; Mrs. Mary Doyle, New Haven, Conn.; Joseph Nettleton and Mary Ward.

May they rest in peace!



A Rhyme of the Olden Time.

A little poem recited by children in England five hundred years or so ago deserves to be reproduced in the pages of *Our Lady's* magazine. It would be well if all would bear in mind that the day "spedes" better when the protection of the Blessed Virgin is invoked. It seems to have been the custom to recite the orisons to *Our Lady* with a companion—a "fellow," as the poem has it. Here are the lines:

Afore all things, first and principally
In the morrowe when ye shall up rise,
To worship God have in your memory.
With Christ's Cross look ye bless you thrice,
Your "Pater Noster" sayeth in devout wyse,
"Ave Maria" with the holy Crede,
Then all the day the better may ye spede.
And while ye be abouten honestly
To dress yourself and don on your array,
With your fellow, well and treatably,
Our Lady's Matins aviseth that ye say,
And this observance useth every day,
With Prime and Hours; and withouten dread
The Blessed Lady will grant you your meed.

Bob and I.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

"And so I really have to redeem my promise? Oh, you unmerciful rogues!" And grandma rested her hand upon Alfred's fair head, and looked into Will's frank, upturned face with one of her old gay smiles. "Boys! boys! boys! how shall I, a poor brotherless grandmother, presume to tell of you and your ways?"

"The stories needn't be all for us," said Will, with a very magnanimous air. "You see, we fellows don't mind letting the girls have one now and then. Only give us 'a fair show,' and we'll be satisfied."

"Dear me! how very kind you are!" said Ethel. "I think," she continued, looking round upon Alice, Mary, and Nell, "that we

girls are in the majority here, and I move that grandma at least make a fair division. Don't you, girls?"

Nell and Alice said yes at once, but Mary was silent. She sat biting the end of her pencil, and gazing hard at her brothers.

"And you, Mary?" asked grandma.

The boys waited eagerly for her answer.

"Well, you know, grandma," said she, "the last set of stories were almost entirely for us, and you promised that when you visited us again it should be the boys' turn."

"Hurrah!" shouted Will, clapping his sister on the back. "You're a daisy, Moll!"

"Smartie!" pouted Ethel. "I just hope you'll forget all the stories, and then you can't write them out for that editor,—I just do!"

"Ethel! Ethel!" protested grandma, smiling in spite of herself; while at the mention of the word "editor" Mary's face became most comically doleful.

"O grandma," she said, "I'm so awfully afraid of him! He keeps saying, 'Don't neglect the boys.' What shall I do if you tell another girls' story?"

"I think I'm in even a worse fix than you, Mary," said grandma. "I have to please the girls and the boys and—the editor too. But if we talk any more our twilight hour will be gone without a story at all. To-night I shall compromise with boys and girls and tell you about 'Bob and I.'"

And, leaning back in her chair, the old lady began her story.

Bob, or to call him by his full name Robert, was thirteen and I was twelve when we met with our adventure. We had been boon companions and firm friends since we were aged respectively six and seven years. Then it was that my father's brother, Uncle Philip, with his family, took up his residence at Wavecrest, my native "city by the sea." They bought a house within a block of ours, thus becoming near neighbors. The family consisted of Uncle Philip, Aunt Eleanor, George, Wilford, Bob, Phil, and little Myra. I think my father was glad to have Aunt Eleanor so near, as she could in some way act as a mother to his poor motherless little girl. But old nurse Barbara, into whose arms my dear mother had given me, a tiny infant, on her death-bed,

would brook no interference with her charge; and Aunt Eleanor, who was very quiet in her ways, and rather delicate in health, soon desisted from any efforts in this direction. And so, as you already know, I grew up with a sweet will of my own; for, in dear "Barby's" eyes, I could do no wrong, and father was the most indulgent parent under the sun.

Bob was the wildest of my boy-cousins, the one most overflowing with exuberant spirits, and we joined forces very naturally. George and Wilford were most of the time away at college; Phil was not strong, and had to stay indoors when it rained; and we couldn't be bothered with seven-year-old Myra at all. She was a gentle, sensitive little creature, who regarded us, her romping, rollicking, rosy-cheeked brother and cousin, with admiring awe. We generally treated her horribly, though; for we were a heartless pair, in our perfect health and wildness of disposition. With us Myra was a silly baby, a little bother to be avoided as much as possible. However, we came to learn better.

It was a dreadfully stormy night,—one of the wildest I ever remember, and I had known many storms around our seaside home. The wind roared round the house, which it rocked to and fro almost like a cradle; the rain poured in torrents against the window-panes, and the distant, terrible boom of the surf as it dashed upon the shore suggested an awful fate for any poor storm-driven sailors who might be tossed on the wild waves that night. Barby and I sat together before the great, old-fashioned open fireplace, in which a bright wood fire blazed and crackled merrily, as if mocking the cold and furious storm without. Barby had been nodding over her knitting for the last half hour, and at length had fairly dropped off to sleep. I sat lost in the depths of a great chair, and, if I must confess it, feeling very cross and out of humor. Father had retired to his study immediately after supper in company with a friend, and had given orders that on no account were they to be disturbed. I thought it rather unkind of papa to prefer the society of his friend and the discussion of stupid old politics to the company of his little daughter, and consequently had been very snappish in my manner to Barby when she offered to sit with me to keep

me from being lonely. No wonder she fell asleep. I need expect no visitors, not even my cousins, on such a night; and, besides, I had quarrelled with Bob, and had seen very little of him for a whole week.

Suddenly I became aware of a dark figure just outside the window, the shutters of which were not closed, nor the curtains drawn. Gradually the window seemed to rise. I watched in fascinated fear, unable to move. The next instant a whisper in Bob's well-known voice made me start to my feet.

"Hush, Helen! Where is Uncle Herbert?" were the words I heard.

By that time I had reached the window, and, stooping down, peeped out. By standing on tiptoe from the ground, Bob's eyes were now just on a level with mine.

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, under my breath. "Bob, what's the matter?"

"Sh!" warned my cousin, impatiently. "Where is Uncle Herbert?"

"Papa and Mr. — are shut up in the study," I replied.

"And Barby is asleep?" continued Bob. "Then open the door for me, Helen, quick. I've something to tell you." And he turned and disappeared in the blackness.

I tiptoed to the hall-door with alacrity. A pitiable-looking figure was my yellow-haired cousin, as he stood dripping rain-water from his long rubber coat. He had on his big rubber boots, and also an oil-skin cap; still, all these seemed but slight protection from the storm. Bob stepped just within the hall and we stood looking at each other for a moment.

"I've come to say good-bye," remarked Bob, in a sepulchral whisper: "I'm running away."

With difficulty I repressed an audible exclamation; but he went on:

"Home has become unbearable. Father threatens to send me off to college because I'm not a cad like Phil and the Morley boys. He objects to late hours, and—and—" Here Bob stopped short.

"And what, Bob?" I asked, in breathless suspense.

"Well, some friends of mine,—friends that have some 'go' in them—" and Bob hesitated again. "Any way, Helen," he continued, "I'm tired of this life. It's too slow entirely for a

fellow of my ambition, so I've come to bid you good-bye. You're the only one who ever understood me, after all." And Bob extended his hand in a very affecting manner. But I drew back.

"Bob," said I, "I will not part from you. If you run away, I will run too."

"But you mustn't, Helen," said Bob, very decidedly; "it wouldn't do at all." And he made a movement to go.

Opposition only made me more determined. There was a wild excitement in the idea, which was very much to my taste.

"But I will," I returned. "Just wait and I'll be ready in a minute." And I started to go up-stairs for my gossamer.

Bob caught me by the dress. "I say, Helen, you can't!" he exclaimed. "Girls never run away."

"Perhaps not cry-baby girls, like your sister Myra. But I'm not that kind of a girl, Bob, and you ought to know it. I *will* run away." And I tore myself from his hold.

"You'll be sorry, Helen, because—"

But here again he stopped short and grew somewhat confused. Bob was trying to conceal something from me. I had my share of womanly curiosity, and did not propose to be hoodwinked. I would go now, if I died. Bob was beginning to eye the door rather suspiciously; he might take it into his head to leave abruptly.

"Robert Mar," said I, "I am going to my room to dress; I will return in precisely three minutes. If you stir from this spot while I'm gone, the neighborhood will soon know you're running away."

With this threat I left him, sure I should find him on my return, and I did. We slipped out quietly, and stood alone in the storm. For the first few moments we walked on in silence, battling against the wind, which almost lifted us from our feet at every step.

"Well," growled Bob at length, "are you satisfied now?"

"It's too perfectly delightful for anything!" I exclaimed rapturously, between my gasps.

"Glad you like it," returned Bob. "Where do you suppose we're going?"

"Why, we're running away!" was my brilliant remark. It had not yet entered into my foolish little head to reflect on the where or

the why. I was tired of sitting alone by the fire, and there was a great fascination in doing something unusual.

"Hm!" retorted Bob. "Never heard of the 'Dare Devil Gang,' did you?"

I certainly had not, and grew inquisitive.

"Then you will know all about them soon enough," returned Bob, complacently.

I stopped short, trembling a *teenie* bit, I must confess.

"Ever heard of gypsies?" continued my cousin, in a calm interrogative.

Of course I had heard of gypsies,—terrible people. But what of them?

"Well, there's a band of them encamped in Climber's Woods. The young sports of the camp formed themselves into a Dare Devil Gang, and I've joined,—the only fellow in the town they've let in. Father met me with a couple this afternoon, and raised a rumpus. They move on to-morrow morning, so I promised to be there to-night for the last meeting and a grand racket. But I intend to join them forever now. Father doesn't give me enough liberty. Gypsy children work hard, though; don't know as that'll agree with you, Helen."

I had no chance to express my astonishment; for we simultaneously uttered a scream of terror as a horrible sound suddenly broke upon our ears.

As we talked we had been walking along a steep cliff, which overhung the beach. Beneath us the waves dashed wildly upon the rocks, and the foam of each, as the billow receded, came hissing and boiling almost to our very feet. Oh! young as I was, I shall never forget the awful grandeur of the ocean that night. Wave after wave approached, rearing, like a huge giant, full twenty feet in the air; then, with a tremendous boom, breaking into a mass of snowy foam, while the spray flew wildly in all directions. It was a mad night, and we had not met a single person, though we had already gone a mile or more.

The sound which now made us start so was the unexpected and sharp report of a pistol, followed by a cry of pain, and so startlingly near us that we clung together in fright, unable for a moment to move. Then there was silence. From the direction immediately behind us a hollow, jeering laugh presently arose above the storm. It needed no more,—

we clasped hands and ran for our lives. We were "running away" now, sure enough.

"To the Fort, Helen! to the Fort!" gasped Bob, breathlessly.

The Fort was an old, half-ruined stone house standing on a bluff, some distance back from the sea. It had stood there as long as we children could remember, and it had pleased our youthful fancy to dub it the Fort. It was a favorite resort of ours, and many a holiday we had spent playing war, besieging, etc., within and without its crumbling walls. None of us had ever before dared to approach it at night, for it had the reputation of being haunted. Belated wanderers had frequently affirmed that ghostly figures, with lighted tapers in their hands, had been distinctly seen flitting about from window to window; therefore the Fort was considered an eerie place after dark. To-night, however, any place was better than the lonely cliff, with that terrible laugh ringing in our ears.

Fortunately, we were very near it, and soon reached the heavy door, swinging half on and half off its hinges. No lights in the windows,—all was darkness. Nevertheless, we paused a moment; there was an awesome air about the old place. But again, now rising, now falling, came the sound of men's voices, as if in angry discussion, and so near that without more ado Bob rushed in, pulling me after him. We made for a little closet with which we were well acquainted, and had but just got within, having had no time even to close the door, when heavy steps were heard upon the outer hall. We had shrunk into a dark corner, just behind the door, and could see distinctly through the crack.

The steps approached nearer; two men entered, carrying between them a third, who was evidently wounded—where we could not see, though he was bleeding profusely. His bearers were a couple of swarthy, fierce-looking fellows, armed with knives and pistols. They let their burden down roughly upon the floor, and when he groaned one of them laughed harshly. Bob and I shrank farther back into the dimness at the sound of his ghastly mirth, and Bob whispered: "Gypsies, Helen!" I grasped my poor cousin, who was now trembling in every limb, and began to say "Hail Marys" with all my might.

"Well, Jinks," said one of the men, "you were a good-enough fellow in your day, afore you became chicken-hearted; but your day's most ended now; and when I pay me compliments to the father of your little yaller-haired lassie to-night, I'll not forget to give her your love, and say you died true to her memory." And as he stood, looking down upon his wounded companion, again the hideous laugh burst forth.

The poor man seemed past the power of speech; a groan was the only sound he uttered. The other two turned to each other with significant grins.

"He won't pull through another hour," remarked the one who had spoken before; "and we'd better be skipping. That soft little chap is likely to be at the camp by this time."

Bob's eyes met mine, and we both must have grown pale. Who could be the "soft little chap"?

The other man did not appear so confident as his companion.

"Is it safe to leave him here?" he ventured.

"There won't be much of him left in an hour or so," was the answer; "and this tumble-down is haunted. Ha! ha! No one enters here at night."

"Then come at once," urged the other.

"We have a hard night's work before us."

Then there was a clatter of heavy steps, and they were gone, and we were alone,—alone with a dying man in the haunted house! Cold shivers ran up and down our backs as the wounded man began to groan piteously. It seemed heartless to leave him there alone, and yet we were so bewildered and frightened as to be rendered almost helpless. Suddenly, unaware of what we were doing, we pushed up against a rickety stool, which fell to the floor. With an almost superhuman effort, the wounded man raised himself on his elbow, and looked wildly in our direction. We held our breath.

"In the name of God," he gasped, "who are you?"

"Come to him, Bob," I whispered; "he can not hurt us." And out we came, trembling, shaking little figures.

The instant the man's eyes fell on my cousin he uttered a cry, it seemed half of thankfulness, half of terror.

"Mar!" he exclaimed, between his gasps, "boy—home for your life! your father will be robbed—perhaps murdered—to night. Home, home!" And he waved him frantically toward the door.

Bob waited long enough, however, to get the following information from poor Jinks:

By some means or other, the gypsies came to find out that Uncle Philip Mar kept large sums of money in a safe in his house. By loitering round the premises nights they had observed that Bob slept in a wing on the second story. The window of his room could be easily reached by means of a short ladder, and thus an entrance gained to the rest of the house. The young lads of the camp had received orders to become acquainted with Bob, who was flattered by their notice and excited by stories of their wild life and adventures. To-night was the time fixed for the robbery, and Bob was to be in the camp at ten,—having been urged to escape from his room by means of his window, thus leaving it unfastened. All the preparations were made and wagons ready to start by three next morning; and the gypsies would carry the boy with them, to avoid suspicion.

Three men were selected to do the robbery—the two already mentioned and the wounded one. At the last moment Jinks had declined to do his part. He was a married man, and had a little daughter, though his young gypsy wife had died soon after the child's birth. His little one was but five years old, and, though a typical gypsy in appearance, inherited none of the wild disposition of her race. Her father was the only one in the band for whom she seemed to care. She shrank from the roughness and the noisy manners of her companions, and stood in trembling awe of the women, some of whom often beat her when she could not take her part in the dancing and singing with the others. Wandering away from the camp one day, she had come upon a group of children playing among the sheltering rocks on the shore. Here, an hour later, her father had found her, with a smile on her lips and a glad, happy light in her eyes, as she glanced proudly down at a silver medal attached to a blue ribbon, which one of the little girls had just tied round her neck. At the appearance of the gypsy man upon the scene most of the

children had scattered in terror. Little Myra Mar alone remained by the side of her new playmate, and bravely went hand in hand with her to meet the gypsy father.

"Please, Mr. Gypsy," she began, in her own quaint little manner, "may Norma keep my blessed medal? She says she has no mamma, and she never heard of her Blessed Mother; but we told her all about her; and please, Mr. Gypsy, she loves her already,—see!" as little Norma eagerly kissed the medal.

Poor Jinks had never seen his little one so bright and happy. Certainly she should keep the medal, though it must be carefully hidden from the gypsy mothers, who would call it a charm. Even as he gave his consent a great wave of memories rushed over him; involuntarily he put his hand to his bosom and drew forth a dull and rusty counterpart of the bright and shining emblem which his little daughter wore. Long, long years ago a mother's hand had placed it round his neck. In that instant, with the two innocent children standing radiant before him, the man's resolution was taken. When he learned the name of his little daughter's benefactor, the resolve grew stronger than ever, though he lacked the moral courage to tell his companions till the very night had come. They had been out all day, and were hurrying to the camp for an hour's rest before setting out on their night's work. Then it was he had boldly refused to go, giving his reasons also; and the fiercer of his companions, in the heat of anger, had drawn on him and fired.

There was little more to say, except to urge Bob to fly home and save his father.

"I have but a few hours to live," concluded the poor fellow; "and can you send me a priest? I was—once a—Catholic, and my child—my child—my poor child—what will become of her?"

Here the poor fellow broke down altogether, sinking into a sort of lethargy. Child as I was, I had sense enough to beg Bob to hasten away, in order to send a priest to the dying man and to warn those at home of the robbery. I said I would stay where I was till they came. Half an hour passed, then Father Burke, Dr. Bennet, and my father appeared. Jinks became conscious for about ten minutes—just long enough to receive the last Sacraments,—and

then expired, blessing little Myra with his last breath. But Father Burke had heard a strange story in those brief ten minutes.

A raid was made upon the gypsy camp that night, but the two men described were not to be found. They must have been drowned, however; for they could not have escaped except by water, and the broken remains of a small boat were washed upon shore during the next day.

Bob and I were cured: we never tried to run away again.

A Leaf from the Journal of an Italian Schoolboy.

It is a pity that Edmondo de Amicis' "Cuore" can not be unreservedly recommended, since much of what it contains is so excellent, interesting, and appropriate to boys. It is a book for parents as well as children, and has many stimulating pages. Here is a lesson for which there is probably much more need in the United States than in Italy. The schoolboy's mother is supposed to have written it in his journal. We hope our young readers will impress it on their hearts:

Surely, neither your comrade Coretti nor Garone would ever have answered his father as you answered yours this afternoon. Enrico! How is it possible? You must promise me solemnly that this shall never happen again so long as I live. Every time that an impertinent reply flies to your lips at a reproof from your father, think of that day, which will infallibly come, when he will call you to his bedside to tell you: "Enrico, I am about to leave you." O my son, when you hear his voice for the last time, and for a long while afterward, when you weep alone in his deserted room,—then, on recalling that you have at times been wanting in respect to him, you, too, will ask yourself, "How was it possible?" Then you will understand that he has always been your best friend; that when he was constrained to punish you it caused him more suffering than it did you, and that he never made you weep except for the sake of doing you good; and then you will repent, and you will kiss with tears that desk at which he worked so hard. You do not understand now: he hides from you all of himself except his kindness and his love. You do not know that he is sometimes so broken down with toil that he thinks he has only a few more

days to live, and that at such moments he talks only of you; he has no other trouble than that of leaving you poor and without protection.

And how often, when meditating on this, does he enter your chamber while you are asleep, and stand there, lamp in hand, gazing at you! And then he makes an effort, and, weary and sad as he is, he returns to his labor. And neither do you know that he often seeks you and remains with you because he has a bitterness in his heart,—sorrows which attack all men in the world,—and he seeks you as a friend, to obtain consolation himself and forgetfulness; and he feels the need of taking refuge in your affection, to recover his serenity and his courage. Think, then, what must be his sorrow when, instead of finding in you affection, he finds coldness and disrespect! Never again stain yourself with this horrible ingratitude. Reflect that, were you as good as a saint, you could never repay him sufficiently. Reflect, too, we can not count on life; a misfortune might remove your father while you are still a boy,—in two years, in three months,—to-morrow.

Ah, my dear Enrico! when you see all about you changing, how empty, how desolate the house will appear, with your poor mother clothed in black! Go, my son, go to your father,—he is in his room at work; go on tiptoe, so that he may not hear you enter; go and lay your forehead on his knees, and beseech him to pardon and to bless you.

Praise of Mary by English Students.

The principal seats of learning in England, such as Eton, Cambridge, Oxford, and others, were, as all young readers may not know, once Catholic,—founded by Catholics, and kept up by Catholic faith and fervor until that unfortunate period when the gloom of heresy settled over beautiful England like a pall.

It is pleasant to think of a special devotion which was practised daily in nearly every school and college in the land. At nightfall, when the day's work was over and laborers and pupils were free, all the people within the sound of the college bell would gather in the chapels to sing an antiphon to Our Lady's praise. Of course the manner of singing varied, but usually there were five candles lighted in honor of the five principal joys of the Blessed Virgin; and certain musical ones among the students, clad in surplices, would gather about her statue and lead the others.

THE AVE MARIA

TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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Refuge of Sinners.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

HOW readest thou, my Queen, that wondrous Book

Thou bendest o'er, the while with precious nard
Thou closest rift and gash? Dost thou regard
Our sins that scored the page? Or rather look
At love's sweet argument,—His love who took
Their penance on Himself, nor deem'd it hard?
Let me not wrong thee. Nothing can retard
Thy pardoning pity. There is not a nook
In all thy bosom where a moment lurks
Of aught but love for sinners. Thou didst share
His Passion for their sakes, and didst become
Their Mother by thy throes. 'Tis this that works
Within thee—the new mother's tender care
That each child-soul shall find thy Heart a
home.

A Guide for the Age.

THE natural, unperverted bent of human nature is toward perfection. This is a psychological fact. We are made to the image and likeness of the All Perfect. To reproduce Him, so to speak, in our own measure, is our purpose here below; to enjoy Him forever, our destiny above. The Scriptures confirm this; Jesus Christ preached it. "Be ye perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect." And this injunction, we must remember, was delivered to every living being; not to priest and religious exclusively, as is not uncommonly believed in this our day,—

an unpardonable error, because contradictory of common-sense.

The refutation of this error, thereby showing the necessity and means of perfection to every Christian, was the glory of St. Francis de Sales,—the having clearly shown how we *can* and *ought* to walk with God, "not hanging on precariously to His skirts," to use Father Faber's expression. For this, principally, has the Church confirmed and proclaimed St. Francis de Sales a Doctor of the Universal Church. And he may be particularly styled the Doctor of Devotion, just as St. Athanasius has been called the Doctor of the Divinity of Christ; St. Jerome, the Doctor of the Scriptures; St. Augustine, the Doctor of Grace; St. Thomas, the Doctor of the Schools; and St. Alphonsus, the Doctor of Moral Theology. Just a word or two on the significance of this declaration.

When the Church gives the title of Doctor of the Church to a saint she places him in the category of those sages according to God's own Heart, whose wisdom guides the clergy and the people, whose doctrines are the aids of Popes and councils in teaching truths, and whose opinions are accepted as the essence of faith in matters of dogma and morals. Prior to the decree (July 19, 1877,) which proclaimed St. Francis de Sales a Doctor of the Church, his doctrines obtained a very high reputation—simply, however, on the authority of the writer and the strength of his arguments; but now any proposition of his, even if not demonstrated, assumes an authoritative degree of probability, just the same as an opinion of St. Augustine or St. Thomas. The

second confirmatory Brief *ad perpetuam rei memoriam*, dated November 16, 1877, defines this as follows: "By Our Apostolic authority, and in virtue of these presents, We confirm the title of Doctor in honor of St. Francis de Sales; or, inasmuch as it may be necessary, We give and impart it to him anew, so that he shall be considered as Doctor in the Universal Catholic Church. We decree, moreover, that the books, commentaries, and finally all the works of the same Doctor, like those of other Doctors of the Church, be cited, adduced, and used as necessity requires, not only privately but also publicly, in gymnasiums, academies, schools, colleges, lessons, disputations, sermons, and other ecclesiastical studies and Christian exercises."*

We need scarcely comment on the pleasure which greeted this declaration throughout the Church. It was the realization of a unanimous desire, not only of the faithful in general, who read the writings of the sainted Bishop of Geneva, but in particular of the express petitions of many illustrious personages and of six theological universities: the Sorbonne, those of Bologna, Vienna, Pesth, Louvain, and the Seminary of Baltimore. Add to these the famous Bollandist writers of Brussels and the *Civiltà Cattolica* of Florence. This, however, is but a tithe of the demonstration in favor of the final decree. Thirty cardinals of the Vatican Council, seven patriarchs, seventy-four archbishops, three hundred and twenty bishops, and fifteen superiors of religious orders subscribed to another petition to the same effect. All this, though the embodiment of the universal sentiment of our holy mother the Church on the matter, did not move the Sovereign Pontiff to publish the decree. He first submitted the question, according to the custom of the Church, to the

Sacred Congregation of Rites, and allowed it to be treated with that rigor *pro* and *con* which no civil tribunal on earth can equal. And not until seven years later was the decree promulgated.

St. Francis de Sales was naturally a genius. Not on this account did he study the less assiduously. He was a hard worker in the college of the Jesuits in Paris, where he studied philosophy; a hard worker in the theological University of the Sorbonne, then in its glory, for Genebrardus and Maldonatus were in the *rostra*. At Padua he won the laureate in jurisprudence under the famous and rigorous Panceroli. Here, too, he had for his master and friend Father Possevinus, who taught him to love St. Thomas and Bellarmine, which authors afterward proved invincible weapons to the gentle St. Francis in his disputations with heretics.

His library, by the way, on his different missions, was very limited; it consisted of the Bible, the "Summa" of St. Thomas, and the Moral Theology of Reginaldus. He also devoted himself assiduously to profane sciences; and, besides being regarded as one of the most famous jurisconsults of his day, his reputation as a classical scholar and a sweet-spoken Frenchman extended over all Europe. He had the greatest saints and scholars of the time for his friends—Blessed Peter Canisius, Cardinal du Perron, the Venerable Baronius, the Venerable Bellarmine, Lipsius, and others. Pope Paul V. consulted him on the great question *De Auxiliis*, which then agitated the Catholic academies of Europe, and settled it according to his opinion; so that the great scholars of the day proclaimed him a living oracle of science, and compared him with the great ancient Doctors of the Church. But his wisdom and doctrine still live in his writings. He has left to the Church seventeen works on theology and sacred polemics. In one of these last there is a glorious vindication of the Papal Infallibility as defined by the Vatican Council. There are three splendid works on the Scriptures, one of which is a mystical commentary on the Canticle of Canticles; seven on moral theology, seventeen containing important directions to his clergy, twelve on Canon Law and ecclesiastical discipline, two on history, and twelve others on vari-

* Auctoritate nostra Apostolica, tenore presentium, titulum Doctoris in honorem Sancti Francisci Salesii confirmamus, seu quatenus opus sit, denuo ei tribuimus, impertimus, ita ut in Universali Catholica Ecclesia semper ipse Doctor habeatur. Præterea, ejusdem Doctoris libros, commentaria, opera denique omnia, ut aliorum Ecclesiæ Doctorum, non modo privatim, sed et publice in gymnasiis, academiis, scholiis, collegiis, lectionibus, disputationibus, concionibus, aliisque ecclesiasticis studiis Christianisque exercitationibus, citari, proferri, prout res postulaverit, adhiberi decernimus.

ous subjects. And the letters of the Saint are another treasure.

His masterpieces, however, in which the scholar and the saint rise before us, and which alone are sufficient title to the sacred Doctorate, are the "Philothea; or, Introduction to a Devout Life," and the "Theotime; or, Treatise on the Love of God." All his other works are the productions of a great genius. These pass the border-land of human science,—they seem inspirations of Heaven. Such was the judgment of his contemporaries, such the opinion set forth in the Lessons of the office on his feast: *Suis scriptis cœlesti doctrina refertis Ecclesiam illustravit, quibus iter ad Christianam perfectionem tritum et planum demonstrat*,—"By his writings, teeming with heavenly doctrine, in which he shows the road to Christian perfection easy and clear, he brought glory on the Church."

Let us remember, too, that such a judgment was pronounced upon the works of St. Francis at a time when the Church was most prolific in ascetic writers. Blossius, in neighboring France, had just breathed his last. In Italy the remembrance of St. Charles Borromeo was still fresh; and Lorenzo Scupoli, the disciple of St. Andrew of Avellino and the author of the "Spiritual Combat," was still alive (this little work was a great favorite with St. Francis himself). Spain was then in her glory, for she had just given to the Church saints like Peter of Alcantara, Ignatius, John of the Cross, Venerable Avila, Alvarez de Paz, Louis of Granada, Francesco Arias, Rodriguez, and a woman like Teresa. All these wrote on Christian and religious perfection. Yet Francis was a sun among these luminaries. His "Philothea" was received as an event in the Catholic world, and—a rare occurrence in those days—was translated into seventeen different languages and dialects.

The purpose of this book was to propagate the highest Christian perfection among all classes. In it the Saint proposes rules and maxims adapted to every state of life. The idea was not a new one. The *Estote perfecti* was a well-known maxim to all Christians. The Fathers had commented upon it, and missionaries were certainly not wanting who preached upon it, and with fruit too, as the history of the confessors of the Church attests.

Yet no one had hitherto written a systematical work on a devout life, enriched with apposite evangelical maxims, suitable to all classes of people. This glory was reserved for the Bishop of Geneva. The "Theotime" may be termed the complement of the "Philothea." Therein he guides the soul through that heaven of earth, the unitive state. Both works form a code of devotion.

Observe, too, how providential their appearance at a time when Protestantism blasphemously preached against the necessity of good works, denied the liberty of the will in acting, and held forth predestination in its most terrible form. Moreover, even within the Church there was a general tendency among spiritual directors to associate almost exclusively the highest perfection with a religious life and its austerities. This prejudice almost amounted to a heresy, and St. Francis was the hero whom God raised up to vanquish it, and remove the interdict, so to speak, to the highest perfection which had been attached to all conditions of life outside the sanctuary and the cloister. The "Philothea" and the "Theotime" were also a complete restraint upon the excesses of the Quietists, and the exaggerated piety of those pseudo-ascetics of Port Royal. These excellent productions refuted triumphantly the dangerous maxims of Sanctiramus, of D'Andilly, of Arnauld, of Quesnel, and of Pascal, whom the *Civiltà Cattolica* aptly terms Calvinists in the garb of reformers. This of itself was no trifling merit in the writings of St. Francis.

And now the Church, provident for the wants of this age, and grieving for its spiritual inertia, recommends anew the works of the sweet Saint of Annecy to our study, investing them with her own authority. Nor is she unmindful of the fact that the age is to be moved not by comminations, but by sweet persuasion supported by convincing reasons, whereof St. Francis was acknowledged the perfect master even by the most noted heretics of his own day.

A CHILD imbibes what it hears and practises what it sees. And the eyes of a child are as wide as the heavens, its ears as deep as the sea. O that the horizon might only hold for it stars, and the ocean pearls!

The Disappearance of John Longworthy.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

VII.—A QUIET DINNER.

IT took Mary some time to forgive Esther's disloyalty to Miles; and the next day the girls argued about it over their dinner, which was such a dinner as young women take when none of the male folk are at home,—a collection of odds and ends that Miles would have despised. Miles expected to go to Albany on some important political business that day, and he was busy seeing his friends, so his sisters enjoyed the luxury of having no care as to what they ate or drank. It was Friday, too,—a day on which their brother's temper was apt to be trying, and a day on which the housekeeper's way is almost as hard as that of the transgressor.

"I'm glad it is Friday," Esther said; "and Friday evening. You have two whole days to yourself, dear old girl!"

"It *is* pleasant. It's too bad you have some pupils to-morrow. I know the constant banging of the piano gives you headaches. I'll be able to finish your new gown if I keep at it,—and if you'll run down town in the afternoon and get the trimming."

"Thank you, Mary," said Esther, looking over her teacup with brightening eyes. "I was afraid I should have to do without it. I wish we could afford a dressmaker for everything, as some girls do."

"But we can't," answered Mary, with a pleased look,—which Esther's approbation always drew forth. "I must contrive to turn my silk again."

"Why?" demanded Esther, in a tone that would have befitted some dire calamity. "Why? I am sure you saved up all summer for a new black silk. I don't see why you shouldn't have it,—particularly as I've mine. It looks so selfish for me to be always having new things. Why?"

Mary hesitated.

"Why? why? why?" asked Esther. "If you weren't naturally so ladylike, you'd be a scarecrow in the dowdy stuff you wear. There

isn't a girl in St. Mary's parish who could wear what you wear and look nice. What are you going to do with the money now? Is it a new lamp for the sanctuary—it was that last time,—or is it the O'Connors again? I *hate* those O'Connors!" cried Esther, brandishing her teacup. "When Miles isn't fleecing you, they are. Last year the old man had rheumatism and couldn't walk; and then the twins fell sick at intervals all winter; and then the eldest boy had to have an outfit to start in life as a car conductor—"

"Hush, Esther!" said Mary, coloring a little. "You don't know how poor they are,—you don't know how they suffer."

"I know how I suffer when I see you in old clothes!"

"Don't speak of the suffering of the poor in that way," said Mary, with a look of real pain. "You don't know what it is!"

"Don't I?" answered Esther, turning up her teacup, and going through some mystical ceremonies with the lees. "Dear me! There's a gentleman coming. I hope it is Mr. Fitzgerald. But it can't be,—he was here last night. Now, tell me, Mary, is it the O'Connors or Miles?"

"Miles must go to Albany. It is absolutely necessary."

"And you must give him fifty dollars!"

"My dear Esther, he *must* go. It is necessary. There is a caucus or a lobby or some assembly or other, and all the aldermen are going, and the Governor insists that Miles shall be there. Otherwise Miles would not have mentioned the subject to me."

"Oh, I know that story!" remarked Esther. "The last time the President sent for him, and you put off the silk dress then to oblige Miles and—the President, of course."

"How unkind you are, Esther! Miles, for his age, is one of the greatest political factors in this—"

"Oh, yes! he told me the same thing. But a political factor must be a regular—logarithm to draw fifty dollars from me. I'll tell you what Miles is"—and Esther's eyes sparkled a trifle shrewishly. "He is a P-I-G. He'll spend your hard-earned money in swaggering about with a crowd of disreputable office-seekers. They talk about the danger of the roof of the Assembly Room at Albany falling.

I wonder it doesn't overwhelm the horrid wretches that go there to drink and make laws that nobody wants.*

"You don't understand," observed Mary, with dignity. "Miles tells me how hard he works when he is there. But you are very severe on him. I didn't like the way you talked about him last night. If Mr. Fitzgerald has a more gentlemanly air than Miles, you must remember that Miles never was graduated at St. Francis'; his health was never good, and he required a great deal of care."

"I remember," said Esther, dryly, "when you and I were well enough to go to school in a driving rain, poor, dear Miles pleaded weak eyes, or had fainting fits until after nine o'clock, when he recovered miraculously. Nobody encouraged us to have weak eyes. And when I tried a fainting fit *à la Miles*, you know what happened,—I had my ears boxed!"

Mary laughed in spite of herself.

"Mr. Fitzgerald is very pleasant, I know, Esther. But I think it is wrong to compare him with Miles, our own brother—"

"Who swallows our silk dresses in the shape of bad whiskey at Albany."

"O Esther!" Mary went to the iron-barred window of the basement dining-room, and stood with her back to her sister. She was "hurt," as Esther phrased it to herself.

"Well, we'll drop Miles for the present, though I'll give him a piece of my mind when I see him."

"Don't," said Mary earnestly, turning, with the suspicion of tears in her eyes. "Don't. We must make home pleasant for him. We must never be harsh to him; it might drive him to drink."

"Drink would have the worst of it, then," responded Esther. "To change the subject,—I have an idea Mr. Fitzgerald will be very attentive and ask us out somewhere. I should like to go to the theatre occasionally, and Miles never thinks of asking us."

Mary was aghast at this. She intimated that it was unladylike to begin to speculate on the "attentive" qualities of such a new acquaintance. But Esther was undisturbed; she insisted that Mary must consider probabilities.

"Well, I should not go," Mary said, having endured a certain amount of badgering. "Mr.

Fitzgerald would only ask me out of courtesy as your satellite; and you could not go, because you would have no chaperon."

"Chaperon!" repeated Esther, indignantly. "What girl in our neighborhood troubles herself about a chaperon? Mary, you've been reading the 'society column' in the Sunday *Sun* until it has gone to your head!"

"The girls in the neighborhood have adopted a good many innovations in the last ten years, but that makes no difference now. We have never been of them, and that is the reason people call us old-fashioned. Miles, at whom you sneer, doesn't know what a chaperon means, but a man like your Mr. Fitzgerald will have little respect for a girl who does not keep up with the usages of good society."

"Dear me!" said Esther, with an affectation of disappointment. "But, after all, if you won't go, and we have no old lady chaperon, I can always hire a messenger boy."

The door-bell rang. Esther flew upstairs like a bird. She enjoyed exercise greatly when it was not obligatory. She reported to Mary:

"It is a note from Mr. Fitzgerald, asking you to give the little envelope he thinks he left here last night to the messenger. I took it off the mantelpiece, and, do you know, there was a five hundred dollar bill in it! Just think! The messenger was the most gentlemanly man! He gave me a receipt for the money. Here it is, signed 'Rudolf Bastien.'"

Mary looked at it carelessly. "It's lucky the envelope was not swept out this morning."

"A young lawyer who drops five hundred dollar bills about carelessly is most interesting," said Esther, mischievously. "I begin to see the necessity of a chaperon."

VIII.—A CHANGE OF TEMPERATURE.

Miles spent ten days in Albany. In the meantime Arthur Fitzgerald called to thank the young ladies for returning his envelope. Of course he had to stay an hour or two to practise a song he brought. On that particular night he was most welcome. Both Mary and Esther were anxious to have him do them a favor. Their church choir—which Mary directed since the Italian *maestro* had left because the baritone had soothed his throat

with the *maestro's* particular packet of lemon drops—was inharmonious. The baritone did not like Mary's accompaniments, and he had resigned. Christmas was at hand, and the need of a baritone was pressing. If Mr. Fitzgerald could be induced to sing only once! Mary begged Esther to ask him, and he consented with the greatest cheerfulness, intimating that frequent rehearsals would be necessary. He was out of practice, and he did not know Haydn's "Imperial." Mary smiled with genuine cordiality at this.

"Your sister has an angelic smile," he whispered to Esther.

Esther nodded, and said to herself that it was about all Miles had left her; she was still very indignant at Miles, although she herself wore the frock that had cost Mary a long day of toilsome work.

Arthur Fitzgerald enjoyed these evenings. He rehearsed his part with vigor; he drank the odious lemonade with gusto; and all day the vision of the bright parlor, the graceful figures, and the sweet faces was before him. He found himself smiling to himself at the remembrance of the light-hearted nonsense of Esther, which was not wit and yet which sounded like wit. Fitzgerald had never had a home; a solemn dinner eaten at Christmas and Easter with some far-off relatives was the only glimpse of family life he had. He had always boarded, and he felt as if the mark "boarder," setting him apart from all the rest of the world, was visible to the keen observer. He had a theory that the "chronic boarder" ceases in time to be like other human beings. When he unfolded this he found that Mary had a similar theory concerning school teachers. Miles' idea that he lived in a whirl of social gaiety was entirely unfounded. He went out seldom, and then generally as a matter of duty.

The first delightful quality that struck him about these two young women was their gentle contentment with their home. After the first evening the flamboyant picture of Washington gave him a shock; for Washington's house was plainly stencilled in red paint, and the Father of his Country was slowly sinking into his enormous pair of top-boots. But Mary and Esther saw no fault in it,—it had always been there; and Fitzgerald soon

began to understand and take pleasure in their point of view. Everybody else of his acquaintance in New York seemed to be striving after something just beyond his reach. These two had no artificial thoughts or wants. Esther's wildest dreams were very simple, and he soon found out that Mary would have been almost perfectly happy were she sure that Miles would never drink too much.

Fitzgerald had his own troubles,—indeed there was a heavy weight on his heart; nevertheless, he enjoyed the evening rehearsal more than he had ever enjoyed anything in his life. He took the liberty of carrying a bunch of white hyacinths with him on the second evening, because he noticed that Mary was trying to make some bloom in a tall glass. Esther took possession of them at once. The next night he brought two nosegays,—one of daffodils for Esther and the other of hyacinths for Mary. The latter took them with a start of surprise and a little flush of pleasure. He was amply repaid, and he did not find fault when he saw his own hyacinths on the altar the next day, which was Sunday.

The Christmas music had been rehearsed at the house and in the church. Fitzgerald felt that he could no longer call every night with propriety. He felt sure that Esther would not have minded it, but he knew by instinct that Mary would soon give him a delicate hint; besides, he would have suffered any torture rather than be lowered in the slightest degree in her opinion. He felt that this was his last call for at least a week. The gas lights seemed to burn more dimly than usual; the big bunch of scarlet tulips he had brought had a lurid and threatening look, and he could not sing with spirit. Esther noticed his depression, and shot a glance of triumph at Mary.

"I didn't do my hair à l'*Empire* for nothing," she whispered; "he's the captive of my comb and hair-pins, poor fellow!"

Mary smiled gently, wondering who could fail to respond to so much beauty and brilliancy, and yet feeling a new pang—an undefinable sense of growing old, of stepping aside. Well-balanced as she was, it clouded her vista for an instant; then she made a little prayer, according to her habit, and it passed away.

Esther chanced to speak of the messenger whom Fitzgerald had sent for the envelope.

"Oh, Bastien!" he responded, absent-mindedly,—he was looking at the long pier-glass, in which he could see Mary without appearing to look in her direction. "Bastien is a good fellow."

"Is he your clerk?"

"No," Fitzgerald answered, wishing that Esther would stop her chatter. "Bastien does some work for me."

He sat on the piano-stool, drumming an old tune with his right hand:

"Nous n'irons plus au bois,
Les lauriers sont coupés."

"Ah, I should like to hear the little French children sing that in a French village!" said Esther. "Do you know, I think it would be easy to write an opera in Europe. The air must be full of odds and ends of sweet old tunes. How lovely Europe must be!"

"I don't see the use of making an unpleasant voyage for the sake of meeting Americans that you wouldn't want to know at home."

"Goth!" cried Esther.

Mary gave her a glance of reproof, and then said, gently:

"I think it would be worth a voyage, even a pilgrimage, to see places where the way-side crucifix stands, where the air is full of Catholic fragrance, where people kneel at the Angelus, and the old churches seem to link us close to the ages of faith."

Fitzgerald ceased to beat out his tune.

"Miss Galligan," he said, seriously, "the age of faith is around you. There are people not far from you as devout and pure in their devotion to Christ and His Mother as the Breton peasants. I have seen miracles of faith."

Mary fixed her eyes earnestly on him. This interested her. Esther disliked grave conversation, so she broke in, with the sole intention of making a diversion:

"Your Rudolf Bastien, Mr. Fitzgerald, had a strange look and such a soft voice! Do you know, whenever I dream of a murderer he has a soft voice like him—or you."

She began a little giggle, but it was checked instantly by the look of Fitzgerald's face. It grew white to the very lips, and perspiration came out on his forehead. He recovered himself in a moment. Mary, with a reproachful look at her sister, turned the talk back to the

Breton peasants. Fitzgerald was not himself again. He said good-night, promising to be on hand early Christmas morning.

After he had gone Esther turned breathlessly to Mary. "What did I do?"

"Do?" said Mary. "Only the rudest and most hoydendish thing imaginable—"

"There's Miles!" cried Esther, as the front door opened. "Scold him!"

Miles came in like a hurricane. Esther was in full canter at once among the events of the past week, glad to have a good talk. Miles waited for his chance, with a bored look. When Esther spoke of the envelope with the Maltese cross, he made her repeat her words.

"And you sent it back to Arthur Fitzgerald?" he asked, in a husky voice.

"Certainly," said Esther, amazed at her brother's tone.

"Well," muttered her brother, with a groan, "you've ruined me and let a scoundrel escape,—that's all!"

The girls looked at each other aghast. Miles' face was red and his eyes twinkled. There was only one explanation of his condition in Mary's mind. She was silent.

"I want it understood, Mary," he said—"and I speak to you because you have the most sense,—that Arthur Fitzgerald is never to be permitted to enter this house again. Do you hear?"

And he walked slowly out of the room.

"His Royal Highness has met the Governor," Esther murmured; and then, with a look at the petrified Mary, she sat down at the piano and began to play "Here's a State of Things," from "The Mikado." "Sister," she said, turning suddenly to Mary, who was standing in the middle of the room as if rooted to the spot,—“dearest sister, let us cease to weep that we are old maids, since we have seen the creature, Man, in his native lair.”

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NATURAL virtue offers no foundation for supernatural endurance, which only comes through Christian faith and hope, strengthened by heavenly fortitude.

In the soul of the faithful servant of God gentleness and firmness go hand in hand with modesty and conviction.

Another Fleeting Day is Gone.

ANOTHER fleeting day is gone,—
Slow o'er the west the shadows rise;
Swiftly soft-stealing hours have flown,
And Night's dark mantle veils the skies.

Another fleeting day is gone,
Swept from the records of the year;
And still with each successive sun
Life's fading visions disappear.

Another fleeting day is gone,
When all who in God's care confide,
As their appointed work is done,
Rest in His love at eventide.

Another fleeting day is gone,
But soon a fairer day shall rise,—
A day whose never-setting sun
Shall pour its light o'er cloudless skies.

Another fleeting day is gone,—
All praise to God, as is most meet,—
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God th' all-holy Paraclete!

I.

A Spanish Dominicaness.

(CONCLUSION.)

ONE of the victims of the Revolution was Casimir Jurado, who lost his employment and was reduced to utter want. Falling ill, he was taken to the hospital, while Sister Barbara's mother was left without a shelter in her old age. The good nuns of San Clemente gave her a little home in one of the convent buildings. Her saintly daughter bore these accumulated sorrows with serene and cheerful resignation. Bowing her head like Job, she exclaimed: "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!" She addressed to her father the following letter, which we give in full, not alone for the sentiments therein contained, but to show the cultured style of this religious who had never had a human teacher:

"MY DEAR FATHER:—Our Divine Lord has been pleased to afflict you by a special mercy; for, believe me, all sufferings, poverty, and infirmities, are mercies from our good God, sent to purify our souls from the stain of

sin in this valley of tears, in order that, when our last moments arrive, we may present ourselves full of confidence before the Supreme Judge; and He, with a true father's love, will say to us, 'Come, blessed of My Father. You have suffered the pains I sent you with the submission of a child, therefore you are worthy of My glory,—that glory which can neither be explained nor comprehended.'

"Why should we fear the arrival of the moment in which we leave a world of sorrow to enjoy God for eternity? What is there in this world capable of satisfying our hearts? Absolutely nothing. Is it not called a vale of tears because it is so full of suffering and anguish? Why, then, dearest father, such fear of death? In this life there is no repose; we must lose our mortal lives before we can enter Paradise. You will, perhaps, tell me that it is not life you regret, but the separation from the companion whom God gave you, and to whom you are tenderly attached. But a good Christian can not regret leaving those dear to him when he considers the great love of our Divine Lord, which made Him shed His Precious Blood and endure such cruel torments for our sakes.

"Perhaps you fear the rigorous account that you must render to Our Divine Lord, who is a God of justice as well as of mercy. His severity is not to be feared by a soul who repents of her offences and prepares for her passage to a better life by the Sacrament of Penance. If we understood all that the Sacrament contains, we would never delay long in having recourse to it. I can not conceive why such a fear of confession exists, since Our Lord graciously condescends to enter the lowliest cabin if its inmate can not go to the church. Why, then, should the soul be deprived of so great a good? Certainly, dear father, your house is very poor and lowly,* but God's minister would travel leagues to gratify the desire of any sick person for the Sacraments of the Church. Not only do they pardon sin, but they fill the soul with grace, and even alleviate corporal ills; for pain seems harder to bear when the soul is oppressed by remorse and is not supported by patience and

* By this it would seem that Jurado had not yet gone to the hospital.

conformity to God's will. Now, frequent confession confers on a sick person such patience and peace of mind, by enabling him to see the merits and advantages of his sufferings, that he becomes calm and resigned; yet, in cases of serious illness, everything is thought of but confession. People say it frightens the patient, and may even hasten death. Alas! by this snare the devil has dragged many souls down to hell.

"There is no such danger to be feared for a good Christian like you, dear father; for you will do your duty, unmindful of what is said. And it is not because you are in imminent danger that I urge you to approach the Sacraments, but because life is ever uncertain. I, who am well, may die this very instant. We know not the day nor the hour when we may be called; therefore we must be always ready; for woe to us if death comes and finds us unprepared! I should like you, dear father, to confess every fortnight while you are ill; by doing so, and offering all your sufferings in atonement for your sins, you will await death with great peace and confidence in the infinite mercy of our good God, who is waiting with open arms to receive you into His eternal embrace.

"What a consolation for me to have always loved you so tenderly, my beloved father! It is that love which makes me so anxious about you now, and I know you will grant your child's request."

* * *

When her father died, the prioress, full of sympathy, went to break the painful news to Sister Barbara; but she forestalled her, the prioress relates, saying gently, "I know already, dear Mother, that my father is dead." Half an hour after she went to Vespers, and officiated (it being her turn to do so) with her usual calm serenity. Nor did this proceed from want of feeling, as she had a warm, affectionate heart, and tenderly loved her parents. It sprang from her perfect self-control and entire resignation to God's will.

Sister Barbara had been four years in San Clemente when one of that holy community, Mother Josefa, fell ill of typhoid fever. She received the last Sacraments and no hope was entertained of her recovery. On the night of the 5th of November, 1852, Sister Barbara was

watching by her bedside, in her capacity of infirmarian, when she felt impelled to offer her life for that of the sick nun. It was accepted: next morning Mother Josefa was out of danger, and Sister Barbara was dangerously ill. For a long time previous her life had been a marvel; her left side was prodigiously swollen, and so great was the heat over her heart that she had to apply wet cloths several times a day to relieve the interior fire which threatened to suffocate her. In her last illness she suffered intensely, but was never heard to utter a word of complaint.

On the 14th of November our Blessed Saviour, bearing His Cross and wearing the Crown of Thorns, appeared to her and said: "Have you courage, my daughter, to support those torments that I endured for you?" He showed her at the same time the instruments of His sacred Passion. She replied: "All are welcome, O Lord! I desire nothing else." Her sufferings immediately redoubled in violence, and for the three days following she lay silent, almost motionless, but enduring an indescribable and mysterious agony. On the 17th she had a long swoon, which it was feared was the precursor of immediate dissolution. Don José Ortiz de Urruela happened to be in the church, preparing to preach the panegyric of St. Gertrude; he was hastily summoned to the bedside of the dying Sister, and could not conceal his amazement at what he witnessed. "She was unlike any dying person I ever saw," he said afterward; "she reminded me of a lamb bound for a holocaust."

The physician arrived, and tried to make her take a cordial; she seemed unable to swallow it. Don José commanded her in virtue of holy obedience to take it, and she at once did so, without any apparent effort. He then heard her general confession, and, being an utter stranger to her, was confounded at her humility and deep contrition for the slight defects of which she openly accused herself. Marvelling at the beauty and innocence of this privileged soul, he said: "Sister Barbara, when you are in heaven pray for the religious communities of Seville."—"Yes, Father," she replied, with the simple confidence of a child going to her father's house.

In the evening her own director, Father Torres Padilla, administered Extreme Unction

and gave her the last absolution. When he had finished anointing her he remarked: "Now, Sister, you are purified"; adding in a lower tone, "pure, and very pure, you have ever been." The religious raised her eyes to heaven, like a weary traveller who sighs to reach the end of his voyage. Half by signs, she asked for the crucifix, and pressed it lovingly to her heart. All night her sufferings were fearful, but they were borne with the same unalterable resignation. When Father Padilla, who had remained with her, asked her if she were willing to suffer still more for her Jesus, she eagerly murmured an affirmative.

At five o'clock on the morning of the 18th of November the nuns left for choir, only the infirmarian and Father Padilla remaining with her. At six she grew quite calm, crossed her hands, placed one foot over the other, as Our Lord's feet are represented on the Cross, and, gently inclining her head toward the left shoulder, expired. When the Sisters returned from choir a few moments later, they found Sister Barbara in heaven and Father Padilla weeping like a child. The grief of her superiress, as well as that of all who had lived with her, was indescribable, and even the conviction of her beatitude could not comfort the mourners. When she expired her face assumed a livid hue and bore the impress of great suffering, but in two or three hours it resumed its natural color and an expression of angelic sweetness.

Shortly after her death all Seville was on foot, as if the public crier had announced the sad event in the streets; and, to the astonishment of the nuns, crowds besieged the church, demanding the body of "*la monja santa*," as they called her. All ranks and classes were confounded in the throngs that pressed round the bier to touch the blessed corpse with rosaries, flowers, and a thousand other objects. Relics were eagerly sought for, and soon it was rumored that miracles had been performed.

In Spain and Portugal a body, if not embalmed, is interred within twenty-four hours after its decease; the superiors, seeing the extraordinary concourse and devotion of the people, perceived that it would be impossible to follow the usual custom in this case. They therefore begged of the convent physicians to examine the body, and the men of science

found to their astonishment that it was soft, warm, and flexible as in life, and presented no signs of decomposition, which was the more extraordinary as she had died of typhoid fever. As the feet were crossed, they tried to place them beside each other, but in vain: they invariably resumed their former position when released from pressure.

Thirty hours after her death four doctors examined the blessed corpse again, and found it as above stated; the left side, particularly in the region of the heart, being sensibly warm. They shook the bier strongly, and subjected the whole to a rigid scrutiny, but were unable to account for the state of the body on natural grounds. So it remained for nine days exposed to the veneration of the multitudes who constantly filled the church. Letters poured in from all parts of Spain imploring relics, or at least flowers which had touched the dead Sister. On the ninth day solemn obsequies were performed with almost regal pomp, and the holy remains were interred in the cloister that same evening, with considerable difficulty, owing to the determined opposition of the people.

In 1877 the Dominican Sisters were allowed to return to a part of their former convent, and one of their first duties was to transfer hither the relics of Sister Barbara. This was done, in due canonical form, on the 16th of November of the same year, with the assistance of Father Torres Padilla, the Vicar-Provincial of the Dominicans in Andalusia, and the parish priest, Don Diego Rodriguez. Through a crystal inserted in the coffin lid the body could be seen; the features were still discernible, but the body was in an advanced stage of decomposition. Having been exposed to public veneration for six days in the convent church, the precious remains were deposited under an altar in the choir, on the Gospel side, near the grating.

It is expected that the process of the beatification of Sister Barbara will be introduced in Rome this year. B. S.

THE path of iniquity is broad, but that does not mean that it is easy: it has its stumbling-blocks and its thorns, and its course is tedious and wearisome, though it be a downward course.—"*I Promessi Sposi*."

A Prayer.

From the German, by M. E. M.

FROM the cup of sorrow
While I trembling shrink,
Let me, Lord, remember
What was Thine to drink;
When with drops of anguish
Brow and cheek are wet,
Gethsemane's shadows
Let me not forget.

What though tongues of vipers
Scorch me with their flame?
Let me, Lord, remember
What once was Thy shame.
But through immolation
Heaven is ever won,—
Let me cry forever:
Lord, Thy will be done!

Then if peace, returning,
Should be mine once more,
Lord, let me remember
What has gone before,—
Sorrow's benediction
Abiding with me yet,
Lord, the Crucifixion
Let me not forget.

Thoughts on Classical and Popular Literature.

BY A REVEREND PROFESSOR.

IT has been asserted by many that marks of degeneracy may be discovered in current literature. And, without taking so despondent a view as to lay ourselves open to the charge of being "pessimists," we may say that the statement, if not correct in all its details, is at least generally true. Indeed, he who would deny it must refuse to believe what he sees with his eyes, hears with his ears, and feels in the atmosphere around. Literary taste is vitiated. It does not—perhaps, on account of the coarser fare to which it has been accustomed, it can not—relish the more delicate kinds of intellectual food. The chaste, noble, humanizing productions of classic genius have been discarded to make room for the countless volumes of ephemeral literature.

Who nowadays does not spend the most

impressionable part of the day with his "paper"? Who does not go for his information to encyclopedias and the like?—mere collections, for the most part, of soulless facts, dry-bones without flesh or form. And if the reader want stimulation where does he seek it? In the production of a noble heart, a cultivated mind, a tempered imagination? No, but in the stirring romances, the gaudy scenes, the painted trifles of the novelist,—worthy children of an unworthy parent. What of the classics? They are too sober, too "slow." They require too much serious attention. Should accident put them in our way, well, we glance through them, not with any exalted motive or any hope of profit,—rather to be able afterward to say in languid satiety: "Oh, yes, I have read such a work"—so and so! What a distance between this unhealthy, morbid, unnatural state of mind and the ideal dreamed of by the classic, and aimed at as the goal of his ambition!

The end of the man of letters is to reach what is human in us, to instruct it, to form and to perfect it. He, on the contrary, who writes for writing's sake, or merely to please, helps to fritter away the best gifts of God to man. He appeals to the senses rather than the intellect. The senses have their place, but they must not be usurpers; yet they may be used to check the over-idealism of a too exclusive use of the intellect. Keep the two equally balanced, and you have man in his human perfection, the fit subject for the highest development in art and science.

Here you have the reason why we give the name of "Humanities" to the study of the classics. We understand a "classic" to be a work which unveils, it is true, the beauties of sense, but not as its principal, much less its only, duty; it uses the sense as an instrument to the discovery of the hidden and superior loveliness of the soul.

The man of letters knows—and neither philosopher nor theologian better—that beyond the body, beyond the outward show of things, there is in man something more noble, immortal, divine. It is that part which makes him emphatically what he is—a human being. This inward existence can not be reached by what is inferior to itself; it can not be touched by what is merely sensual,

earthly, material, commonplace, superficial, showy, pretentious,—wicked, if you will, and malicious. For it is in itself superior to earth and opposed by nature to all that is unreasonable, low, or iniquitous. It can be moved only by that which is like itself—spiritual, noble, grand, sublime, the outcome of human nature perfected by art. It is then entranced; its sympathies are raised; it feels something in harmony with itself; it recognizes something that is, like it, human in the strict sense of the word, and which may be regarded as the legitimate offspring of a sound mind, a pure heart, a noble sentiment, a refined taste. It receives what is thus offered, adopts it, and identifies it with itself; and the reader thus becomes united with the writer in one bond of union, which makes their minds, their hearts, their thoughts, their feelings, their aspirations and their affections but one. The writer raises the reader to his own superior level, and forms him into a new and a better creature. He, on the contrary, who looks no further than the outward, animal man, and sacrifices to it the benefit of the intellect, drags down his victim into his own corrupt state, transforms him from a human being into a brute, and thus begins or continues that generation of monsters whose existence, in our days, is everywhere deplored. Nor does the evil stop here: it spreads and undermines the constitution of societies, governments, peoples—the world.

As everyone knows, there is a close connection between "supply and demand." They exercise on each other a reciprocal influence. Which is the superior power I can not pretend to say, any more than I can determine which has the greater initiative in industrial movements. But this is certain: many a one does not know he possesses such a desire—that he has this need or that, that he has a taste or relish for something excellent in preference to something worse,—till he sees it. Take a lesson from shopmen. How much of their earnings are due to the show in their windows, to the display within, to the skill and assiduity with which the otherwise unseen attractions of their goods are brought to view! You stop at the door, or half enter in doubt; you have no intention to purchase, or are uncertain. Let the proprietor get in a few words, and then, indeed, you will have to keep your

purse-strings tight if you wish to withstand his powerful or insinuating eloquence. He will create a want for you if you had it not before.

Is it otherwise with books? Supply what is good, go to the trouble of proving and proclaiming its excellence, exhibit it, and purchasers will not be wanting. The sight will generate an appetite, the appetite will move the heart, the heart will force the hand, and the hand will open the purse. The hitherto misled or indifferent spectator will long for what is prized; he will try it, and his experience will give him pleasure. He will find in it the birth of a new idea, the dawn of a new life, the first fruits of a new existence, and, if properly cared for, he will in a short time come to prefer his present to his past state, and resolve to change his vicious habits for the delightful pursuits of true art.

But suppose a tradesman were first to empty his windows, or put up his shutters, or substitute miserable wares for genuine articles, and then stand in front of the bewildered crowd, calling, "Buy! buy! buy!" They would ask, naturally enough, "What are we to buy?" or, "We wish to buy"—viz., the inferior stuffs exposed for sale in your shop. So the reader might reply to the author: "I am buying; I purchase every day novels, newspapers, journals, weeklies, fortnightlies, monthlies, quarterlies, annuals, etc. There is nothing else in the market. Show me what to purchase; let it be of a fair price, and worth the money, and you may be sure of my custom. I have no natural liking for the rubbish of literature. I prefer its substance and its genuine ornaments. But I must content myself with the worst, because I can not have the best. I am forced to read, and therefore, like the traveller, who is obliged to journey, I follow a muddy road because I do not know a good one. Till you supply what is good and useful my purse is closed, and your condemnation of others only leads me to believe that you wish to appropriate the position or the money which you grudgingly see fall to your fellow."

The student's life is necessarily a life of sacrifice. He must spend many a year in dreary work before daring to put pen to paper. And even then his first productions are little better than schoolboy themes. If in the beginning he turn out something which draws notice it

will be more showy than solid, more sounding than real. And if he wait, as he should, till half his days are passed, with what patience, what courage, what persevering industry, must he not toil and plod along! And who can submit to such incessant drudgery but he who loves his self-imposed task, who slaves for it, who forgets himself and his own whilst he thinks of others, and seeks as his only end the mental well-being of the human race?

Pass in review the best writers—the “classics,”—and tell me, have they not labored in poverty, in obscure retreats, in silence, in neglect? Have not many of them lived and died in want? I can not, indeed, answer for other countries, but the time when England was most prolific in authors of the highest repute, of those who now form the brightest jewels in her literary crown, was precisely the period when the saying arose, and became current: “As poor as a poet.” Shakespeare was ignored for over a century after his death because of the rise of Puritanism. Milton found it at times difficult to gain a livelihood, and he published his “Paradise Lost” at a very low profit. Doctor Johnson, one of the most powerful of writers, brought forth some of his finest works in a garret, and his lot was shared by a large circle of his fellow-laborers. Goldsmith composed many a piece for a dinner or a night’s lodging. Finally, those who had not money of their own were compelled, at the outset of their career, to depend for their sustenance on the liberality of a rich patron—not unlike the dependence of St. Augustine on Romanian. Their mental productions secured for them, at least for a considerable time, neither money nor reputation.

And when we come down to our times, in other countries, when royal or civil or university munificence provides material support for true merit, no writer who respects himself, and sets a value on his profession, will undertake a composition of any length or importance till he has first become acquainted with his subject, mastered it in details, and by reading, meditation, and intercourse with others has made it completely his own, a part of himself. This has ever been the habit of all who, having the talent and the will, esteemed their gift more priceless than money and more honorable than the highest place.

Such men as these, even if elevated against their will, find opportunities of study, and so far from abandoning the pen when once they have been blessed by fortune, they make their pre-eminence a means of promoting their cherished end. They work for love, not for money. Listen to the story of Euripides. A poetaster once asked him in conversation how many lines he wrote in a day. “Lines?” said the poet. “I often write but one, and sometimes not that.”—“Why,” returned his companion, “I seldom put together less than three hundred.”—“Oh, I understand!” was the reply. “You write for time, I for eternity. Your three hundred lines will live but one day, my one line for three hundred years.” He might have said three thousand. Euripides is still, and ever will be, a classic; his friend has been long since forgotten.

Such, to my mind, is the fault of the writer. Now, let us ask, in what are we to blame the reader? Not, surely, for refusing to purchase what does not exist. We must seek further. We must look to nature for an explanation to the disposition of the generality. No one will climb a hill who can afford the convenience of an “elevator”; no one will travel a narrow, dry and at times uneven road who can reach his destination by an easy foot-path or carriage way. The road to learning—real, solid, genuine learning—is rough and difficult; it is tedious and unpleasant; it calls for exertion; it makes us stop to think where we are; we have to work ourselves,—we can not depend altogether on the labor of others; if we are ever to arrive at the end it must be by our own industry, activity, skill, above all perseverance. Such a life is a hard one, and the more so because of its length. All are frightened at the prospect; many who begin are disheartened by the reality; few, few indeed, are willing to continue after they have made a short trial. For of all troubles that of thinking, reasoning, and remembering is the most wearisome and annoying.

Here, then, is the fundamental fault. It costs nothing to read a romance, an article, the news. The dinner is already cooked, and you have only to eat it; and you do so without adverting to the heat and the nausea of the kitchen. To take in the beauty, fulness, grandeur or simplicity of a classical author

(and to read him in any other way is to waste time) demands leisure, reflection, and study. And such a call upon his physical or mental energies is too much for the ordinary reader.

Do not imagine, however, that this degeneracy in taste is a fault peculiar to any time or place. Read ancient authors—Horace, for example,—and you will see that the Romans were no better in this respect than the English or any other nation. For the defect of which I am speaking is so deeply laid in the foundation of human nature that it follows man wherever he goes. Do you ask: How, then, do you explain its appearance in the present century, whereas in past ages, though it existed, it was hardly known, and confined within narrow limits? The answer is ready. In those days the opportunities did not exist of satisfying the corrupt taste. Avaricious composers could not so quickly disseminate their counterfeit productions; and their works of necessity cost so much that the majority of the people had not the money, even if they had the will, to buy them.

But, you will observe, according to this argument, the evil must go on increasing. For if the inclination to indulge in inferior literature be laid in nature, and the means to satisfy it become every day—as in reality does happen—easier and more extensive, the future can offer no other prospect than that of a gradual degeneracy in taste and letters, and a downhill tendency, which must increase in speed till it terminates in a ruinous destruction. This will inevitably be the result so long as writers are actuated and prompted to their work by motives of gain and ambition. For it is the genuine man of letters only—he who seeks his reward in the advance of letters and the improvement of his fellows—who can, like Cicero of old, tell the people what is their true literary interest, who can educate them, and elevate their minds to a nobler ideal, and so turn their thoughts from what is useless and hurtful to that which alone is worthy of the human intellect. To any who are thus minded, but who may be terrified by the numberless and apparently insurmountable difficulties of the task, the following story will have interest:

There was once a nobleman as famous for his wealth as he was distinguished for

wisdom and courtly manners. So good was he, so gracious and liberal, that everyone was anxious to serve him. He never had to ask for a favor; his friends pressed him to make use of them and studied to anticipate his wishes. But after a time the nobleman was afflicted with leprosy, and, together with the health of his body, he soon lost his wealth and his mental vigor; instead of being amiable and entertaining he became peevish and morose. Like Job of old, he was left alone,—nay, his former friends drove him from their society and refused him all assistance. A pitiable wretch, he wandered forth, and for meat and drink picked up the refuse of the road and swallowed the muddy waters of the lane. No one cared for him, and he cared not for himself. Some, who knew his former state, grieved over him and wished to help him; but the majority, the worldly-wise—those who considered themselves versed in human affairs and human wants,—sought to keep from him all succor and relief. They said he ought to die as he lived—an outcast, poor, despised, miserable, unpitying and unpitied.

There was one, however, who was proof against this uncharitable reasoning. He said to himself: "Though I can not cure him, I may ease his pain; I may render the remnant of his days more supportable; I may restore his mind, though I can not recover his body. And what if he be ungrateful? What if I catch his malady myself? The greater the misery the more needful a savior." With the devotion and heroism of a martyr, he sought out the castaway. He was repulsed, but he persevered. By kindness and constant attention he succeeded in winning first the confidence, then the gratitude, last the love of the sufferer, who became a child in his hand. He could not walk, sit or move without his guardian. And the skill of the latter was such that, though the leprosy ate away the body till death, the soul, the mind, the intelligence, became clearer every day; something of the old nature returned, and geniality and affection gradually took the place of ill-temper and bitterness. The nobleman died, the victim indeed of the foul disease, but happy in mind and content. He who had served him rejoiced, and vowed to the service of God and his stricken neighbor the remainder of his days.

Millet's Home Life.

MILLET'S picture, "The Angelus"—of which we gave an excellent reproduction in our New Year number,—has been lauded even by certain realists who insist that there is no religious significance in it. "But," a writer in the *Magazine of Art* observes, "Millet believed, and the world confirms the belief, that he had produced one of the most intensely religious pictures." There can be no doubt about this; were the title obliterated, the religious sentiment in the picture would be just as strongly felt. This masterpiece—the greatest example of the height to which French technical art has attained—was sold in 1859 for five hundred dollars, and Millet had before that many times offered it for four hundred. Last year it was disposed of for \$110,600.

There is a common impression that the life of Jean François Millet was sad. He had times of discouragement, notably in 1844, when his first wife died, amid privations to which he never afterward cared to allude. And the most bitter episode in his life was when he allowed himself to be compelled to paint the nymphs of Boucher, to ameliorate his poverty. This degradation did not last long. His second marriage was happy, and his many children, instead of being felt as a burden, were sources of inspiration for him.

Millet's life ought to be an example and an encouragement to men of art and letters in our day, because it was so strong, so simple, and so happy. The humble artist loved to be "far from the madding crowd." His house in the quiet village of Barbizon was a nest of flowers and trees, where the birds and the bees and the children played all day long in the summer.

Millet came of a family of peasants, but not of such peasants as the Abbé Roux describes. They were religious, honest, cheerful people,—the grandmother teaching the little Jean François that the good God loved him and was everywhere; and his father and mother, who reaped and sowed and said the Angelus in the fields, pointed out to him the most hidden beauties of nature. He read Homer and Virgil, above all the Bible, in early youth, thanks to

the good parish priest, who was among his dearest friends.

M. Piedagnel's "Souvenirs de Barbizon" show how untrue is the impression that Millet's life was sombre. This gentleman describes the peasant life at Barbizon, where Millet lived after his father had passed away: "All the doors could be opened from without by the first comer at night as well as in the day-time; for in that happy village no one feared thieves, since no one in the memory of man had ever seen one. At nine o'clock Barbizon is asleep. Before four o'clock in the morning all the peasants are on their feet. It is necessary to go to work in the fields. There everybody works; each one knows how to content himself with little. Politics occupy nobody, and there is no wretched poverty to make the picture sombre."

M. Piedagnel tells how much amused Millet was when he learned that his house was called a "villa." M. Sensier, Millet's biographer is mainly responsible for the sombre impression, which is corrected by M. Piedagnel's interesting little sketch:

"The house is large, very large, although it has not that appearance, but the family are numerous. M. Millet's father had nine children; he has nine in his turn, all vigorous, all amiable, all adored. At dawn this little world, happy and free from care, babbles and prattles at will, like the song birds of the neighborhood. In the day-time the young girls work in the depth of the little wood, or in the shade of the elder trees and lilacs of the garden. The hedges unceasingly echo with silvery laughter, which cheers the heart and makes life lovable. The father in his studio hears these confused and charming sounds. They are for him an impulse and a help. Sometimes the artist interrupts the sketch which he has begun, and, smiling sweetly, he reflects that within two paces of his retreat this beloved family, who work and sing, are happy because he is there, and soon inspiration comes to him more brilliant than before. If occasionally a little lassitude, a slight discouragement, weighs upon him, he throws open the door and runs to his children. He embraces one, he plays with another. He perceives in the shade his wife, who works alert and smiling; and soon after, having taken up his palette,

comforted and refreshed, full of ardent faith and enthusiasm, he signs another beautiful page. All the family respect the studies and the meditations of the father. The door of his studio is almost never closed, but no one wishes to enter without permission. Even if no special direction has been given, the youngest, like the oldest, of the children are always careful to moderate their voices in passing near this sanctuary of inspiration and of reverie; and I have heard the little sun-browned Jeanne, only seven years old, say, putting her tiny finger on her rosy mouth, 'Chut! papa works.'

This picture is very different from that of the feverish life of De Musset, of Balzac, even of Bastien le Page, and many modern men of art and letters. It ought to be an example to young Americans, who fancy that the glare of the electric light and the luxuries of the city are worth the sacrifice of being true to themselves and their art.

A Father Damien in Japan.

A CHANCE FOR THE CHARITABLE.

WE give herewith an edifying and touching report of an heroic work of charity in which the Rev. P. Testevuide, a missionary in Northern Japan, is engaged, and which appeals most forcibly to the practical sympathy of the faithful throughout the world. The article is taken from the *Japan Daily Mail*, and embodies the substance of the letters and reports made by the heroic missionary to his Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Osouf. This apostolic priest, who is rightly called another Father Damien, it will be seen, has devoted himself to the care of the unfortunate lepers, who are so numerous in Japan. And now, that the condition of the lepers of Molokai no longer claims the attention of the Christian world, as their temporal wants are provided for by the Government, the charitable offerings of faithful souls should be turned to this part of the world, where the same noble work is being carried on, but where, owing to the want of greatly needed assistance, the results are far from being commensurate with

the immense good that might be effected for those stricken ones. We therefore invite the attention of our readers to the following article, and earnestly commend to their charity and zeal for the good of souls the work of which it speaks:

Some three years ago a Japanese woman about thirty years of age, having reached an advanced stage of leprosy, was abandoned by her husband, and placed by those who still felt any care for her wretchedness in a species of hut above the wheel of a rice-mill. For bed she was given some planks covered with a strip of matting; for clothes, some dirty rags; for food, a cup of rice daily. In this retreat her malady developed quickly. She soon became a loathsome spectacle, and the misery of her condition received its final aggravation in the loss of her sight. There, passing days and nights in despair and darkness, she was found by one of those men who devote their lives to deeds of charity. A French priest, Father Testevuide, visited her constantly, tended her with his own hands, and spoke to her of his faith in a hereafter, where pain and sickness are unknown. But it was impossible to offer much relief under such circumstances. The woman must be placed in a hospital, and very few Japanese hospitals, whether public or private, are willing to admit lepers. It was then that the zealous Father Testevuide appreciated and undertook his mission in life: he determined at once to devote himself to the founding, maintenance, and supervision of a leper hospital.

In Japan there are several varieties of leprosy, but two are particularly common. One is not necessarily fatal. It produces no suppuration, and sometimes disappears after having destroyed the fingers and toes only. The second assumes the form of terrible ulcers, which cover the body and render the victim an object of intolerable loathing. The disease is at once hereditary and contagious. There are thousands of lepers in the Empire. They may be frequently seen begging on the highways, or wending as pilgrims toward the tomb of Nichiren at Minobu. Not a few remain concealed in the bosoms of their families, to the last refusing to admit that their disease is leprosy, and being supported by their friends in the self-deception.

Father Testevuide could command a small sum of money placed at his disposal by French charity. He hired a house in the environs of the little village of Gotemba, which lies at the base of Fujiyama, and, converting it into a hospital, soon had six lepers under his care. A method of treatment much thought of in Tongking, and

described in a pamphlet by M. Lesserteur, was adopted with good results; but the director of the large hospital at Molokai, in the Sandwich Islands, strongly recommended recourse to a system elaborated by a Japanese physician, Dr. Goto. The trouble about this system, however, is its cost. An expenditure of three *yen* per month is required for each patient. Father Testevuide's capital did not permit such extravagance. Fortunately he received some little assistance from private individuals, and Dr. Goto's medicines were also furnished to him on easy terms. But at any moment his means might be exceeded by the demand upon them, and the idea of building a hospital and forming a regular leper settlement was always in his mind.

In a few months this project was strengthened by the advent of unforeseen difficulties. The village folks grew fearful of a leper establishment in their neighborhood, and cast about for a way to rid themselves of the danger. They found it in the impecuniosity of the proprietor of the house rented by Father Testevuide. This man was required to choose between paying his debts or turning out the lepers. Father Testevuide might have insisted upon the terms of his lease and continued to occupy the house; but, unwilling to push matters to extremities, he determined to send the lepers to their homes, and to redouble his efforts for the founding of a permanent hospital. The first difficulty was to obtain a site. It seemed that in the plains at the base of Fujiyama the lepers should be able to find some resting-place. Even in such wide stretches of waste land, however, space was difficult to procure. Here the benevolent projectors found themselves confronted by some immemorial right of the people to cut grass; there another objection existed or was devised. Effort after effort failed, and they had almost despaired of success when chance came to their aid. A man, accidentally made acquainted with their difficulties, proposed to sell them seven thousand *tsubo* (about six acres) of land for the sum of three hundred and fifty *yen*, provided that his name was enrolled among those of the founders of the hospital. The land, admirably situated amid the mountains of Hakone and Fujiyama, overlooked the beautiful slope that stretches down to the placid waters of the sea at Suruga, and its climate offered neither the cold of Gotemba nor the heat of Numadzu. Here, then, the leper settlement was constructed. A tiny building costing but six hundred and thirteen *yen*, it represents at present only a commencement of what the establishment will ultimately grow to be, we trust.

The devoted charity of Father Testevuide found

its counterpart in the courage of a Japanese Christian, who consented to entomb himself with the wretched lepers and minister to their wants. The name of this courageous man is unknown to us. Even of good Father Testevuide's splendid benevolence we should be unable to speak, had we not asked and obtained permission to read his reports to his Bishop. These heroes of philanthropy love to work without the reward of human applause.

Thus, by the noble exertions and self-sacrifice of a French priest, there has been established within a day's journey of this settlement an asylum for perhaps the most wretched of living creatures. It is not necessary for us to speak of what the prosecution of this work signifies for those engaged in it. Writing recently of Father Damien's death, we said that the growth of refined civilization seemed to have animated rather than numbed the heroic instincts of humanity. We have now a Father Damien in Japan. Who can doubt that the public will justify his confidence in their charitable support? His account of revenue and expenditure since the hospital was founded appeals eloquently to kind hearts. Nine hundred and sixty-three *yen* have been spent in purchasing the land and building the hospital; two-hundred and thirty-two upon its furniture and the support of the lepers. Among the petty sums that make the latter total is included an outlay of five *yen* eighty-six *sen* for a burial.

To an undertaking carried on with such humble economy any one can contribute helpfully. By and by it is hoped that the six acres of land, having been brought completely under cultivation, will furnish many of the necessities of life to the little colony. But this will be five or six years hence, and in the interim Father Testevuide must depend on private benevolence. Truly these men offer splendid examples to their kind. Living on a pittance less than the wages of one of our servants, they sacrifice themselves completely at the shrine of charity. Very small indeed, infinitesimally small, when compared with such sacrifices, must seem the most munificent gifts contributed in aid of their work. Yet for the paltriest assistance they feel and express more gratitude than their own lifelong devotion appears in their own eyes to merit.

HE who laughs loud and often thinks little; he who laughs seldom thinks much; but he who never laughs thinks bitter if not evil thoughts.

LENGTH of saying makes languor of hearing.

The Late Father Perry, S. J.

THE death of Father Stephen Joseph Perry, S. J., perhaps the foremost of English astronomers, is not only a great loss to science but to his Order and the Church. He was barely fifty-seven years old, having been born in London on the 26th of August, 1833,—thus coming at a comparatively youthful age to the close of a career unusually fruitful in scientific results, and especially in astronomical and meteorological discoveries. After a course of classics at Douay and philosophy at Rome, he entered the Society of Jesus in November, 1853. He perfected himself in the higher mathematics at Stonyhurst, London, and Paris; and was, in 1860, appointed director of the Meteorological and Astronomical Observatory attached to the famous Jesuit College. He discharged the duties of this office effectively, while at the same time reading a four years' course of theology in preparation for the priesthood. His labors in the cause of science received early recognition from the learned bodies of Europe. In 1874 he was unanimously elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, a distinction eagerly coveted by the English scientific world; and he was for several years an active and honored member of the councils of the meteorological and astronomical societies. He was also a member of the *Société Scientifique* of Brussels and a corresponding member of the *Société Géographique* of Antwerp.

During 1868 and 1869 Father Perry made magnetic surveys of the west and east of France, in conjunction with the Rev. Father Sidgreaves, S. J., which were subsequently described in two papers in the "*Philosophical Transactions*." The English Government selected him as head of the expedition which went to Cadiz in December, 1870, to observe the total eclipse of the sun. He devoted the summer of the following year to a magnetic survey of Belgium. In 1874 the English Admiralty appointed him chief of the expedition sent to observe the transit of Venus at Kerguelen, in the South Indian Ocean. He also accompanied one of the expeditions sent out by the English Government in 1882 to observe the second transit of Venus, and took the required observations in Madagascar. While thus engaged he made many important magnetic observations, and studied the natural history of the island. On his return Father Perry was made a corresponding member of the *Academia Pontificia de Nuovi Luichi*. He was appointed in 1885 a member of the Solar Physics Committee, with Professor Adams, of Cambridge, and Professor Pritchard, of Oxford. The remainder of his life was

devoted to the study of solar physics, although he prepared a paper in 1886, in conjunction with Dr. Balfour Stewart, published the following year in the "*Proceedings of the Royal Society*," on a comparison of the Kew and Stonyhurst magnetic declination courses.

Throughout all his illustrious career Father Perry was the humble, devoted priest to whom truth was everything, worldly honors nothing,—in this resembling the other sons of St. Ignatius who have attained literary or scientific eminence.

Notes and Remarks.

A will in which the poor are not remembered is a bad will. So says Cardinal Manning—if not in these words, in words to this effect. M. Génin, a wealthy Frenchman who died recently in Lyons, evidently intended to make the best of wills. His entire fortune, no part of which was needed by relatives, was left to the poor. Each of the departments in France will receive, in accordance with M. Génin's will, an annual income of 1,000 francs. The heads of the departments are directed to divide the money among the poor every New Year's Day.

The Rev. Hugh B. Chapman, an Anglican clergyman, best known to us for his goodness to Father Damien, said something the other day which many silly persons, who imagine they have a special vocation to go to Molokai and nurse the lepers there, would do well to heed. (By the way, we may as well state here what we know to be a fact—that Father Damien's afflicted flock is well cared for, and that the mission has no pressing need at present.) Mr. Chapman said well that any one who desired might make a Molokai for himself or herself by attempting to cure the moral leprosy that exists in our midst.

Increased reverence for the Blessed Virgin among non-Catholics is surely one of the happiest signs of the times. Even Presbyterian ministers are now to be numbered among the lovers of Our Lady. The Rev. Robert Court, D. D., of Lowell, Mass., takes "*The Song of Mary*" as the subject of an international Sunday-school lesson, and his discourse is so theologically correct in the main and so reverent throughout that, with certain corrections, it might appropriately find place in our own pages. Dr. Court has a wrong idea of Catholic devotion to the Blessed Virgin, but he holds that—

"Every good Protestant ought to reverence her, not only for her personal character but as Christ's

Holy Mother. I will say for myself that I have long ago learned to love and honor Mary. . . . Generations upon generations, until the last hour shall strike on the clock of time, shall esteem her as peculiarly blessed. Why? Because of her Son. The Incarnation is the central dogma of Christianity, as a system of saving truth and as a form of devotion unto God. Leave out the fact that God took flesh of a woman, and theology is merely a philosophy, and your churches are *dilettante* clubs—culture clubs for companionship and entertainment in refined forms of pleasure,—clubs that might just as well be put on a Mohammedan or a Jewish basis as on a New Testament basis. But Christ's Church is founded on a rock, and the gates of Hades—that is, of darkness and destruction—never shall prevail against it; and its perpetuity is in virtue of its belief in the Divine-Human Christ, born of a woman, who must necessarily be remembered while her Son and Saviour is celebrated. More people now call Mary blessed than ever before. . . . Forever is the term of her imperishable fame."

The world can not remain Christian without acknowledging the Mother of God. Such utterances as the Rev. Mr. Court's and the religious lesson of "The Angelus" are certainly signs of hope.

It is an unquestionable fact that the taste for sculpture is growing among us. The proof is that we buy more statues than any other nation. But it will take a generation or more to correct our habit of regarding only what is big. The big is the great with us, and size constitutes grandeur. But we are not alone in this. The French pride themselves on a superior taste and knowledge in art, and yet they are continually boasting of their Eiffel Tower on the ground that it is the highest in the world. We shall, of course, erect a higher one for the World's Fair; and when the Frenchman is fairly outdone he will be the first to make fun of us savages for caring only for what is big.

During the present year there will be quite a number of national pilgrimages to the Vatican, the most interesting of which ought to be a joint pilgrimage of the various races of the Balkan peninsula, embracing Servians, Roumanians, Montenegrins, Roumeliots, Bulgars, and Greeks.

"If the Church has suffered no grave detriment during the last twenty years from the present position of the Sovereign Pontiff, why should it be considered as intolerable? And why should not the present state of things be accepted as the permanent condition of Christendom?" This is perhaps the most plausible of all the arguments advanced by those who defend, or see no great evil in, the Italian occupation of Rome. The best reply

that we have noticed comes from the editor of *The Month*, in a series of able articles on the Roman Question. He says: "Those who argue thus forget, in the first place, that if the Holy Father has been able to maintain the attitude of dignity necessary to his influence over the Catholics of the world during the last twenty years, it has been simply because of his continual protests and unceasing declarations that never, for any consideration, would he accept his present enforced condition of dependence in his own city. The moment that he held out his hand to the Italian Government his standing ground would be cut from under his feet. As 'the prisoner of the Vatican,' as the victim of unjust spoliation, as one who is deprived by a superior material force of his just claims, he exhibits a moral strength proportionate to his material weakness; and it is this moral strength which, viewing the matter under a natural aspect, enables him to rule the Catholic world."

The fact that Dr. Farrar in his sermon on Robert Browning did not preach from a text has been the subject of some comment in the English press. One journal is reminded by it of an amusing incident that occurred in a large Catholic church in London a few months ago. The preacher was a young Spanish priest, unusually eloquent and considered a master of the English language. On the occasion referred to he hesitated for one short moment before beginning his sermon, and then, without giving a text, he delivered a stirring discourse. After the service a brother priest, thinking that he had forgotten the text, smilingly mentioned the fact. "No," replied the preacher, "I had not forgotten it. It was the verse, 'No man having put his hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God'; but when I was about to read it I found that I had forgotten whether the word plough was pronounced 'pluff' or 'ploff.'"

The Jesuits and Redemptorists have been recently expelled from Düren, in Prussia, in spite of the announcement that the Kulturkampf was abrogated.

The death of Dr. Döllinger, at the age of ninety-one, ends an episode in the history of the Catholic Church, which emphasizes the truth that the most brilliant of her members can add nothing to her grandeur, and that, while true to her, they are great only because she is great. Once the name of John Joseph Ignatius Döllinger was a name uttered with the deepest respect by all scholars. He was one of those great Germans

who, more than the men of any other race, have made history lucid. He upheld the authority of the Popes at first, but gradually he became lukewarm, and finally showed his pride by opposing the dogma of Infallibility. The Archbishop of Munich asked him to give his adhesion; he refused and was excommunicated. But, contrary to the expectations perhaps of the great Doctor himself, and certainly to those of many outside the Church, the Rock of Peter was not split. The "Old Catholic" schism was a weak and puny thing, to which even Döllinger's example could not give weight. It died of its own inanity.

Dr. Döllinger was ordained in 1822. At the age of twenty-four he was appointed professor of church history and polity at the lyceum at Schaffenburg, and afterward—so great was his talent, industry, and the charm of his style—professor in the University of Munich. Louis of Bavaria, to the horror of his pious mother, the Dowager Queen Maria, made him rector of this University after his defiance of the Church. There he remained, proud, sullen, disappointed, seeming to be living up to the motto of De la Mennais: "I break but I never bend." How he died we do not know; we hope for the best.

One of the most charming passages in Shelley affords a striking figure of the stability of the Church in these troubled times:

"Within the surface of the fleeting river
The wrinkled image of the city lay,
Immovably unquiet, yet forever
It trembles, but it never fades away."

The London *Weekly Register* recently contained an account of the conversion of Colonel Troy. This gentleman served in the Confederate army, and in one of the battles of the war he was shot and left on the field for dead. A Federal soldier, finding that he still breathed, carried him to the hospital, where he was cared for by the Sisters of Charity and converted. His family are now Catholics. At his house in Florida he has a chapel served by an invalid priest. Colonel Troy lives during most of the year at Birmingham, Alabama.

The remains of Cardinal Guibert have been removed from Notre Dame to his beloved Church of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre.

For the first time since the reign of Mary an alderman and sheriff of London has visited a Catholic church in state. Alderman and Sheriff Knill attended High Mass in St. Mary's, Moorfield, on Christmas Day, accompanied by his chaplain, Father Delaney, and with all the mediæval accompaniments that continue to give a certain

picturesqueness to public observances in the commercial capital of the world. The London *Daily Telegraph*, after describing the incident at considerable length, remarks: "St. Mary's was a favorite church of the late Cardinal Wiseman, who, possibly, would have been a little surprised had he lived to see to-day's function." After Mass Mr. Knill visited the Providence Night Refuge, which provides food and lodging for over two thousand homeless men and women without distinction of creed, and gave a liberal donation to the institution.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Dr. T. A. Daly, of Rochester, N. Y., who died on the 3d inst.

Mrs. Mary Dunn, who passed away on the 9th of November, at New Haven, Conn.

Mr. John Henry Burns, of Marefa, Texas, who departed this life on the 9th ult.

Mrs. C. M. Smith, whose death occurred in Boston on the 30th ult.

Mr. M. Ely, of Covington, Pa., whose peaceful departure from this world took place on the 31st ult.

Miss Sarah Lilly, who breathed her last at Cone-wago, Pa., on the 7th inst.

Mr. Charles B. O'Donnell, of Cumminsville, Ohio, who yielded his soul to God on Christmas Eve.

Mr. Matthew Cavanaugh, deceased on the 2d inst., in Philadelphia, Pa., after receiving the last Sacraments.

Miss Catherine Boyle, of Buffalo, N. Y., who was called to a better life on the 6th ult.

Mrs. Mary A. Ewing, who peacefully rendered her soul to God on the 21st ult., in Boston, Mass.

Mr. Dennis J. Driscoll, of Lawrence, Mass., who passed from this life on the 6th inst., after receiving the consolations of Holy Church.

Mrs. Dennis Dunn, whose fervent Christian life closed in a saintlike death at Detroit, Mich., on the 4th inst.

Mrs. Mary Bagley, of West Newton, Mass.; Miss Jane Flarity, Salmon Falls, N. H.; Patrick McGee, John Mahon, and Mrs. Mary Connolly, all of Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. Anna McCaulay, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Michael McCabe, Altoona, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Haloren, Martinez, Cal.; James Egan, Chicago, Ill.; Thomas O'Brien, Boston, Mass.; Miss Elizabeth Downey, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. and Miss Rebecca Steen, Mrs. — Sullivan, and Mrs. — Burns, all of N. Lawrence, Mass.; Patrick Murphy, Thomas Connell, and Mrs. — Conners, Iowa City, Iowa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Harry's Reformation.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

I.

Two boys, one dark and slender, the other fair and chubby as one of Raphael's cherubs, were sitting upon the front steps of St. Gabriel's Academy one pleasant afternoon in May. The taller boy showed by his garments that price was not considered in their purchase, but there was a general air of neglect about him nevertheless. Harry, the fair lad, said that Cecil, somehow, always looked like a boy without a mother, as indeed he was.

Harry had a mother, and he was very proud of her,—although she had not had a new gown in five years, and her hands were out of shape from having worked hard all her life. She lived in a Vermont village, where great elm trees spread their branches, and the sun sank behind the green mountains at three o'clock on the longest summer days. She had always said that her child, as she had nothing else to give him, should have an education; so he was lovingly packed off to Boston in the big, old-fashioned stage, and she had bravely toiled to keep him at school there. There were schools in Hopkins of which the inhabitants were very proud; but Mrs. Townsend was a Catholic, and thought that true learning meant something more than the bare acquiring of knowledge.

In Boston her son met Cecil James, a boy, as we have said, without a mother. He had a father,—a good man as the world goes, but who was chiefly concerned in the rise and fall of stocks; and there was a little sister, six years old. These children received such care as servants could give, and the house-keeper meant well; but the heart of the house had seemed to be chilled when the beautiful young mother, a convert, was laid away in Mount Auburn three years before.

Mr. James lived on Beacon Street, in one of

a row of stone houses which were as alike as the leaves on a tree. In summer there was a general boarding up of doors and barring of windows, and families fled to the mountains or sea-shore. Mr. James went to the camping ground of his club, and the children to the country, where they did as well as they could under the care of housekeeper and nurse.

When Cecil and Harry sat talking upon the steps of St. Gabriel's the city lad was a new pupil. Mr. James had been advised that the Fathers' supervision was salutary, and he was really anxious, when he found time to think of the matter, that his only son should grow up to be both wise and good; but he was sometimes discouraged, knowing as well as we do that a motherless boy has at best a sorry time of it in this world of ours.

There was no caste at St. Gabriel's—it was not permitted,—and Cecil, who was driven to school each morning by a haughty-looking coachman in top-boots, had no more privileges than the country-bred Harry, who had a patch on the elbow of his Sunday jacket, and whose mother went out sewing.

Harry had been telling about his home.

"Oh, dear," sighed Cecil, "I wish I had a home!"

"Why, what do you call the house you live in?" asked Harry, in surprise. He had paid several awestricken visits to that fine house, and could not understand how any one having such splendor could think of anything else to long for.

"Oh, I mean a real home like yours, with a mother in it!"

"That's so," said Harry, thoughtfully, though not to the point, as a vision loomed up before him of what an empty place that Vermont cottage would be if his mother were lying in the churchyard. "I can't think of a home without a mother either." Then, after a moment's reflection: "I wish you knew my mother. She is sort of old-fashioned, you know, and we're poor. Why, she makes all my clothes! Now, you wouldn't believe that, would you?"

Cecil thought any one could guess that, but was politely silent.

"And she is just the dearest, sweetest—"

The rest of the adjectives were drowned by the sound of carriage wheels rattling over

the granite blocks. The carriage had come for Cecil. Harry was not sorry. He had a delightful plan in his head, one that must be attended to at once.

He went to his quiet room and wrote a long letter to his mother. Much of it does not concern us, but this we will quote:

"And so I want to have him go home with me, and I know you will be sorry for a boy who has not had a mother for three whole years. . . . I am doing well in my studies, only Father S— says I am not *thorough* in history or anything,—just what you always said, you know."

To this Mrs. Townsend responded that Cecil would be welcome, that she loved him already, and that Harry must be a little more particular about his spelling,—for instance, when she went to school there was but one *u* in "thorough."

II.

Early in July two happy boys got off the train at Hopkins. Mrs. Townsend and her son held an early council of war, and made an agreement as to his duties. She thought best to have the arrangement made at once. He was to bring the wood and water, take care of the cow, and feed the chickens.

"And," he said, the conclave over, "I've bragged awfully about your cooking mother. At Cecil's house the cook gets drunk, and you should have seen the grease on the dining-room carpet."

Father S— was right. Harry was not "thorough," had no application; nothing amused or interested him long. He brought home a family of kittens, overfed them for a day and then forgot them. He bought a longed-for tool chest, and let its contents rust from disuse. He was never known to finish any task; and his mother determined, encouraged by a warning note on his yearly bulletin, to break this habit if possible.

There was just time before dinner to make the ascent of the nearest hill.

"And the water-pail and the wood-box?" queried Mrs. Townsend.

"Oh, yes!" cried Harry, coming back to half fill the former and throw two small sticks of wood into the box.

When the boys returned their ramble had brought an appetite, but the chicken was

tough and the potatoes only half baked. Harry blushed with mortification.

"O mother!" he exclaimed, the ill-cooked meal being over. "And I had said so much of your cooking, and this his first meal with us!" The boy fairly wept.

"I burned the two sticks, then the fire went out, and I thought my dear boy must have a lesson."

"But with Cecil here?"

"You would not have cared if he had not been here."

Harry told the whole story to his friend, who made light of his discomfiture.

"Why, I thought it the nicest dinner I ever tasted!" he said. "You should have seen the one we had the other day, and a visitor there, too. Cook put mustard in the pudding sauce, and Thomas upset the gravy over Mr. Doo-little's bald head."

Then they laughed, and went to take a boat ride on the river, which was very swift and treacherous where it skirted the little rocky Townsend Farm. The boat had great, yawning seams in it, for the weather had been dry.

"Suppose you put it in the water and wait till to-morrow?" suggested Mrs. Townsend.

But Harry did not wish to wait. He could easily calk the seams, he said, and would do it well. It was her boy's first day at home, and she had already mortified his pride; so she yielded, and went back to the house.

The stopping of the seams was slower work than Harry had thought.

"There! I'm sure that will do," he said, impatiently. "The water will swell it up, and you can bail while I row."

Cecil was timid, but the other reassured him, and they jumped into the boat.

"Do all boats leak like this?" anxiously asked Cecil, who was soon red in the face from his exertions.

"Of course," answered his host. "That is no leak at all," and pushed out into the current. "Let her sink. It will be fun. We can swim."

"But I can't swim," said Cecil; and then, as might have been expected, the boat filled and sank, leaving the boys struggling in the water. Cecil might not have lived to read this story if a Frenchman had not been near in his birch-bark canoe, fishing. He reached

the child as he was sinking a second time.

As Mrs. Townsend was taking the chicken, quite tender now, from the kettle, a strange procession entered the yard. François headed it, carrying the boy from Boston; the lads of the neighborhood followed; Harry, wet to the skin, slowly bringing up the rear.

What mother could reprove in such a case? She put Cecil to bed, and gave him a "drumstick" and both of them a cup of hot tea.

Harry's reformation was from that day complete. If he ever was tempted to slight a task, the memory of that dreadful moment when his friend was sinking in the cruel river would spur him on.

And Cecil? The next winter his father left his stocks and bonds, and was laid beside his wife in the great vault at Mount Auburn; and the guardian of his children asked Mrs. Townsend to replace the housekeeper, who had yielded to the infirmities of age.

So the stately house on Beacon Street became a home again, and Cecil has once more a Mother; for his kind friends have taught him to love her whom the Angel of the Annunciation called blessed among women, the gentle Mother of us all.

Our Lady of Mercy.

At the time when the greatest and most beautiful part of Spain languished under the Saracens, a number of Christians, reduced to the most cruel servitude, were exposed to the danger of falling into apostasy. Touched by their sad condition, St. Peter Nolasco, more illustrious by his virtues even than by his birth, considered day and night what would be the best means of rescuing so many souls in peril. He was entirely absorbed in these reflections, when the Blessed Virgin appeared to him under the most serene and gentle aspect. "Wouldst thou," she said to him, "please me and my Divine Son? Then found a religious order whose mission will be to rescue Christian captives from the tyranny of the Turks." Consoled by this vision, the man of God felt his soul inflamed with love, and he had no greater wish than to devote himself to the service of his unfortunate brethren.

That same night our Blessed Mother appeared also to St. Raymond of Pennafort and to James of Arragon, to acquaint them with the establishment of this new order and to invite them to join in the great work. St. Peter Nolasco communicated to St. Raymond, who was his confessor, the vision with which he had been favored; and, finding him miraculously informed of it, he put himself without hesitation under his guidance. King James, arriving unexpectedly at the same time, promised to comply with the revelation. They concerted together, and founded, under the title of Our Lady of Mercy, an order devoted to the ransom of captives.

On the 10th of August in the year 1218 James established the institution, the members of which bound themselves by a fourth vow—to give themselves up as hostages, if necessary, for the deliverance of Christian captives. His Majesty allowed them to wear his arms on their breast, and obtained from Pope Gregory IX. the confirmation of the new institute. Through the protection of the Virgin Mother this order was blessed by Almighty God, and its fame spread rapidly all over the universe. Its members collected abundant alms to ransom the captives, and on more than one occasion generously delivered themselves up as prisoners to release a great number from servitude.

A Thankful Heart.

The following pathetic incident happened some winters ago in the city of London, and is vouched for in every particular:

It was the Christmas season, and in a miserable apartment, within sound of the bells of St. Paul's Cathedral, a boy lay dying for want of food—in other words, starving. There was merriment all over the great city, and in most parts of it there was plenty, or at least comfort. Women clad in rich furs thronged the streets on holiday thoughts intent, and children had already grown weary of their Christmas toys and longed for fresh ones. The weather was bitterly cold. The wind crept into the crevices of unguarded houses and chilled the blood of pedestrians. It crept, too, into the cellar where the child was. He was not dying

in a comfortable bed, nor even a clean garret. There was no bed. He lay upon a damp clay floor, which the slime of tide-water never left, and where foul insects crawled. The father had long been in a drunkard's grave. The mother had struggled on. She had known better days (she could not well know worse), and because of the memory of those days a little spark of hope gleamed through the sullen darkness of her life.

She had taught her child to be thankful for God's mercies. And there he was dying, and in his little breast a grateful heart was feebly beating. But he was so cold! Was there no way to keep out the piercing wind? The mother tore a board from the wet wall and placed it against the bottom of the door.

"Oh," whispered the child, "I don't feel so very cold now! Mother, what do poor boys do who have no board? I'm so thankful for it!"

Then he smiled, and the grateful little heart ceased to beat. Who doubts but that it was taken to the Sacred Heart of Him who, like the child, had not where to lay His head?

Of this incident a poet sings:

On that chill winter's night, when souls were passing
Up toward Thy pure, white throne,
This child's, of all the countless myriads massing,
Was likeliest to Thine own.

FRANCESCA.

A Legend of St. Elizabeth.

It is related of St. Elizabeth of Hungary that one day when the Landgrave, her husband, had gone to visit his castle at Naumburg, the young princess, notwithstanding the objections of her mother-in-law, was engaged in attending with redoubled zeal on the poor and sick, whom she washed with her own hands, and dressed in clothes she herself had made for them. Amongst these unfortunates there was a poor little leper named Helias, whose state was so deplorable that the very sight was most sickening. St. Elizabeth thought it her duty to do more for him than for any of the others; she took him up tenderly, bathed him herself, rubbed him with a healing ointment, and then laid him on her own bed.

Now, it happened that the Duke came back to the castle whilst the princess was thus occupied. His mother ran to meet him and said: "Dear son, come with me. I want to show you a fine whim of your Elizabeth." Then, leading him to the room and showing the young leper, she said: "Look, dear son, your wife wants to give you leprosy! You can see for yourself." The Duke very angrily raised the bedclothes—but at the same moment, according to the historian, the Almighty opened the eyes of his soul, and, instead of the leper, he saw the face of Our Lord crucified lying on the bed.

At this spectacle the prince was amazed, as well as his mother; he shed torrents of tears without being able to speak a word. Then, turning round, he saw his wife, who had quietly drawn near to appease his anger. "Elizabeth, my dear, good wife," said he, "I beg that you will often bring me a similar guest."

To Last Year's Doll.

A LULLABY.

HERE'S a lion under the sofa,
And a wolf in the bed, my dear;
But fold your hands in slumber,—
O dolly, do not fear!

Your eyes are out, my darling!
Your ears are gone, I know;
Your toes broke off last Christmas,
As Jack dragged you through the snow.

Do not cry, my dearest baby!
(Go 'way, bad lion!—get out!)
There! do not fear, my sweetest,—
There are no giants about!

Your cheek has lost its color,
Your skull lets in the air,
Your nose is somewhat dinted,—
But you have a mother's care!

THE Editor hopes to be able to present the first chapters of the promised serial by Miss Dorsey next month. The story is planned and ready for copying, but the author's illness has prevented her from continuing the work. Readers of THE "AVE MARIA," old and young, will hope and pray for Miss Dorsey's recovery, and that her precious life may be prolonged many years.



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A Portrait of Anne Boleyn.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

AH, silver-tissued phantom lithe as hind
Skimming dark glades! Ah, white as moon
that dips
In storm-cloud black its crescent's glimmering
tips!

Ah, blithesome foot, swifter than wave or wind!
Were those the mocking eyes whose *fiat* signed
Honor's death-warrant? Those the laughing lips
That o'er a realm's Religion breathed eclipse;
A King, once kingly, changed to false and blind?
Salomè new!* was this the babe that played
With her own shadow 'mid the founts and flowers?
Death-sentenced Queen! was this the girl, that
prayed

Before Our Lady's shrine, unmoved, for hours?
I judge her not. The night before her death
She prayed her childhood's prayers—with tranquil
breath.

Nov. 5, 1889.

Our Blessed Lady's Purification.

IN Israel there was a law which declared every mother unclean after she had given birth to a child, and forbade her to appear in public or to touch anything sacred for a certain length of time. The law was calculated to inspire humility and a salutary fear. It reminded men that they were born in sin and had need of penance.

The time during which women were thus to remain separated was forty days for male children and eighty days in case of females. When this period had expired the mother was to present herself at the Temple, bringing a lamb of a year old, to be offered up by the priest to God in acknowledgment of His supreme dominion, and in thanksgiving for the happy delivery. Mothers were also required to bring a young pigeon or dove, which was offered for sin. Those that could not afford to procure a lamb offered two doves or two young pigeons: this was considered the offering of the poor.

Assuredly the Blessed Virgin was not bound by this law of purification; the very words of Leviticus show that it did not extend to her. Nevertheless, Mary did not hesitate to subject herself to the law the same as the least of the daughters of Israel. She who was purity itself, who had conceived by the operation of the Holy Ghost without detriment to her virginity, hesitated not to pass for an ordinary Hebrew mother. She obeyed the law, because she seemed to come under the law. What an example of obedience and humility! Mary was the humblest of women; though Mother of God, she claimed only to be the handmaid of the Lord,—*ancilla Domini*.

"And after the days of her purification according to the law were accomplished, they carried Him to Jerusalem, to present Him to the Lord. As it is written in the law of the Lord, every male opening the womb shall be called holy to the Lord. And to offer a sacrifice, according as it is written in the

* Herodias' daughter.

law of the Lord—a pair of turtle-doves or two young pigeons.”*

How the heart loves to follow the Holy Family on their way to Jerusalem! A devout author thus describes the journey: “The Divine Babe is in His Mother’s arms—she had Him on her heart the whole way. Earth and all nature are sanctified by the gracious presence of their merciful Creator. Men look at this Mother as she passes along the road with her Divine Child; some are struck with her appearance, others pass her by as not worth a glance; of the whole crowd there was not one that knew he had been so close to the God who had come to save him.

“Joseph is carrying the humble offering which the Mother is to give the priest. The law required that a pigeon or dove should be offered in the place of a lamb when the mother was poor. They are too poor to buy a lamb; besides, their Jesus is the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world. Joseph has also provided the five sicles, the ransom to be given for the first-born son—Mary’s only Son, who has vouchsafed to make us His brethren, and by adopting our nature, to render us partakers of His.

“At length the Holy Family enters Jerusalem. The name of this Holy City signifies ‘Vision of Peace,’ and Jesus comes to bring her peace. Let us consider the names of the three places in which our Redeemer began, continued, and ended His life on earth. He is conceived at Nazareth, which signifies a ‘flower’; and Jesus is, as He tells us in the canticle, ‘the Flower of the field and the Lily of the valley,’ by whose fragrance we are refreshed. He is born at Bethlehem, ‘the House of Bread’; for He is the nourishment of our souls. He dies on the Cross in Jerusalem, and, by His Blood, He restores peace between heaven and earth, peace among men, peace within our own souls. And on this day of His Mother’s purification we shall find Him giving us the pledge of His peace.”

Our Lord was no more bound by the law requiring the first-born to be offered to God than was His Most Holy Mother by the law of purification; “for,” says St. Hilary, “if the son of a king, the presumptive heir to his

crown, is exempt from all servitude, with how much greater reason was Jesus, who was the Redeemer of our body and soul, free from the necessity to redeem Himself?” But our Divine Saviour would give us an example of humility, obedience, and piety; He would renew in the Temple, in a public and solemn manner, the perfect oblation that He had made to His Eternal Father at the moment of His Incarnation.

The Temple of the Holy City is at last to have a victim worthy of the God who is there adored. The Redeemer expected for so many ages, the Lamb of God, will there commence His sacrifice, as the Prophet Aggeus foretold: “And the Desired of all nations shall come, and will fill this house with glory.” He enters His Temple as the poorest, the least of His creatures, to teach us that in order to enter His kingdom we must be poor in spirit and humble of heart. Behold, He who possesses all things, who has made heaven and earth and all that they contain, is presented, destitute of all things, by parents who are equally poor! The Daughter of David, the Mother of the Messias, can offer only two pigeons. Who after this can despise poverty, or murmur against his lot in life, however humble it may be?

In memory of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, many Christian mothers consecrate to God their first appearance in public. They go to the church to receive the priest’s blessing, and to pay to the Lord a just tribute of praise and thanksgiving. In the prayers of the Church for this occasion there is something grand, profoundly instructive,—calculated to sink into the heart and soul. How touching is the prayer with which the ceremony is concluded!—

“O omnipotent and eternal God, who, through the delivery of the Blessed Virgin Mary, hast turned into joy the pangs of Christian mothers, look down with a propitious eye upon this Thy servant, who comes joyfully to Thy holy temple in thanksgiving! And grant that after this life, through the merits and intercession of the same Blessed Mary, she may deserve to be admitted, with her offspring, into eternal joys. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen.”

What mother will refuse to go to the temple

* St. Luke, ii, 22-24.

of God to adore Mary's Son, who has bestowed fecundity on her? And what Christian mother will not carry away from the house of the Lord the firm resolution to serve Him faithfully, and to train up in the knowledge and love of Him the child whom, in His goodness and mercy, He has entrusted to her? What immense results for society flow from this single ceremony, when it is performed with the proper dispositions!

The Virgin Mother had offered her sacrifice,—she had presented to the Father His Son, who was also her Son; and now she was about to descend the steps of the Temple, and take the road back to Nazareth, when an old man stepped forward to meet her. Simeon, the just man, who had prayed so earnestly for the coming of the Redeemer of Israel,—Simeon, who had received a promise from on high that he should not taste death till he had seen the Desired of nations,—took the Divine Child into his arms, blessed Him, and, returning Him to His Mother, uttered the sublime canticle, *Nunc Dimittis*.

What were the sentiments of Mary's maternal heart on hearing the benedictions and the glorious prophecies of the holy old man? Her joy is of short duration, for Simeon speaks once more: "Behold, this Child is set for the fall and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted. And thy own soul a sword shall pierce, that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed." For a moment Mary had been lifted up to bliss: her Son had been declared the glory, the salvation of Israel. And immediately afterward her heart is rent by gloomy forebodings. Ah, how true it is that sorrow walks in the footsteps of joy!

Anna, daughter of Phanuel, who was then in Jerusalem, came forward now. Filled with the Spirit of God, when she heard the canticle of Simeon she also began to praise the Lord, and to speak of Jesus as the Expected of nations and the Salvation of Israel. "The divine seed is sown; the Shepherds, the Magi, Simeon and Anna, have all been its sowers; it will spring up in due time. And when our Jesus has spent His thirty years of hidden life in Nazareth, and shall come for the harvest time, He will say to His disciples: 'Lift up your eyes and see the countries; for they are

white already for the harvest. Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that He send laborers into His harvest.'"

The Feast of the Purification is also popularly called Candlemas Day, because in the office of this solemnity the priests and people hold a lighted candle in their hands. This ceremony is a reminder of the words of Simeon concerning the Child—"A light to the revelation of the Gentiles."

The procession on Candlemas Day, with lighted candles, is very ancient in the Church—the feast itself is believed to be of apostolic origin,—but the exact date of its introduction is not known. From the writings of St. Sophronius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, and of St. Ildefonsus, Bishop of Toledo, we learn that the procession was a universal practice as early as the seventh century. It is in memory of the wondrous procession in the Temple of Jerusalem.

Independently of the great and touching mysteries recalled by this festival, it borrows a new charm from the time at which it is celebrated. The sun now begins to make us feel his gentle warmth; the days are growing longer; Nature prepares to lay aside her mourning; spring is just at hand. Poor creatures that we are, we need something to mitigate the bitterness of our exile!

"Above all things," says St. Eloi of Noyon, "let us not forget to offer up the Son of God to His Father as the Victim of our expiation, as did Simeon; and dispose ourselves to meet Him with lights in our hands,—that is to say, with hearts burning with the love of heavenly things, and our arms full of good works." This is the divine command: "Let your loins be girt, and lamps burning in your hands: and yourselves like to men who wait for their Lord." Enlightened by faith and guided by charity, we shall meet Him and know Him, and be happy with Him for evermore.

TRUE modesty can not long conceal genuine merit, any more than false modesty can ever fail to reveal the transparency of simulated worth.

THERE is no armor so impenetrable but that it may be shattered if one wilfully seeks the dangerous occasions of sin.

Holy Personages of Canada and the United States whose Canonization is begun.

BY JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

THOUGH personages noted for eminent sanctity have flourished in Canada and the United States from the time of the earliest settlement, the condition of the Church here for the last century—that one of struggle under a Protestant Government or Protestant supremacy—has prevented any active steps to secure the canonization of any of them until recent days. The rule of England over Canada, the penal laws in our colonies down to the Revolution, and since then the incessant struggle to give the faithful the opportunity to attend Mass on Sundays and holydays and bring up their children in the faith, have taxed their resources to the utmost. The undertaking of the long and tedious process which the Church requires before she will permit even local public honor or public prayers to any servant of God, has been hitherto almost impossible. The veneration of the holy personages whose lives have been signalized by eminent virtue or illustrated by miraculous gifts has been confined to the private devotions of those who honor them. The time has apparently come, however, when some of these holy persons are to be held up publicly as models for our imitation, and powerful advocates whom we may invoke for our own necessities and those of our country.

In point of date, if we take the holy personages chronologically, the first case is that of the Venerable Father Isaac Jogues, of the Society of Jesus, put to death by the Mohawks in hatred of the faith in 1646; and his companion, René Goupil, of the same Society, put to death in 1643. These two suffered at the Indian village of Caughnawaga, near the present village of Auriesville, New York.

VENERABLE ISAAC JOGUES S. J., AND VENERABLE RENÉ GOUPIL, S. J. 1643-6.

Father Isaac Jogues was a native of Orleans, France, where he saw the light January 10, 1607, and was baptized in the Church of St. Hilary. He entered the Society of Jesus at

Rouën in October, 1624, and soon manifested an earnest desire for the foreign missions. Years of study and teaching, however, were before him, and it was not till about the time of his ordination as priest, in 1636, that he was assigned to the Canada mission. On his arrival in America he was sent to the missions among the Hurons, near the lake that bears their name. Here he labored with zeal and patience, enduring all hardships and trials without a murmur.

In 1642 he accompanied a party of Hurons who went to Quebec, his errand being to obtain supplies for the missionaries, who were in great destitution. He reached Quebec, but on his return the party was attacked by the Mohawks, and nearly all were killed or captured. Father Jogues made no effort to escape; he awaited his fate, with René Goupil, a young scholastic, whose ill health had prevented his studies in the Society, but who devoted himself to the Huron mission, where his medical knowledge had been of great service. The Mohawk warriors hurried the missionary and his pious companion to their villages on the Mohawk, wreaking their cruelty on them from the moment the captives fell into their hands. In the Mohawk country they were paraded through the different villages and treated with every species of savage cruelty, each having a thumb cut off and fingers mutilated. The Dutch made an earnest effort to save their lives and the life of a white companion, William Couture, and to ransom them. The Mohawks at last resolved not to put the white captives to death, but would not give them up.

The pious Jesuit Father from the time of his capture devoted every moment to the instruction of his companions who had not yet been received into the Church; and in the Mohawk country he continued his work even on the scaffolds, where they were objects of savage cruelty. Forgetful of self, he thought only of the salvation of his neighbor. No sooner was any liberty allowed to him by the decision to spare his life, than he began to visit the Christian Indians, who were held in cruel bondage by the Mohawks, and those whose instruction had begun in their own country. Good René Goupil was zealous to share in the work. He taught children to make the Sign of the Cross and gave instruction where

he could. The fierce savages looked with suspicion at what they saw, and asked their Dutch neighbors for an explanation. The Dutch told them that these Catholic ceremonies were bad. To the Indian this meant that they were some kind of witchcraft intended to injure them. The missionary and Goupil at once became objects of their heathen hatred, all their superstition being aroused. Father Jogues and his companion saw the angry looks and menaces, unconscious of their real cause; but they prepared themselves for death.

On the Feast of St. Michael they retired to pray on a little hill back of the village of Caughnawaga, and, obedient to the command of two young braves, were returning to the village, reciting the Rosary, when they halted near the gate of the palisade, as the young men evidently had some evil intent. The next moment one of the warriors drew his tomahawk from under his blanket and drove it deep into the head of René Goupil, who fell weltering at his feet, uttering the holy name of Jesus with his latest breath. Father Jogues knelt to receive the fatal blow also; but when he saw no movement to take his life, he ran to René and renewed the absolution which he had regularly given him every other day. Then twice more the Indian tomahawk was driven into the head of the holy youth.

"It was the 29th day of September, 1643, the Feast of St. Michael," says Father Jogues, "that this angel in innocence and martyr of Christ gave his life for Him who had given him His. They commanded me to return to my cabin, where the rest of that day and the next I awaited the same treatment." Then, at the risk of his life, the good priest went in search of the body; he found it in a torrent that ran at the foot of the hill on which the town stood. He took it and sunk it in a deep part of the little stream, to hide it till he could come with some implement to dig a grave. But the Indians discovered the body of René, and dragged it to a wood at some distance; nor was it till spring that Father Jogues found his bones and interred them, in hope of being able to carry them back to Canada. An Indian woman told him that René had been killed because he made the Sign of the Cross on the body of her child.

Father Jogues soon learned the Mohawk

language; he began to instruct his savage captors; he attended their victims amid their tortures and at the stake. Treated as a slave, compelled to undergo the severest drudgery, with little clothing and the worst of food, he bore all with Christian resignation, devoting his leisure to prayer and meditation. The Mohawks at last took him to a Dutch village, where he wrote a letter to his superior giving an account of his captivity. Before he returned to the village, the Dutch learned that the Indians had resolved to put him to death, and offered to save him. The holy priest took time to consult God in prayer. He felt that it might be his duty to remain and do what good he could, but at last resolved to accept the offer of the charitable Hollanders. With great difficulty, and no little suffering on his part, he was at last carried away secretly and conveyed to Manhattan Island, and sent to Europe. In France he was honored as a saint and martyr, and Queen Anne of Austria was moved to tears on beholding his still unhealed wounds. One great affliction was that he could no longer say Mass; but the Sovereign Pontiff gave him the necessary faculty, saying, "It would be unjust that a martyr for Christ should not drink the Blood of Christ."

Thus enabled to resume mission duty, his only thought was to return to Canada and escape the honors paid him in France. He reached Quebec to find that the terrible Mohawks had made peace, and he was sent to their villages to confirm it and prepare to found a mission. He was so well received that he left a box containing his chapel outfit and returned to Canada. When all arrangements were made, he set out again with a companion to begin the mission. Meanwhile sickness ravaged the Mohawk towns, and in their superstition they ascribed it to the missionary's box. Before he reached their country he was seized by a war party, and taken in not as a missionary but as a prisoner. Again the servant of God prepared for death, and on the 18th of October some Indians called him to enter a cabin; as he stooped at the door he was struck dead with a tomahawk; his head was cut off and set on the palisades, and his body thrown into the Mohawk.

Revered in life as a saint, his death caused many to invoke his intercession, and miracles

were ascribed to him in France and Canada. The reputation of his sanctity has not died away in two centuries. The precise locality of the Indian town has been determined within a few years by a patient antiquarian, who has made a special study of the sites of Indian villages. Traces of a town on a beautiful knoll overlooking the valley of the Mohawk still mark the spot where René Goupil and Father Isaac Jogues were put to death by heathen hands, in hatred of the faith. The third Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1884 addressed a conciliar petition to the Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., to solicit the formal introduction of the cause of the beatification of the two servants of God before the Sacred Congregation of Rites. Archbishops and bishops of Canada joined their petitions, and Indian tribes which have been converted to the faith sent their supplications to the Sovereign Pontiff. The Fathers of the Society of Jesus have purchased the site of the village, and a little chapel has been reared on the spot hallowed by the blood of the servants of God. Pilgrimages are made constantly to the spot, and the devotion to the Venerable Isaac Jogues and René Goupil is extended by the *Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs*.

The episcopal process, under the authority of the Bishop of Albany, has not yet been begun; but all the facts are capable of proof by contemporaneous documents prepared at the time and verified under oath, as well as by the constant evidence of writers and published works down to our day. The prayers of the faithful will doubtless hasten the progress of the cause of these holy men, who suffered and died in our own land. Our faith, which they announced in word and deed, is unchanged and unchangeable, though the Indian and the wilderness have given place to civilized men, to cultivated fields, to the industries and activity, the rapid travel of our days.

VENERABLE MARIA DE AGREDA, O. S. F. 1665.

To follow the chronological order, we take up next a nun of the Order of St. Francis of Assisium, who lived and died at Agreda in Spain. It may seem strange to some how she can be connected with this country, or her canonization be a matter of interest in the

United States. She is believed to have contributed in a miraculous way to the conversion of Indian tribes in New Mexico; and the evidence was so strong that the conviction of its reality has been accepted for more than two hundred years in New Mexico, in Mexico, and Spain.

The Venerable Maria de Agreda was one of the most remarkable women of her time. The revelations and supernatural favors accorded to her attracted the attention of the Inquisition in Spain, whose officials subjected her to a most searching examination, without finding just ground of condemnation. Her "Mystical City of God"—revelations on the life of the Blessed Virgin written by order of her superiors—was examined, censured, defended, but has been a means of extending devotion and piety; while her correspondence with the King of Spain shows her to have possessed a clear mind, sound judgment, great practical wisdom.

Maria Coronel was born in Agreda, Spain, in 1602, and at an early age entered the Convent of Poor Clares, or Second Order of St. Francis, in her native town, so that she is generally referred to as Sister Maria de Agreda. Her piety and fervor, her spirit of poverty and mortification, showed her to be a model of a perfect religious. She was in time elected superior of the convent, and displayed great ability in directing the community. Her ecstasies and revelations were regarded by prudent directors as real; in all she showed simple obedience and no disposition to follow her own will, no trace of spiritual pride. When commanded she committed her revelations to writing, and without a murmur destroyed them when directed to do so. These formed the work known in Catholic literature as "The Mystical City of God," part of which has been translated and published in this country.

Franciscan missionaries were the first to explore the country on the Rio Grande; a Franciscan missionary was the first to give it the name of New Mexico, which it still bears. After it was occupied by the Spaniards under Don Juan de Oñate, in 1598, regular missions were established in the adobe towns of the natives. As these spread missionaries came to a tribe called the Jumanas, in the valley of the Pecos, east of the Rio Grande. To their

astonishment they found the natives already possessed of the knowledge of the great mysteries of religion, the rudiments of Christian doctrine. They knew that no religious of their own Order or any other from Mexico had been there, and this the Indians confirmed. When asked by whom they were taught these things, they all declared that a woman peculiarly dressed visited them at intervals and instructed them. Pictures of saints in religious habits were shown to them, and they pointed to the Franciscan as the dress like that worn by their unknown teacher.

Holy women in convents in Spain first occurred to the perplexed missionaries; but Father Benavides, the superior of the New Mexican missions, visited Spain, and in 1630 printed a memorial to the King giving an account of the success of the missions. Visiting Agreda, he saw the superior of the convent, and, learning of her supernatural gifts, questioned her. She gave an account of having been taken in spirit to a distant land, where she found the people ignorant of God and Redemption, and from time to time taught them. By her description of the country, the people and their mode of living, he was convinced beyond doubt that she was the supernatural instructor of the Jumanas. Investigation and close scrutiny by others confirmed this opinion so completely that it has been, as already stated, generally accepted in Spain and Spanish America.

She died a holy death in her convent at Agreda, May 24, 1665, and the repute of her sanctity was such that the cause of her canonization was introduced very soon after. It was taken up by the Franciscan Order, and in New Mexico a Father was specially appointed to endeavor by Masses and prayers to hasten her beatification. Opposition to "The Mystical City of God," which began in France, retarded the cause. The controversies were long and violent, and in 1774 the Sacred Congregation of Rites issued a decree imposing silence on any further efforts for her beatification. A congregation was held the next year, and all expected that the Pope would issue a decree "*de non procedendo ulterius*," which would formally have closed the case. The Sovereign Pontiffs, however, have never taken this step, and the devotion to the holy

religious has increased steadily, while the opposition to her has died away. The pious in Spain are earnestly moving to have her case reopened, and confidently expect it to be resumed and completed.

If the Venerable Maria de Agreda is beatified she will be especially identified with devotion to the Immaculate Conception. The great thought of her life was to have this defined by the Pope as of faith. For this she offered her prayers and mortifications and those of her community; she was constantly appealing to the King and to the bishops of Spain to urge the Sovereign Pontiff to take this step for the honor of the Blessed Virgin and the consolation of the faithful. The solemn definition in our day by Pope Pius IX., and the devotion to this peculiar privilege of the Blessed Virgin, stimulated by the Miraculous Medal, by the Apparition at Lourdes, and the influence of the holiest members of the Church, seem to prepare the way for the beatification of the great advocate of the devotion, whom Avila and New Mexico honor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Two in Heaven.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

HERE were two saved souls looking down;
 Each had her aureole and gold gown;
 And each the long wings, rosy and sweet,
 Drifting from shoulder to bare feet;
 And each was fair,
 With dove's eyes under the pale hair.

So looking down this day and way,
 They saw the earth turn, gold and grey;
 And each one sought, mid laboring men,
 To see that man she loved again,—
 'Twas many a year
 Since the two souls had travelled here.

And one, the elder one, at last
 Saw her true lover, holding fast
 His troth to her, his patient faith,
 His love that vanquished time and death
 And pain and fear,
 And passed the grave, and leaped to her.

Her heart was glad, her eyes were glad,
 And glad the tremulous smile she had;

Like a small, golden-feathered brood,
Flew her heart's anthems home to God,
Singing their song
Of love that lives though time be long.

Then did she turn, remembering
That younger soul, who, with drooped wing,
Leant down; and her dove's eyes were sad,
And sad the tremulous smile she had.

"Ah me!" said she;
"Sister, the earth's mists baffle me!"

The other, looking then, nought said;
She saw the light love comfortèd,
She saw the false heart's sorrow done;
And, gathering then that little one
In her embrace,
Covered the troubled eyes and face.

Down through God's Land they go at eve.
The young soul hath forgot to grieve;
The elder in her gown of white
Goes dreaming, with her eyes alight,
Of love and faith,—
Of faithful Love that conquers Death!

The Disappearance of John Longworthy.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

IX.—THE AMIABILITY OF MILES.

MILES was not in a pleasant state of mind. He had come back from Albany somewhat the worse for late hours and the liquid "attentions" which he had exchanged with friends. He felt that he had made himself "solid" with certain influential politicians, but nothing had come of it. He had never felt the need of money so much; he knew very well that he had exhausted Mary's resources for the present, and experience had taught him that Esther as a banker was a personage without possibilities.

The chance of getting the reward offered by the executors of John Longworthy became more and more fascinating. The clue had been in his hands and he had let it go. If he had kept that handkerchief! Another clue had fallen at the very feet of his sisters, and they—just like women!—(he ground his teeth at their foolishness),—and they had deliberately thrown it away! Without vouchsafing a word

of explanation, he raged and stormed until even Mary's patience was exhausted.

"Miles," she said at breakfast, two days after his return, as he sat, sullen and injured-looking, waiting for his coffee; "I can not understand why you insist on making us so unhappy. If I knew in what we are to blame I would try to remedy it."

"You're never to blame," snarled Miles. "If a fellow takes a drink with a friend or comes home a little late he is frowned at as if he were going to the bad."

Miles had learned the art of carrying the war into his opponent's territory when he was doubtful about the strength of his defences.

Tears came into Mary's eyes. "We've never made home unpleasant for you, I hope," she said in a low voice, her tender conscience alarmed by this accusation.

"I don't say that Esther has," retorted Miles, hoping to enlist that young lady on his side; for he was rather afraid of her.

"You are right," said Esther, coolly. "But I have often wanted to make it as unpleasant as possible for you; and if it were not for Mary's example, I should have tried to teach you better manners long ago."

"Esther! Esther!" exclaimed her sister, in alarm. What if the tender and sensitive Miles should leave the house at once and take to drink? She hastily picked out the plumpest of the poached eggs—triumphs of her art, like golden flowers veiled in ransparent white,—and transferred them to Miles' plate.

"I want to know," said Esther, looking at her brother with an effrontery that surprised him—hitherto she had kept quiet when he and Mary happened to have a duel; she had seemed to enjoy it,—"I want to know why we are to say 'Not at home' to Mr. Fitzgerald when he comes here? And I want to know why you have made our lives a burden just because we returned to him a sum of money he had lost?"

"It wasn't the money," muttered Miles, holding out his plate again.

"What was it then?"

"Let him alone, dear," interposed Mary. "After breakfast he will feel better."

Esther shrugged her shoulders. There was a gleam in her eye which Miles had never noticed before, and he did not like it.

"When you marry you will probably make a slave of your wife, but don't expect—"

"O Esther, you are cruel!" cried Mary. "You never talked like this before. O Miles, don't mind her!"

"I'll try not to," murmured the young man, virtuously, pathetically helping himself to fried potatoes.

"Why do you refuse to permit Mr. Fitzgerald to enter this house?" pursued Esther.

Miles was cowered. He heartily wished he had never made his hasty speech. He was sane enough to think that Arthur Fitzgerald was incapable of murder—the girls had not mentioned his agitation at Esther's hoydenish speech, though they had noticed it. If Mary and Esther refused admittance to Fitzgerald now, the clue might never be regained; and he had no doubt that Fitzgerald knew all about the taking off of John Longworthy. Lawyers, he said to himself, were unscrupulous; they would lie like interviewers to help their clients out of a scrape. He hastily made up his mind to recede, as a matter of expediency, from his first high-hand position.

"You can do as you please. If you like that dude you can have him here, for all I care," he answered, with the air of one making a concession.

Esther did not seem grateful. "You are very kind, but why did you 'command' us not to invite him here? He is one of the nicest people we know, and—"

"O Esther," broke in Mary, "you know how careful Miles is of us! Why, he rarely introduces anybody, even his own friends!"

"He thinks we need a chaperon, dear boy!" said Esther.

"That's it," growled Miles,—"whatever it is!" he muttered under his breath. He felt relieved. But Esther was relentless.

"Mr. Fitzgerald can not enter this house until I know the reason why you have said he should not."

Mary, listening to this dialogue between the two she loved most on earth, felt that she would welcome even an earthquake if it would stop the unholy contention.

"He shall come if I want him!" cried Miles, defiantly.

Esther arose. "Mary, I am not at home to Mr. Fitzgerald at any time."

Miles' wrath gave way to an anxious wish to undo the mischief he had done. And when Fitzgerald did come—he could not keep away,—Miles clenched his fists as he heard the little girl who opened the door say: "The young ladies are engaged."

He heard Fitzgerald echo the words in a voice that bespoke surprise of an unpleasant kind. There was no help for it; and Mary was too conscientious to let the small child say 'Not at home,' though it would have been more merciful.

Miles' pangs increased as he realized how he had handicapped himself. The necessity of money was almost desperate. There was a certain "debt," as he called it, which lay heavily on his mind at times. It was one of those debts which are debts indeed, but of which the first party in its transaction had as yet no knowledge. And, then, he felt certain that the nomination for the Assembly lay at his feet. And for this his soul yearned. Not that he overrated the value of the title it carried with it—though he sometimes, in absent-mindedness, wrote over and over again "Hon. Miles Galligan,"—but he felt that such an elevation would place him in a congenial sphere and open the way to better things.

Popular as he was with his possible constituents, he was aware that nothing but money could distil the rosy mist of his patriotism into the dew of reality. The genial Hebrew of Russian or Polish extraction was very fond of him; the amiable Neapolitans had even named several of their children after him; and the Irish and Irish-Americans, who were fading away before the swarm of newcomers, rallied around him on all occasions. Enthusiastic as all these people were, disinterested as they were, patriotic as they were, they made him feel that something more was required of him than diligent attendance at Jewish weddings, proficiency in the game of mora, or the constant kissing of little black-eyed children,—and what that was he knew very well. It was money, or what would cost money. How could he give that gigantic family picnic expected of the candidate, or that great reunion in the winter, at which his friends would dance and drink his health?

Miles thought all this over, and then he made up his mind to make peace with his

sisters, in the hope that they might be induced to ask Arthur Fitzgerald not to desert them altogether; for without Fitzgerald he felt that the Longworthy reward was unattainable. The olive branch he resolved to offer was, he felt, undeserved by them. In all family disagreements he had hitherto sulked until they had exhausted every means of softening him, and then magnanimously forgiven them. He made up his mind to invite them out to dinner. He wanted a dinner at Vespucci's himself, with a bottle or two of Chianti, and why should he not include the girls? It would be both generous and wise. Besides, Fitzgerald dined there every evening. Miles wrote the invitation and left it on the parlor table; he went out, glowing with amiability.

X.—AT VESPUCCI'S.

Mary and Esther had a bad time of it after the trio at the breakfast table. Mary was more gentle than usual; her pupils observed it, and probably took as little advantage of it as their nature permitted. She was humiliated; afraid for Miles, dissatisfied with Esther. For the first time she felt the truth that none but a mother can govern a household in its most important departments.

To Mary, Esther's free speech to Miles had a dash of vulgarity in it, and Miles' manner had made her heart sick. And, then, the evident ostracism of Arthur Fitzgerald was a thorn in her charity. It was true that he had no right to call so often; but, then, he was so considerate, so gentlemanly, and his admiration of Esther was so great, that she could not find it in her heart to discover faults in him. But what kind of a wife would Esther make for a man of refinement if she should get into the habit of talking to her husband as she had talked to Miles? Altogether, Mary found the world just then to be of a bluish hue; consequently she made her daily visit to St. Mary's Church longer than usual.

Esther was in a towering state of indignation with herself and Miles, who in her eyes typified all mankind. The unhappy little male German Jews who were learning the scales under her direction had their fingers slapped with a vigor which she did not hesitate to apply to the digits of the little girls in the convent school too. And when she played their

pieces for them!—"Ach, mutter," said one, "you'd think she banged de Sturm Marsch Galop all de time on a brass band!" But when Mary picked up Miles' note and read it aloud to her, there was a perceptible change of mood.

"Will come back at six,—take you to Vespucci's,—dinner,—*six sharp*," Mary read.

Esther listened with apparent calmness but with inward exultation. She had read and heard of those Italian restaurants so beloved of the Continental stranger in New York, whose purse does not always equal his appetite. Esther, though born in New York, knew very little of the peculiar lights and shadows of that great and sorrowful city. She had often wished that she had Miles' liberty of action, for she longed to see some of the strange and brilliant effects with which the foreign influx has touched the old Dutch village. Esther had an artistic temperament; she loved the art of music intensely, but this love made her restless. In her heart she believed that she was a genius, and she passionately desired to have the light of new climes and experience on her wings. The prudent old Jesuit, her confessor, shook his head over her hopes and fears. He had known her since her childhood.

"O Father," she said to him one day, after he had tried to remind her that the American girl's idea of "Europe" as an easy road to the development of genius was rather untrustworthy; "I live in a dream of Paris!"

"You remind me of Fra Tom Burke's mother," he observed, with a smile. "It was said that she lived on snuff and aspirations,—and she died."

The vision of Vespucci's dispelled all Miles' faults. To Esther it was an event; she would have a foretaste of Naples; she could close her eyes and imagine herself listening to the roar of Vesuvius. Her imagination, which was vivid, brought to her an uneasy sensation that Miles would doubtless borrow the price of the feast from either Mary or her; but this did not interfere with her anticipations.

As for Mary, she thanked Heaven in her heart for this piece of good fortune. How generous, how thoughtful Miles was!

In the evening their brother appeared, well groomed, with a high collar that seemed at

every motion to threaten to saw off his ears. He wore a carnation in his button-hole, and his bristling yellow moustache was twisted after the latest political manner. His diamond pin, embedded in a neat but not gaudy carmine-colored necktie, scintillated festively.

It was a pleasant night, and the walk to Vespucci's was a short one. The three sauntered along Fourteenth Street to Third Avenue in great complacency. Miles was the least happy; he was pleased with his own appearance and he was rather proud of his sisters, though, as he often said, their style was a little too quiet for *him*; yet he was uneasy. Suppose his feast should lead to nothing,—suppose they should still refuse to notice Arthur Fitzgerald?

At last the three reached Vespucci's. It was a plain, unpretentious place, with nothing particular in the shop window. The elevated trains thundered past, but nobody minded that any more than if their noise were an æolian sigh. The Avenue sparkled with lights, and the bustle of the Christmas season pervaded it.

Miles led the way upstairs with a familiar and easy air. Esther, to her delight, caught a glimpse of a dark skinned man eating *spaghetti* on the lower floor, and of his neighbor sipping a glass of something green. She felt that she was indeed in a new and romantic sphere. There were strange odors from the food, and a swarthy waiter appearing at the head of the stairs completed the foreign air.

The three were ushered into a long room set around with small tables, each with a *carafe* of water and a corrugated match-stand. Men and women were sitting at various tables, with here and there a small child or two. Esther decided at once that the people were not dressed with fine knowledge of the prevailing mode which distinguishes the New Yorker of the highest caste. Mary, however, was rather awed by what struck her as the brilliancy of the assembly. She shuddered as she saw one matronly-looking woman in the act of encouraging a small girl to sip some red wine; and the appearance of several long-necked bottles, wicker-covered, and filled with the wine of Chianti, convinced her that the Italians were no better than they should be.

The room was very bright, very light, very

warm. Some people were just at their dessert, with oranges, nuts, and little cups of coffee before them; others—true Italians, and not Americans from the neighboring boarding-houses,—were eating *spaghetti*, artistically curled around their forks. Esther closed her eyes ecstatically. If the hand-organ in the street had only been playing "Santa Lucia," instead of one of the Harrigan & Hart melodies, Esther could have imagined herself by the Bay of Naples.

By and by Vespucci appeared, darker and handsomer than any of the Italian tenors, and with moustaches almost as long as Victor Emanuel's. Miles showed the most delightful familiarity with this imposing creature, who, with a sweeping bow, presently left them. Some salty little fish were served, and then Miles, who did not take soup, said solemnly to the waiter, "*Dui!*"

The waiter looked incomprehending. Mary glanced at Esther,—she had no idea dear Miles could speak Italian.

"*Dui!*" repeated the young man, in a voice that made the occupants of the seats near him turn. The waiter still smiled the smile of the inane.

"*Dui!* Don't you understand?" cried Miles, growing red. "You ought to know your own language, you fool! *Dui suppi*,—two soups, I mean!"

The waiter shook his head despairingly, muttered "*Corpo di Bacco*" to himself, and took away the little fish dishes. Miles had no time to dwell on the failure of his *lingua Toscana*; for two men had taken possession of the table opposite them. One was Arthur Fitzgerald, the other Rudolf Bastien.

Fitzgerald half rose, perceiving them after he had sat down. But Mary's cool nod and Esther's slight inclination effectually checked his intention to go over to their table.

Miles' heart sank. If these silly girls were bent on keeping up the coolness how could he get a grasp on Fitzgerald? An east wind suddenly struck him; he looked contemptuously around.

"I can't eat in this hole. Let's hurry up and get away."

Esther paid no attention to this speech,—Mary hoped that she did not hear it.

Fitzgerald resumed his conversation with

Bastien. Miles sat in moody silence. How long could he sit there and see that dude prattling away as if he did not know the secret!

When the roast came on, Miles made up his mind to break the ice. He crossed over to Fitzgerald's table; he shook hands; he was introduced to Bastien, who looked at him and then at his sisters with lively interest.

"We can't smoke up here," observed Miles. "It's a pity Vespucci won't allow it."

"You forget the ladies," said Fitzgerald.

"Oh, women don't mind it now! They ought to get used to it."

Bastien shrugged his shoulders, and looked at Miles in a way that made that young person long to punch his head. He lost his temper, and, forgetting his prudence, said, leaning his elbow on the table near Fitzgerald:

"By the way, what do you know about the murder of John Longworth?"

Fitzgerald's startled look answered Miles; but Bastien struck in, with a slight German accent:

"Nothing, dear friend." And then he added, in a sarcastic voice, with a mocking laugh in it: "Suppose I should say that I made away with the estimable Longworth?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Imprisonment and Torture of Galileo.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

SCHOOL-CHILDREN are frequently told that in a time of most dense ignorance Galileo, an Italian astronomer, discovered that the earth moves around the sun; that this doctrine was contrary to that of the Catholic Church, and that therefore the unfortunate scientist was seized by the Inquisition, thrown into a dungeon, and tortured; that finally he retracted his teaching, but that, nevertheless, even while ostensibly yielding, he muttered: "And yet the earth does move." Very few Protestants even suspect any exaggeration in these assertions; still fewer appear to know that Galileo did *not* discover that the earth moves around the sun; that this doctrine was *not* contrary to that of the

Catholic Church; that the imprisonment of Galileo was merely nominal, and that he was subjected to no torture whatever; that the famous remark "*E pur si muove*" is a work of imagination.

Galileo did not discover that the earth moves around the sun. The ancient Greeks certainly knew that the earth is round, that it is isolated in space, and that it moves. Aristotle and Ptolemy undertook to refute the last theory. According to Cicero, Nicetas asserted the motion of the earth. Philolaus, says Eusebius, thought that the earth moved around the region of fire, in an oblique circle. Aristarchus of Samos, says Archimedes, sustained the immobility of the sun, and that the earth turned around it as around a centre. Seneca thinks it "well to inquire whether the rest of the universe moves around a stationary earth, or whether the earth moves in a stationary universe." * The Irish Ferghil (Virgilius), Bishop of Salzburg in the eighth century, taught the existence of the antipodes. Dante certainly believed in the antipodes and in central attraction. † Copernicus himself never pretended to be the author of the system which bears his name, although to this humble Polish priest belongs the glory of having precisely formulated that system, and at a time when a knowledge of it had almost vanished from among men. Galileo needs not to be regarded as a prince among astronomers in order to merit the homage of the scientific: his greatest glory is that of a mechanician.

The heliocentric system was not contrary to the doctrine of the Catholic Church. She never has proposed and she can not propose to her children any system of merely physical science as a matter of faith. Certainly, if any system contradicts her teachings she exercises her right to condemn it. Most churchmen of the early seventeenth century, quite naturally followers of the generally received scientific theories of their day, rejected the idea of a motion of the earth around the sun; but the Church did not force them to such rejection. Had such been the mind of the Church, Copernicus and his many forerunners would not have been regarded as good Catholics; and

* "Nat. Questions," vii, 2. † "Hell," canto 34.

Copernicus himself would not have dedicated his "Revolutions of the Heavenly Orbs" to Pope Paul III., saying, "If men who are ignorant in mathematics pretend to condemn my book, because of certain passages of Scripture which they distort to suit themselves, I despise their vain attacks." Calcagnini, who died in 1540, would not have publicly taught at Ferrara that "the heavens stand, but the earth moves."

But if the Church was not hostile to purely scientific innovations, Luther and Melancthon were not so liberal. In his "Table Talk" Luther says: "Men pay heed to an astrologer who contends that it is the earth that moves, and not the heavens or the firmament, the sun and the moon. If a man yearns for a reputation as a profound scientist, he should invent some new system. This madman would subvert the whole science of astronomy; but Scripture tells us that Joshua bade the sun, and not the earth, to stand still." In his "Principles of the Science of Physics," Melancthon says: "The eyes testify that the heavens revolve every twenty-four hours; and nevertheless some men, either from love of novelty or to parade their genius, insist that the earth moves, and that the eighth sphere and the sun do not revolve. Every true believer is obliged to accept the truth as revealed by God, and to be contented with it."

It is certain that for many years Galileo was admired and cherished by the most learned ecclesiastics of Rome; that three successive Pontiffs gave him many tokens of esteem; that he was one of the most honored members of the celebrated Academy of the Lincei. The Cardinal del Monte, writing to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, says: "During his sojourn at Rome Galileo has given much satisfaction, and I believe that he has received the same; for he has enjoyed good opportunities to exhibit his inventions, and the best-informed men of the Eternal City regard them as most wonderful and accurate. If we were living in the olden days of Rome, the worth of Galileo, I think, would be recognized by a statue on the Capitoline."

A famous scientist, the Carmelite Foscarini, published in 1615—only a year before Galileo's first trouble with the Inquisition—a theological apology for the philosopher and

the Copernican system, which was dedicated to Fantoni, General of the Carmelites, and approved by the ecclesiastical authorities of Naples. On May 15 of the same year Mgr. Dini, a Roman prelate and an old pupil of Galileo, writes that there is no fear that the Copernican system will be condemned; and that as to Galileo himself, "he should fortify his position with arguments well-founded both in Scripture and mathematics"; and that in the meantime he may be assured of the writer's own influence with the Sacred College in his favor, and of the protection of Prince Cesi, the founder and president of the Lincei. Indeed, as late as February 16, 1616, Galileo wrote to Picchena that he found among the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries much displeasure because of "the diabolic opposition of his persecutors."

Before approaching the main object of our article we must reply to a question which naturally occurs to one who observes that the Church of the seventeenth century was not hostile to the Copernican system, and that so many churchmen were favorable to Galileo. How happened it that Galileo found himself cited before an ecclesiastical tribunal? In accounting for this fact little weight need be attached to the sentiments and conduct of those who, in his day as at all times, appear to be tolerated by God for the trial of genius. Men who argued against the movement of the earth because the earth has no limbs, muscles, and sinews;* men who would decry the heliocentric system with the words, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye looking up to heaven?"†—such persons could have had no influence upon the Roman Congregations. Nor would these tribunals have exercised their power merely because Galileo was contradicted by Tassoni, Vieta, Montaigne, Bacon, Pascal, and other great thinkers of the time.‡

* Thus Chiaramonti of Cesena.

† Thus the Dominican Caccini, preaching the Advent course in S. Maria Novella in Florence. But Maraffi, General of the Dominicans, writing to Galileo on January 10, 1615, deplored the extravagance of Caccini, who, he said, had previously been forced to apologize in Bologna for other absurdities in the pulpit.

‡ Tassoni, a very independent thinker, thus reasoned: "Stand still in the middle of a room, and look at the sun through a window opening toward the south.

The fault of Galileo consisted in his confusing revealed truths with physical discoveries, and in teaching in what sense Scripture passages were to be taken, explaining them by demonstrations of calculation and experience. Every one admits with Dante* that the Scriptures adopt popular ideas for the sake of perspicuity. But Galileo said that in the Scriptures "are found propositions which, taken literally, are false; that Holy Writ, out of regard for the incapacity of the people, expresses itself inexactly, even when treating of solemn dogmas; that in questions concerning natural things, philosophical argument should avail more than sacred."

These assertions unsettled all science, founded as it then was on revelation; "the earth," says Cantù, "ceased to be regarded as the largest, warmest, and most illuminated of the planetary bodies. It no longer enjoyed a pre-eminence in creation as the home of a privileged being, but became one of many in the group of unexplored planets and in no way distinguished from the others. Fearing that science was aggrandizing itself only to war on God, the timid repudiated it. Only later did the better minds understand that the faith fears no learning; that historic criticism can be independent and impartial without becoming irreligious. Then good sense estimated at their true value the accusations launched against the Church because of the affair of Galileo; it distinguished simple assertions from articles of faith, positive and necessary prohibitions from prudential and disciplinary provisions, the oracles of the Church from the deliberations of a particular tribunal. To such a tribunal a denunciation was made that Galileo or his disciples had asserted that God

* "Paradise," iv, 43-45.

Now, if the sun stands still and the window moves so quickly, the sun will instantly disappear from your vision." Vieta, a consummate algebraist, thought the Copernican system derived from a fallacious geometry. Montaigne said that probably before a thousand years a third system would supplant the two others. Descartes sometimes denied the Copernican theory. Bacon derided it as repugnant to natural philosophy. Pascal, in his "Thoughts," deemed it "wise not to sound the depths of the Copernican opinion." As late as 1806 the Milanese Pini, in his "Incredibility of the Movement of the Earth," sustained the Ptolemaic idea.

is an accident and not a substance, a personal being; that miracles are not miracles at all. Then the Pontiff declared that, for the termination of scandal, Galileo should be cited and admonished by the Sacred Congregation."*

In endeavoring to discover what followed on Galileo's second summons before the Inquisition (concerning his first trial in 1615 there is no question as to either imprisonment or torture), it would appear to us that no better source of information can be desired than the original "Process." But since Libri,† Perchappe,‡ Bertrand,§ and others insinuate—according to what principles of criticism the reader must judge—that as this record has been nearly always in the hands of ecclesiastics, they *may* have destroyed evidence of their own cruelty, we will here adduce the testimony of the Tuscan Ambassador, Niccolini. This evidence ought to be acceptable to our adversaries; for the writer was an intense partisan of Galileo, and would not have hidden anything likely to excite sympathy for his hero. Add to this the fact that these dispatches are directed to Galileo's own sovereign, himself a warm admirer of the philosopher. Galileo arrived in Rome on February 13, 1633, and under date of March 13 Niccolini writes:

"The Pope told me that he had shown to Galileo a favor never accorded to another, in allowing him to reside in my house instead of in the Holy Office. . . . His Holiness said that he could not avoid having Galileo brought to the Holy Office for the examination; and I replied that my gratitude would be doubled if he would exempt Galileo from this appearance, but he answered that he could not do so. . . . He concluded with the promise to assign Galileo certain rooms which are the most convenient in the Holy Office." On April 16 the Ambassador says: "He has a servant and every convenience. The reverend commissary assigned him the apartments of the judge of the tribunal. My own servants carry his meals from my house." . . .

* "Illustrious Italians," Milan, 1879.

† "History of Mathematical Science in Italy," Paris, 1841; vol. iv, pp. 155-294.

‡ "Galileo: His Life and Discoveries," Paris, 1866.

§ "Founders of Modern Astronomy," Paris, 1865.—When Napoleon invaded Rome in 1809, among the

About two months later (June 18) Niccolini continues: "I have again besought for a termination of the cause of Galileo, and His Holiness replied that the affair is ended, and that Galileo will be summoned some morning of next week to the Holy Office, to hear the decision. . . . In regard to the person of Galileo, he ought to be imprisoned for some time, because he disobeyed the orders of 1616; but the Pope says that after the publication of the sentence he will consider with me as to what can be done to afflict him as little as possible." On June 26: "Monday evening Galileo was summoned to the Holy Office, and on Tuesday morning he proceeded thither to learn what was required of him. He was detained, and on Wednesday he was taken to the Minerva, before the lords-cardinals and the prelates of the Congregation, where the sentence was read, and he was forced to abjure his opinion. The sentence includes the prohibition of his book, and his condemnation to the prison of the Holy Office during the pleasure of His Holiness, because, as they declare, he disobeyed the order given him sixteen years ago in this matter.* But this condemnation was commuted by His Holiness to a residence in the gardens of the Trinità dei Monti." On July 3: "His Holiness told me that although it was rather early to diminish the penance of Galileo, he had been content to allow him to reside at first in the gardens of the Grand Duke, and that now he

* Of the ten cardinals forming the tribunal, and all of whose names are at the head of the preamble, three did not sign the document. These were Gaspar Borgia, Zacchia, and Francis Barberini, nephew of Urban VIII. One of the signers, Anthony Barberini, a brother of the Pontiff and a Capuchin friar, tried hard to obtain a remission of the entire penance.

literary and historical monuments which he stole was the original Process of Galileo. The Holy See vainly demanded it from the government of the Restoration. While it was yet in France the astronomer Delambre consulted it, but, very negligently, as is evinced by the inexactness of his quotations when writing to Venturi the letter published in 1821 by the latter. Delambre did not appreciate the Process very highly, probably because, like Barbier ("Critical Examination of Historical Dictionaries," Paris, 1820), he could find no proof of his own assertion that Galileo had been tortured. The volume was finally consigned to Count Rossi, to be restored to the Vatican in 1846, and there it still remains.

could proceed to Sienna, there to reside in a convent or with my lord the Archbishop."*

According, therefore, to Niccolini, the imprisonment of Galileo was merely nominal, and there is no mention of any infliction of torture. But let us examine further this question of torture. It is said that the Process itself furnishes an indication of the infliction of torture; that in the fourth interrogatory, on June 21, torture was menaced; that in the sentence the judges declared that they had "deemed it necessary to proceed to a *rigorous* examination" of the accused. It is true that torture was threatened, but the menace was not executed. In a decree issued by Urban VIII. on June 16, 1633, and first published by L'Epinois, it was ordered that Galileo "should be questioned as to his intention [in publishing the 'Dialogue'], and that he should be menaced with torture. If he does not yield to the threat, he must be made to pronounce, in full session of the Holy Office, an abjuration for strong suspicion of heresy."

On June 21, in the fourth and last interrogatory, but without any mention of the above decree, Galileo was questioned as to his intention in the "Dialogue" in regard to the Copernican system. In reply he would only admit that, cherishing his hypothesis, and feeling proud of the arguments adduced for it before 1616, he had given in the "Dialogue" more strength to the Copernican than to the other opinion. Refusing, therefore, to avow the imputed intention, he was threatened with torture. Then he replied—with what truth let his ultra-admirers imagine: "I have not held the Copernican system since I was ordered to abandon it [seventeen years before]. But I am in your hands. Do with me what you will." This refusal to acknowledge the imputed intention had been foreseen by Pope Urban, and, as he had provided for the contingency, the tribunal did not fulfil the threat of torture, but proceeded to the act of abjuration. As for the words "*rigorous examination*" used in the sentence, they do not necessarily imply

* July 6 found Galileo at Sienna, dwelling with his old friend and disciple, the Archbishop Ascanio Piccolomini. On December 16, the Cardinal Francis Barberini having obtained this favor, he arrived at his own villa of Arcetri, and here he resided almost constantly until his death on January 8, 1642.

that torture had been inflicted; they can easily refer to the threat pronounced in the fourth interrogatory.

But, according to the code of laws binding upon the inquisitors, which are fully given in the "Directory" of Eymeric,* the official guide of the Holy Office, torture could not have been inflicted on Galileo. It is prescribed that when the accused denies the charges, and they have not been substantiated, and he has not yet furnished a good defence, he shall "be put to the question, in order that the truth may be reached,"—provided, however, that the consulters so advise. Now, Galileo was not obstinate; he had no inclination to become a martyr for science. In his sentence the judges say: "We deemed it necessary to proceed to a rigorous examination, and thou didst reply like a Catholic—*respondisti Catholica*." Having thus answered, he could not be tortured. It is sad to hear him uttering what his judges must have known to be a lie: "For some time before the determination of the Holy Office, and before I received that command [the order of 1616], I had been indifferent as to the two opinions of Ptolemy and Copernicus, and had held that both were disputable and that both could be true in nature. But after the above mentioned determination, being assured by the prudence of my superiors, all my doubts ceased, and I held, as I now hold, the theory of Ptolemy as true,—that is, that the earth does not, and the sun does move." If Galileo had undergone torture he would scarcely have omitted to mention it among his many grievances, when, a few days after his departure from Rome, on July 23, he wrote from Sienna to Gioli, minister of the Grand Duke: "I address you, prompted by a desire to escape from the long *weariness* of a more than six months' imprisonment, and from the trouble and *affliction of mind* of a whole year, coupled with many *inconveniences* and *bodily dangers*."

And now a few words as to the authenticity of the "*E pur si muove*." In the formula

* "Directory for Inquisitors, by Friar Nicholas Eymeric, of the Order of Preachers; Commentated by Francis Pegna, S. T. D. and J. U. D., Auditor of Causes in the Apostolic Palace." Part III., on the "Practice of the Inquisitorial Office," chapter on the "Third Way of Ending a Trial for Faith." Venice, 1595.

of abjuration, after having avowed that his "Dialogue" favors the "false" doctrine of the movement of the earth around the sun, and having admitted his violation of the prohibition of 1616, Galileo "affirms and swears, with his hand on the holy Gospels," that "with a sincere heart and unfeigned faith he abjures, anathematizes and detests the aforesaid errors and heresies," for which he has been justly condemned as "strongly suspected of heresy." And he promises not only to abstain hereafter from all heretical doctrine, but also to denounce all heretics to the Inquisition or the ordinary of the locality. Motives of both personal and general interest certainly decided an act of apparent submission; but in performing it Galileo could not, without risk of destroying himself, have given himself the questionable satisfaction of a merely childish contradiction. Undoubtedly he thought that the earth moved, and probably the inquisitors knew that he so thought. But had he made the famous remark he would not have been dismissed two days afterward.

If Galileo risked so much by the quoted ebullition at so fatally decisive a moment, how comes it that never after, either by speech or in writing, did he expressly contradict his abjuration by openly professing his system? Certainly, when writing in confidence to some intimates, he would insist upon his innocence from a religious point of view; but in all other instances his reticence was persistent. Every opportunity and temptation to break this imposed silence was presented when he wrote to Diodati, then in Paris, on July 25, 1634, complaining of the violence of his enemies toward himself and his teachings,—a violence which he would answer only by silence. Nor does he contradict his abjuration in his letter written in 1637 to King Ladislaus of Poland, whom he asks to compare his "Dialogue" with the sentence pronounced against its author, and to see if its doctrine is more pernicious than that of Luther and Calvin, as Urban VIII. was said to believe. Nor, again, does he advocate his system in his letter to Pieresc on February 21, 1636, in which he insists on the injustice of his condemnation. When he writes to Rinuccini on March 29, 1641, he evades a direct answer to an attempt to obtain an avowal of his real mind.

The Revival of Leprosy.

THERE are grounds to fear a terrible revival of leprosy in our time, and that this most dreadful of all scourges may spread in our own country. In spite of all that has been written on the subject, especially since Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard made known to the world the work and worth of Father Damien, few persons have any idea in how many places lepers are to be found, and in what great numbers. The ignorance that exists among intelligent readers, even among physicians, on this subject is surprising. Many suppose leprosy to be a disease of Bible times and countries, and that it now exists only in Syria and the Hawaiian Islands. But the fact is that this dread scourge walks the whole earth and in all its original hideousness. It was imported into Europe at the time of the Crusades, and it has never left it, spreading from European centres in all directions.

Those who gave warning of the danger were treated as alarmists. The task of collecting statistics of leprosy was not an easy one. Lepers and their friends naturally concealed the affliction, and it was only when the disease had gained such headway that it was impossible to arrest its progress that governments were roused to action. The disease has continued to spread, and the danger to public health may now be said to exist everywhere. Sir Morell Mackenzie, who has made special investigations on leprosy, writing of its prevalence in Europe in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*, says:

"Portugal has more lepers than any other European country except Norway. In Italy leprosy is met with on the Genoese Riviera; it was also found till quite recently at Comacchio, in the Ferrara marshes. In Sicily the disease has been steadily spreading for the last thirty or forty years. In annexing Nice, France took over with it a considerable number of Italian lepers belonging to Le Turbie and neighboring places, but the disease is now almost extinct in these localities. Small foci of leprosy still exist in Thessaly and Macedonia; the affection is not rare in some of the Ægean islands—*e. g.*, Samos, Rhodes, Chios, and Mitylene,—and it is extraordinarily prevalent in Crete. It is spreading to an alarming degree in Russia, especially in the Baltic provinces, and it has lately been found necessary to establish a special hospital at Riga. In St. Petersburg cases are occasionally, though very rarely, met with; at least half of them

are imported from outlying provinces. 'Sporadic' cases are said to occur in some parts of Hungary and Roumania. In Sweden, where the disease was extremely prevalent up to the beginning of the present century, it seems now to have almost died out. Norway is unquestionably the most considerable leprosy centre in Europe at the present day, but the disease is curiously limited to particular regions, such as the districts round Bergen, Molde, and Trondhjem."

Leprosy is rife in every other quarter of the globe—in the West Indies, in Australasia, in Mexico, in Central and South America, in Africa, China, and Japan. The number of lepers in India alone exceeds 250,000. In the Sandwich Islands, where leprosy is not known to have existed previous to 1850, the race is threatened with extinction. It has recently been discovered that the cases in the lazaretto at Tracadie by no means comprise all the lepers even in New Brunswick, not to say Canada.

Startling as the announcement may be to many, leprosy is unquestionably making headway in the United States. Its seeds have been sown in Louisiana, Iowa, Illinois, Utah, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. Cases are numerous among the Chinese of the Pacific coast and wherever else they have congregated. Dr. Blanc recently reported the existence of forty-two cases of the disease in New Orleans alone. It is high time for the Government to take steps to prevent the natural evolution of this frightful malady. "The seeds of the plague are sown," says Mr. Stoddard in his "Lepers of Molokai," "and the fact should be considered in season; for anon we may hear the hopeless cry ringing from shore to shore—'Too late! too late!'"

Leprosy, we know from Holy Scripture, was sent by God on account of sin. For murmuring against Moses, his sister was struck with leprosy. "The leprosy of Naaman shall also stick to thee, and to thy seed forever." (Kings.) "And the Lord struck the king, so that he was a leper unto the day of his death." (Paral.) Leprosy has been characterized as the most ancient and the most human of all diseases, and it is one for which medical science has never found a remedy. "Our knowledge of this frightful malady," says the eminent Dr. Morrow of New York, "is incomplete and indefinite." The reader will have thoughts of his own regarding the spread in our day of the most grievous disease to which flesh is heir.

Notes and Remarks.

The indignant protests of European scholars, Protestant and Catholic, against the "modernization" of Rome have been powerless to avert the sacrilegious vandalism of its present rulers. Lovers of ancient art will hear with additional sorrow that all the storied cities of Italy are likely to meet with the same fate in the near future. Florence is now about to be modernized. The delightful old hermitages and chapels will soon be memories. Even statues and paintings of priceless value are being displaced, and Dante's house has been rebuilt! The Rome of art and beauty as well as of religion, the Rome of the Popes, has almost disappeared, and now the Florence of the Medici is to meet a similar fate. It will soon be the turn of Venice, Verona, and the other mediæval cities in which poet and artist delighted.

The Sisters of St. Ann mourn the loss of their venerable foundress, Mother Mary Anna, who died on the 2d ult., in the eighty-first year of her age. The community which she founded and presided over for so many years has been singularly blessed. From a little grain of mustard-seed, so to say, it has grown into a mighty tree, whose branches protect over 10,000 children. The community has houses in Canada, Alaska, and the United States, and numbers more than five hundred professed members. The mother-house is at Lachine, near Montreal.

The *Catholic Citizen* thinks—and it is not alone in thinking so—that "a Papal diplomat at Washington would be a useless ornament and a needless expense." The Holy See already has the best of representatives in Washington in the person of the Rt. Rev. Rector of the Catholic University. And a Cardinal of the Church, of whom American Catholics and non Catholics have reason to be proud, lives at no great distance.

One of the most interesting and satisfactory papers in the *American Catholic Quarterly* is M. A. C.'s "Forty Years in the American Wilderness." It is chiefly valuable for the glimpses it gives of the relation of the Mormons to the Catholic "Gentiles." The first priest who entered President Young's capital was threatened with death. He stayed, all the same. Brigham Young was a shrewd man; he saw that if this priest were "destroyed" by one of the Mormon "angels," another would come in his place. He promptly declared himself the protector of the Catholics, and on many occasions expressed the opinion

that Catholics would occupy in the Mormon paradise a second place. The Destroying Angel even sent his children to the school conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Whenever he wanted to see them, he would have them brought across the wide street. He would never enter the convent. "Don't ask me," he would say; "I am a bad man." But the Mormon authorities, who knew well the value of early impressions, soon put a stop to the sending of Mormon children to Catholic schools.

In Utah criminals condemned to death are not commonly hanged. A criminal being sentenced to death, asked for the Sisters. He wanted a priest, and the Mormons had offered to bring him; but he feared that they might personate one, in order to extract certain secrets from him. The Sisters were shocked. "The Mormons are capable of worse than that," the prisoner said; "I have been with them so long that I know the depths of their depravity." The Sisters brought a priest; the penitent lived a few moments after having been shot; he was consoled to the last by the priest. There are no Christian emblems in the Mormon graveyard, but, descending the mountain side, the traveller is refreshed by the sight of the rude cross of this penitent's remains with the "R. I. P." scratched on it.

We ask the charitable prayers of our readers for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Clara M. Thompson, of Pomfret, Conn., who, before her health failed, was an occasional contributor to THE "AVE MARIA," writing under the *nom-de-guerre* of "Isadore." She also contributed to the *Catholic World* and other periodicals, and was the author of a Catholic novel entitled "Hawthornedean." Her happy death occurred on the 10th inst. Mrs. Thompson was a convert to the faith, and led a life of exemplary fervor. She was a lineal descendant of General Putnam, of Revolutionary fame. The husband of the deceased is senior warden of the little Episcopal Church at Pomfret, and one of her sons is a Protestant minister in Michigan. Thirty years or so ago Mrs. Thompson herself was well known in Protestant reading circles as the gifted author of "The Rector of Moreland" and "The Chapel of St. Mary." In the latter work she displayed a thoroughly Protestant rancor against Catholicism, with a generous admixture of true-blue Puritan bigotry. God's ways are indeed wonderful. May she rest in peace!

Chicago, Ill., deserves to be selected as the place for the World's Fair on account of the great interest it has taken in the project and the extraordinary efforts it is making to secure the

choice. The women of the Garden City have shown commendable zeal in another direction, and it will be a reproach to the Catholic women of the entire country if they do not co-operate. They should be proud to do so: The efforts of the ladies of Chicago have been directed toward the organization of a society, to be known as the Queen Isabella Association, for the purpose of commemorating the part which that great Catholic Queen took in the discovery of America, by the erection of a statue to her. It is also proposed to erect a magnificent building, in which objects relating to the earliest history of the country, and souvenirs of the Spanish court in the time of Isabella and Ferdinand, will be exhibited, and which will serve as a social and business meeting place for the women of all nations who may visit the World's Fair. One dollar will purchase a certificate of membership in the Association and entitle the holder to all its privileges. A statue fund of \$25,000, in shares of \$5 each, has been established. Each share represents a part ownership in the statue, besides a certificate of membership in the Association. At the close of the Fair the shareholders will determine its location. The commission for this statue of Queen Isabella has appropriately been given to a woman sculptor, Harriet Hosmer.

A very touching description is given in the Paris papers of the feast held by Madame Carnot for the public school-children. The Radicals insisted that no child from the Catholic schools should be admitted; and the friends of Christian education, when they saw the poor little waifs, scarcely clothed in rags, enter Madame la Présidente's illuminated *salon*, rejoiced that the little creatures, whom the Government is trying to deprive even of belief in God, were to have one glimpse of happiness. Madame Carnot did her best for the children. Of course there was a dispute among the vulgar and pompous mayors who were present; but the children went home happy for the moment, with toys and warm garments.

Mgr. Satolli speaks of the United States in the most enthusiastic way. "Washington," he said recently at Rome, "must have been a man inspired."

The death of the Rev. Benedict J. Sestini removes another of those marvellously learned men who have made the Society of Jesus respected even by its enemies since its foundation. Father Sestini, who died at Frederick, Md., on January 17, was one of that great astronomical group which numbered Secchi and Perry. Father Sestini

was a Florentine, born in 1816. He entered the Society at an early age. Driven from his native land by the revolution of 1848, he came to the United States, and taught mathematics and astronomy at Georgetown and Woodstock. He originated that excellent publication, the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, conducting it with great ability and zeal until a stroke of paralysis incapacitated him from editorial work. May he rest in peace!

The following additional offerings for the needy missions of the Passionist Fathers in South America are gratefully acknowledged in their name. The intentions of each generous benefactor are recommended to the prayers of these excellent religious:

A Friend, Marlboro, Mass., \$1; A Friend, Bullard's Bar, Cal., in honor of St. Joseph, \$1; Mrs. Mansfield, \$2; J. B., 50 cts.; Mrs. A. C. Maguire, 50 cts.; D. McC., \$1; A Friend, \$1.50; A. M. C., in behalf of the Souls in Purgatory, \$1; Mrs. James Prendergast, \$1; C. M., Coventry, Conn., \$2; A Friend, in honor of the Infant Jesus, \$2.

New Publications.

ISABELLA OF CASTILE 1492-1892. By Eliza Allen Starr. Chicago, Ill.: C. V. Waite & Co., cor. Clark and Randolph Streets.

This book has the distinction of being the first published in the interest of the World's Fair. It is also for the benefit of the Queen Isabella Association, the object of which is explained elsewhere in our present number. Miss Starr is always ready to take up her pen for any good cause, and whatever she writes is sure to be worthy of its object. Her tribute to Isabella of Castile was evidently a labor of love, and her admiration for that noble Queen will be shared by every reader of this charming volume. "After the women of the Sacred Scriptures and the canonized saints," says Miss Starr, "there is no one to whom we can point with more satisfaction, as an example to our daughters or those confided to our care, than to Isabella, for her heroic sense of honor and her fidelity to it; her devoted affection for her family and her solicitude for their best interests; her love for her country, Castile, its institutions and traditions; her indefatigable labors for its people committed to her governance,—all crowned by her enthusiasm for the things which belong to God; and thus providing an antidote to the worldly views, the selfish policy, which dwarf the life of the individual as well as the history of nations."

If our tribute to the patron of Columbus is

tardy, it is matter for rejoicing that it was reserved to an American Catholic author to pay it. Few could have done so more graciously than Miss Starr. The book is elegantly printed from large, open-faced type, on paper of a superior quality; is tastefully bound, and embellished with a portrait of Queen Isabella, of which we may say that it is worthy of the letterpress.

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT. By Mark Twain. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.

The only notice this work deserves at our hands is the statement that it is an insult to Catholics. If any one doubts that Mark Twain has written himself out, a glance at it will be more than enough to convince him. A more irreverent, vulgar and stupid volume is not likely to be published anywhere during the whole year. From being a wit the author has come to be a buffoon, and we venture the prophecy that his latest production will signalize his expulsion from a place in American literature which he is no longer worthy to occupy.

We owe it to the eminent publishers of "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" to state that the mechanical part of the volume is highly creditable; but we must be allowed to remind them that if they expect their other books to circulate among Catholics, and those who are fair-minded enough to respect our feelings, they will not in future lend their names to works like the one which we now throw into our wastebasket.

LIFE OF DON BOSCO. Founder of the Salesian Society. Translated from the French of J. M. Villefranche by Lady Martin. London: Burns & Oates, Limited. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

Biographical notices of this holy man, more or less complete, have from time to time been already placed before the reading public, either in book form or as articles in various periodicals. Nothing of the kind so perfect as this, however, has yet appeared in the English language; and those desirous of studying the details of a pure and holy life will do well to procure it. We may not as yet affix the title of "saint" to the name of Don Bosco, and the "*R.I.P.*" still appears on his epitaph; but one who corresponded so well to the divine favors vouchsafed to him will doubtless soon be able to afford satisfactory proof of having already entered the mansions of the blessed. A portrait which forms the frontispiece to the book is more than ordinarily expressive of the characteristic virtues of its subject. The translation has been most satisfactorily executed.

AT THE SIGN OF THE ROSE. A Drama in Two Acts. With Cast of Characters, Stage Directions, etc. By Maurice Francis Egan, L.L.D. Notre Dame, Ind.: "AVE MARIA" Press. 1890.

Dramatic writing for school exhibitions is a work of peculiar difficulty, as all who have attempted it must know. Therefore when we say that a complete success is apparent in the drama before us, it will be understood as no unthinking commendation. Perfectly wholesome in its tone, and free from all morbid sentiment, it is yet abundant in incident, in delineation of national character, and in unexpected developments. It will arouse interest wherever it is performed, and afford excellent opportunities for the cultivation of elocutionary ability. We heartily recommend it to the attention of all those engaged in selecting dramatic pieces suitable for representation at school festivals.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xlii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister Mary Thomas and Sister Mary Lidwina, O. S. F.; Sister Mary of St. Adriana, of the Sisters of Holy Cross; and Sister Mary Francis, Visitandine.

Mr. W. H. Leonard, of Lawrence, Mass., whose death occurred last month.

John Devereux, Esq., an old and highly respected citizen of St. Paul, Minn., who passed away on New Year's.

Mrs. Katherine Denny, whose exemplary Christian life closed in a holy death at Iowa City, Iowa, on the 9th ult.

Mr. Henry Brawley, of Roxbury, Mass., who died a happy death on the Feast of the Epiphany.

Mrs. Isabella Mann, whose precious death, the complement of a well-spent life, occurred in New York on the 13th ult.

Mr. Richard F. O'Connor, of Lowell, Mass., who departed this life on the 9th ult.

Mrs. Mary Glynn, who was called to the reward of her good life on the 13th ult., at Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Catherine Cunningham, of Philadelphia, Pa., who yielded her soul to God on the 10th ult.

Miss Mary E. Hayden, a fervent Child of Mary, who peacefully breathed her last on the 8th ult., at Waterbury, Conn.

Mr. Pierce Stakelum, of New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Jane McKernan, Montober, Ireland; Mrs. Elizabeth Glinnen, Schaghticoke, N. Y.; Mrs. Denis Gleason, Waltham, Mass.; and Miss Cora McGregor, Fond du Lac, Wis.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



An Invocation to Our Lady.

VIRGIN so pure and bright,
 Robed in celestial light,
 Blest be thy name in this desert below!
 Guardian of trusting souls,
 Who e'er like thee condoles
 Hearts that are bursting with sorrow and woe?

Mother whom Jesus gave!
 Fondly thine aid we crave;
 Help thy weak children obtain their reward.
 Queen of fair purity,
 Aid us like thee to flee
 Aught that displeases thy Son and thy Lord.

Star of the Morning, fair!
 Shine through the mists of care,
 Banish the gloom that lies dark o'er our way;
 Send us, oppressed with grief,—
 Send to our quick relief,
 Joyous and soothing, one luminous ray.

Beam o'er life's turbid sea,
 Guide those who trust in thee,
 Lest in the vortex of sin we go down.
 Mary, our Mother mild,
 Grant to each loving child
 Strength for the cross that will merit the crown.

A. B. O'N., C. S. C.

A Year in Jeanie Reilly's Life.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

"The child is studying too hard," said Doctor Page. "You must take her from school at once and send her to the country."

"That will be a great blow to her. Couldn't she wait until the end of the term—it is only six weeks longer?" pleaded the gentle mother.

"No, madam; no," replied the Doctor. "She has always been too close a student. Many a time have I passed this house and felt like jumping out of my buggy to give you all a good scolding. A girl of thirteen has no business to be spending three-fourths of her time over books in school, and the rest of the time

at home preparing lessons for the next day. It is worse than murder!"

"But, Doctor, she is so ambitious, and—"

"Graveyards are full of blighted ambitions," replied the blunt, irascible physician. "Don't talk to me of your new-fangled theories about the higher education of women. Growing girls are like young lambs. They should be allowed to run and frisk about in loose clothing and strong shoes. I hope your husband has not caught your foolish ideas."

"What is this all about, Doctor Page?" asked Mr. Reilly, coming in from the breakfast room. "You and Mrs. Reilly seem to be having a discussion of some kind."

"Good morning, sir! good-morning!" replied the Doctor. "Your wife called on me yesterday with Jeanie, who, she said, had been complaining. 'Not much wonder,' said I, after I had learned the child's habits. Study all the time; no play, no exercise whatever. Snatches her breakfast in order to be in time for school in the morning; grabs her lunch for fear of being late for the afternoon arithmetic class; spends an hour practising on her return from school at half past three; studies again, getting lessons ready for the following day, until dinner-time, at half past five. Has no appetite for the meal,—should be surprised if she had. After dinner more study till bed time. Study, study, study—all study. Have noticed for a long while that the child was looking bad. Her mother's mother followed the same course with her daughter, and the result is your invalid wife. I'm surprised, though, at a big, strong fellow like you, Maurice Reilly, allowing such a state of things."

The "big, strong fellow" thus addressed looked in a comically appealing way at his pale little wife.

"Faunny," he said at length, "will you vindicate me?"

"Ah, Maurice!" she replied, "I am always ready to acknowledge that you are invariably right, and to admit also that you have often spoken of Jeanie's too arduous work at her studies. But, as I said before, she is so ambitious, Doctor; and, inheriting no doubt much of my delicacy of constitution, I have always felt that she was not strong enough to play about and romp like other girls."

"She had no business to inherit what you

call your 'delicacy of constitution.' You had no right to *have* a delicate constitution. Your mother brought you up with wrong ideas; you are doing the same with your daughter. But how about the child herself? Is she naturally averse to stirring about?"

"Well, no," replied Mrs. Reilly, in her gentle, modulated voice. "She was at one time very lively and playful—that is when quite a little girl,—but probably inheriting my—"

"Don't say it again, madam, please! don't say it again!" cried the Doctor. "If I mistake not, she has something of her father's disposition in her, despite the false training,—yes, false training; that is the name I call it. Open your eyes as wide as you please, Mrs. Reilly. I knew you when you were not more than knee-high to a duck, and I'm old enough to be your grandfather. Your mother—God rest her soul!—was a good Christian, but she and I had many a squabble over your bringing up. Now I repeat, Mr. and Mrs. Reilly, Jeanie is to some extent the daughter of her father. Naturally, she has his physique. She ought to make a splendid woman, and it is not yet too late to begin. Will you let me take her in hand for a year?"

"What do you propose to do with her, Doctor?" asked Mr. Reilly, much amused by the Doctor's earnestness. "Want to make an experiment of her, eh?"

"Yes, sir, that is exactly what I propose to do. Want to make an example of her."

"And how? Calisthenics, dumb-bells, oatmeal, and so on?"

"Not a bit of it, my dear friend. Calisthenics—humph! all nonsense. Oatmeal—pasty, sticky stuff; well enough for workingmen. Send her to the country. Let her jump and frisk about like a young animal, as she is,—don't wince, my dear woman! I repeat it, as she is. Let her learn to ride horseback, take long walks, make butter, work in the flower garden, live in the open air. At the end of six months she will have changed so that you can scarcely realize that she was once your pale little Jeanie. And at the expiration of a year I warrant you she will be a champion girl. There is a fire in your little daughter's eye that tells me she is not all pure, unadulterated Callen. No, madam; she is also an O'Reilly."

"How very complimentary you are, Doctor!" laughed the dainty little mother, who fully appreciated the vein of pure gold in its rough casing. "But surely you do not mean that Jeanie must give up her books altogether for so long a time?"

"Entirely and altogether,—that is, except such as my friend—well, that is premature."

"But, Doctor," interposed the mother, "you know the plan is not practicable. It is out of the question for her father and myself to shut up the house and go into the country for a year. Mr. Reilly's business would not allow it, and I could not think of leaving him."

"I do not ask you to leave him. You are not included in the plan at all. You would spoil it, my little woman."

"But, Doctor, you surely don't mean that we should send our only child to live for a year among strangers? For we have no relatives, no friends even, residing in the suburbs."

"I don't refer to the suburbs. I mean the country,—miles away from the influences and attractions of a town."

"But where, Doctor?" asked Mrs. Reilly, now spurred to curiosity.

"I have a fine idea, a fine proposition to make. It occurred to me the moment I looked at the child. If you are not out-and-out idiots you will both jump at it."

"Well, Doctor?" said father and mother in one breath.

"Don't say a word, either of you, till I have finished. Then sleep on it, and let me know to-morrow morning whether you have determined to give your girl a chance to become a fine healthy woman, or a whining, nervous creature. Oh, yes, I have a plan!"

"Please, Doctor, I am growing very much interested and somewhat impatient. Do tell us what you propose to do with our Jeanie," said the mother.

"And I am not behind in my curiosity," observed the father.

"Well," replied the Doctor, settling himself back in the comfortable arm-chair. "You, Maurice, remember my nephew Eugene,—you were schoolmates at St. Ignatius?"

"Very well indeed. He was a fine fellow. I thought he became a Jesuit."

"No: he entered the Order, but, like your Jeanie here, having studied too hard, he found

the life too sedentary and confining. He was threatened with consumption, and the good Fathers advised him to re-enter the world. He engaged in a mercantile business, which obliged him to travel considerably. His health improved. At the end of two years he entered the Diocesan Seminary at B——, with the understanding, I believe, that he should be assigned, when ordained, to work that would take him about—missionary work, so to speak,—and for the past ten years he has been on duty in V—— County, up among the hills. Primitive people, patriarchal, and all that; fervent Christians, though. They all worship him,—don't look sarcastic, Mrs. Maurice."

"Dear Doctor, there was no thought of sarcasm in my mind, if I did smile. But you are so very odd!"

"A crank, so to speak, to use the phraseology of the day, eh? Never mind. I'll forgive you. Well, as I was saying, Father Eugene loves this ideal life of his. His parish comprises an area of twenty-seven miles; church in the centre, as it were,—right in the heart of the woods; no house within half a mile; old-fashioned log-house; famous Possum Creek, hundred and fifty miles long, at the foot of the garden. Eugene has a boat; is a fine sportsman, when he is not galloping up hill and down dale to say a Mass at some of the furnaces—great iron country that,—or off on a sick call. He leads a *dolce far niente* life,—boating, gunning, lying under the trees. Aunt Lacy for housekeeper. You remember her, Mrs. Maurice?"

"Aunt Betty Lacy? To be sure I do,—the dear old creature!"

"Aunt Betty is a remarkably kind-hearted, intelligent woman. You know her mother and Eugene's were cousins. She always loved that boy. The craziest old maid I ever saw about children. Why, she'll love the child as though it were her own! That's my plan. Get her ready, and we'll have her off in no time."

"But, Doctor," said Mrs. Reilly, "it is so far away, and the place is so remote from *everywhere*, and the people must be very crude; and are you not presuming a little when you take it for granted that she will be welcome? You know priests are sometimes a little peculiar."

"Leave that all to me. Aunt Betty will be

delighted. The people are the best-hearted in the world, and Eugene is not peculiar. Half the children in the parish are named for him. Now, what do you think, good friends?"

"Doctor," said Mr. Reilly, "I can't tell you when anything affected me so deeply as the kindly interest you take in the child; and I am inclined to agree with you that St. Mary's is just the place for her. If her mother agrees, and she herself is not too unwilling, we may as well send her at once,—that is, as soon as you have been fully satisfied that she will be welcome. At all events, the experiment is worth trying; and she can return, of course, whenever she feels homesick."

The mother spoke more hesitatingly. It seemed almost cruel, she thought, to send a sensitive, delicate child like Jeanie so far from home, among strangers; she also feared that the little girl would not be willing to go. But she was mistaken. To live in the country had always been the dream of Jeanie's life. She was just at this time in a state of health which rendered even her beloved studies irksome; over-application had brought on a lassitude, which the good Doctor foresaw would ultimately prove the forerunner of serious consequences if not prescribed for at once.

Doctor Page was pleased at the alacrity with which Jeanie embraced all his suggestions, and after the interchange of three or four letters everything was in readiness for the journey.

Aunt Betty Lacy had written to say that the dear child would be welcome; and Father Eugene had also expressed his pleasure at the contemplated visit, promising to send her home as rosy and robust as a year's residence among the hills could make her.

It was not without a pang that the gentle mother saw how delightful was the prospect to the heart of her little girl. They had never been separated, and it seemed to her almost cruel that her Jeanie could entertain the idea without tears and hesitation. With the father the case was different. He suddenly realized that a great mistake had been made in the child's training, and was glad to see that she took readily to the proposed change.

Two weeks from the day on which our story opens found Jeanie *en route* for C——, sitting by the Doctor's side, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks glowing, and looking alto-

gether different from the girl whose appearance had aroused grave apprehensions in his mind a fortnight before.

Some tears had been shed at parting, but Mr. Reilly had cautioned his wife from showing any undue grief at the last moment; and Jeanie, naturally brave, had also restrained her emotions. Doctor Page had business in C——, whence, the railroad journey being over, Jeanie was taken a long ride of twenty miles by stage to Flintville. Here Father Eugene's man of all work would be awaiting her arrival with the buggy.

In the next chapter we shall make the acquaintance of our little heroine, with whom we are, I hope, to spend some pleasant half hours in these pages.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Emperor's Repentance.

The great Emperor Theodosius was a Christian, but the days in which he lived were troublous ones, and rulers were too apt to forget that subjects had any rights, and that a sovereign should first of all learn how to govern himself. Theodosius, in a fit of rage because of the misconduct of some of his people, had ordered the massacre of seven thousand. St. Ambrose was at that time B'shop of Milan, and it was with horror and dismay that he heard of this mad act of the Emperor's. He could not restore the precious lives which had been sacrificed, but he might spare other subjects a like fate.

He went into the country, and there in quiet took some days to consider. At the end of that time his mind was made up, and he wrote a letter to the Emperor, telling him that until penance had been done for his awful crime the Sacraments of holy Church would be withheld from him. But it was so strange a thing for a subject, even a high ecclesiastic, to reprove an emperor, that Theodosius put no faith in the message he got from the Bishop, who, when he returned to Milan, found that the Emperor and his suite had set out for church with their usual pomp. The Bishop did not hesitate: he took his stand at the door of the sacred building and forbade the royal party to enter.

"You can do murder—that I can not prevent," exclaimed the Saint; "but you can not defile this holy place with your presence."

The Emperor condescended to parley. "King David was guilty of this crime and worse," he pleaded.

"If you have sinned like David, repent like him!" rang out the Bishop's defiance.

Theodosius had no more to say, and made no attempt to force his way where the Church forbade. In his heart he knew that St. Ambrose was right, but he could not bring himself to do public penance like a common mortal. He went back to his palace, hoping that the Saint would relent, but he had no such intention. Eight months passed, and Christmas came, finding the Emperor within the palace walls, perhaps the most unhappy man in that great city. He had been the hero of many battles and was growing old. All he desired was to be reconciled to the Church, and that could not be on his own conditions. He wept like a little child, and again sought the Bishop. He did not go to the church, but met him in an adjacent building.

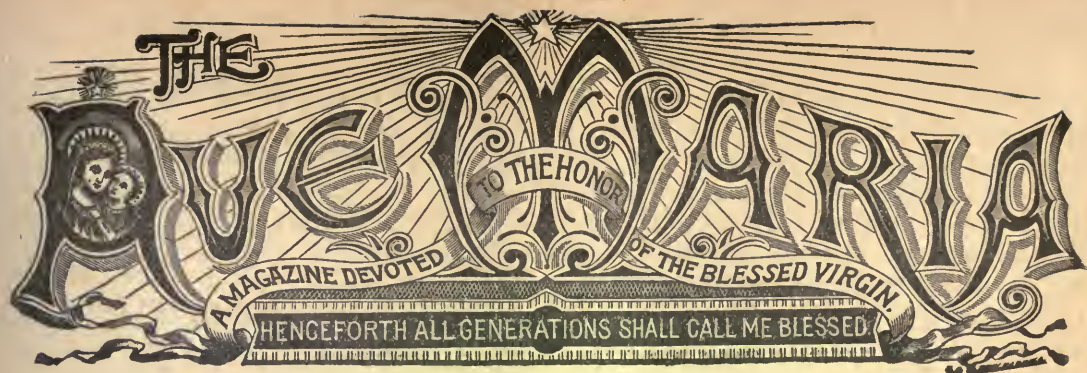
"Do not close the doors of the church upon me," begged Theodosius. "Surely the Lord intends that they shall be open to all who repent."

"What sign have I, His servant, of your repentance?" asked Ambrose.

"Appoint my penance and see," was the answer.

The first thing which the Bishop did was to ask him to promise that thirty days should elapse before the carrying out of a death sentence. The Emperor gave his consent in writing. The rest was not so easy. He was to go, dressed like any common penitent, to the place in the church appointed for grievous sinners, and there lie upon the stones and beg mercy of the Lord. This was faithfully carried out. How long it was before the penance ended we do not know, but it was probably the next Easter that the Emperor had the happiness of being reconciled to holy mother Church.

The memory of the sainted Bishop of Milan is green in the hearts of all who know his holy history, but he is most often spoken of as the one who dared to defy a monarch in his wrath.



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Stanley and the Cross.

BY MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

THRO' tangled, tropic forests, dark as night;
Thro' marshes, hiding in their grasses dense
The crawling shapes of death and pestilence;
Thro' leagues of bitter, burning wastes, that blight
With flying sands the stranger's aching sight;
In jungles where each tired and straining sense
Felt the cold threat of savage violence,
They toiled, until, afar, a cross shone bright.

"And then we knew," the great explorer cried,
"We could find comfort on this Christian ground!"
Who is there, Lord, when sick and overtried
With Life's long struggle, hath not likewise found
That where Thy Cross keeps guard, peace, hope
and truth
Keep their sweet gardens in perpetual youth?

Early Portraiture of Our Blessed Lady.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

ALTHOUGH Our Lady is honored as the most privileged and the most perfect of all God's creatures, and is proposed to Christian people as a model for their imitation, how little is definitely known about her! Scanty indeed would be our knowledge of her life on earth were it not for tradition and the revelations made from time to time to chosen saints. The date of her birth and of her death are matter of conjecture. There is

no certainty as to the number of years that she remained on earth after Our Lord's Ascension. With regard to her early years, the Evangelists are completely silent; in fact, no mention at all is made of her in Holy Scripture, except in the inspired predictions of the Hebrew prophets, until St. Gabriel was sent to Nazareth to announce to her the mystery of her divine maternity.

Of her words, five short sentences alone are recorded in the Gospels. On four occasions only is she said to have spoken. At the Annunciation she twice addressed the Archangel, in answer to the astounding tidings that she was to give birth to the Messiah. At the Visitation, too, her lips were twice unclosed,—first to salute her cousin Elizabeth, and then to utter the sublime canticle of the *Magnificat*. Again, when Christ was found in the Temple after the three days' search, we read that she greeted Him in terms of gentle expostulation. And at the marriage-feast in Cana of Galilee we are told that she spoke both to her Divine Son and to the servants in attendance. Besides these instances, the Blessed Virgin is mentioned once during Our Lord's public ministry as seeking to speak with Him; as standing at the foot of the Cross, and as present afterward among the Apostles in the Cenacle.

All remaining information respecting the earthly existence of the lowly Virgin is derived from other sources. Ecclesiastical tradition, handed down from the first centuries of the Church, supplies many details wanting to the Gospel narrative. Legends more or less

fanciful, attaching to various spots in Egypt and Palestine, preserve the memory of incidents which occurred when they were halloved by the presence of Mary and her Divine Child. Sacred history acquaints us with the parentage of the Blessed Virgin, the manner in which she was brought up, her espousals with St. Joseph. The infallible voice of the Church proclaims to us her Immaculate Conception, her absolute sinlessness; the Doctors of the Church, her glorious Assumption into heaven. From writers of early times we learn that, although she was of royal lineage, Mary did not consider work a degradation. By one it is cast as a reproach against the Christians that the Mother of Jesus was a woman who lived by the labor of her hands. *Mulierem vic tum manu quærentem*. Tertullian also, speaking of Our Lord, says that He was the Son of a carpenter, and of a woman who worked for her daily bread. *Fabri et quæsuariæ filius*.

The writers who furnish these and other details concerning the Blessed Virgin are not altogether silent respecting her outward form and appearance. Nicephorus Callixtus describes her as somewhat short of stature, having brown eyes and hair, dark arched eyebrows, and a complexion resembling the color of wheat. But, with the exception of such meagre outlines as these, we are left to our imagination for our conception of the face and figure of her who is the glory of her sex, and on whom we love to think as the ideal of feminine beauty.

No authentic portrait of our Blessed Lady is at present in existence; although tradition asserts that after the Ascension when the Mother of Jesus had withdrawn in the company of St. Peter, the founder of the future Church, and of St. John, to whose guardianship she had been committed by her Divine Son, St. Luke, who was a painter as well as a physician and an Apostle, painted a portrait of her, in order that posterity might be acquainted with her features. This likeness, executed in the colored wax* employed by

artists of that period, was finished while he was living in Jerusalem,—not from memory, but in the presence of the Immaculate Mother. And when it was completed, on the Apostle showing his work to her, she deigned to signify her approval of it, adding, "*Gratia mea cum ipsa*." (My grace shall always be with it.)

The fate of this picture is differently told. According to St. John Damascene, it was given to the Emperor Theophilus. Another account states that it was sent by Eudocia, the wife of Theodosius, to her sister, the Empress Pulcheria, who placed it in one of the churches erected by her command in Constantinople. It is said to have been regarded as the pædium of the city, being carried in procession on gala days, and exhibited to the troops before they went out to battle, as an encouragement to fight valiantly, and as an assurance of the singular protection of the Queen of Heaven. On the taking of Constantinople by the Turks in the year 1453, the picture was destroyed by the ruthless invaders for the sake of the precious jewels which adorned the frame.

Several portraits of the Blessed Virgin professing to be the work of St. Luke are in existence, but they are all of hypothetical origin, and bear no resemblance one with another; all, too, exhibit in a greater or less degree the characteristics of Byzantine art of the ninth or tenth century. Even the well-known picture of Our Lady in Santa Maria Maggiore, placed there by the Sovereign Pontiff Paul V., can not be regarded as an authentic portrait, since its style proclaims it to be of a later period; it is said by some to be the work of a painter of the eleventh century, who bore the name of Luca Santo.

Whatever may have become, in the lapse of centuries, of the portrait, or portraits, painted by the Apostle, the fact that one at least was executed during the life-time of the Blessed Virgin is supported by too strong a tradition, and mentioned by too many writers, both secular and ecclesiastical, to be dismissed as entirely apocryphal. Would that it had been preserved, at least in fac-simile, if the original could not resist the destroying hand of time! But, instead of copying this portrait, artists have preferred to indulge their fancy and

* The art of mingling colors with wax was known to the ancients. It is difficult to understand how the wax was reduced to a sufficiently oil-like state for this purpose, and how it was preserved in a liquefied condition during the time needed for the execution of the painting.

carry out their own ideal. Thus in vain do we seek in Christian art for some traditional type to which the representations of the Mother of God conform,—some received characteristics of feature reproduced more or less faithfully by the limner's art from age to age. On the contrary, she is portrayed under aspects the most various, differing as much as possible in conception and execution. The most blessed and pure of women could not, it is true, be represented otherwise than under a beautiful and attractive form; but the form is one suggested by the devotion and imagination of the artist, subject to the influence of nationality, and modified by the prevalent taste of the period. To this St. Augustine, the illustrious Bishop of Hippo, bears testimony; for, when speaking of the numerous and varied ways in which the countenance of our Blessed Lord was depicted even in his day, he observes: "*Neque novimus faciem Virginis Mariæ.*" * (Neither do we know the countenance of the Virgin Mary.)

The absence of portraits of Our Lady in early Christian art may, to some extent, be accounted for by the dislike felt by Jewish converts to all representations of the human form, as savoring of idolatry. The Second Commandment was considered as prohibitive of the making as well as of the worshipping of images. And not only was the plastic art on this account shunned, but pictorial art was included in the same condemnation. Tertullian deemed painted figures as no less reprehensible than sculptured, and reproached the Christian artist Hermogenes for being a painter. His opinion was shared by many; hence in the earliest frescoes and sculptures of the Catacombs the Saviour is represented under symbolical forms—as that of the lamb, the fish, the dove, the vine, etc.; or in historical representations of incidents in the Old and New Testaments.

In all of these there is a marked avoidance of sorrowful and melancholy scenes; the infant Church, in the time of persecution and oppression, needed to be strengthened in the struggle by all that could impart confidence, afford consolation, inspire hope. The subjects chosen from the Gospel history are those

which illustrate the divine power and mercy. Christ is seen healing the sick, raising the dead, feeding the multitudes, triumphing over the grave; not bowed down with His human agony, crowned with thorns, exposed to the mockery of the people. Even the ignominy of the Cross is veiled; in the earliest crucifixes the figure of Christ stands erect, clothed and crowned,—“a King reigning from the tree.” So, too, in the period of transition from pagan to Christian art He is represented as the beauteous Apollo, the destroyer of the serpent; or as Orpheus, who descended to hell to deliver a captive soul. Later on He appears in the favorite character of the Good Shepherd—a blooming youth with flowing locks and attractive mien.

In like manner Mary—than whose figure none other besides that of Our Lord occurs so frequently in the Catacombs—is not depicted there as the sorrowful and afflicted Mother, standing at the foot of the Cross, or receiving into her arms the lifeless body of her Son. Not until the sixth century, when the Church had emerged from the gloom of the Catacombs, do we find the *Mater Dolorosa* as an accompaniment to the crucifixion,—leaning her cheek on her hand, the conventional gesture expressive of profound grief. In the rude sculptures of earlier times she appears as the central figure in scenes of joy and gladness: at the Annunciation, when she listens to the wondrous message of the Angel; at the Nativity, when with the Angels she adores the newborn Saviour. Again we behold her seated, holding the Infant Jesus in her arms, and receiving the homage of the Magi; or returning to Nazareth with St. Joseph and the Divine Child.

The earliest of all such representations is supposed to be one in the Cemetery of St. Priscilla, wherein she appears clothed in a tunic with short sleeves, a wide veil hanging full upon her shoulders. Before her stands a man with the pallium (philosopher's robe), which leaves his right arm free; in his left hand he holds a roll of parchment; with the right he points to a star which hovers over the Divine Infant, who is seated on His Mother's knees. This is believed to be the Prophet Isaias foretelling the birth of the Messiah—the mystic Star that was to enlighten the

* De Trin., l. 8, c. 4.

world. In most of these scenes there is something to denote the distinctive character of Our Lady as Mother of God.

Very rarely is she represented singly, as an isolated figure, unless indeed the *Orantes*—female figures standing with arms uplifted and outstretched, in what was anciently the ordinary attitude of prayer, which frequently recur, especially on tombs,—may be considered as depicting her. This must not, however, be hastily assumed; since, where there is no name to decide identity, these figures may either be symbolical of the Church or represent some martyr interred on the spot. Martigny* gives some curious illustrations taken from the gilded glasses of the Catacombs, in which the figure of Our Lady is found, generally placed between two saints or angels. In one she is supported on either side by St. Peter and St. Paul, bearing rolls symbolic of Holy Scripture. On another St. Agnes accompanies her. In one instance she stands between two trees, on each of which rests a dove, the emblem of purity; in another, an ancient bas-relief, she stands alone, praying with upraised hands, unveiled, with long flowing hair. In the large majority of these early representations she wears a veil. This is to denote her maternal dignity, since only maidens were permitted by Jews or Christians to appear unveiled; as soon as they were married or consecrated to the service of God they assumed the veil. The Blessed Virgin's dress consists usually of a wide dalmatic over a long flowing garment. Sometimes shoes are on her feet.

A curious fresco in the Cemetery of St. Agnes, attributed to the fourth century, is said to be the first Madonna of Christian art. It is a full-face, half-length figure, with both hands extended. The Child stands in front, clothed in a blue tunic reaching up to the throat. The Mother is vested in a green tunic, and a pallium which falls over her arms; her head is covered with a veil, and round her neck is a circlet of large beads. Both figures are without the nimbus, and have somewhat of the rigidity of the Byzantine type. The same style is discernible in the figures on a carved stone of great beauty, representing the

Virgin Mother veiled and *nimbed*, with arms outstretched in prayer. Before her breast stands the Child Jesus, with a nimbus marked with the cross. They are in a kind of urn or font, whence issue two streams, denoting probably the Saviour's fountains mentioned by Isaias (xii, 3), or the living waters of the canticle (vi, 13),—the graces of which Mary is to us the channel; for on the background are carved in Greek the words *Mother of God and fountain*.

The emancipation of Christianity in the fifth century enabled Christian art to take a higher flight. Too long restricted to the darkness of the Catacombs, it received a new impulse and development in the West; while in the East the decision of the Council of Ephesus, in 431, condemning the Nestorian heresy and proclaiming the divine maternity of Mary, produced a new epoch in the manner of her representation. Thenceforward she constantly appears with the Divine Child, as an assertion of the orthodox faith. It is remarkable that Greek artists almost invariably, at that period, represented the Child Jesus standing upright in front of His Mother, while in the productions of the Latins He is seated on her knees, or supported in her arms in a more natural posture.

As the Greek writers were the first to assert that Jesus in His human nature bore a striking physical resemblance to Mary, so, by the jealous care of Eastern theologians, she was invested by the pencil of the artist with more than mortal majesty and glory. In the scene of the Ascension depicted in the cupola of the Church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, the Immaculate Virgin stands surrounded by the Apostles, amongst whom she occupies the place of prominence in an elevated position; she, too, alone is distinguished by the nimbus. In the few mosaics which have escaped destruction by the picture-hating Musulmans, and in the MS. Syriac Gospels, she is represented clothed in raiment of costly material, with the conventional white veil and blue or purple mantle, oftentimes adorned with a diadem and jewels. Her countenance is youthful; it is characterized by a calm statuesque beauty, and wears a serene and gentle expression. The pose of the head is dignified; the oval form of the face, the outline of the

* Dict. des ant. Chrit. art. Vierge.

well-cut features, recall the classic type of ancient Greek statuary.

In one of the most beautiful mosaics of St. Apollinaris Nuova, dated about 570, we see for the first time the Madonna enthroned in her character of Queen of Heaven, surrounded by angels, offering the Divine Child to the adoration of the Magi. Later on she appears seated on the same throne as her Son, richly robed, with crown and sceptre. In age, too, she appears on an equality with Him; for in proportion as the boyish features of the Saviour of primitive Christianity gave place to those of the Man of Sorrows, prematurely aged, or the imposing countenance of the *Juste Jdex*, so, under the pencil of the artist, the face of His Mother, at first that of a woman of middle age, gradually assumed a more and more youthful appearance.

It is not our purpose to attempt to enter upon an enumeration of the various aspects under which, with the rapid advance of art both in the East and West, the trained hand of the skilful artist portrayed the Virgin Mother to the loving gaze of her devout worshippers. It is enough to say that by the end of the seventh century Eastern piety had placed everywhere the image of the Mother and the Child. We read that when the Emperor Heraclius went out to conquer Phocas, it was nailed to a mast of the vessel on which he sailed; the hermit had it in his cell; it was stamped on the coins of the realm, accompanied by the letters *MP ΘΥ* (Mother of God). Nor need we wonder that in the extension and development of this beautiful devotion the Oriental Church took precedence of the Latin. Are we not told that those were Eastern sages and Kings whose sublime faith first of all sought out and found the Incarnate God, "with Mary His Mother"; who falling down adored Him, and, opening their treasures, offered to Him gifts?

Two of the greatest dangers of modern society are resuscitated witchcraft on the one hand, and denial of the supernatural on the other.—*The Rev. A. G. Knight, S. J.*

IMPIETY is like a hideous mask, covering the face of the soul and hiding from it the holy and beautiful things of God.

The Disappearance of John Longworthy.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XI.—ESTHER SUFFERS.

ESTHER watched the scene with deep interest. She could not hear what was said, nor could Mary.

"It's too bad that Miles can not learn to behave himself," she murmured to her sister, as she watched the amazed look on Fitzgerald's face. "What *is* he saying?"

"Hush!" whispered Mary, trying to go on with the business of the dinner unconcernedly. "Do not mind him; he has been a little upset."

"Oh, upset! Fiddlesticks!" began Esther.

"Esther," said Mary, rapidly and imploringly, "have patience. We women must bear a great deal for the sake of those we love. Miles has almost promised to go to his duty at Christmas, and don't—*don't* put any obstacle in his way."

This was an argument to which Esther had no answer. Mary had sacrificed so many things for the good of Miles' soul, and Esther was so genuinely reverent at heart, that she never said words she might have said when Mary pointed to Miles in his spiritual aspect.

"Look!" she whispered.

Miles' face, at Bastien's last words, had assumed the most wonderful look of astonishment and even horror. He turned helplessly to Fitzgerald, whose eyes were fixed with a strange gaze of fear on Bastien.

"My dear friend," Bastien continued, with a foreign accentuation of the *r*'s in the speech, "you need not look at Mr. Fitzgerald; he knows nothing. Here is my card," and he drew a small square of pasteboard from his pocket. "If you will do me the honor to call at my little *atelier* to-morrow or next day, or the Fourth of July, or any day, you shall know all that is necessary for you to know about the late respectable John Longworthy. Oh, you look at me! Did I kill him? Well, I did—if the law says so; but you must first prove it according to the law. Good-night!"

Miles felt himself dismissed, and he was

angry at himself for turning away. What right had that man to command him? Miles felt that he was better dressed, better-looking,—that he had a louder voice, and that he wore a diamond. Nevertheless, he went back to his sisters' table, and forgot to grumble because the roast duck was cold; he forgot likewise to order the Chianti, much to Mary's joy. He looked at the card and read, "R. von Bastien, Photographer, No. —, Bowery."

In the meantime Bastien asked very respectfully who the ladies were. Fitzgerald answered briefly, and Bastien went on:

"I have met the elder. She is a sweet and charitable gentlewoman. God be thanked that there are such women in the world!"

"Where did you meet her?" asked Fitzgerald, looking at his companion with distrust.

"At the bedside of the sick," Bastien answered. Then he continued: "Are they poor?"

"Who?" asked Fitzgerald, beginning to be irritated.

"Those ladies."

"They are not rich; they work every day for their living."

"And I think you said the younger is a musician?"

"I did," responded Fitzgerald, shortly.

Bastien smiled grimly.

"Come, come," he said; "let us finish our dinner. Trust me a while, and you shall know all. If I did put the worthy Longworthy out of the way, believe me it was in self-defence."

He scanned Fitzgerald's face with a mocking look.

"For Heaven's sake, don't joke, Bastien! I have known nothing but good of you,—have seen nothing but good. But if you go on this way—"

Fitzgerald stopped; Miles and his sisters had finished their coffee and were going. The young ladies repeated their cool nods, and Miles gave a sulky "Good-night." Vespucci followed them down-stairs graciously; and as the host was too preoccupied to ask Mary to lend him the amount of the score, Vespucci, who was the politest of men, put it down to Miles' account.

Esther made up her mind that a dinner at Vespucci's was not as gay as she had expected, but still it made her think of St. Mark's at Venice, of Mount Vesuvius, and the Doges; so

she felt that it had somehow or other brought her nearer Europe.

Miles went up to his den after they reached home. Esther saw that Mary intended to make a long meditation, and when this had begun, and Mary was lost to all earthly things, she threw her fur cloak around her, glided through the hall, and knocked at Miles' door.

Miles had just arranged himself comfortably for a period of thought. His feet were on one chair and his body on another, and his corn-cob pipe was alight. His forehead was corrugated, for he was actually thinking with all his might. What did Bastien mean? He could not make out what all this meant. Were Fitzgerald and Bastien in league? Miles cursed his folly in blurting out his question. He ought to have waited. It was evident that Bastien was the most audacious and coolest villain possible. Miles' head swam; the knot was too tight for him.

Esther's knock aroused him, and before he knew what he was doing he had said:

"Come in!"

He was surprised to see Esther. It was generally Mary who brought him the salutary pitcher of lemonade.

Esther, uninvited, took a seat on a chair covered with newspapers, near the table. The light from the lamp showed Miles an unusual expression of determination on her face.

"Don't disturb yourself, Miles," she said; "I shall not stay long,—but I shall not leave until I have found out what all this mystery means. What has Mr. Fitzgerald done?"

"I don't see what right you have to ask," responded her brother, sulkily. "I don't want to be badgered any more by you girls."

"I *have* a right to ask this question,—you know I have. You introduce a gentleman to your sisters, and then, without any explanation, insist that we shall refuse to see him."

Miles looked at Esther's determined face and calculated, or tried to calculate, what would be the effect of his telling his thoughts to her. He had gotten himself into that state of mind which peremptorily required a confident. He knew that he could trust Esther implicitly. If she chose to spurn his suspicions, she would be perfectly safe, at any rate. And she was the nearest person to him just then. He *must* tell somebody. Besides, he

reasoned, if Esther really liked Arthur Fitzgerald she might be induced to raise money somehow in order to save that young gentleman's reputation. Miles was desperate enough to play any card. He held the opinion that Esther had an untold hoard of money somewhere, as she never gave him any, and he had on several occasions, when times were good, given her various gifts. Bastien had thrown him off the track. There was no use in attempting to run down a man of such unparalleled coolness. And Miles knew that he must have money very soon, or a thing would happen from which he shrunk.

In the meantime Esther waited.

"You can't tire me out, Miles," she said, toying with the paper-knife. "Come, tell me the truth."

He puffed at his pipe and made his decision.

"The truth is, I believe Fitzgerald knows a great deal about the murder of John Longworthy."

Esther smiled. "Why do you say such a foolish thing? I am not a baby. It is easy to put Mary off with any story that comes into your head, but I am not Mary. And the only difference is that she tries to make herself believe she believes you, while I don't."

"I have proof of it," Miles said, calmly.

"How many times have you had all sorts of proofs in this Longworthy case? I wish you'd drop it and go to work."

Miles puffed at his pipe and watched Esther furtively. Then he told her about the handkerchief and the envelope. Esther's face whitened as she listened. She recalled Fitzgerald's change of aspect at her thoughtless speech, but she banished the incredible suspicion from her mind. Miles was careful not to mention his talk with Bastien at Vespucci's.

"Let us say that appearances are against Mr. Fitzgerald," she said, after Miles had finished. "Why should you want to ruin him?"

"I don't want to ruin him," replied Miles, watching Esther's changing face closely. "I want him—well—to make it worth my while to drop the matter,—or I want the reward for having found John Longworthy's murderer."

Esther's face grew whiter than ever; she covered her face with the hand toward Miles.

"A-ha," he said to himself, "she *does* like him! Now let her buy him off. I'll be reason-

able, though she has always been very selfish to me."

"And you want money so badly as that?" she asked, with her hand still shading her face.

"I want money more than anything else on earth. My future depends on it, and I am bound to have it."

There was silence, only broken by the sound of the wick sucking the oil in the lamp.

"Well," Esther said, in a changed, strained voice, "you will get yourself into trouble if you try to connect Mr. Fitzgerald with John Longworthy's murder. Depend upon it, the handkerchief and envelope episodes can be explained. That man never committed a crime. Trust a woman's intuition for that. It sickens me to think that you—my brother, Mary's brother—could have had the thoughts you have insulted me by expressing. How have you become so degraded? O Miles, when I think of the old times, and of mother, and of her hopes, and of you and me playing together—" Esther broke off, and the hand which she persistently held between her face and Miles trembled.

"Cut sentiment!" he said, doggedly. "I've been a pretty fair brother to you when I have been in luck. When a man wants money he can't bother about fine-cut distinctions."

"Mary and I have some money in the bank. It isn't a great amount; for the taxes and all the repairs the tenants insisted on have not left much. There's about three hundred dollars. It is in Mary's name. I'll ask her to draw it out for you to-morrow. She'll be glad to do it without asking questions; or if she does," added Esther, with a touch of scorn, "you can satisfy her curiosity in the usual way. We intended the money for the trip, but I'd rather never see Europe than have you begin blackmailing—yes, blackmailing—an old schoolmate."

"And is that all you offer?" demanded Miles, his jaw falling. "You can't care so much for Fitzgerald, after all. I thought you'd do more than that to save him," he added, in an aggrieved voice.

A flood of red overspread Esther's face. She looked straight at her brother, her heart sinking within her. Miles puffed away at his pipe, with his eyelids closed, trying to conceal his nervousness. It was a bitter moment

for the girl. She had said cutting things to and of Miles, but she had only half believed them. She drew the fur of her cloak more closely to her. She felt cold,—her hands were icy. She could not reproach him now: he had fallen too low. Suddenly she understood that he wanted to blackmail her, not Arthur Fitzgerald. Again the blush of offended pride and modesty overspread her face. She dared not trust herself to speak. She could no longer hold the paper-knife; she dropped it from her fingers.

Miles was entirely callous. He was bent on his own object. He had no conception that he had thrust a dagger into Esther's breast. Perhaps earlier in his life he might have understood it, but he had drifted past all comprehension of it now. Esther realized for the first time how far she was from him.

"I said," he repeated, "that I thought you'd do more than that to save a man whom you evidently like so much. Love at first sight, hey?"

"I want to save *you*," she answered, in a low voice.

"Three hundred dollars won't do it," he said. "But you needn't worry about me. I haven't killed anybody."

The girl rose. "Good-night, Miles. Mary will get you the money to-morrow. It is all we have."

She opened the door without looking at him. He took his pipe from his mouth, opened his lips and muttered to himself: "I *am* a fool! I've only made things worse." Then he said aloud: "Just close the door."

Esther obeyed.

"I may as well tell you, as you are bound to find it out anyhow, that I have already borrowed that money. In fact, I wrote Mary's name. I knew she wouldn't mind, and I didn't want to bother her. And, as they knew me at the bank—I just took the loan—you see—"

He stammered and pretended to stoop for a match.

Esther did not think of him; one thought drove all disgust and scorn from her mind: it was of Mary. She sunk down near the table and began to cry.

"O Miles," she sobbed, "when Mary finds out that you are a—a—she will die!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Golden Rays.

BY C. A. M. W.

I.

WHEN tempests cease at close of day,
And evening is serene,
How welcome falls the golden ray
O'er pastoral valleys seen,—
As 'twere a message sent to cheer
By missioned angels lingering near!

II.

For if a blinding mist of tears
A while obscured our sight,
The sadness of long-vanished years
Seems like a dream of night:
When, drawing near to Jordan's tide,
Glory illumines the other side,—

III.

The other side! What tongue may tell
That orient blush of morn
Tinging the sacred lilies' bell,
And roses without thorn?
Oh, that we had thy wings, fair dove,
To soar and rest in bowers above!

IV.

The peace which this world cannot give
And can not take away
Is found when faithfully we strive
God's precepts to obey,—
Prepared to breast the awful flood,
Supported on the Holy Rood.

V.

O wondrous mercy, thus to deign
And offer lasting rest
From sorrow, weariness, and pain,
On gentle Jesu's breast!
So may our Alleluias sweet
Adore the Blessed Paraclete!

THE world is very much what we make it. Too much prosperity often creates *ennui*, and great riches a surfeit. Decent poverty stimulates to the enjoyment of good gifts, and a scarcity of pleasures to appreciation.

MODESTY and simplicity go hand in hand with sincerity. Those who are artificial and extravagant in attire and affected in manner can not fail to be superficial if not insincere in mind.

Holy Personages of Canada and the
United States whose Canonization
is begun.

BY JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

VENERABLE MARY OF THE INCARNATION,
URSULINE (1672).

SEVEN years after the death of Venerable Maria de Agreda in Spain, there expired, in the Ursuline Convent of Quebec, another remarkable woman, who labored in her sphere to propagate devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus,—striving unconsciously to effect what was granted by Providence to Blessed Margaret Mary to accomplish. So that if we regard Maria de Agreda as the champion of the Immaculate Conception, we must venerate Mother Mary of the Incarnation as the great standard-bearer in North America of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord. The two religious, contemporaneous in life, are thus combined with the two great devotions so productive in our time of blessings in the Church.

Mary Guyard was born at Tours, France, October 18, 1599, and baptized in the Church of St. Saturninus. She was brought up carefully by her pious parents, and aspired to the religious state; but, yielding to the will of her father, married, when only seventeen, Mr. Martin, an extensive silk manufacturer. The young wife had the supervision of the working people, and exerted herself to lead them to avoid vice and practise faithfully all their religious duties. Two short years after her marriage she was left a widow, with an infant son only six months old. She devoted herself to prayer and good works under the direction of a prudent confessor, advancing in the paths of perfection and interior life. All offers of marriage she rejected, but she aided her sister, whose husband was a kind of army commissary. She kept the books, conducted correspondence, and attended to the shipping of goods, devoting the least leisure to interior prayer. The supernatural favors bestowed on her by God showed that she was marked out for a life of the highest union with Him. When her son was twelve years old she re-

solved to enter a convent of Ursulines, and her director approved her step. Her relatives at first arrayed her son against her; but, placed in a Jesuit college, he soon imitated her virtues, and entering in time the Benedictine community, became a distinguished priest in that ancient Order.

Her novitiate, while consoled by many heavenly communications, was none the less filled with severe and strange interior trials. After her profession, and while acting as sub-mistress of novices, she saw in a vision a land to which she seemed to be called. It became clear to her soon that she was to found a house of her Order in Canada, a country which she scarcely knew by name. A Jesuit Father, who had labored and suffered on the missions, sent her soon after a letter and one of the annual volumes giving an account of the work of his Order. A pious widow, Madame de la Peltrie, offered not only means to aid in founding a house, but proposed to go herself and aid the good work. Gradually the project took shape; the superior of the Jesuit missions in Canada urged her to undertake the task. An appeal to the Ursuline convents of France brought several ready to undergo all hardships to establish in Canada a convent for the education of French and Indian girls.

On the 4th of May, 1639, a pious colony embarked for Canada, including some Jesuit Fathers, Mother Mary of the Incarnation, with Ursulines and Madame de la Peltrie; also several Hospital Nuns, to found a house of their Order at Quebec. After a long and perilous voyage they reached Quebec, and Mother Mary with her Sisters on landing kissed the ground which had so long been the object of their holy desire. They began their labors and prayers in a wretched little house in the Lower Town; and it was not till 1641 that the corner-stone of a suitable convent was laid. Meanwhile, amid privations and sufferings from cold, insufficient food and clothing, Mother Mary formed her Sisters, who came from different communities, into a harmonious body, and began the instruction of the young.

After taking possession of their new monastery in November, 1642, the good work went on. The venerable servant of God leading a life of highest contemplation, combined with it the most active life as superior

and teacher, and an old tree still stands within the convent enclosure beneath which she taught and cared for the Indian girls brought to her. The leaders of the colony recognized not only her worth but her wisdom. She was consulted on all important affairs, so that her correspondence is almost a history of Canada. Her spiritual letters and religious works obtained for her the title of the St. Teresa of Canada. She mastered Indian languages, and drew up instructions in regard to them for the guidance of her nuns in teaching the native children. She founded the first academy and school for girls in Canada at Quebec. The Ursulines at Three Rivers were the outgrowth of her work.

Mother Mary of the Incarnation died in her convent at Quebec on the 12th of November, 1672, aged seventy-three years, venerated by all Canada. Her life was published by her son, a Benedictine monk in France; and subsequently by the historian, Father de Charlevoix, S. J., to show his gratitude for favors obtained by her invocation. An elegant life of this holy foundress, by the Abbé H. R. Casgrain, appeared a few years ago in Canada, and there is also one by a religious of the famous Ursuline community at Blackrock, Cork.

The cause of her beatification was formally introduced on the 15th of September, 1877, his Holiness Pope Pius IX. signing the decree on the 20th. The episcopal process had been begun in 1867 by Archbishop Baillargeon—the present Archbishop, Cardinal Taschereau, and Archbishop Persico being judges,—and carried on till 1875. It was so complete and convincing that it led to the introduction of the cause. The apostolical processes began in 1880. The first of these, that of *non cultus*—that no public devotion had been paid to the servant of God,—was begun by Mgr. E. A. Taschereau as judge, and was concluded in 1882, and confirmed by a decree on the 9th of December. The second, process *super famam sanctitatis vite*—on her reputation for sanctity of life,—begun in 1884, is still continued. The judges were Mgr. E. A. Taschereau, the Very Rev. T. E. Hamel, and the Very Rev. C. E. Legaré. The postulator of the cause at Rome is the Abbé Casenave, of the Seminary of the Foreign Missions at Paris.

The miracles ascribed to Venerable Mother

Mary of the Incarnation are many and striking, and the devotion of the faithful will doubtless be rewarded with others. For the benefit of pious souls we add here this prayer of the Venerable Mother to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and recited every day in her convent:

“By the Heart of my Jesus, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, I approach Thee, O Eternal Father! By this divine Heart I adore Thee for those who do not adore Thee; I love Thee for all who do not love Thee; I acknowledge Thee as my God for all the wilfully blind, who through contempt refuse to acknowledge Thee. By this divine Heart I desire to pay Thee the homage which all Thy creatures owe Thee. In spirit I go round the wide world in search of the souls redeemed by the Precious Blood of Jesus. I present them all to Thee through Him, and by His merits I ask for their conversion. O Eternal Father, wilt Thou permit them to remain in ignorance of my Jesus? Wilt Thou suffer that they should not live for Him who died for all? Thou seest, O Heavenly Father, that they live not yet! Grant them, then, life by this divine Heart. Through this adorable Heart I present Thee all who labor for the extension of the Gospel, that by Its merits they may be replenished with Thy Holy Spirit. On It, as on a divine altar, I present to Thee especially . . . Thou knowest, O Incarnate Word, my adorable Saviour, all that I would ask Thy Father by Thy divine Heart, by Thy holy Soul! I ask it of Thee when I ask it of Him, because Thou art in Thy Father, and Thy Father is in Thee. Deign together to hear my prayer, and to make the souls whom I present to Thee one with Thee. Amen.”

VENERABLE MARGARET BOURGEOYS (1700).

The Venerable Margaret Bourgeois was born at Troyes in France, on Good-Friday, April 17, 1620, of pious parents in the middle rank of life. Deprived when but a child of a mother's care, she assumed the direction of the household, and displayed even then singular ability in the management of children. She entered in time the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin established in her native place by the Sisters of the Congregation of Our Lady, founded by Blessed Peter Fourier, and as prefect edified all. Feeling called to the relig-

ious state, she applied, but in vain, for admission to the Carmelites and Poor Clares. Her confessor formed the project of a community of which she was to be one of the first members, but this failed. Mr. de Maisonneuve, first Governor of Montreal, was urged by the Sisters of the Congregation (one of whom was his own sister) to take a colony of their community to the new settlement; but the matter did not depend on him, and they at length advised him to take Mlle. Bourgeoys, who felt a vocation for the mission of Canada.

Overcoming a host of difficulties, she finally embarked, and the ship soon saw her discharging all the duties of a nurse in attending the sick. She arrived in Montreal September 22, 1654, when the little town was on the verge of ruin,—the Militia of the Blessed Virgin, daily on duty, working with weapons within reach. Taking part in all the struggles of the pioneers, Margaret Bourgeoys at last, in 1657, opened a school in a stable which she fitted up. Like the free school at Quebec, this also received French and Indian children. The older girls of the little town Margaret Bourgeoys formed into a congregation or sodality, and was able to instruct in that way. If free schools are the greatest of blessings, surely the holy foundresses of the free schools of Quebec and Montreal deserve canonization in America, if not at Rome.

The same year Margaret Bourgeoys founded the famous sanctuary and pilgrimage of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, to this day revered by the Canadians. She then returned to France to obtain pious women to aid her in her general plan of schools, and found generous souls ready to respond to her call. Montreal, however, was in a terrible strait. Two priests had been killed in sight of the town, and the city was saved only by the heroism of Dollard and his companions at Long Sault. Yet Margaret, with her associates, resumed her work. Trained by her, the little community soon became a source of education, and won the approval of the Governor. To extend the influence of religion through the families, she, with the communities, joined the Rev. Father Chaumonot in establishing the Confraternity of the Holy Family, which has been for two centuries the instrument of immense good in Canada, inspiring each household to imitate

the Holy Family of Nazareth. Soon, growing with the growth of the colony, Margaret Bourgeoys' company opened a boarding-school, and a Sodality of the Blessed Virgin was at once formed among the pupils. An industrial school for poor girls was another of her good works. As her community increased in numbers as well as in piety and edification, she acquired a farm outside the city and began to erect a new house.

Finding, however, that her little band could not succeed unless she obtained civil and ecclesiastical authority, she returned to France, and in 1671 obtained of Louis XIV. letters patent authorizing her to form a religious community under the jurisdiction of the Bishop. Encouraged by this authority, she sailed for Canada, with a number of pious women anxious to join her community, and brought a statue of the Blessed Virgin and alms to complete the Chapel of Our Lady of Good Help. Bishop Laval, who had learned to appreciate the services of Margaret and her companions, without delay erected them into a religious community as Sisters of the Congregation of Our Lady. They were to take simple vows and not to be cloistered, as their direction of parochial schools required them frequently to change residence.

As head of a community Margaret displayed singular prudence and wisdom, and though her house was destroyed by fire, and the community seemed on the point of disbanding, her Sisters clung to her, and others joined the sisterhood, all by their courage and exertions repairing the loss. An Indian mission at the Mountain of Montreal followed; then schools were opened at Batiscan, Champlain, and Isle Orleans,—all directed by Sisters trained by Sister Margaret, and deeply imbued with her spirit of devotion, poverty and labor, ready to bear uncomplainingly any hardships. A providence, or industrial school, in Quebec was their next work, and they began a free school also in a stable. But again was the prosperity of the community checked by a conflagration, once more destroying the mother-house; and still more by an ambitious Sister, who, believing herself favored with visions, troubled the venerable superior and the Sisters generally.

Various other trials soon followed: the

industrial schools were suppressed; Bishop St. Vallier wished to incorporate them with the Ursulines, and drew up new rules based on those of that Order, aiming to make them a cloistered community. The superior of St. Sulpice induced the Bishop to modify his rule in these essential points, and the saintly foundress was thus enabled to see her institute, as she had planned it to meet the wants of the parishes, retained. The rule thus modified was accepted by the Sisters. The Venerable Margaret during this period of trial composed many instructions for her community, to keep alive the primitive fervor. These writings all breathe the spirit of God and her perfect submission to His holy will.

At the commencement of the year 1700 she was seized with a fatal illness; during its continuance she showed the greatest mortification, resignation, and a holy desire to be united to God. She expired on the 12th of January, in her eightieth year, after laboring for God and her neighbor at Montreal for forty-seven years. Her death was deplored as a loss to the whole colony, and her tomb in the community church became an object of veneration. The permanence of the community, of the chapel and of the Association of the Holy Family attests God's blessing on her life and labors. The sisterhood now numbers about a thousand members, conducting more than a hundred academies and schools. The Life of the Venerable Margaret was published by the Rev. Mr. Ransonnet in 1818, and by the Abbé Faillon in 1853.

The cause of her beatification was commenced more than twenty years ago. The apostolic process was begun on the 7th of December, 1869, and has been followed by those of *Non Cultu*, *De Fama*, and *Ne Pereant*, relating to her virtues and miracles. These processes have all been completed at Montreal and forwarded to the Congregation of Rites in Rome. Favorable reports were made on all the documents, and on the 19th of December, 1878, the decree was issued declaring her Venerable; this was confirmed by his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. The postulators of the cause have been the Rev. A. Nercam, of St. Sulpice, Montreal; and the Rev. Jules Captier, of the same Congregation, at Rome.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Lady's Knight.

A LEGEND OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

I.

"BY my patron St. Eric, if you have no better mount than that sorry jade, I advise you not to enter the lists to-day, Gauthier! Better spare your lady the mortification of seeing her colors trampled, and me the trouble of breaking a lance to win only a worthless hack."

So saying, Eric of Peesebaec drew a tighter rein on a magnificent Spanish genet, which, proud of her rich caparison and of her noble rider, tossed her head and pranced about with impatience.

The young viscount was scarcely thirty years of age. He was a tall, well-built cavalier, whose regular, clear-cut features were beautiful rather than handsome, though the habitual boldness that glanced from the sparkling eye preserved his countenance from the charge of effeminacy. His long brown hair was caught up and imprisoned under a black velvet bonnet, from which a bright ostrich plume fell gracefully upon his neck. Over a gold-worked cloth doublet he wore a richly embroidered mantle of light silk, which was thrown back over the left shoulder so as not to encumber the bridle-arm. Four squires who followed the noble Eric bore the different pieces of his armor.

He whom he addressed as Gauthier was a knight of some thirty-eight years, considerably smaller in stature, more bronzed as to complexion, and more simply attired. The horse so disdainfully referred to was a sturdy but heavy-looking Flemish steed.

Day had just broken, and the sun was beginning to pierce the purple-tinted curtains that fringed the eastern mountains. The clear heavens, the fresh atmosphere, and the abundant dew that hung in liquid pearls from the corollas of the wild flowers,—all gave promise of a fair summer day.

The travellers were proceeding along an uneven route that led to the chateau, where the Count of Louvain held a tournament for the chivalry of the province.

"My horse, it is true, is somewhat slow in warming up," modestly replied Gauthier; "but once heated, his movements are agile and his loins are vigorous. As for my lady, her glory does not depend on the bravery of her champion; and, whether I be victor or vanquished, believe me there is no 'lady of the manor' among them all, were it even the Queen of France, who may in any way compare with her."

"I would speedily prove the temerity of your words," said Eric, "were I not confident of doing it more effectively, in the presence of a hundred thousand spectators, at the Chateau of Louvain. By my patron, before sundown I will force you to acknowledge that your lady is neither so rich nor so beautiful as your distinguished cousin, the Countess Wilhelmina of Louvain, from whom I received this favor!"

As he finished speaking the viscount threw aside his mantle and displayed a splendid scarf of rose-colored satin, marked with Wilhelmina's crest.

"My cousin is fair," rejoined Gauthier, "and she merits the service of the bravest knights in the whole realm; but what if she herself acknowledge that she is scarcely worthy to be the handmaid of her whom I have chosen as my sovereign and the lady of my thoughts?"

"She will never acknowledge a superior while she loves me and I have strength to wield a lance. But pray who is this rare dame whose favor renders you so presumptuous? Or has she, perhaps, forbidden you to pronounce her name?"

"If she grants me the victory, her name will be proclaimed by the voice of the heralds; and the proudest, I am certain, will not be humbled in being considered her inferior. Did you never notice on my helmet a white silk rose worked in silver?"

"A white silk rose!" exclaimed Eric. "There is no damosel in the country who has adopted those colors."

"They are the colors of the Empress of Heaven, of Our Lady Mother of God."

At this the younger knight laughed a loud laugh.

"So, then, 'tis true, Gauthier,—'tis no fable they have been telling me? You have actually

sworn faith and homage to Our Lady for your castle and domains?"

"Yes: last year, on the Feast of the Assumption. And I have vowed never to have any other mistress, or to wear other colors than hers."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Eric. "And you still mix with cavaliers and men-at-arms! Why, man, you should bury yourself in some monastery and spend your life in fasting, praying, and psalm-singing with the rest of the brethren! And, by the way, here we come to a chapel. Don't pass it by. Go in and hear Masses; and leave it to us to dispute, at the point of the lance, the prize of valor for ourselves, and for our ladies the sovereignty of love and beauty."

They were indeed approaching, as he spoke, a little chapel served by a hermit of the neighboring wood.

"Truly," replied Gauthier, reining up his horse, "you remind me that I have not heard Mass this morning. Since Our Lady offers me so favorable an occasion I shall profit by it. Will you not alight also?"

"Many thanks!" observed Eric, scornfully. "The sun is getting high; we have still a two hours' journey before us, and I fear the tourney will begin before my arrival. You, however, had better remain. If your Lady desires to be proclaimed Queen of Beauty, she can doubtless work a miracle to attain her end."

Gauthier had already dismounted, and had signed to his squire to continue his journey, thinking to rejoin him before he should reach the chateau. Tying his horse to a tree, he entered the chapel, heedless of the raillery of his companion.

"Say your prayers, poor monk," the latter was saying to himself. "No doubt you will eventually don the cowl. By St. Eric, if I have no adversaries of a different metal from yours to-day, there will be but scant glory in vanquishing! Who would have thought that so brave a knight could degenerate into so pitiful a mutterer of *Pater Nosters*!"

Then, throwing the reins on his horse's neck, he emitted a low whistle. The superb animal at once broke into a rapid trot, setting the pace for the whole cavalcade at what was apparently its ordinary gait.

Gauthier requested that the Mass, which was about to commence, might be offered in honor of the Blessed Virgin. The hermit was old, his sight had long been growing dim, and he read with difficulty and very slowly. As for the knight, who could not read at all, he became so profoundly absorbed in prayer that he paid no heed to the lapse of time. Accordingly the sun was high in the heavens when he resumed his journey. Judging that the lists would be open long before he could possibly arrive at the chateau, he allowed his horse to amble along as it would.

II.

In the meanwhile, at Louvain, the marshals, stationed at the entrance of the arena, had inscribed the names of the combatants and declared the lists open. The knights were divided into two bands,—one led by the Count of Louvain himself, the other by his friend and intended son-in-law, Eric of Peesebaec. This young knight, not less distinguished by birth than by his personal appearance, eclipsed all rivals in the magnificence of his armor, the boldness of his demeanor, and the dexterity with which he caracoled his mettlesome steed. All eyes were fixed on him and on his beautiful betrothed, Wilhelmina, in whose honor the tournament was given.

The youthful Countess occupied the most conspicuous position in the amphitheatre. She was dressed in all the exaggerated luxury that characterized the age, and was seated but two steps from the dais reserved for the Queen of Beauty,—a title that would evidently be awarded her, since victory could not but fall either to her father or her betrothed husband.

All around the spacious arena reserved for the feats of arms, tiers of seats rose one above another. Those at the southern extremity were occupied by the nobility; the *bourgeois* crowded those on the east and west; while the northern side, exposed to the sun, was left free for the vassals and the lowest class of the populace.

The trumpet gave the signal, and over the vast crowd, but a moment before noisy and distracted, there fell, as if by enchantment, a profound silence. From opposite extremities of the arena the two bands of cavaliers charged furiously to the onset. The Count of Louvain's horse fell; the Count rolled in the dust,

and, though speedily raised by his squires, he was so bruised as to be unable to take any further part in the contest. As an offset to this misfortune, two knights of the opposite party were unhorsed and vanquished. In the succeeding encounters no cavalier excited more admiration than Eric. His height, his elegant carriage, his prodigious strength, his well-known liberality, deeply interested the spectators in his behalf; and his repeated triumphs over those who tilted against him were greeted with vociferous plaudits. The acclamations became enthusiastic when it was seen that there remained only one adversary to oppose him.

This was a knight of medium height, clad in black armor, with a white rose fastened to the right side of his helmet. His shield bore the image of the Blessed Virgin, with the simple inscription, in Gothic characters, "*Ave, Benedicta.*" So obstinately had he kept down his visor that none had seen his features or could guess his name.

It chanced that these two champions, both victors over all their antagonists, had not yet encountered each other. Now, left alone in the arena, they were to meet and decide the contest.

"Surrender!" cried Eric. "You have done enough to day for honor, and you may without shame yield the victory to Peesebaec. The bravest have already done so. Tempt not fortune, nor risk the loss of your steed and armor, but surrender."

All who heard this discourse, and those who, without hearing it, guessed its import, anxious that the honor of the day should rest with their favorite, echoed his advice to the unknown knight, and cried: "Surrender! surrender!"

Wilhelmina, however, would not have the matter end so tamely. "Eric," she exclaimed, "are you so fatigued that you can not break another lance in my honor?"

Many of the ladies were evidently of Wilhelmina's mind, and waved their handkerchiefs to demand another encounter. The two champions were accordingly conducted to the opposite ends of the course, and, turning their horses, awaited the signal. The interest had reached its acme; every neck was stretched forward, and the multitude awaited with bated

breath what all felt would prove the crowning achievement of Eric's brilliant record.

At length came the signal, and the horses bounded forward at full speed. Eric, better mounted than his opponent, had the advantage of velocity, and apparently believed that he had the advantage of superior strength and dexterity as well; for he essayed a difficult stroke; he aimed at his adversary's head, hoping to force the visor from his helmet, and thus inflict a species of defeat that would cover the vanquished with confusion. The knight in black, however, raising his shield, diverted the blow, and in return struck Eric full upon the breast. The handsome Spanish genet was thrown back on her haunches, and Eric fell to the ground, where he lay motionless. A great cry of surprise and admiration burst from all sides. Wilhelmina bit her lips with vexation. If she had not insisted on this last contest! But, then, who could have foreseen such an exploit from a knight apparently so slender and feeble?

While his squires pressed around Eric to restore him to consciousness, the master-at-arms, astonished at such an overthrow, examined the victor's lance, but was constrained to admit that he had fought courteously and according to the rules of loyal chivalry. Meanwhile the black knight had dismounted; and, when he saw that Eric was sufficiently recovered to understand him, he drew near and whispered:

"Do you still refuse to acknowledge that my Lady is more virtuous and more beautiful than yours?"

"My steed and armor are yours," replied Eric, haughtily. "Fix their ransom, but do not insult my betrothed."

Then he of the white rose remounted his horse, and, planting his lance in the earth, bade the heralds issue a solemn defiance to all knights who might wish to measure their force with his. The misfortune of Eric, however, had satisfied the others as to the unknown's prowess, and no one durst accept the challenge.

When the moment came for announcing to the spectators the name of the victor, the black knight removed his helmet and disclosed to all the features of Gauthier de Bibrach. Frantic cheers, says the old chronicle, bore aloft to

the clouds the name of the glorious champion.

The queen of the tourney had still to be named. No one doubted that Gauthier would offer this royalty to his cousin, the beautiful Wilhelmina. He received the crown from the judges of the joust, and raised it on the end of his lance. He did not turn to seek for choice among dames of high or low degree, and there was no need of dame or damsel dreaming that she would be preferred. From where he stood he declared that he presented to Our Lady Mary, Mother of God, the crown which he had won.

In consequence Our Lady Mary was proclaimed by the voice of the heralds Queen of Beauty, and it was forbidden as a felony to do or say anything that could assail her royalty. A procession was then formed, which proceeded to the church of Louvain to seek the banner of the Blessed Virgin, and fix it on the throne that had been prepared for the tourney's queen. At the head marched Gauthier, followed by the twelve knights whom he had vanquished. But he did not return from the church.

Just at this moment another Gauthier was seen approaching—the same who had stopped on his way to hear Mass. All eyes were turned toward him in wonderment; but he did not notice it, seeming much depressed at the thought of having lost the opportunity of competing with so many brave and courtly *confrères*.

He approaches, makes inquiries, and is told that the tournament has been splendid. His informant, a stranger to him, descants with wondering eyes on the prowess of a certain Gauthier of Bibrach, who has overthrown the most valiant men of Flanders, and has offered to Our Lady the crown of beauty. Gauthier looks about him astounded. He can scarcely credit what he hears.

"It must be," said he to himself, "that Our Lady sent an angel from heaven to fight in my stead, and uphold the honor of her knight."

HE who frowns often, though he may not be the best of companions, is yet more desirable than he who continually smiles at nothing.

IN small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

—Ben Jonson.

New Light on a Truth of History.

A SWISS writer, M. Jules Vuy, lately published at Geneva a work entitled "Origine des idées politiques de Rousseau," in which he holds that the central idea of the "Social Contrat"—namely, the primordial, indivisible, inalienable and imprescriptible sovereignty of the people—is taken from the Constitution of Geneva in the Middle Ages, and especially from article 78 of the charter granted in 1387 by its first Bishop, Ademar Fabri, the friend and counsellor of Pope Clement VII. According to the terms of this charter, the liberties of the city are declared perpetual; and the prince-bishop furthermore maintains that if the people were not to use their rights even for a period of thirty or forty years, these rights should not lapse because of this non-usage.

Rousseau is fond of quoting this charter, and contrasting the tyrannical oligarchical constitution established by Calvin with the free democratic institutions the Genevese enjoyed under their bishops. In a "Histoire de Genève," which was not published during his life, he says among other things: "The bishops, the only protectors of the people, rescued them from slavery, and the municipal rights of Geneva were founded on those of the clergy. The prince, who owed his power to the people, payed his debt with usury. He founded liberty. . . . Abroad protected by their sovereign, at home by their franchises, the Genevese feared neither their master nor their neighbors: they were much freer than if they had been entirely republican."

We can not say whether M. Vuy has proved his thesis, as our knowledge of his work is derived from a review; but he shows that Rousseau, in his intervals of sanity, could rise above his anti-Christian prejudices. The researches of modern scholars, Catholic and non-Catholic, are making more clear every day that to the energetic and persistent efforts of the Church the rights now enjoyed by the people in most civilized countries are due. She tended the frail plant of liberty through the ages, lovingly and laboriously. Its branches now shelter many nations, too often forgetful or ungrateful.

Notes and Remarks.

It is instructive to find that Protestants are beginning to doubt whether the Bible should be put into the hands of everybody. The experience of the distributors of Bibles, who put them in all the railroad cars, has shown that the most sacred of books, when indiscriminately used, may be made an instrument of damnation. The Protestantverein, an association of German ministers, has passed a resolution to the effect that—

"It is a most injurious thing to place the whole Bible in the hands of children. The fact of the matter is that the Bible, as it stands, is no child's book. Under all circumstances it is highly objectionable that children should, by the reading of a sacred book, be inured into things the knowledge of which is in nowise useful, but in most instances detrimental to them."

It has taken Protestantism three hundred years to begin to discover that the position of the Catholic Church is the only reasonable one. And still the cry of the "Bible, and nothing but the Bible!" which Chillingworth inaugurated, goes on!

That was a characteristic reply Cardinal Manning made to the Catholic Workmen's Club of Vienna, whose members had congratulated him upon the results of his intervention in the recent strikes in London. After returning thanks for the attention, His Eminence says: "I have always before my mind the words of the Lord, 'I have pity upon the people'; for nowhere on earth is there such unlimited wealth and such extreme poverty to be found as in our England. But, thanks to Providence, our workmen are gifted with prudence and patience, and are inclined to hear the voice of moderation and counsel."

The death of the Honorable Francis Xavier Trudel, Senator, and director of *L'Etendard*, of Montreal, occurred recently at his residence in St. Isidore. He was an ardent Catholic, a patriot, a scholar, and a fearless and able journalist. May he rest in peace!

The Queen Daughters, whose motto is "A. M. D. G.," and whose inspiration is "J. M. J.," have undertaken the work of advancing destitute and ignorant children. The Queen Daughters supplement the work of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul by supplying the children of the poor with wearing apparel, and should be everywhere extended. All who are charitably disposed, even very young girls, can assist in this work. The requirements for membership are: "One

suit of clothes, either new or second hand, for children of all ages, from the infant to boys and girls of fifteen; and one dollar yearly, to be paid to the most convenient Immaculate Conception sewing-school." The circular of the Association, which we have received from St. Louis, announces that "a special committee will also be chosen from the Queen Daughters of each sewing-school to provide suitable attire for all the young girls of the school whose parents are too poor to dress them appropriately for the most beautiful and important event of their lives—their first Holy Communion." The Very Rev. P. P. Brady, V. G., is the spiritual director of the St. Louis branch of the Association, which comprises over two hundred members.

There is very little doubt that the air of "God Save the Queen!" is of French origin. The authorship of the revolutionary hymn attributed to Rouget de Lisle, however, has heretofore been believed to be beyond question. From a discussion that has been going on of late among Parisian critics it would now appear that Rouget de Lisle must give up his claim, at least to the music. M. A. Loth has proved beyond any manner of doubt that the air of the "Marsellaise" is copied, almost literally, from an oratorio entitled "Esther," composed several years before by a musician named Grisons, the chapel-master of St. Omer's.

Mr. Wanamaker's house in Washington is a superb casket of gems of art, among which is the "Vierge aux Anges." Mrs. Wanamaker does not give balls—having probably the same objection as Mrs. Sherman to round dances,—and her large ball-room is now a magnificent picture-gallery. Mr. and Mrs. Wanamaker, though making their home in keeping with the Postmaster-General's position, set an example of kindness, simplicity, and unostentation, which can not but have its effect on Washington society.

Under the heading of "Unselfishness," in a little book entitled "Notes for Boys (and their Fathers)," the author, an English gentleman, cites the following examples, remarking that one need only look around him for instances of this virtue:

"When the cholera was rife in 1832 Father Mathew visited hospitals, garrets, and hovels, where the disease raged with the greatest virulence; and in one case, at the risk of his own life, rescued a young man in whom there was yet a spark, but only a spark, of vitality, and whom the half-drunken attendants were hastily huddling into a shallow, crowded grave.

"On one occasion the Little Sisters of the Poor

at Tours were reduced to sleep on two straw mattresses, with but one sheet to cover them. An old woman begged their hospitality, but they had no sheets for her bed; at a sign from the Mother Superior scissors were brought, and the Sisters' solitary sheet was fetched with the intention of dividing it. 'We will do as we can,' said the Sisters, cheerfully.

"Chinese Gordon, one of the most heroic figures of modern times, went boldly forth among the raging fanatics of the Soudan with only one comrade. 'I would give my life,' he said, 'for these poor blacks.' And he gave it."

But unselfishness is, after all, only an exotic in human nature, and needs the most sedulous cultivation. A man may be naturally brave, even naturally generous, but he is never naturally unselfish.

Many signs betoken the death of Protestantism. It is everywhere failing, and where it is not dying naturally the life is being crushed out of it. In countries where a quarter of a century ago Protestantism was supreme it is now in contempt. A vigorous effort is being made to stamp it out of Russia. No Lutheran churches are in future to be built unless permission is specially given, by the "orthodox" clergy; powerful efforts are also put forth to destroy existing Lutheran schools. As Protestantism can not survive persecution—there are none who are willing to die for it,—the work of Luther may be said to be finished forever, as far as Russia is concerned.

The late Empress Augusta was a constant friend of Catholics. She earnestly protested against the Kulturkampf. To the Sisters of Charity at Coblenz she was a most devoted friend.

The Congregation of the Holy Ghost in the United States has sustained a great loss in the death of its Father Provincial, the Very Rev. Joseph Strub, whose apostolic life closed in a happy death on the 27th inst., at the house of the Order in Pittsburg. The career of this good priest was an eventful one. He was a native of Alsace. Soon after his ordination he joined the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, and went as a missionary to Senegambia, where he passed eight years. Just before the Franco-Prussian war he was recalled to Europe to fill an important office in Germany; but this appointment was deferred on account of the need of priests for the soldiers, and Father Strub became head chaplain of the French army in the East. Coming to the United States in 1872—the Congregation having been expelled from Germany,—he labored first in Arkansas among the negroes and emigrants, founding several mis-

sions. Afterward he established houses of his community in the Archdiocese of Cincinnati and the Diocese of Pittsburgh, the most flourishing of which is the College of the Holy Ghost in the latter city. Father Strub was a man among men, a model of Christian and sacerdotal virtues. His loss to the Church in the United States and to his Order is a loss indeed. God rest his soul!

We have received from the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Osouf, Vicar-Apostolic of Northern Japan, a report of the state of his extensive vicariate. The mission entrusted to his spiritual direction includes the whole northern portion of the Japanese Empire, having a population of about 19,000,000 infidels and 11,552 Catholics. Bishop Osouf is assisted in his labors by 34 European missionaries and 64 native catechists, together with 53 religious, foreign and native, who are engaged in the work of education. There are in the vicariate 101 stations; 67 churches or chapels; a seminary, with 9 students; a college, directed by Marianite priests, with 35 students; 3 academies for girls, with 119 pupils; 27 schools, with 1,844 pupils; 6 orphan asylums, with 1,048 children; 8 manual labor schools, attended by 84 students; and 5 hospitals. During the year ending August 15, 1889, there were 2,580 baptisms, of which 1,698 were adults, 15 converts from Protestantism, 599 children of pagans and 268 children of Christians; 503 received the Sacrament of Confirmation, and 4,214 made their annual confession. It is in this vicariate that the Rev. P. Testevuide conducts the leper hospital to which we lately directed attention.

In an appreciative notice of Miss Tynan's charming sketch, "Our Lady's Hospice for the Dying," published in a recent number of THE "AVE MARIA," *Le Couteulx Leader* gives a hint to the charitably disposed, which ought to be widely repeated. After expressing the wish that every great city might possess an institution so graphically described by Miss Tynan, our able contemporary observes: "None but those whose duty or sympathy takes them occasionally through the wards of a hospital can form any idea of what is done for the sick poor by the Sisters and their associates, and of how much more might be done had they the practical assistance and interest their work is entitled to. Other works of charity are more or less brought under our eyes: we must go to see what is done for the sick and dying."

The world can never repay all that it owes to poor old Ruskin, who has lately become insane; and when Death claims him he should have the fairest of monuments erected to his memory.

We love him for his hatred of counterfeits. The Good and the Beautiful have ever found in him an untiring advocate, and he deserves to rank first among those who inaugurated the present reaction against shams. But it is a mistake to make Mr. Ruskin a sole guide in art, as so many do. Says a writer in *Blackwood's*, himself no mean art critic:

"On the coast of Cornwall the wreckers have the custom, on dark and stormy nights, of tying a lantern to the neck of a bellwether, and setting him loose on the cliffs. As he moves along, nodding his head up and down, he attracts the notice of sailors and fishermen making for shore; and, taking his wavering lantern for a lighted boat in harbor, they direct their course toward him, expecting thus to make a safe landing, and are lured and wrecked upon the rocks. I must confess I think that artists who take Mr. Ruskin as an absolute and practical guide in art will but too often find him a wandering—however brilliant—light to lure them to danger, and perhaps destruction. And the worst of it is that he is all the more dangerous as a guide because of his brilliancy."

New Publications.

SOUVENIR VOLUME OF THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AND CATHOLIC CONGRESS. 1789-1889. Detroit, Mich.: William H. Hughes.

Three great events in the history of the Catholic Church in America marked the year of grace 1889. First, the Centenary celebration of the inauguration of the Episcopate in the United States; second, the first Congress held by the laity of the Church in America; and thirdly, the dedication of the new Catholic University. These events possessed a significance that was widespread and far-reaching in its influence, as was evinced by the general interest manifested and the complete reports given by the secular press throughout the country. At the same time the ceremonies and proceedings attendant upon these occasions were fully in keeping with the importance of the events commemorated, and of a character such as to impress the non-believer with the magnitude of the work in which the Church of Christ is ever successfully engaged; and to give to the faithful the consoling assurance that she will go on, a living witness of the infallibility of the divine promises made to her, to show within the next century, in our beloved land, a still further growth and influence.

It was a happy thought, therefore, to preserve an imperishable record of these celebrations,—a thought which Mr. Hughes has well realized in the "Souvenir Volume" which he now gives to the public. This volume shows with what splendor

the Centenary was celebrated at Baltimore and the University opened at Washington. An appropriate "Introduction" is contributed by Henry F. Brownson, LL. D., of Detroit, who, with the Hon. W. J. Onahan, of Chicago, was the prime mover in the organization of the first Catholic Congress of America. Then, preliminary to the account of the Centenary celebration are given: the Bull of Pius VI. instituting the See of Baltimore; Cardinal Gibbons' letter to Leo XIII., and the Pontiff's Reply; the pastoral letter of the Cardinal in relation to the Centenary; and the call for a General Congress of the Catholic Laity of the United States. This is followed by a well-written narrative of the Centenary celebration, which gives in full the sermons and addresses of the most reverend prelates, the papers read at the Congress, and the platform there adopted. If these are extensively read and reflected upon they can not fail to give a better tone to Catholic opinion generally, to remove much prejudice, and to excite the Catholic laity to greater exertions in the cause of religion.

The work has been issued in a style highly creditable to the publisher, and such as to make it indeed a *souvenir* volume,—a book which is as attractive in appearance as it is excellent in its intrinsic worth. Numerous illustrations greatly enhance its value. The frontispiece is a magnificent portrait of his Holiness Pope Leo XIII., and throughout the work are portraits of Archbishop Carroll, his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, the prelates of the American Church, abbots and general superiors of religious orders, and principal members of the Catholic Congress. It is a volume that will stimulate the faithful, as is well said in the Introduction, "to go to work energetically to do all that they have asserted their power and intention to perform, and make the coming century the most glorious in all history."

DIARY OF THE PARNELL COMMISSION. Revised from the *Daily News*. By John Macdonald, M. A. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

Those of our readers who have followed the course of events in the Home Rule movement for Ireland preserve a vivid recollection of the "Inquiry" made into the libelous charges of the London *Times* against Mr. Parnell, the able and trusted leader of the Irish cause. During March and April, 1887, a series of articles entitled "Parnellism and Crime" appeared in the *Times*, in which Mr. Parnell and his co-workers were made responsible for a long list of crimes, and forged letters printed to substantiate the charges. The effect of these publications was to accelerate the passage of the infamous "coercion bill." In the

House of Commons Mr. Parnell made a formal denial of the authenticity of the letters, and asked for a select committee of investigation. A commission of judges was appointed by act of Parliament, and entered upon its work October 22, 1888, and continued in session for one hundred and twenty eight days. The genuine character of the letters was disproved, and, though the commissioners pushed the inquiry beyond the point at issue, into ten years of Irish history, Mr. Parnell and his cause were triumphantly vindicated before the world. A full and complete record of the proceedings of this great commission is given in the work above named, which has been prepared from the *Daily News*, and presented in connected historical narrative. It is a volume which will be found valuable as a source of information in connection with one of the greatest agitations in modern history.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rt. Rev. Monsig. de Clercq, who died recently in Manchester, England, sincerely mourned by all who knew him.

Sister Mary of St. Anna, of the Sisters of Holy Cross, St. Mary's Convent, Notre Dame P. O., Ind., who was lately called to the reward of her selfless life.

Mr. George W. Groffe, who departed this life in Fort Wayne, Ind., on the 1st ult.

Mr. F. J. Vogelsberg, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a holy death at Faribault, Minn., on the 13th ult.

Miss Jane R. Hitselberger, who went to receive the reward of her virtuous life on the 22d ult., at Richmond, Va.

Mrs. Mary A. Bairley, who passed away on the 14th ult., at Santa Barbara, Cal., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. Henry Traversy, of Marinette, Wis., who peacefully yielded his soul to God on the 10th ult.

Mrs. J. D. Repetti, whose happy death occurred in Washington, D. C., on the 21st ult.

Mrs. John Kelly, of Cambridge, Mass., who died a happy death on the 11th ult.

The Rev. Emile de Monie, of Bruges, Belgium; Mr. James A. Hughes, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Margaret Leonard, Patterson, N. J.; Anna McGlue, Rochester, N. Y.; Miss Julia F. Casey, Chelsea, Mass.; Mrs. Ellen Conley, Seymour, Ill.; Mrs. Winifred Guilfoile, Lawrence, Mass.; Margaret Brady, Troy, N. Y.; Dennis Kennedy and Mrs. Anna O'Hare, Cohoes, N. Y.; and Michael Shea, Chicopee, Mass.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



A Year in Jeanie Reilly's Life.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

(CONTINUED.)

Almost as soon as the good old Doctor and his young charge were seated in the comfortable car, an old lady in a poke-bonnet, sitting behind, leaned forward and said to Jeanie:

"Excuse me, dear. But be you goin' anywhere near Chili Furnace? I heard your pa and ma and the old gentleman talkin' about the furnaces in the depot, and I thought they mentioned Chili Furnace."

"I don't know," answered Jeanie, hesitatingly. "I am going to St. Mary's; it may be near Chili Furnace."

"Well, now, be you? Who're you goin' to visit there? You know St. Mary's is the biggest town in V— County. It's eighteen miles round, and yet it ain't got no town at all. For instance, it ain't no post-office address, though the folks that lives there gets lots of letters."

Jeanie looked at her in a bewildered way, wondering if she could be slightly demented.

The old lady laughed. "I'll not puzzle you any more, dearie," she said. "Suppose you come back and set here a while with me, while your grandpa is readin' his paper? It's kind of tiresome leanin' over this way."

Jeanie looked at the Doctor, who had not been so deep in his paper as the old lady thought. He nodded, and Jeanie, after casting a furtive glance at the motherly face, and feeling encouraged thereby, quietly changed her seat.

"You see, child," her new friend went on, "Pittonville's the name of the nearest town, and St. Mary's is just the parish. You can't understand it mebbe, but I'll make it clear. Who did you say you was goin' to visit?"

"I am going to Father Eugene's," answered Jeanie. "Do you live near there?"

"Well, now, if that ain't strange! I don't

live no farther than a mile and a half from him. I've been a-visitin' my niece in the city, and mighty glad I am to get back to Possum Creek; though Sara was awful kind, and tried to make things pleasant. I live with my son near Chili Furnace. He's got a farm. My daughter-in-law's a Catholic,—that's how I come to know Father Eugene so well. A mighty fine man he is too; the people all worship him in our neighborhood. Any kin to him, dearie?"

"No, ma'am," said Jeanie; "but he's the Doctor's nephew, and he went to school with my papa. I haven't been very well, and the Doctor and papa and mamma thought it would be a good place to send me to get strong."

"You're goin' to the right place for that, honey. Is that the Doctor? I thought he was your grandpa. Folks in the city thinks it must be awful lonely, but it ain't. There's some kind of a spell about it that makes everyone like it that goes there, and they always want to come back agin when they leave it. Father Eugene could have taken hold of rich congregations in other places many a time, if he'd a mind to, but he says nothin' could tempt him away. The best people in the world! Why, when I first went up there to live from Pittsburg I hated the thought of goin' among the Irish, but now I like 'em better than my own people. My daughter-in-law is Irish,—that is, her pa and ma was born in Ireland; she's this country-born herself."

"My papa and mamma are both from New York, and I was born in Ohio; but my grandparents were Irish, and, after America, we all think Ireland is the best country in the world," said Jeanie, her cheeks in a soft little glow.

"Father Eugene is more Irish than old Simon Ginty himself," rejoined the woman; "and he's American born like your pa. You'll get on finely together. Aunt Betty is the kindest soul! She's a relation, and keeps house for the priest. She'll be awful good to you, dearie."

"She must be very nice, every one speaks so well of her. I don't think I should have had courage to come but for that. She won't seem quite like a stranger. She knew papa when he was a boy. But won't you please tell me what you meant about St. Mary's?"

"Oh, yes. St. Mary's is the name of the church, and for eighteen miles round Father Eugene's people are scattered through the farms and furnaces. Somehow or other, folks have got to callin' the whole neighborhood St. Mary's. That's what I meant by my little joke. Now, where be you goin' to get off, dearie?"

"At Hatton, I think. There will be a stage there to meet us, I believe."

"I'll bet you two dollars Father'll be over there himself with the buggy. You'll cut off four miles goin' that way. I reckon I'll have to go by stage though, for my folks ain't expectin' me. I got a sudden spell of homesickness, and just packed up and set out. I'll have to stay in Pittonville all night, but I don't mind that."

Jeanie soon found that the old lady was very fond of talking, and, though her thoughts occasionally strayed from the interesting subjects which were an endless topic of conversation with her companion, she found much diversion in her quaint language and homely descriptions; so that by the time they reached C——, where the Doctor was to leave them, she felt quite contented in her society. The Doctor looked upon it as a happy fortune that she should have met a travelling companion so kind and reliable, and they parted, with many admonitions and advices on the one side, and promises on the other.

Ten miles further on they reached Hatton. As the cars stopped at the station the old lady exclaimed: "Well, I declare! If there ain't my Jem with our wagon and Bess and the priest's Kate! That's good luck!"

Jeanie gathered up her belongings and looked out of the window. She saw a long, deep wagon, drawn by two fine, strong-looking horses, in the act of stopping in front of the station, on the side opposite the railroad. On the driver's seat was a big, good-natured looking fellow, with merry, twinkling brown eyes, and a quantity of coarse hair that stood up all over his head, as though he had just taken an electric shock. But she looked in vain for "Bess" and "Kate." They were not to be seen. She wondered if Kate could be Father Eugene's sister; she had never heard the Doctor mention a sister. She did not have much time to speculate.

The young man got down from the wagon, and approached the cars evidently looking for some one. By this time they were on the platform, and the old lady called out: "Jem, here I be! Was you lookin' for me?"

"Why, mother," he exclaimed, "if that ain't curious!" helping her to the platform. "I never thought of you. I come for a young lady that's expected at Father Eugene's."

"And here she be, aside me," said his mother, pointing to Jeanie, who had jumped briskly down without assistance.

"Miss Jeanie—I didn't ketch your name."

"Reilly," faltered Jeanie.

"Miss Jeanie Reilly, let me introduce you to my baby, Jem Oldworthy."

Jeanie blushed and bowed; Jem did the same, pulling the front lock of his abundant hair to a level with his eyebrows, whence it darted back at once to its original position on top of his head, like a wire spring escaped from its tension.

"How did you come to get here to-day of all days?" asked the old lady. "I jest got homesick and couldn't stand it a minnit longer. I was calculatin' to stop the night at Pittonville."

"Why, Father Eugene he come over last night a-horseback, and said he'd thought all along he could come himself; but he'd got a letter there was some one sick up to Kelly's Furnace, and he had to go there first thing this mornin'. So he said he'd leave the mare over to Pittonville, and if I'd fetch ourn and the wagon over there, I could take 'em both down to Hatton for a good load. Miss Lacy she's expectin' groceries and stuff, and he thought there'd be a trunk."

"That's so, Miss Jeanie she has got a trunk, and it wouldn't go in the buggy nohow. It does seem kind of providential"

"I'm afraid the young lady won't take to the jolt-wagon at first; but she can have a good long rest to-morrow if she does get tired," said Jem, apologetically.

"Why didn't you fetch the spring cart?"

"These roads is too rough, mother; and the load's likely to be heavy."

"That's so. Shall we jump right in, or do you have to get your groceries?"

"They're on this train, ordered from C——. But you haven't had no dinner; you must

be hungry. Come over to the boardin'-house and get some."

"Guess we'd better. We've got a long ride before us. It's fourteen mile 'cross fields,—ain't it, Jem?"

"Yes'm; twenty by stage. Maybe you'd rather go that way, Miss Reilly? 'Cause if you would I could meet you at Pittonville with the buggy about seven to-night."

"Oh, no!" said Jeanie. "I am sure I shall like the wagon ride."

Jeanie's trunk secured, and sundry boxes placed in the wagon, they crossed the railroad to the boarding-house, where, as honored guests, they were ushered into a gorgeously furnished bed-chamber to await their turn at the dinner table. Here Jeanie removed her hat and bathed her hot cheeks; the old lady did the same. From the door of the room she could see that the place seemed to be occupied by men only. Mrs. Oldworthy informed her they were "drummers, snatchin' a bite between trains," and that Hatton was one of the smartest places on the line. Jeanie wondered what the others could be; for it seemed to consist of but two or three houses.

Presently a tawdrily dressed young woman entered and told them they might come to dinner. The table had been nearly vacated, and Jeanie looked about vainly for an attractive place. This she soon perceived was not to be found. Soiled plates and dishes were lying all about; bits of bread and fragments of cheese were scattered on the cloth, which was far from clean. An odor of boiled pork and cabbage filled the air, and the flies seemed to be gathered in legions. After some difficulty in finding one spot less objectionable than the rest, the trio sat down,—for Jem had once more joined them.

"This ain't the cleanest-lookin' place in the world," whispered Mrs. Oldworthy; "but they've got the name of bein' awful generous providers. Do try and eat now, dearie!"

"Cabbidge and pork, rose beef, fried chicken, beets, pertatoes, summer squash, lettus an' string-beans!" said a voice at her elbow.

Jeanie shook her head, and said timidly: "Only a cup of tea, please. I am not hungry." For the sight of the greasy, half-wiped plate and battered knife and fork that the breezy handmaiden had placed before her quite took

away her appetite. But when she saw the girl take a dirty cup and saucer from the table and fill it at the dingy tea urn on her right, without having gone through any process of cleansing it, she felt a qualm she could not overcome, and, rising hastily, left the table.

"Mother," said Jem, as the old lady prepared to follow her, "let her alone. She ain't used to this kind of messin', and I don't blame her for gettin' disgusted; for it is the dirtiest place between here and New York, I do believe. Just let her get over her spell, and by that time I'll have finished my dinner, and then we'll see if we can't do somethin'."

The old lady acquiesced in Jem's view of the subject, saying she could hardly manage to eat more than a bite herself.

Dinner over, Jem disappeared, and his mother found Jeanie sitting by the window, looking out rather mournfully on the dry and dusty road. Certain misgivings as to whether such experience as the present were likely to be common in the neighborhood of St. Mary's had seized her young soul, and a couple of tears stole slowly down her cheek.

"Don't cry, honey!" said the old lady, as though reading her thoughts. "You won't find any such dirt and filth and haphazard table-settin' in all St. Mary's, without it's at them Begginses. Folks do say they're powerful careless."

Jeanie, somewhat abashed, had no time to reply; for at this juncture Jem entered, his hat in one hand and a neat tray in the other, on which were a dainty napkin and china cup and saucer. The fragrant odor of good tea arose from the steaming little pot beside them, and a couple of slices of thin toast, golden brown, lay temptingly on another saucer, twin sister to the first. A tiny pitcher held delicious cream, and two crystal lumps of sugar nestled in a miniature basket of gilt straw.

"Here's something to cure that headache," said Jem, in his bright and cheery way. "I know you've got one, Miss Jeanie,—I can see it in your eyes."

Before she could answer his mother exclaimed: "Why, Jem Oldworthy, where did you get them things?"

"Over to Miss Poddick's, ma'am," he replied. Then to Jeanie, by way of explanation: "Miss Poddick's the Methodist minister's

sister; she keeps house for him. She'n me is great friends, an' I knew she'd lend me the *tetty-tetty* set the Hatton and Benton Sunday-school classes give her last Christmas. More'n that: she toasted the bread, and asked me to invite you over to wait there, mother. But I told her we hadn't time; for we'll have to be movin' if we want to get home before dark. Fall to, Miss Jeanie, or the tea'll get cold."

"Oh, thank you!" faltered Jeanie, looking gratefully into the kindly brown eyes.

They were friends from that hour.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Joseph Casson's Clock.

John Hays, a lad of about fifteen, sat by the fire watching the embers as, from time to time, they took some form his fancy conjured up. His mother, a widow, was quietly observing him in the pauses of her knitting. John sighed. He did not know how to spend his long evenings. He worked in the field through the day, but became weary of gazing into the fire at night. His mother was a French woman, who had gone to England as a children's nurse, and there married a farmer, who, through no fault of his own, suffered severe losses and died at an early age.

A tear dropped upon the stocking that Mrs. Hays was knitting.

"Why, what is the matter, mother?" asked her son.

"I was thinking of sunny France, John," she answered. "I dearly love my native land."

"And I was thinking," he said, "of how much those coals look like a ship. Can you see it?"

The resemblance was plain to be seen.

"How fond you have always been of boats, John! You made one out of a walnut shell when you were little more than a baby."

"I wish I could make ships now. I am only a farmer, because father was one. Oh, I do so long to make the wonderful things I hear about! But I never can. A poor farmer boy like me has no chance."

"Everyone has a chance, John. I will tell you a story to prove this. A young countryman of mine, only twenty-five, and a plain peasant, made a most wonderful clock, which he called

'The Moving Calendar.' He would work in the field all day, as you do; then take his lamp and, in his attic, work night after night at his invention. My father once saw him at his toil, and he said that his eyes would flash and the color would come into his pale face as he mastered some difficulty. He loved the Blessed Virgin, and he made the clock in her honor and to her praise."

"Tell me what it was like, mother," said the boy.

"There were several dials, to mark the hours, minutes, seconds, the days of the week and month, the months of the year, the years and centuries; the rising and setting of the sun and moon were also indicated. Around the dial and works was a gallery about a yard long, with cells in the middle and a tower at each end. When the clock was about to strike the figure of Death came out of one of the cells, armed with a scythe; the Saviour followed with a whip, driving Death before Him into another cell, and shutting him in. At the first stroke of the clock a little cock, perched on the cross of one of the towers, stretched out its neck and flapped its wings, as if crowing. At the last stroke of the bell each figure returned to its cell. At six o'clock in the morning, at noon and at six in the evening the Angelus chimed. Then the mystery of the Annunciation was enacted in this short miracle play. The Blessed Virgin appeared, the Angel Gabriel coming down from one of the towers and saluting her reverently. The clock was made of wood and brass, and was constructed by Casson without assistance from any one. It was valued so highly that it was always kept under glass, which did not, however, prevent one from studying its wonderful mechanism. What that young farmer did, you can try to do, John."

Years have passed. John Hays has made no clock to chime the Angelus, but the story of the French inventor has inspired him to great exertions, and he is fast winning success in ship building.

The story of the curious clock is true in every particular.

ONE "Take it" is better than a thousand "I will give you."—*The Spanish.*

St. Teresa of the Prairie.

Many years ago, when the parents of our young people were in school, they learned in their geographies that Central and Western Kansas, or what is now Kansas, formed part of the indefinite tract of land known as the Great American Desert. It is desert no longer, but blossoms like the rose. Little hamlets and towns dot the country; the hum of industry is heard, and this prairie State has become a pleasant abiding place. As far as the eye can reach the level land is in sight, for no houses or trees obstruct the view; one may look away from the towns in any direction, and see only tall grasses swayed by the wind, rising and falling like waves of the ocean.

Of all the thriving towns of Kansas none, perhaps, is more attractive than H—. The centre of business resembles that of its neighbors; but leave the busy thoroughfare and walk a few blocks, and you come to the abode of peace. Here is the quiet little Church of St. Teresa; and as you enter its modest walls, and see the light of the sanctuary lamp, you feel like a tired traveller who has journeyed far across desert sands, and at last reached an oasis with its living streams.

The church is small and poorly furnished. It has no stained glass in its windows, no frescoes upon its walls, and no paintings of great price. But our Blessed Lord is there with His attendant angels; and if we could only see the invisible congregations who assist at the solemn service of the Mass, the poor little church would be transformed into a vision of light and beauty.

Over the altar hangs a picture of St. Teresa. Artists might cavil at it, but it is a picture which inspires devotion, and what picture could do more? She holds a crucifix in her hands and appears wrapt in meditation. She seems to be standing at the foot of the Cross, watching the agony on the face of her dying Saviour, even feeling the drops of blood which flow from His sacred Side. St. Teresa was forty long years learning how to pray, and the artist surely meant to portray her when the probation was ended,—when her whole life had become a prayer. Thus a Saint of the long ago is honored in the bustling, busy West.

The progress of the Kingdom of Christ may appear slow, but it is steady and unchangeable; and in many places beside H— the glow of the unquenchable lamp gleams afar through the darkness of what was the Great American Desert.

B. E. B.

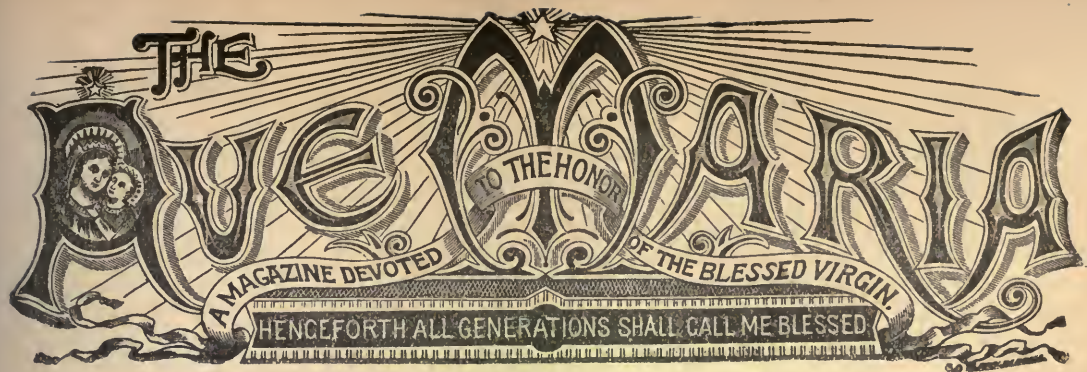
The Idle Hermit.

There once lived a hermit who spent his time in reading and meditating, and never did any work that he could avoid. One day he had occasion to visit a monastery that was located on Mount Sinai, where the monks were very industrious, and thought that labor should go hand in hand with prayer. "Why do you work so?" asked the hermit of the Abbot, Silvain by name. "That we may eat," replied the Abbot. "Oh," said the hermit, "do you not think it wrong to employ so much precious time for such a purpose? You could surely spend your days in a better manner,—in reading and meditating as I do, for instance."

When the Abbot heard this he directed one of the community to put the hermit into a cell, with a good book for a companion. The hermit thought this delightful for a while, but at last became hungry. No one, however, called him to dinner. When he could endure the pangs of hunger no longer, he sent for the Abbot. "Father," he said, "are the Brothers not going to have dinner?"—"Oh, they have had dinner long ago!"—"And did not call me?"—"I told them not to call you," replied the Abbot. "You seemed such a spiritual man that I judged you were above anything as gross as a dinner. We do not make pretensions to any such sanctity. We need food that we may have strength, and we see no way to get it without working."

Then the hermit saw how foolish he had been, and asked the Abbot's pardon, and from being a very idle hermit became a very industrious one.

THOSE who constantly promise and never fulfil are like imperfect clocks: they mark but they never strike the hour.—*Popular Spanish Saying.*



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**Holy Personages of Canada and the
United States whose Canonization
is Begun.**

BY JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

VENERABLE FRANCIS DE LAVAL DE MONT-
MORENCY (1708).

EIGHT years after the death of Venerable Margaret Bourgeoys, expired in his holy retirement the Venerable Francis de Laval, first Vicar-Apostolic of Canada and first Bishop of Quebec. We have been called upon to admire heroic missionaries braving hardship and danger in the wilderness to carry the faith to savage tribes, who rewarded their zeal by cruelty even unto death; we have seen feeble women laboring amid all the privations of a new colony in the holy cause of Christian education; we are now to study a holy Bishop defending the cause of the Church against the usurpations of the civil power, and edifying his clergy and people by the sanctity of his life and the vigilant care he exercised for the good of souls.

The Venerable Francis de Laval de Montmorency was born in the Diocese of Chartres, April 30, 1623. While being trained at a Jesuit college he received the tonsure, and soon obtained a canon's stall in the Cathedral of Evreux. Though the death of an elder brother made him head of the house, he would not abandon the ecclesiastical state, but completed his course of study, and was ordained September 23, 1647. The young priest joined a

pious society formed by the Jesuit Father Bagot, and was employed as director of the Hospital Nuns of Caen. His merit, learning and piety were so well recognized that when it was decided to send a bishop to Canada he was one of the first proposed.

The erection of a see in America raised at once questions between Louis XIV. and the Holy See. The great monarch wished a bishop who was to be a pliant creature of the State; but the Sovereign Pontiff insisted on the future bishop being dependent directly on the Holy See, and thus free from all the entanglements of Gallican ideas. The result was the appointment of the Venerable Francis de Laval as Bishop of Petra and Vicar-Apostolic of New France. The Parliaments in France and the Archbishop of Rheims, who had exercised jurisdiction in Canada, endeavored to prevent his consecration and his voyage to the field assigned to him; but he was consecrated by the Papal Nuncio in a church not under the jurisdiction of any bishop in France. He then sailed, with several priests, for his vicariate on Easter Sunday, 1659, and, stopping in Nova Scotia, confirmed a hundred and forty persons before reaching Quebec, which was to be his residence.

His arrival filled the colony with joy. The Jesuit Fathers gave up the parishes to the Bishop and secular clergy, to devote themselves to their college and missions. The nuns of the Hôtel-Dieu gave him apartments till a residence was purchased by him. He began at once his episcopal duties, combining them with those of a missionary priest. He soon saw how fatal European liquors were to

the native Indians, and fully justified the old missionaries who forbade settlers to sell them to individuals of the race. The Governor and his petty court sided with the merchants, who found liquor the readiest means of obtaining furs from the Indians; but Bishop Laval, sustained by the Sorbonne in France, was inflexible. In his eyes the salvation of the Indians was more precious than the gain of the trader. He was, however, vilified and traduced by those in authority, but his clergy sustained him throughout the struggle. So constantly do the official dispatches teem with abuse of him that even in our day writers in this country misrepresent the holy Bishop.

Mgr. Laval encouraged the extension of missions in the West, while he himself visited every church within the settlements, to examine its condition and confer the holy Sacrament of Confirmation,—travelling in a canoe from Tadousac to Montreal, accepting unrepiningly the coarsest food and the rudest quarters in the hut of the savage or frontiers man. When fully conversant with the vicariate and its needs he returned to France, after, for the first time, administering the Sacrament of Holy Orders in Canada. His representations were so definite, his character so apostolic, that Louis XIV. withdrew his objections, and Quebec was erected into an episcopal see.

After making arrangements for the benefit of his diocese he hastened back to Canada and resumed his labors, but was soon stricken down with scurvy while attending patients suffering from that disease. He erected a seminary for the education of candidates for the priesthood; this establishment he connected with the Seminary of Foreign Missions in Paris. It has ever since continued to be the great hive of the clergy of the Diocese of Quebec, and, true to its missionary character, sent evangelical laborers even to the banks of the Mississippi. This seminary, at first a rough wooden structure, became the residence of the apostolic Bishop. His care of the religious communities of his diocese at Quebec and Montreal was constant, prudent and paternal. The miracles wrought at the Church of St. Anne de Beaupré were examined by him carefully, and the pious prelate, convinced that the finger of God was there, recommended and encouraged the devotion of the faithful.

In cases of public distress Bishop Laval was unsparing in his exertions and devotions; but his life of constant activity in a severe climate began to tell upon his health, and, seeing his bishopric well organized, he sought and finally obtained permission to lay down the burthen. After the consecration of his successor, Bishop St. Vallier, the Venerable Laval devoted himself to prepare for his last hour. Yet, notwithstanding his constant sickness and sufferings, circumstances compelled him on many occasions, during the absence of his successor, to discharge all the duties of a bishop, especially during the siege of the city by the English and in two successive conflagrations of the seminary.

He died on the 6th of May, 1708, at the age of eighty-five, universally revered as a saint. To satisfy the general devotion, his body was carried to the churches of the Récollets, Jesuits, Ursulines, and Hospital Nuns, before it was placed in the vault. His intercession was invoked, and so many miraculous favors were ascribed to him that formal testimony was taken. This devotion never waned, and the translation of his remains in May, 1878, revived the desire to proceed to his canonization. The introduction of the cause was accordingly solicited by the Canadian hierarchy in 1878. After the necessary preliminaries the Episcopal Process was begun, completed, and transmitted to Rome. The report on this process is very favorable, and when in due course it is reached by the Congregation of Rites, a decree of the Holy Father admitting the cause is expected. The postulator at Quebec is Mgr. T. E. Hamel, prothonotary apostolic *ad instar*; and at Rome, the Abbé Casenave. The Life of Bishop Laval was written in part by Canon la Tour; by an anonymous author, Quebec, 1845; by the Abbé Edmond Langevin, Montreal, 1874; and by the Abbé H. Têtu, Quebec, 1887.

VENERABLE ANTHONY MARGIL OF JESUS, O. S. F.
(1726.)

The next servant of God in our chronological list carries us from the wintry valley of Canada to the tropical lands, from Louisiana to the Isthmus of Panama; for this wide stretch of territory was the field of labor of the Venerable Anthony Margil,—a district traversed by him on foot amid torrid heat

and drenching rain, in his wonderful and incessant labors for God's sake among Spanish and French settlers and the wildest Indian tribes. The process of his beatification is virtually concluded, and on proof of two miracles the decree for the official act can be obtained. Then Blessed Anthony may be openly venerated in the Diocese of Natchitoches, in those of Galveston and San Antonio, and the Brownsville Vicariate, where he established missions, as well as in Mexico and Central America, where he founded missionary colleges and missions,—his miraculous gifts environing him in life with the halo of sanctity.

He was born at Valencia, Spain, on the 18th of August, 1657, of pious parents—John Margil and Esperanza Ros. His childhood was one of simple piety and devotion, divine grace seeming to withdraw him from all the faults of boyhood. To the Passion of Christ and to the Holy Eucharist his devotion was seraphic. When at the age of sixteen he showed a desire to enter a religious order, his parents consented and he applied for admission as a novice in the strict Franciscan convent known as the Crown of Our Lord. His novitiate and years of study showed him advancing steadily in the ways of perfection, mortification, and prayer. He sought the meanest duties in the house, and spent much of his night in making the Way of the Cross, bearing a heavy wooden cross on his shoulders. He seemed to give more time to prayer than to study, but his acquirements always stood the test, to the wonder of his fellow-students, as in later life they astonished those who knew him in his laborious career. He prepared for ordination by a most contrite confession, and from the first impressed all by the unction of his words, by his extraordinary fervor, his earnest and convincing ways.

When a call was made on the Franciscans of Valencia for recruits for the Mexican mission, Anthony, who had been laboring some years in the pulpit and confessional in the Valencia district, offered his services and was accepted. He reached Vera Cruz in June, 1683, and set out on foot for Queretaro, living on the way upon black bread given him by drivers of wagons who passed him,—preaching missions with his companions at places where they were invited to stay for the pur-

pose. Queretaro was the scene of his labors and missions for three years, and his apostolic zeal completely reformed the district. Then he was sent to Yucatan, trudging again to Vera Cruz to embark on a vessel. In Yucatan his ministry was so fruitful that he and another Father, Melchior Lopez, were retained to establish a strict house of missionaries.

The austerities and labors of the two were so incessant that both fell dangerously ill, and there seemed no hope for Venerable Father Anthony; but he recovered, and resumed work in Guatemala. He found that city on the point of civil war, though menaced by hordes of Indians. The appearance of the two missionaries, like men from the grave, holding aloft the crucifix and crying, "Peace be to this place!" startled them. The city listened and was converted. Not only Guatemala, but Nicaragua, Honduras, and Costa Rica felt the power of the two holy men. The Venerable Anthony arrested drunkenness and gambling, and the sins to which they lead, and he showed supernatural light in detecting secret idolatry among the Indians. He destroyed their superstitious objects, and in all places taught the people to recite the Rosary, make the Way of the Cross, and use frequent ejaculatory prayers, especially the "Praised forever be the Most Holy Sacrament!"

The missionaries next endeavored to convert the fierce Indian tribe known as the Talamancas, and, after learning the language, began their work. They were beaten, tied to the stake, confined in a secret cave to be starved to death. Finding it impossible to conquer the courage of the missionaries, the fierce Indians listened at last, and most of them were converted. Another cruel tribe, the Terrabas, were also gained by similar courage. Amid these fruitful labors they received an order to return, and immediately set out. The petitions addressed to the superiors, however, caused the order to be revoked when they reached Guatemala. There the Bishop detained them to convert the Indians of Vera Paz, as well as the Cholos and Lacandons. The last named threatened the missionaries with death unless they worshipped the idols of the tribe; but the Venerable Anthony, showing no alarm, told them of the true God, and denounced their deities as demons seeking only

their destruction here and hereafter. He so gained the Lacandons that a party accompanied him to Coban. The way was thus paved for a mission, which zealous priests undertook on condition that Father Anthony accompanied them.

From these missions he was recalled to Queretaro to become Guardian of the Apostolic College. He governed more by example than by words, punctual and devout in all the exercises of a religious life. He knew no leisure, but was assiduous in the confessional and the pulpit, denouncing vice even in high places with the freedom of an apostle. Returning to Guatemala in 1701, he founded the Apostolic College of Christ Crucified, of which he was made Guardian; but he was the most active missionary of the new college, laboring far and near among colonists and fierce Indians. In 1716 the Superior-General ordered him to found an Apostolic College of missionaries at Zacatecas in Mexico. Once more he obeyed promptly, and established a house full of zeal, devotion, and mortification. When able he resigned the superiorship and set out to establish missions among the Indians of Texas, but was stricken down with disease at the mission of Our Lady of Guadalupe, near the Rio Grande. He recovered and planted his mission cross at Nacogdoches; winning the Indians, he erected a little chapel, cleared ground, and proceeded to Ays, where he planted another chapel, and finally settled at Adayes, near the present Spanish Lake, not far from Natchitoches.

He attended these missions for several years, extending his labors to the French at Natchitoches, who were destitute of a priest, and whom he was able to confess and direct, though ignorant of French. Though elected Guardian, he would not accept, but labored on in Texas till troops from Louisiana in 1719 drove him from his mission. He then founded the mission of San José, near San Antonio, and directed it till he was able to restore his chapel at Adayes. As prefect of the Texas mission he inspired all with zeal and devotedness, displaying the most wonderful qualities, till 1722, when he was compelled to assume the direction of the college at Zacatecas. He never sought honors, and desired only to labor for others; the new dignity only increased his

zeal. He allayed public discontent, reconciled enemies, and crushed bad habits that were again gaining control.

Sinking under his labors, his superiors sent him to Mexico to obtain the best medical treatment. He set out on foot, but on the way his strength failed, and for the first time since his arrival in America he was compelled to ride in a vehicle. He reached the great convent in Mexico in a dying condition; but, on alighting, entered the church to confess and gain the indulgence of Portiuncula. When taken to the infirmary he prepared for death. All hopes of saving the precious life were abandoned, and he expired piously and cheerfully August 6, 1726. The city soon rang with the cry "The saint is dead!" Such he was regarded in life; for, though his labors for the glory of God and the salvation of his neighbor were almost superhuman, his personal sanctity, spirit of prayer and mortification, and above all his spirit of prophecy, his knowledge of the secrets of hearts, his bilocations, his cures and other miraculous works, had made his reputation universal.

The process of his canonization was commenced soon after his death, and episcopal processes were taken in Mexico, Guadalajara, and Guatemala. On the approval of these the commission for the Apostolic Process was issued by Pope Clement XIV. in July, 1769. The question on the theological and cardinal virtues was held in December, 1796, and the case brought before the Congregation of Rites in January, 1798. The wars of the French Revolution arrested further progress, but in February, 1835, under Pope Gregory XVI., a preparatory congregation was held at the Vatican, the result of which was a formal decree by authority of that Sovereign Pontiff, July 31, 1836, that the Venerable Anthony Margil practised the theological and cardinal virtues in the heroic degree. The faithful in Mexico look with fond hope to his beatification and canonization as a means of reviving religion, and the Holy Sacrifice is regularly offered to obtain of God this glorious result.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

PRIDE and voluptuousness engender madness.—*Abbé Roux.*

Lourdes.

BY T. A. M.

LOURDES! no pilgrim ever knelt within thy
Grotto blest
Who did not feel his faith and love grow stronger
in his breast;
Both saint and sinner yield alike to that deep,
holy spell
Which Mary's presence casts around the Rock of
Massabielle.

Thy very air seems burdened with a perfume
fresh from God,
And graces like the flowers fair spring up where
Mary trod;
And lips which rarely spoke before the words of
fervent prayer
Can pour them forth as freely as thy waters
flowing there.

Our Lady's pure and spotless form has stood in
virgin white,
And spread around thy rocky cave the glow of
heaven's light;
Her voice has sweetly echoed there with melodies
divine;
Her eyes, reflecting paradise, have gazed upon
thy shrine.

Her hands held there the Rosary,—that wreath
of *Aves* rare,
That song which fell from angel lips to greet
Our Lady fair;
And through her fingers silently the golden
decades strayed,
As heaven's Queen Immaculate for all her chil-
dren prayed.

Each child of hers who worships there must wish
to kneel again,
And feel that sense of peacefulness which words
can not explain,—
That *something* which unconsciously incites the
soul to pray,
And makes the hours, seemingly, like moments
pass away.

O thou who once hast had that grace and felt
that holy thrill,
Be faithful to that privilege and love thy Mother
still!
No child of Mary can be lost who seeks her
loving aid;
For every prayer addressed to her is many fold
repaid.

Go back to Lourdes in memory and kneel within
that shrine;
Go, pray to feel that peacefulness which once
before was thine.
The faith, the love, the confidence, Our Lady
gave thee there
Will stay through life to comfort thee and crown
thy final prayer.

The Disappearance of John Long-
worthy.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XII.—ESTHER'S MUSIC.

IT would be unjust to say that Miles was
not moved by Esther's evident agitation.
He had never seen her in such a condition of
grief; he had not thought her capable of
"making such a fuss." He was one of those
men who are irritated by tears, and his first
feeling of compunction was quickly followed
by a desire to get rid of Esther as soon as he
noticed the tears gathering in her eyes.

"Well," he said, "we'd better drop the
subject. The matter will have to be fixed
somehow; and as long as Mary doesn't hear
of it, it won't make much difference."

Esther went slowly out of the room, more
wretched than she had ever been in her life
since her mother died. She felt no indigna-
tion against Miles; her whole being was ab-
sorbed in passionate sorrow for Mary. She
knew well that Mary did not, in her heart,
believe that her brother was all that her fancy
seemed to paint him; she knew well that
Mary thought him selfish; she knew well,
too, that, though Miles was now a man, Mary,
whenever she looked at him, saw the smiling
baby Miles of years gone by; and that the
knowledge of his dishonesty would forever
destroy the ideal picture of him to which Mary
owed so much of her happiness in life.

Esther spent a night of misery. The knowl-
edge of Miles' sin must be kept from Mary;
but how? On any day her sister might go to
draw some of the money from the bank, and
then there would have to be an explanation.
And that must not come. Esther, for the first
time in her life, felt the real need of money.
She thought remorsefully of the useless things

she had bought at various times. If she had only known! Where could she get three hundred dollars? A dozen desperate resolutions ran through her mind. Could she sell her hair? Could she pawn her gowns and the few trinkets she owned? Could she go to one of the Messrs. Vanderbilt, tell her story—no, she couldn't tell her story to anybody!—and borrow three hundred dollars? Not one of these plans was feasible. At last she knelt down, helpless and broken, and prayed,—prayed for the rest of the night, saying the *Memorare* over and over and over again. As morning dawned she fell asleep, and Mary awakened her.

A feeling of sickness came over her as she remembered the scene of the night before. Then she looked at Mary's calm face and gained confidence. The sun was shining. Surely nothing very bad could happen so near Christmas, and with the sun shining, too! She said her prayer again, and went downstairs, believing that, since she was so utterly resourceless, God would help her.

Miles did not come to breakfast. He had a headache, he called out,—something might be sent to his room. Mary was solicitous; and when a plate of fried sausages went up, by further command of the interesting invalid, Esther had no heart to utter her usual gibes.

Mary made up her mind that Esther was ill too. "You are sick, dear," she said. "I am afraid it is the drainage that has upset you and Miles."

"Oh, no!" replied Esther, turning her face away. "I'm just a little—blue."

Mary shook her head. "I must have the drain-pipes looked into. There's a paper on sanitary drainage in one of the magazines. I shall walk over to Brentano's and look it up to-day. Do you know, Esther, I think we'd better spend that money in putting in new plumbing in parts of this house."

"No, no!—oh, no!" cried Esther, aroused. "Don't think of it. I'm blue—just a little, and Miles was up late. Why, if anything were the matter with the drainage you'd hear it from the tenants, you may be sure."

Mary assented. "Yes," she said, with a sigh, "the tenants are very particular."

Esther was glad to have the matter drop so easily. Mary, to use her own expression,

"never let grass grow under her feet"; and Esther knew that if the drainage idea held, she would make it concrete at once, and precipitate discovery.

All that day Esther realized how one feels who has committed a crime and would conceal it. If anybody mentioned her brother by chance, she trembled. There was no brightness about her. Her lessons over, she almost ran home to think and to prevent, if possible, Mary from musing new ideas about the spending of the money. She prayed earnestly all the way home,—with all that fervor and simplicity with which young people ask of God what they want very badly. And in nine cases out of ten they get what they ask for. So Esther, repeating the *Memorare* at every step, had no doubt that a way would be opened to her.

She had hardly reached home and made herself comfortable for a long "practice" at the piano, when the bell rang. The little servant brought up a yellow envelope with the name of a well-known musical firm in the corner. It contained a brief note:

"Would Miss Esther Galligan play at a series of concerts? There would be seven concerts given between Christmas and the 1st of March. They would be of a popular nature. The *honorarium* would be fifty dollars for each concert. If Miss Galligan would come as soon as possible to the store of — & Co., their player would be glad to hear her, and decide as to whether her style exactly suited the tone of the proposed entertainments."

At another time Esther would have been frightened by such a proposition. She had never played in public, except at school exhibitions. But now she had no thoughts of fright. She knelt down beside the piano-stool, and, with tears in her eyes, made her thanksgiving. She arose, looked at the clock; it was half-past three. She determined to practise for half an hour and then try her fate. Esther had taste, a sympathetic touch, and sometimes a tendency to too much noise; for she had strong fingers—not like Mary's taper and elegant, but a little inclined to stumpiness. She tried one of Mendelssohn's "Songs," and then dashed into a "War Polonaise," which made the room resound.

The music-store was soon reached,—for

distance, except "across town," has been annihilated in New York. It was not without nervousness that she took her seat at one of the grand pianos in the back of the store. The player—a personage retained to perform new musical pieces for uncertain purchasers—was a little man, with a Plat-Deutsch accent and his hair on end. He was very polite and kind. Near him stood a man whom Esther did not recognize at once, though his face struck her as familiar. She played the "Traumerai."

"Ach," said the player, "that should be only for the violin! It is not fit for the piano,—it is too sympathetic; but it is well done by you."

Esther began the "War Polonaise," written by some composer with a jaw-breaking Hungarian name. Her strength of hand, her power of accurate rhythm and accent, showed to great advantage.

"Excellent, excellent!" said a soft voice behind her. "That is just what we want for a popular concert. The people need to be roused."

Esther turned. The speaker was Rudolf Bastien; his blue eyes were lighted with interest. Esther nodded her head. It did not strike her as odd that he should be there. Her mind was entirely occupied with the business of the moment. He asked for one of Chopin's Mazurkas. She played it with ease and spirit.

"Thank you," he said; "that will do. I must tell you that the concerts are to be given to very poor people—out of the tenement houses,—in a hall near the Bowery. If you object—"

"Why should I object?" asked Esther, looking at him frankly. "I don't see why very poor people should not listen to my poor music as well as very rich ones."

Bastien was silent.

"I know the hall is respectable, because this firm"—she nodded toward the player—"is of the highest reputation."

"There will be no beer at the concert, nor no pipes either," said the player, earnestly, but with the suspicion of a sigh. "At home," he added, "there is always beer with music, but here it is not respectable; the music is always dry."

Bastien opened his pocket-book and drew out an envelope.

"You will find, Madam," he said, "the retainer—the *honorarium*—for the concerts here, together with a card showing what you will have to do, the hours, etc."

"Oh, I oughtn't to take the money now!" observed Esther, flushing a little, and raising her eyes earnestly to Bastien, as she put on her gloves. "You must wait until I do some work."

"It is my custom," said Bastien, putting the envelope into her hand with an unconscious air of authority.

Esther took it meekly, and, having signed a carefully-worded receipt, said good-bye. Bastien walked to the door with her, and looked after her, the gleam of interest still in his eyes.

Esther sped through the street, burning with indignation.

"I *hate* that man!" she said to herself. "I *hate* him! 'It is *his* custom,' indeed! I wish I could have thrown his money at him, the insufferable creature!"

A few moments before Esther had been dissolved in hope and prayer. Now she was in a different frame of mind; but, nevertheless, she was profoundly grateful. She opened the envelope. Three crisp one hundred dollar bills and one for fifty dollars lay in it. She would have gone at once to the bank, but it was too late.

When she reached home the remembrance of "that man's" odious assumption of authority had faded from her mind. She went at once to Miles' den; he was within, waiting for his dinner.

"I have the money," she said, giving him the envelope. She ran quickly through her story.

Miles' face brightened. "It's all right, then? Mary will not know—hold on!" he cried, excitedly. "Look!"

Esther took back the envelope. On the flap was the embossed Maltese cross.

"Esther," he continued, "that envelope belonged to John Longworthy."

Esther looked at his excited face for a moment. "I don't care to whom the envelope belonged," she said. "I'll earn the money honestly—for your sake. If I break down, I can pay it back again. And, what is more, Miles, I shall keep both the money and the

envelope in my own possession. It is an answer to prayer," she added, reverently; "and I am sure that it was not stolen."

Miles scowled. When she had gone he determined to beard Bastien in his den.

XIII.—MILES GETS HIS ANSWER.

Miles put his resolution into effect. He had never been in such a state of bewilderment before in his life. He summed up the condition of things in a few words as he made his way down the Bowery, toward Chambers Street, where Mr. Bastien's photographic studio was.

John Longworthy was dead,—this was a certainty in Miles' mind. His hat had been found; his coat had been found; Arthur Fitzgerald had his handkerchief, one of the little envelopes, and possibly some of his money. However, all this proved nothing as yet; though, so far as Fitzgerald was concerned, it had an ugly look. Bastien had taken possession of the envelope and the money left by Fitzgerald; and now Esther had received money from Bastien in one of John Longworthy's envelopes.

It was plain to Miles that both Fitzgerald and Bastien not only knew of the murder of John Longworthy, but that they had profited by it. Miles made up his mind that, after his coming interview with Bastien, he would make a deposition before the nearest magistrate and have them both arrested. Esther might feel a little bad over it on Fitzgerald's account, but girls easily get over that sort of thing, he argued.

Bastien's studio was up three flights of stairs, in a dingy building in the Bowery. There was a florist's shop underneath it, and he stopped to admire the crowns, the broken columns, and vacant chairs, which filled the big window. This was a display of art that Miles could appreciate; for he had, in the pursuit of his avocation as a politician, subscribed for many such gorgeous symbols. The stairs were narrow and steep, lined with photographs of babies in every attitude, and young and old ladies in bridal costumes, with much display of white veils and orange blossoms. Miles paused to admire these too, and then knocked at a door which bore the legend "Photographer" on a tin sign. The door

opened, and a small, red-haired boy in his shirt sleeves demanded whether he wanted "cabinets or vignettes." To which he replied that he wanted Mr. Bastien.

Mr. Bastien, in a stained and mottled coat, was in a blue-shaded room, nearly all skylight, watching his other assistant trying to catch the counterfeit presentment of a small child. The child refused to stand still in front of a rough sketch of a rock crowned by a bunch of daisies. The struggles of the "artist," the coaxing of a fond mother, who alternately thrust a chocolate drop into the infant's mouth and dabbed at her head with a hard brush, seemed to interest Mr. Bastien; but he turned to Miles very graciously.

"My name is Galligan,—Miles Galligan. I met you—"

"At Vespucci's," coolly said Bastien; "and you were kind enough to ask about my friend Mr. John Longworthy. Will you sit down?"

Miles looked around. The only chair was very rustic and full of pointed corners; it was also wreathed with ivy of an ancient and dilapidated character. A picturesque bridge stood near it, with a railing on one side, also wreathed with flowers of an unknown species, only seen in pictures taken by artists in the Bowery.

"Take the bridge; it's safer than the rustic chair," said Bastien, very amiably. "The chair, you see, was made to rest against the machine that grips your head when you want to have an especially plastic picture done."

Miles sat on the bridge in the corner, and felt uncomfortable. Bastien stood in front of him, with his hands clasped behind him.

"Pardon me for standing," he said, with a laugh, "but I know that chair too well. The last bridal group that came here went away almost funereally, because they heard that this chair could be put into their picture without extra charge, and insisted on having it. They were warned that they ought to be satisfied with the rock-work you see yonder, and the bridge, and a curtain draping a pillar; but they *would* have this chair. It broke down, and the bride was carried out in a fainting fit—but we were talking about John Longworthy."

"I am anxious to talk about him," said Miles, sternly.

Bastien smiled slightly, cast a sidelong look at him, and caressed his smooth chin.

"Why?"

"I have determined to bring his murderer or murderers to justice. And I may as well remark that I have sufficient evidence to convict you—"

"Of the murder?" interjected Bastien, calling out the next instant to his "artist" not to worry the child too much, but to ask her mother to come again.

"Not of the murder exactly," said Miles, nettled by Bastien's indifference; "but of the possession of certain articles belonging to John Longworthy."

"I don't see why I should trouble myself about you or your evidence at all," Bastien returned. "But I suspect that your nonsensical suspicions have deprived my friend, Arthur Fitzgerald, of a privilege he values very highly—that of being acquainted with your sisters. And, besides, it will ease your mind to know what I have to say."

"If I believe it."

Bastien shrugged his shoulders. "Do you know Longworthy's handwriting? As an amateur detective, I suppose you do."

"I have studied it."

"There, then!"

He drew a letter from his pocket and gave it to Miles.

The latter examined the envelope. On the flap was the elusive Maltese cross. It was postmarked almost illegibly, and addressed to "R. von Bastien, Esq., — Bowery, New York city." Miles recognized the handwriting of John Longworthy. He read the letter eagerly. It was dated Dec. 22 (two days past), and ran:

DEAR VON BASTIEN:—Everything is satisfactory. I consider that you have made a much better bargain in selling the Hermoso plantation than I expected. The money has been deposited in Mr. Fitzgerald's name. He will sign all cheques. If I had not handicapped myself as I have, I should have waited about the sale until the Matanzas man consented to take La Bonita plantation as well. I have as much money as I need at present. Give my regards to the señora when you reach Havana, and to the little ones if they remember me.

Yours truly,

JOHN LONGWORTHY.

Miles looked helplessly at the amused face of Bastien.

"You don't mean to say that—"

"I do," answered Bastien, offering him a cigar, which he mechanically took. "John Longworthy is alive and in New York, and his executors will pay no reward for the recovery of a live man, who can save you the trouble of discovering him by discovering himself at any moment."

Miles gave back the letter; the game was up. He felt angry enough at Bastien to have knocked him down.

"Have your picture taken?" asked Bastien, hospitably.

Miles walked sullenly to the door, and as he was going out said: "I'm not sure that letter isn't a forgery. I half believe you've made away with him, after all."

Bastien smiled. "You'll find it hard to prove in the face of that letter and a dozen more."

Miles left, disgusted and indignant, but not convinced of Bastien's innocence. Bastien took up a note-book, and said to himself: "I am free from that fellow's prying, anyhow."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Released.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

LAST night she tossed upon her bed,
With lips and cheeks of fevered red,
And eyes like shining globes of flame
Beneath their dusky pencilled frame.

To-night her sleep is sweet and sound,
The glory of her hair unbound;
The dear hands quiet on her breast,
In silent peace, in perfect rest.

Last night she cried, "I see in air
Six candles dancing everywhere!"
To-night they burn around her bed,—
Three at the foot, three at the head.

Last night hot arms about me flung,
Wild tales she told, weird songs she sung;
To-night I can not hear her breath,
For what is there as still as Death?

Last night I wrestled with despair,
To-night—O tears, ye too are prayer!
Last night her ransomed soul went free,
To-night in heaven she prays for me.

The Case of Galileo vs. Papal Infallibility.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

HAVING shown in a previous article that the imprisonment of Galileo was merely nominal, and that no torture was inflicted upon him, we must now briefly examine the decisions of the Roman Congregations in his case, with a view to their doctrinal consequences. Protestant polemics gladly proclaim these decisions as destructive of the Catholic doctrine of Infallibility. Certain Catholic writers have enunciated views on the matter which can serve only to confirm the opinion that the Church and science are implacable foes. For instance, the Viscount de Bonald, with that severity which is generally characteristic of lay theologians, insists that the double movement of the earth has never been and never can be proved; that even to-day he who defends the Copernican system is "guilty of rashness" in contradicting the natural sense of the Scriptures; that if the old system was an illusion, the Bible favors said illusion.* This author would advise, therefore, if he were logical, the Pope and the Roman Inquisition to revoke the decree of toleration issued in favor of the Galilean theory on September 17, 1822, and would have them condemn the many scientific ecclesiastics, like Secchi and Matignon, who "rashly oppose the natural sense" of the Scriptures.†

Again, there are other Catholic critics whose views, though far more moderate than those of De Bonald, are almost equally untenable. Thus it is quite common to hear that Galileo was always allowed to teach his system "as an astronomical supposition"; whereas the official documents show that our philosopher was prohibited, in 1616, to up-

hold "said opinion in any way whatsoever"; and that in 1633 he was punished for having disobeyed this injunction by publishing a work in which there were no interpretations of sacred texts. Among the critics of this class the most eminent are the astronomer Lalande,* the Abbé Berault-Bercastel,† Bergier,‡ and Feller,§—all of whom copy the Protestant Mallet du Pan, whose errors are carefully noted by Theodore Martin.||

Other Catholic polemics, such as Alzog¶ and Höffler,**, hold that the Copernican system, having been advanced too soon, was dangerous to both science and religion, and that this pretended fact justifies the action of the Inquisition. But the official records evince that the new system was condemned "as false and altogether contrary to Scripture," and not as a mere matter imprudently or prematurely advanced. Nay, more: the sentence of 1633 expressly states that even though Galileo had presented his system only as probably true, still he would have offended; for, in the words of the decree, "an opinion can not be probable when it has been declared and defined to be contrary to Sacred Scripture."

M. Adolphe Valsou‡‡ contends that the Copernican proposition concerning the movement of the earth was not condemned as "heretical," if taken by itself; and that in condemning the other Copernican theory on the non-movement of the sun, the Inquisition was right, since the sun has a movement of its own. As to the first assertion, it is true

* "Voyage in Italy," 1786. † Eccl. Hist., 1778-85.

‡ Dict. Theol. § Dict. Hist., art. "Galileo."

|| "Galileo and the Rights of Science," Paris, 1868. —Among the errors of Mallet du Pan, which Martin with undue severity stigmatizes as "lies," are to be noted his pretence that Bellarmine did not, in 1616, interdict any astronomical hypothesis; the assertion that Galileo caused his apologetic letter to Christendom to be printed before his condemnation; the declaration that no *imprimatur* was really given for the publication of Galileo's "Dialogue." Pretending to give extracts from a certain dispatch of Guicciardini, Mallet du Pan asserts that they show that Galileo wished to force the Pontiff to make a religious dogma of his system; whereas the reading of the dispatch causes one to almost justify Martin when he says that Mallet "not only mistakes, but is an impostor."

¶ Church Hist., Fr. transl., Paris, 1855, vol. iii, p. 249.

** Encyc. Dict. Theol. Cath., art. "Galileo."

‡‡ In the "Review of Christian Economy" for Dec., 1865, and Jan. and Feb., 1866.

* "Galileo, the Holy Office, and the System of the World," in the *Correspondent* of Dec. 25, 1854. See also this author's "Moses and Modern Geologists," Avignon, 1835.

† In 1842 a certain Abbé Matalène published in Paris a book entitled "Anti-Copernicus, a New Astronomy"; but his ecclesiastical superiors sharply reminded him that he had no right to compromise the clergy by such extravagancies.

that the theory of the earth's movement was not condemned as "heretical," but it was declared "false and altogether contrary to Scripture." As to Valson's second remark, there was no question of any special movement of the sun; this movement, toward the constellation of Hercules, was utterly unknown at that time; but what the Inquisition forbade Galileo to deny was the movement of the sun *around the earth*.

Very different from the opinions of the above critics is that of Tiraboschi,* who admits that vulgar prejudices caused the prohibition of 1616, and the condemnation of 1633, and declares that these decisions were pronounced by a fallible tribunal, and not by the Church. He shows that at first Galileo found his discoveries favorably received in Rome, but that the angry Peripatetics soon adopted the Bible as a weapon against him. However, being ignorant of the fact that the Preface to the condemned "Dialogue" had been written, not by Galileo, but by the examiner Riccardi, Tiraboschi accuses the scientist of bad faith. He declares that the Congregations erred because of a too great devotion to Peripateticism.

About the year 1825 Olivieri, General of the Dominicans and commissary of the Holy Office, wrote a dissertation on the affair of Galileo,† in which he gave a very curious apology for the Congregations. The teachings of Copernicus and Galileo, said Olivieri, were not condemned because they did not agree with the Bible, but because these two scientists upheld them with bad arguments, which, being contrary to sound philosophy, seemed therefore opposed to Scripture. If Galileo, continued Olivieri, had known the gravity of the air, and had not obstinately attributed the tides to a combination of the diurnal and annual revolutions of the earth, things would have gone differently; for the Church has ever encouraged any real progress—one which is free from errors. Olivieri also contended

that the real cause of all the misfortunes of Galileo was his having provoked the "vengeance" of Urban VIII.* A decisive refutation of all these assertions was given by Govi.†

From the beginning of the affair of Galileo, remarks Theodore Martin, five courses were open to the ecclesiastical authorities. The philosopher and his friends would have been satisfied if, firstly, it were acknowledged that the new system was not contrary to Catholic faith; secondly, if liberty of discussion were allowed in its regard; and, thirdly, if both the Copernicians and Peripatetics were forbidden to adduce Biblical texts in their debates. Certainly ecclesiastical tradition as well as prudence, both ever favorable to toleration in such matters, would seem to have counselled one of these three courses. Cardinal Matthew Barberini, afterward Pope Urban VIII., Cardinal Bellarmine, and other moderate Peripatetics, preferred a fourth course,—namely, to leave liberty only to the Peripatetics, and, while not deciding against the new system, to interdict it as rash and dangerous under the circumstances. In 1632 Urban VIII. adopted a fifth course,—namely, to procure the condemnation of the Copernican system as false in

* In his "Dialogue on the Two Principal Mondial Systems," published in 1632 with the approbation of the Master of the Apostolic Palace, Galileo assigns the exposition of his opinions to his friend and pupil, Salviati of Florence, then some time dead. Galileo himself is not named, but he is often indicated by the title of *Linceo*. The part of an investigator, impartial and judicious, is filled by the Venetian senator, Sagredo, another deceased friend of the author. The defence of the Peripatetic system is confided to one Simplicius, who uses absurd arguments and will yield to none; who is, in fine, a fair representative of many of Galileo's opponents. Whether or not Urban VIII. credited the assertion of Galileo's enemies, that under the guise of Simplicius he himself was held up to ridicule, it is certain that now he manifested less sympathy for the philosopher. Just previous to this period the Pontiff had declared to the Benedictine Castelli that if it had depended on him the decree of 1616 would not have been issued. On March 16, 1630, Castelli wrote to Galileo that in an interview with the celebrated Campanella, "his Holiness used these very words: 'We never desired that decree; and had it depended on us it would not have been issued.'" This letter is found in Alberi's edition of the "Works of Galileo," vol. ix, p. 196.

† "The Holy Office, Copernicus, and Galileo, considered in reference to a posthumous dissertation of Father Olivieri," Turin, 1872.

* "First Historical Memoir, on the First Advocates of the Copernican System," read in the Modenese Academy *dei dissonanti* in 1792, inserted in the Venetian edition of the "Hist. Ital. Litt.," 1796. "Second Memoir, on the condemnation of Galileo and the Copernican System," read in 1793.

† Not edited until 1855, in the "Université Catholique."

philosophy, erroneous in theology, and contrary to Sacred Scripture.

Now arises the question: *By whom* was the doctrine of the movement of the earth thus condemned? Certainly, it was through the influence of Paul V. and of Urban VIII., respectively, that the decisions of 1616 and 1633 were rendered; but neither *their* authority as Pontiffs nor that of *the Church* was implicated. As men these Popes were opposed to the system of Galileo, but as Popes their names are not signed in the famous decisions. Both are published only in the name of the Congregations. This absence of the Pontifical ratification is remarked by Descartes in three letters to Mersenne, and by Gassendi.* The Jesuit Riccioli† invokes against the teachings of Galileo the authority of "the Congregations delegated by the Pope," but he does not contend that the Pope can delegate his infallibility. The absence of the Pontifical ratification in the decisions against Galileo is noted by the Benedictine Caramuel,‡ who, after declaring that the new system is absurd, asks himself what the Church would do if, "which is impossible," the movement of the earth were ever demonstrated. He replies that the Church would declare that "the Roman Congregations, having decided without the Papal ratification, were mistaken."

In fine, let it be remembered that neither in 1616 nor in 1633 did the supreme authority of the Church pronounce a decision concerning the Copernican system. Muratori, writing in Italy a century before the works of Galileo were removed from the Index, says that the Copernican system was condemned "not by an edict of the Supreme Pontiff, but by the Congregation of the Holy Office. . . . To-day this system is everywhere in vogue, and Catholics are not forbidden to hold it."§ Tiraboschi specially insists on our admiring the "Providence of God in favor of His Church; since, at a time when the majority of theologians firmly believed that the Copernican system

was contrary to the Sacred Scriptures, the Church was not permitted to give a solemn decision on the matter."* No Catholic will assert that the Roman Inquisition has never committed any errors; and in the case of Galileo it was the Inquisition that erred, and not the Pontiff; and even though the Pontiff had erred, the decision was not one concerning faith or morals,—one, that is, which can form the object matter of Infallibility.

"Whenever," says Cantù, "there is opened a new scientific or philosophical horizon, even the most elevated intellects are stricken with fright, as when America was discovered, and when steam and electricity were first applied. What wonder if contradiction befell the Copernican system, which appeared to subvert the order not only of the physical but of the moral world; which seemed to threaten faith and morals, just as it changed the reciprocal position of the heavenly bodies? What wonder if it seemed impious and scandalous to subject man and his habitation to the same laws which regulate the other phenomena of nature? Was it not for this reason that, quite recently, Hegel denied the movement of the earth? When the Reformation had spread, and men were substituting their individual for the canonical interpretation of the Scriptures, churchmen were frightened on seeing certain verses interpreted in a new manner, and they went so far as to condemn Galileo. Nor should we forget that until Faucolt furnished it, in our own days, there was no physical proof of the movement of the earth. Faucolt gave it in the progressive deviation of the oscillating plane of a pendulum suspended from a fixed point. But no serious person will repeat the absurdities of Libri,† of Arduini,‡ and of similar writers, confuted by Biot,§ Alberi, Martin, and by common-sense."

He who would understand the great catastrophe in the life of Galileo must consult the writings of the scientist, and the invaluable documents published by Alberi in his great edition of the "Works."|| It is *not true*, as

* "Impressed Motion," Lyons, 1658, vol. iii, epist. 2.

† "Almagestum Novum," Bologna, 1651, vol. i, pt. 2, p. 489.

‡ "Fundamental Theology," Lyons, 1676. The passages are cited by Bouix, in his "Condemnation of Galileo," Arras, 1866, p. 25-29.

§ "Annals of Italy," year 1633.

* "Mémorial II.," *loc. cit.*

† *Loc. cit.*

‡ "The First Born of Galileo," Florence, 1864.

§ In Michaud's "Universal Biography," and in two dissertations in the *Journal des Savants* for March, July and October, 1858.

|| In sixteen large volumes, Florence, 1842-56.

Libri and, after him, many Protestants insist, that the officers of the Inquisition destroyed or secreted nearly all the papers of Galileo. All his principal works remain, and nearly all the minor ones. A few of his MSS. were destroyed by one of his grandsons, who felt some scruples about preserving any writings of one condemned by the Holy Office. Most of the important works and of the correspondence were collected by Galileo's disciple, Viviani, who bequeathed them to a nephew, Panzanini; the heirs of this nephew sold some of them as waste-paper, but nearly all were recovered by Giambattista Nelli, whose son Clement used them and part of Viviani's collection in his "Life of Galileo," published in 1793. When publishing his edition of the "Works," Alberi promised to give to the world a Life based upon documents in his hands, but he failed to do so. However, this Life would not have been complete, as there were many documents which he could not procure. Thanks to Father Theiner, Prefect of the Vatican Archives, who communicated these papers to M. Henri de l'Epinois, the world received, in 1867, much light on the affairs of the great scientist, in the valuable work of L'Epinois.*

The Fate of a Blasphemer of the Blessed Virgin.

THE remarkable event which we are about to relate was made the object of a juridical inquiry by the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons, and its actual occurrence was established beyond all doubt. Hence the narrative may be regarded as strictly authentic:

It was some time after the taking of La Rochelle and the suppression of the Huguenots by Louis XIII. Although the flames of civil war no longer devastated the kingdom, the resentment of the reformers was undiminished. True, they did not often manifest their cruel hatred in deeds, but in the bitterness of their discourse it was abundantly evidenced. It is well known that King Louis, and indeed all Catholic France, attributed the

defeat of the Huguenots to the favor of the Blessed Virgin. Whether or not the reformers imputed to the same exalted personage the disasters that had overwhelmed them, we know not; but certain it is that their conversations and discussions frequently contained blasphemous insults against the Immaculate Mother of God.

In a town in the south of France, one day during this period, a Catholic and a reformer were engaged in a religious dispute. The latter was upbraiding his opponent with the pretended abominations of the Church; and, after having delivered an opprobrious invective against the Holy See, he launched forth into an equally offensive tirade on what he styled the superstition and idolatry of our devotion to the Virgin Mary.

The Catholic protested against his assertions, and, although not especially strong in controversy, endeavored to show how eminently right and proper are the honors which we accord to the Mother of the world's Redeemer. Abuse is much easier than argument; the reformer rejoined with more insults, and concluded with the trivial and insolent exclamation: "If what you say be true, may the plague choke me!" Upon this they separated, each going about his business.

The Catholic thought no more of the matter, and doubtless the Huguenot also soon forgot it. Before evening, however, the asperser of the Virgin's fame experienced unwonted distress in all his members. He was tormented with an incessant itching; his head was heavy, his palate burning; an intense heat consumed his intestines, and it seemed to him that through his veins there coursed not blood, but streams of molten lead.

During the night the disease declared itself. Sixteen sores broke out on different parts of his body,—horrible, black, gangrenous sores, that produced swelling in all his limbs and spread with frightful rapidity. With impatient anxiety he awaited the dawn, and then called in medical aid. On inspecting the sick man, the physician at once recognized that infectious, violent and hopelessly incurable species of plague known as the *charbon*. At the mention of this word those in the sick room interchanged affrighted glances and instinctively recoiled. They dreaded to touch the stricken

* "Galileo: His Process and Condemnation, According to Unedited Documents."

victim, dreaded even to be near him. Some neighbors, who had run in to learn how he was, fled at once; his children and even his wife, succumbing to their dread of the pestilence, soon followed, and the sufferer was deserted. He soon died abandoned and alone.

With much difficulty undertakers were found who, for a large sum of money, consented to roll the corpse in the sheets on which it lay and place it in a coffin. The funeral was conducted by the Huguenots, and was attended with the prayers and ceremonies of their sect. The Protestants being very numerous in the town, the Catholics had granted them one half of the Catholic cemetery, so that the heretic was interred near the remains of the faithful, and beneath the shadow of the mortuary chapels, which a short while before he would willingly have destroyed. For let the verdict of French archæologists be here repeated: The Calvinists overthrew, despoiled and burned more monuments, disfigured or destroyed more masterpieces,—in a word, pursued Christian art with more vandalism and barbarity than did the iconoclasts of the Revolution.

The burial over, all retired, and the dead man seemed likely to be as speedily forgotten as any mortal who steps off life's stage. True, the Catholic who had heard his blasphemy saw in the horrible pestilence that had smitten him the hand of divine justice; but this theory was scouted by the reformers. The man, they said, had been doomed for weeks; the germ of the disease had been in his body long before he uttered his impious words; and if death had been swift and sudden, that was simply a characteristic of the dread malady when once it broke out. So they reasoned, and many serious, prudent people shared their opinion, which indeed seemed probable enough.

It became necessary, then, for Heaven to manifest its anger by another sign that could not be misinterpreted. On the top of a pyramid in the centre of the cemetery a lantern was kept lighted every night. The morning after the funeral the care-taker of the cemetery, going to extinguish the light, found the loathsome body of the heretic lying above ground, close to the edge of the grave.

None knew what to think of the matter; however, the grave was opened and the corpse

reburied. More than one Catholic now felt satisfied that the blasphemer had been the victim of divine vengeance, but they did not care as yet publicly to express this belief. The following night the prodigy was renewed: the morning found the corpse alongside, but not in, the grave.

The Catholics now declared that the finger of God was manifest, and that the Blessed Virgin would not suffer that in consecrated ground, and side by side with her devoted servants, there should repose one who had so outrageously insulted her. The Calvinists, on the other hand, accused the Catholics of having fraudulently disinterred the corpse, in order to work on the credulity of the illiterate and simple-minded. They laid their complaint before the magistrates, and demanded that sentinels should stand on guard over the grave during the ensuing night to observe what should take place.

The most intrepid and trustworthy men were chosen—one half of the number being Calvinists, the rest Catholics,—and toward nightfall they took up their station in the cemetery. They had provided themselves with lanterns, which, in order to prevent any surprise, they now proceeded to light, although in another hour the starlight had become so brilliant as to render artificial light unnecessary. Among the Protestant watchers were several fanatics who had served in the late religious war, and who had brought back from the camp unbounded daring and equally unbounded scepticism. They were not the men, they frequently declared, to be "persuaded that they saw stars at noonday." These men had brought their arms, and they swore they would kill whoever should attempt to play the vampire or the sorcerer.

Several hours passed, unmarked by the occurrence of anything unusual; and the reformers began to grow insolent in their triumph, deriding their companions with more temper than wit.

"You will see," said one, "that our presence will be sufficient to frighten the Virgin. She won't venture to show herself before men, nor will she care about wetting her fine dress with this heavy dew."

"Hark!" said another, after a moment's silence. "Have you heard nothing? I thought

a shadow just passed me. Do you see that white cloud? In that I recognize the folds of her mantle. She is about to alight, and then we shall be thunderstruck."

To this railery the Catholics made no reply. They were offering silent prayers that God would deign to confound His enemies, and not permit that His faithful children should be convicted of a sacrilegious imposture of which they were innocent.

At length one of the Huguenots impatiently approached the grave, and cried out, mockingly:

"Come, come! Is the farce never going to begin? I am growing sleepy, and if there's much more delay I'll—"

He did not finish the sentence. The lantern dropped from his hands, and he drew back affrighted, pointing to the mound of earth that covered the grave. His face had blanched, his eyes were dilated, his hair stood erect. The other watchers drew near, and as they looked they too showed unmistakable signs of fear. And no wonder. The mound of earth was rising. The movement, at first a gentle heaving, soon became violent, as if something were forcing a passage to the upper air. Protestants and Catholics stood transfixed, breathlessly awaiting the end of the prodigy. Soon the earth fell on either side of the grave, and there emerged the body of the heretic—or rather what had been his body, but was now a livid mass of corruption. It had already become the food of swarming multitudes of worms, and emitted an insupportable stench.

When the watchers had recovered from their stupor, they went at once to the magistrates, who received their deposition and met in council. The Catholics repeated that the deceased had blasphemed against the Church and the Blessed Virgin, and held that this was why the grave would not receive him, but cast him from its bosom. The Calvinists were silent, and did not murmur against the sentence of the judges, who unanimously ordered that the corpse should be burned until reduced to ashes.

THE holiness of children is the very type of saintliness, and the most perfect conversion is but a hard and distant return to the holiness of a child.—*Cardinal Manning.*

The Holy Father Speaks to Us.

IT is unfortunate that the weekly newspaper has come to mean in the eyes of many people a thing to be cast aside when hastily read. In the recent numbers of all our Catholic papers there has appeared a document which deserves careful reading and much pondering,—a year's attention rather than a half hour's. This is the Holy Father's latest Encyclical, *Sapientiae Christianæ*. It is on Christian wisdom, and the necessity of recalling its precepts to a world that seems to forget them. The Holy Father observes that life has more and greater duties for Catholics than for those who hold not the Catholic faith or have wrong ideas of it. He goes on to speak such golden words that it is sad to think they will fill several columns in a printed sheet and be cast aside after a hasty glance. We take the liberty of accentuating some of these words in our own way, as THE "AVE MARIA" can not give this magnificent document in full.

If we wish to come to a right judgment of our duties, the Vicar of Christ says, the supernatural love of the Church and the natural love of our country have the same eternal source, God Himself being the author and cause of both. Hence it follows that one duty can never be opposed to another. If, however, the State demand the sacrifice of conscience, we must side with God. "There is no better citizen, either in peace or war, than the Christian who is mindful of his duty."

It is the duty of every Christian to confess the faith openly and constantly, and to propagate it as far as lies in his power. "For," says his Holiness, to repeat an old saying, "nothing is so great an obstacle to truth as ignorance of it."

"In fixing the limit of obedience," the Holy Father continues, explaining the duties that flow from faith, "let none imagine that the authority of the bishops, and especially of the Roman Pontiff, is only to be respected in matters of dogma, the obstinate rejection of which can not be distinguished from the crime of heresy. A sincere and firm assent to the teachings delivered by the Church—which, though not defined by solemn act, are never-

theless, by common and universal consent, believed as divinely revealed, and which the Vatican Council decreed as of Catholic and divine faith,—is not sufficient." We must admit the power of the Pontiff to judge authoritatively of the meaning of the Holy Scriptures; what doctrines are at harmony with it and what at variance; and also to declare what is virtuous and what sinful, what is to be done and what to be avoided in the work of salvation; for otherwise he could not be a sure interpreter of the word of God nor a sure guide of men.

His Holiness points out two evils in public life—the false prudence of the men who, while professing Catholicity, would have the Church give free play to heretical opinion; and the rashness, or false zeal, which causes men who pretend love for the Church to desire to subject her to their own will.

The bishops are the heads of each particular church, with their clergy to assist them; and the laity should live in strict union with the bishops and priests, and let no private person take upon himself the office of judge, even should he see in his superior occasion for criticism.

The Holy Father enjoins charity on all, and exhorts fathers of families to educate their children religiously. "Sin maketh people miserable," he says. "If past ages have proved this truth by experience, by what right should ours be excepted? Many signs show that due punishment is hanging over our heads. And the same thing is confirmed by the condition of most governments; internal evil consumes many, and not one is in a state of perfect security." The Holy Father concludes with these words:

"On the other hand, to refuse to fight for Jesus Christ is to fight against Him. . . . As regards Ourselves, and as regards you all, never assuredly, as long as Our life continues, shall We incur the risk that in such a struggle Our authority, Our advice, or Our care, should in any manner be wanting to the Christian people; nor can there be any doubt that while this strife lasts Almighty God will help with His particular succor both the flocks and the pastors."

With these consoling words the Encyclical closes.

Notes and Remarks.

Annie Chambers Ketchum, one of the most learned gentlewomen of our time, writes in the *Home Journal* a very beautiful appreciation of the meaning of "The Angelus." After a sympathetic description of the effect of the picture on any heart capable of understanding the motive of the artist, she says:

"In these days of swaggering agnosticism it is reassuring to see a sign like this. It has been said that modern science has overthrown orthodoxy and creeds. If modern science has done anything, her intimations are exactly to the contrary. She teaches that the worst enemy of human progress is he who tears down without being able to rebuild."

Mrs. Ketchum points out the lesson which men all over the world need to learn,—namely, that Christianity is, of all things on earth, the most imperishable. Gambetta and Paul Bert are gone and almost forgotten; but Millet, who wrought in silence and in reverence in his little house at Barbizon, will be remembered "as long as European art holds a tradition."

As long ago as the twelfth century efforts were made to establish a universal language, similar to the Volapük of the present day. It is said that St. Hildegarde, who was deeply learned as well as pious, was the inventor of the system. One of her writings contains more than nine hundred words, which she hoped would prove the foundation of the language which was to encircle the world. Another interesting fact about the writings of this erudite Saint is the first known reference to the thimble, the use of which is now universal.

The Brazilians are making people suspicious of their new Republic by antics which recall the proceedings of Robespierre. The days of the week are to be called Maridi (husband-day), Patridi (father-day), Filidi (son-day), Fratridi (brother-day), Domidi (home-day), and Matridi (mother-day). And the months are named after Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, and other celebrities.

Emin Pasha, who is occupying a large space in public attention, gives unbounded praise to the Catholic missions in Africa.

The harm done nowadays by anti-Catholic lecturers, especially escaped nuns, converted priests, etc., is notably lessened. Their day has gone by. Audiences are not so easily gathered, and they are not so easily imposed upon. Now and then

we even hear of conversions resulting from these tirades against the Church. At the conclusion of a lecture on "The Iniquities of Popery" delivered some time ago in Hastings, England, by a notorious female from America, a lady in the audience asked permission to express her gratitude to the speaker. Rising to her feet she said: "I asked your permission to thank you for your lectures. Two years ago I was a Protestant, but, thanks to you, I am now a Catholic of Catholics. I hold in my hand a New Testament; it was given me by a priest of the Church of Rome, with an earnest desire that I would study it; a Bible also was given to me. I have simply to state these facts, and I do from the bottom of my heart thank you for your lectures." This little speech was greeted with laughter and applause. The lecturer would have blushed if she had a blush left. The chairman stood up and announced that the evening's entertainment was over; the gas was quickly turned down and the audience dispersed.

Bishop Scanlan is held in high esteem by the Mormons. At St. George, almost on the boundary line between Utah and Arizona, he was once asked to perform service in the Tabernacle. High Mass was sung, the Mormon choir assisting. His sermon was declared to be "liberal, considering his faith." Brigham Young, who would not condescend to take off his hat to a royal prince, always *salaamed* to the Catholic priests or Sisters when he met them. "Sometimes," says a writer in the *American Catholic Quarterly*, "he would make a sign to them to approach. And the big showy man, in gray suit, with a red scarf about his neck, and the shiniest of boots, would graciously inquire how they were doing, and emit his best wishes for their health and prosperity."

"The Angelus" has been a sensation in Chicago. One of the "great dailies" of that city—it boasts of several—exclaims in a burst of enthusiasm: "Millet ought to have had his studio in Chicago!" On this the New York *Tribune* remarks, dryly enough: "If Millet ever felt that way, he forgot to mention it." It was in Chicago that photography was first called an art, but there were artists there to feel disgusted at this affectation, and no doubt "The Angelus" is as thoroughly appreciated in Porkopolis as in Gotham.

The late Duke of Aosta, brother to King Humbert, was a good and well-meaning prince. He effaced himself as much as possible. His last marriage, to the Princess Letitia Bonaparte, was happy; his first was troubled by a horrible

superstition which prevails in Italy, and which attributed to his first gentle and estimable wife the "evil eye." It made his and her life in Genoa almost unbearable; when she died early, she hailed death as a relief. King Humbert, in announcing his death, is careful to suppress all mention of religion. His last words were "for Italy." This sort of thing reminds one of the victims of Henry VIII. After this King had killed or exiled every independent man in the country, the victim always died "extolling the goodness of the King."

We regret to have to chronicle the death of the Rev. Father Innocent Wapelhorst, O. S. F., well known to the clergy of the whole country for his learned and useful writings, and to the laity of St. Louis, where, after entering the Order of St. Francis, he was attached to the Church of St. Anthony. Father Wapelhorst was formerly rector of the Salesianum, Milwaukee, Wis., and is affectionately remembered by many priests who studied there. He was a man of great faith, deep piety, austere life, and as efficient in various important charges as he was devoted and disinterested. May he rest in peace!

The *Germania*, speaking very reverently of what was good in the late Dr. Döllinger, gives this explanation of what seemed inexplicable to most of us:

"Placed before the alternative of choosing between the Papal infallibility and his own, he had not the humility to bow to the former. Now, humility, too, is a grace which must be sought by prayer. But it was just in this—in prayer—that he failed. The great *savant* had already, for long before the definition of the Infallibility, laid aside his Breviary."

"If this be true," the London *Tablet* adds, "the lesson to be deduced is an old but none the less a solemn one to all of us."

Cardinal Desprez, Archbishop of Toulouse, writes an urgent appeal to the President of the French Republic, against the enrolling of theological students in the French army. He calls this project a "most disastrous blow," and declares that the Church is treated as a "suspect, not to say an enemy."

Mohammed and Brigham Young appear to be two characters in history which would seem to be untouched by any leanings toward high spirituality. And yet the writer of that admirable paper, "Forty Years in the American Wilderness," tells this anecdote of the polygamist: After the sunny-hearted Father K—— had left

Salt Lake City, having made Young a public friend of the Catholics instead of a private enemy, the Prophet said to some of the Sisters: "I am certain I did all a man could do to convert your priest to my religion, and without success. But I am not so certain that he could not have converted me to the Catholic faith, had he remained long enough and tried hard enough."

Mr. Mark M. Pomeroy, of New York, has started a new paper, the aim of which is "to rise above the machine partisan into the atmosphere of the public benefactor." It relies for support on "those who like independent, well-intentioned thought and progressiveness of ideas." The new venture is called *Advance Thought*. An article on Ignatius Loyola, by the editor, in a recent number, shows an advance of thought to which we fear few readers will be found capable of attaining. Mr. Pomeroy says:

"It is adherence to Jesuit teaching that has for years made the Democratic party of New York city such a power. For years the party has been under the direction of some Catholic educated as a Jesuit. The teachings of Loyola have descended to him through Jesuit schools, colleges, and teachers in and out of the priesthood. The idea that individual merit, ability and honesty are nothing—that the machine must survive though millions are sacrificed."

A man who can write in this strain is certainly an advanced thinker—of the class that recruit asylums for the insane.

In spite of a sneer by a writer in *The Athenæum* at the "tradition" that the wool of the *pallia* comes from the lambs reared by nuns in honor of St. Agnes, it is more than a tradition: it is a fact. From January 21 until Holy Week the lambs, having been consecrated in the Basilica of St. Agnes, are tenderly kept. In Holy Week, when the Lamb of God was slain, these lambs are sheared and killed. The wool is sent to the Pope. Out of it is made the *pallium* he wears on his shoulders and sends to patriarchs, primates, archbishops, and sometimes, by special favor, to bishops.

A larger number of pilgrims visited the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré in 1889 than in any previous year. As many as 3,047 Masses were celebrated, there were 97,700 Communions, and the number of pilgrims is estimated at 100,951. Among them were ten bishops and archbishops. The number of pilgrims from the United States increases yearly.

Mr. Stead has opened a "confessional" in his new review, to which he cordially invites all who

have sorrows which they find hard to bear. He announces that he will be assisted by a committee of experts! This shows that the desire for the real confessional is still growing among the Protestants of England.

The programme for the second course of lectures by the members of the faculty of St. Ignatius' College, Chicago, is admirable, and the musical programme no less excellent. A short lecture by some specialist is to be followed on each evening by vocal and instrumental music, interspersed with essays. The subjects of the lectures are both interesting and appropriate. The Rev. A. Bosche, S. J., speaks on "Mental Growth"; the Rev. P. Mulconry, S. J., on "The Spirit of Irish Song"; Mr. M. D. Sullivan, S. J., on "Oxygen—an active spirit seeking rest"; Mr. W. H. Fauning, S. J., on "Our National Shrines"; and Mr. J. C. McKeogh, S. J., on "Hero-Worship."

The great equatorial telescope for the Vatican Observatory was purchased in Paris. It cost twenty thousand dollars. The Observatory is now the most complete in the world.

New Publications.

PREACHING OF GOD'S WORD. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori, Doctor of the Church. Translated from the Italian and edited by the Rev. Eugene Grimm, C. SS. R. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

This forms Volume XV. of the new and complete edition in English of the works of St. Alphonsus de Liguori called "The Centenary Edition." The reverend editor has gathered in this volume all that the "Saint of Prayer" has written in reference to the holy ministry of preaching—its importance, the good it accomplishes, and the manner in which it should be exercised so that the greatest amount of fruit may be produced. In the treatment of his subject St. Liguori follows the three parts which form the ministry of preaching—first, preaching in general, its necessity from the point of view of Divine Providence, and the manner in which preaching may be made successful under all circumstances; secondly, the missions, their various exercises, and the means that should be employed to render them successful; thirdly, instruction on the large catechism, and the methods that should be followed in order to interest, enlighten and move others during the mission or at any other time.

In speaking of the exercises of the mission, St. Liguori dwells at length on the various sermons

that should be delivered, the subjects on which the preacher should discourse, and the principal points that should be most strongly placed before the minds of the people. An exercise that ought never to be omitted is the recitation of the Rosary, and the Saint presents a series of short meditations on the mysteries which should be followed when time will permit. The manner of preaching to children and instructing them in Christian Doctrine so as to impress their tender minds and produce good fruit, is also clearly set forth. The holy Doctor insists upon natural simplicity of language, and condemns every expression that savors of studied eloquence or any pretension to elegance.

The detailed and precise manner in which all the questions connected with the ministry of preaching are treated makes the work invaluable to priests on the mission. Besides, the volume includes the instructions written by St. Liguori on the Ten Commandments and on the Sacraments. This addition gives the work a special value and interest for the faithful in general.

THE BUGLE-CALL AND OTHERS. By Augusta Clinton Winthrop. Boston: W. B. Clarke & Son.

Miss Winthrop has a delicate intuition, a lively fancy, and shows evidence of sympathetic feeling. Her vocabulary is full and sonorous, and in "Sweet Friend" she is in one of her best moods. This poem, some stanzas of which we print herewith, will be widely quoted. The publishers have made such a dainty book that we wish all volumes of poetry could be printed in a no less exquisite fashion:

Sweet friend!
Why watch yon mountain path, so steep and lonely?
No flowers bloom there, I see but brambles only
Amid its stoness! Yet there your gaze is bent,
While I stand waiting in bewilderment.
What see you, friend?

Sweet friend!
O tell me wherefore is my heart thus burning,
That unseen Presence at your side discerning?
What is it that forbids my soul to grieve
That our long fellowship e'en now you leave?
O tell me, friend!

Sweet friend!
Tarry for me! You may not; you are hasting
Up that rude hilly path, no second wasting;
Already far away your eager feet!
And I?—I too will follow!—we shall meet
Again, sweet friend!

THE NEW PRIEST IN CONCEPTION BAY. By Robert Lowell. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This is a vicious book, and all the more dangerous from the fact that it displays no signal to warn the unwary of its intent. On the contrary, we know of devout Catholics who have undertaken its perusal, attracted by its misleading title. The coarse buffoonery of Mark Twain's latest

work can do no harm, but the author of "The New Priest" has acquired a certain flippant familiarity with Catholic usages and expressions, which might increase his influence with those mistaken souls who seek to be more firmly grounded in their prejudices against the Church. Coast scenery in Newfoundland is aptly described, and the humor of the story at times irresistible, but the plot is profoundly absurd and impossible. And the handsome apostate who figures as hero is a prig, with neither courage nor convictions.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Martin Cavanagh, of Lynn, Mass., whose death occurred on the 17th ult.

Mr. James McDermott, C. S. C., who died at Austin, Texas, on the 3d inst., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Sister M. Mathilda, O. S. D., who was called to the reward of her selfless life on the 26th ult.

Mr. Edward F. Earner, who peacefully breathed his last on the 27th ult., at Wilmington, Del.

John A. Showalter, of Latrobe, Pa., who departed this life on the 19th ult.

Mrs. Edward O'Neill, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a holy death on the 23d ult., at Milwaukee, Wis.

Mrs. Anna E. Caskey, of Kansas City, Mo., who passed away on the 29th ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. Francis Dittrich, who yielded his soul to God on the 13th ult., at Trenton, N. J.

Mrs. J. B. Lakins, of Detroit, Mich., who was called to the recompense of a fervent life on the 9th ult.

William Egan, Daniel M. Smith, and Daniel Gallagher, of New York; Dennis Buckley, John Clyne, Andrew Bohan, James McKiernan, James Sullivan, Miss Mary Egan, Mrs. Elizabeth McNamara, and Bridget McKeon,—all of New Haven, Conn.; Miss Mary Sullivan, Staten Island, N. Y.; Charles and John Cavanaugh, Margaret R. Flood, and John Campbell, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Mary G. Ruse, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Sarah Kelley, Malden, Mass.; Michael McCabe and Mrs. Catherine Farren, Altoona, Pa.; Bernard Casey, Latrobe, Pa.; Mrs. C. Smith, Roxbury, Mass.; Thomas Power, Noan, Tipperary, Ireland; Thomas and John Beatty; Mrs. A. Slayback, Davisville, Cal.; Anastasia Gurrell, Scranton, Pa.; Stephen Gilmore, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Michael O'Rourke, Chicopee, Mass.; Mrs. Ellen Dunn and Mrs. Mary Earner, Hugh Maloy, Joseph W. Hart and James F. Sayers, Wilmington, Del.; Miss Mary E. Nugent, Newark, N. J.; and Mrs. Susan Duffy, Houtzdale, Pa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



A Year in Jeanie Reilly's Life.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

(CONTINUED.)

The dainty little luncheon left Jeanie much refreshed, and Jem soon brought round the wagon. All this time Jeanie had been wondering who and where were "Kate" and "Bess." At last she ventured to inquire timidly of Mrs. Oldworthy.

"Why, bless your heart, dearie," exclaimed the old lady, "them's the horses! Bess is our mare, and Kate belongs to Father. Did you think they was girls?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Jeanie, laughing. "I thought they were your daughters."

Jem and his mother enjoyed this joke very much, and the boy frequently alluded to it during Jeanie's stay at St. Mary's.

The little girl soon found herself comfortably ensconced on a pile of cushions laid on a heap of straw between the trunk and a large box, Mrs. Oldworthy and Jem occupying the wagon seat. The journey was long and tedious and the roads rough; but Jeanie, far from complaining of this, rather enjoyed the jolting and bumping. At first the heat was intense, but as the afternoon wore on a gentle breeze sprang up, and the sun went down behind a great bank of clouds, portending a summer storm.

They had still four or five miles to go when the wheels began to creak ominously, and suddenly, as they were crossing the dry bed of a creek, the wagon broke down with a thud, and there was a general medley of boxes, cushions, brooms, brushes, baskets, shawls, and people. No one was hurt, and Jeanie felt much amused over Jem's dismay.

"I'm afraid, Miss Reilly," he began, "you'll get discouraged before you come to the place at all: It's too bad."

"Oh, I think it's really funny to have an adventure of this kind, except for the trouble

you will have about the wagon," replied the girl, pleasantly. "No one is hurt and nothing is broken."

"You are a trump!" said Jem.

"Yes, indeed, she is that," remarked his mother, as she gathered up sundry packages. "But I don't know, Jem, how either her or me can walk that longish four miles to the church."

"There's Simon Leavy's house at the top of the hill," said Jem; "and what's the matter with our gettin' saddles, mother, and goin' the rest of the way a-horseback?"

"Mebbe Miss Jeanie don't know how to ride," replied his mother. "And there'll only be two horses any way, unless we borrow another."

"No, I can not ride," observed Jeanie; "but I don't think I should be afraid to try."

"Never you mind, we'll manage," said Jem. "We'll just leave the wagon here, and Simon's boys'll carry over the things to the house till mornin'. If it wasn't for you and Miss Reilly, mother, I'd stay all night and get it mended, so as to start early in the mornin'. But that blacksmith down in the hollow is awful slow, and we'd just better get on to the house; for Father might be uneasy about us. So here goes!"

A few moments brought them to the neat little farm-house at the top of the hill. Simon Leavy and his family were all sympathy and readiness to give a helping hand. Kate and Bess were speedily saddled; two old waterproof cloaks served as riding-skirts; and Mrs. Oldworthy mounting Bess, Jeanie was lifted to a pillion behind Jem, and ordered to hold on tightly to the leathern belt which he had securely buckled about his waist. The little girl did as she was bid without demur; the luggage was left in the care of the Leavys, and the trio started off at an easy pace for St. Mary's.

The sun soon disappeared, the clouds grew thicker in the west, and the path through the woods lay between overhanging boughs and leafy arches. Jeanie kept her seat bravely, with many encomiums from Jem and his mother, and after riding about an hour they came into the open country again. Here the road became almost precipitous in its sharp ascent and descent, and very soon Jeanie caught sight of

a white wooden cross surmounting the spire of a little Gothic church.

"Here we are, all at once!" said Jem. "You don't know how close you are to St. Mary's till you're right there. Now we're comin' to the creek again; there's a real good bridge over it. It was built after Morgan's men burned the old one, and we're right proud of it. See that old shed down in the hollow, between them two hills? That's where Mrs. Brady lives. She's your nearest neighbor; the next one is more than a mile away. As soon as she hears the horses' hoofs clatterin' on the bridge she'll come runnin' out to see who it is. She always does. Now watch."

True to prediction, no sooner had they touched the bridge than they heard a voice shouting, "Hello! is that Jem Oldworthy?"

Jeanie leaned forward, and could barely discern something white at the end of the path leading to the foot of the hill.

"That's me," answered Jem.

"Have you got the priest's company along, and how come you to be ridin' horseback?"

"Yes'm, she's along," was the reply. "Wagon broke down in Two Fork Creek. Mother's come too."

"Well, well, I do declare! That's too bad. Hurry along: there's a storm comin', and I'm sure the priest's anxious."

Without waiting for further reply, the figure disappeared, and Jeanie heard the slamming and bolting of a door.

"Poor old Miss Brady, what a life she leads!" said Mrs. Oldworthy. "Mebbe you'll get well acquainted with her, Miss Jeanie, and mebbe you won't. It's just as she takes a notion. If she fancies you, it'll be all right. If she don't, you can't hope for no favor there."

"I hope she will like me, then," said Jeanie. "I shall try and be very nice to her, if she will let me."

They had crossed the long bridge. Down one steep incline and up another the horses sped, then level ground seemed to stretch out some distance. The church came into full view; beside it, separated only by a wicket fence painted white, stood a frame cottage of the simplest design; and standing at the open gate Jeanie saw a tall, slender man in beretta and cassock, whose face she could not distinguish in the twilight, but whose voice

had a gentle, kindly sound as he said, "Welcome, my child, to St. Mary's!"

In an instant Jem had lifted her from the pillion, and she found herself clasped in a pair of motherly arms belonging, she felt sure, to Aunt Betty; while the kind, smiling face above her gave promise of tender care and affection. Then, amid a shower of questions, they walked up to the house, and into the pleasant dining room, where Jeanie at once felt at home.

Father Eugene would not hear of Jem and his mother going any farther that night, and they all sat down to a supper of fried chicken, baked potatoes, warm biscuits and honey, to which the little girl did ample justice after her long fast.

Jem was fast making a heroine of Jeanie in Father's eyes, by his recital of the good-natured manner in which she had taken their misadventure, adding that he could tell by the plucky way she held on that she was bound to be a fine rider. Now and then she stole a shy glance at the face of the priest, and soon concluded that she was going to like him very much indeed, and would not be at all afraid of him. She had never seen anything more beautiful and spiritual than the calm serenity of his countenance when in repose; yet when he laughed it was with the heartiest enjoyment, and there was a twinkle in his deep gray eye that told of latent humor.

The meal over, there were sundry whisperings between the two older women, and finally Father Eugene was consulted.

"Tut, tut!" Jeanie heard him say. "Where else should she sleep? The child is too sensible to mind that, I am sure. Anyhow, let it be so till to-morrow."

Jeanie was then conducted by Aunt Betty to a neat little bedroom on one side of the wide hall, the windows fronting on the broad piazza, which ran the length of the house. A gayly striped rag carpet covered the floor; the walls, though rough-plastered, were pink tinted, and a picture of the Madonna della Sedia hung over the head of the little cot. An oak bureau and washstand, with a small table and two or three splint-bottomed chairs, including a capacious cushioned rocker, completed the furniture. Everything was as clean as hands could make it, and Jeanie felt that

she would be very happy in her little room.

Aunt Betty closed and bolted the windows opening on the porch,—not that there was any danger, she said, for nearly every one in the neighborhood left their doors open all night; but she knew how city people felt about such things, and she was desirous that Jeanie should have a good night's rest, undisturbed by fears or alarms. There was another window in the room, opening about six feet above the ground. "I think I will leave this open, if I may," said Jeanie; "it is quite warm, and I am used to sleeping with plenty of fresh air."

"Yes, dear," replied Aunt Betty. "I intended that you should. Now go to bed and have a good rest. We'll have nice roses on those cheeks before long. Usually we have night prayers; but Father said you were to say your prayers by yourself this evening, you look so tired. Mass is at half-past six. If you are awake, and feel like getting up, do so; but Father gave orders that you were to be allowed to sleep as long as you liked."

Left alone Jeanie went to the window and looked out. The clouds had broken, and the summer moon was rising behind the hills. There seemed to be a large bed of mignonette under her window, and the scent of roses and honeysuckle came from afar. This, then, was the flower-garden. And over there, beyond the zigzag fence that separated it from the field, what were those white things at odd intervals here and there? She had read of sheep pastures: probably this was one, and the little lambs were no doubt nestling on the grass with their mothers. How pleasant it all was! she thought, as she knelt beside her white bed and said her evening prayer. Then, with a tender thought for father and mother, who were thinking of her, she knew, Jeanie folded her hands together, her Rosary twined about her fingers as was her custom, and fell asleep with the "Hail Mary" on her lips.

It seemed like midday when she awoke. The sun was pouring in the open window, and all the air astir with sounds of day. She had slept, without dreaming, soundly and long, and felt better and more refreshed than for months before. She was soon dressed, and, after saying her prayers and removing the bedclothes to air, she ran to the window to see the little lambs. But as she looked across

the garden to the pasture of the night before she saw to her great surprise that it was a graveyard, and her sheep and lambs the white tombstones. This, then, was what Father Eugene meant last night when he said she was too sensible to mind. Jeanie was not quite sure. Just now, however, in the bright light of morning, there was nothing dispiriting about the spot; the grass looked so green and fresh, the sky so blue above it, that one could not feel gloomy or afraid. But when night would come again, Jeanie did not know how it would feel to see the white stones gleaming in the moonlight, and know that the dead were lying beneath them. She turned away with a long-drawn breath that was half a sigh.

Aunt Betty had heard her moving about, and presently tapped at the door. Jeanie turned a smiling face to greet her.

"I am ashamed for having slept so late," she began.

"It is only half-past nine, and you needed the rest," said Miss Lacy. "Come now and have a bit of breakfast. Father is waiting to take you out in the boat. Your trunk hasn't come yet, so you can't unpack till this afternoon. Jem and his mother went home about an hour ago. They live a good five miles from here."

Through the open window Jeanie could see Father Eugene smoking his pipe on the side piazza. She did ample justice to her breakfast; before it was finished the priest came in, and told her he was going to take her on her first voyage down Possum Creek.

"When Jem is not here—and he is generally here three days out of seven,—I am Aunt Betty's messenger boy. This morning she is sending me to engage cherries for preserving, and I am under orders to be back by half-past twelve. I thought you might like to come with me up stream."

Jeanie was delighted, and hurried to get her hat. A seemingly impenetrable undergrowth of dwarf pines stretched downward behind the house to the swift and deep though narrow stream that wended its devious way for a hundred and twenty miles north and south through V—County. That is, it was deep in the wet season; just now no danger could be apprehended from the upsetting of the

small skiffs, which were the only craft that navigated its waters. Here nearly every farm led down to the shore; the proprietors all had boats of their own, and many a jolly picnic and moonlight party echoed merry songs and pleasant laughter along the banks of Possum Creek.

Father Eugene soon appeared, somewhat incongruously attired in a linen duster, coarse, wide-brimmed hat, and long rubber boots. He apologized for the former by saying the fatigue of rowing caused the heat to be almost unbearable, and said he had donned the latter in case he should have to get into the water to pull aside the drifting logs by which travel on the stream was sometimes impeded. Jeanie was not at all critical, and laughingly said she thought the costume quite becoming.

"Well, it's time to be off," he said, and they started.

Father Eugene led the way, parting the bushes and showing a well-worn path. They soon reached the water's edge. A trim little boat rocked lazily on the water. With one dexterous pull Father Eugene hauled it nearer shore, and gayly invited Jeanie to step aboard the *Dear Diana*. "I will tell you how my boat got her name as we go along," he said, "and I think you will enjoy it." So they shot into the stream and glided away between green banks rich with ferns and many-hued mosses.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

King Robert of Sicily.

Kings' jesters have now gone out of fashion, but were as common once as kings themselves. We hear of them first in the old classic tales. When Ceres went in search of Proserpine she took with her, for diversion, Iambe, who had a merry way and was gifted at making jokes. The great Alexander kept a joke-maker, and so did Dionysius, and many more in those old days; but the fashion reached its height in Europe in the Middle Ages. The professional fool at that period was often, not always, a misshapen dwarf, and the costume he wore was peculiar to himself—many-colored and trimmed with bells. He carried a mock sceptre and wore a pointed cap on his closely-shaven

head. Many of the jesters in later days were men of bright intellect, who had great influence with the king, and who often imparted wise counsel or ill news disguised as jokes, as bitter medicine is taken in honey. In England court-fools went out with the Stuarts, "the Hanoverian family preferring to furnish its own folly," says a caustic writer. It is strange to remember that Shakspeare was once termed a professional fool. "I wrote to you a letter by Will, my Lord Leicester's jesting player," wrote Sir Philip Sidney. Nowadays the circus clown furnishes folly for us.

Of all the pretty legendary tales of past time in which the court-fool plays a part there is none more pathetic or instructive than that of King Robert of Sicily, who had for brothers an emperor and a Pope. Longfellow has put his story into verse in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn." In plain prose it runs something like this:

King Robert and his retinue were at Vespers on the eve of St. John, and the priests were chanting the *Magnificat*. These words caught his ear: "*Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles.*"

"What are they saying?" he asked of one near by.

The clerk interpreted. "They say, sire, that God hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble."

"Well, it is a good thing for the priests that they utter such treason in an unknown tongue, or it would go hard with them. I should like to see any one try to take my throne from me!"

The dinner at the palace had been unusually heavy, the church was warm, and King Robert fell asleep. When he woke his people had left him, and all was darkness, save for the sanctuary lamp and the little lights which twinkled here and there before a shrine. He tried the door and found it locked. Then he kicked and pounded upon it and screamed with all his might. Finally the sexton, thinking that some thieves had come to carry off the treasures of the sacristy, called:

"Who is there?"

"It is I, King Robert. Open the door I tell you!" was the surly answer.

Then the sexton carefully turned the great key, and a man without hat or cloak rushed

by him, looking not one bit like his royal master.

"That thief is the worse for liquor," quoth the sacristan; and, fastening the door more securely, he, being tired and sleepy, hurried home and went to bed.

When King Robert entered his palace he was white with anger. He rushed on, past the frightened sentinels, into the throne-room, where, to his amazement, another and more beautiful King Robert sat.

"Who art thou?" asked the angel—for it was an angel.

"I am King Robert, audacious impostor!" cried the King. "And I command you to leave my throne at once."

At this the angel did but smile.

"Nay, you are only the King's jester," he said; and he told the men in waiting to clothe the intruder in suitable garb, and to give him an ape for a companion. It was useless for the King to protest. No one would listen to him or believe him. They only laughed at him.

Three years went by, and under the angel's wise reign the island prospered as never before. Once in a while he would order the jester brought before him, and would ask: "Who are you?"—"I am the King!" Robert would haughtily answer.

Finally there came messengers from the Pope to his brother, asking him to spend Holy Week in Rome. The angel and his train set out in great state. Poor King Robert was in the cavalcade, riding a piebald steed, his ape perched up behind him, at which the people along the way laughed merrily.

When they arrived at Rome, and the King saw his brothers, the Pope and the emperor, he rushed toward them crying, "Do you not know me? I am your brother Robert." But they thought him a madman, and turned away. The presence of the angel filled the city with such glory that all were impressed with it without knowing why, and even the poor jester Robert felt his heart softened.

Easter Sunday being over, and the travellers having returned to Sicily, the angel called the King once more into his presence. The Angelus was ringing, and its sound was like a voice from heaven.

"Who art thou?" softly asked the angel.

"You know better than I," replied the King.

"I am only sure that I am a poor sinner, and I ask that I may do some great penance for my sins and have them washed away."

Then the angel smiled again, and through the window came the sound of monks' voices chanting, "They have put down the mighty from their seat—"

The angel spoke. "I am an angel," he said; "and you—you are the King!"

King Robert looked up. No one was with him, and he was dressed in his kingly robes once more. In humility and gratitude he fell upon his knees, and there his courtiers found him.

FRANCESCA.

Little Lessons by Great Men.

One day when Socrates was walking he saluted a citizen whom he met, but the man did not return the courtesy. Socrates did not seem to be offended at this, which surprised his pupils, and one of them said to their master: "That man was rude to you. I can not understand why you take it so calmly."—"My children," answered the great philosopher, "if I met a man who was more awkward and ugly than I, should I be vexed? You say no. Why, then, should I be irritated with this citizen because he has not my good manners?"

An anecdote similar to this is related of our own Washington. He was in the street one day and met a negro servant, who politely raised his hat to his master. Washington immediately returned the courtesy, to the disgust of a friend who stood by. "Why, my dear friend," said Washington, "I am sure you would not have me outdone in politeness by a poor negro!" The friend was convinced of his error and acknowledged that he had been at fault.

A Little Girl's Question.

If Pussy were a little girl—

A little girl like me,—

And had to keep her hair in curl,

She'd call it cruelty,

She would!

She'd call it cruelty!

It's cruel to pull Pussy's tail until she makes a moan:
Why don't the cruel people, then, let my poor hair
alone?



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The Consent of Mary.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

WAS not the Presence awful, fresh from God?
And she the simple Maid, the lily-flower,
Whose steps in ways of splendor never trod,
Who kept her home and knew no other power
Or gift within her but obedience,—
Did she not tremble as her every sense
Was dazzled by the Angel, fire-flame shod?

If she had faltered on that day supreme,
When all the world hung trembling on her word;
If she had trusted less or held a dream
Of future sorrow,—let her heart be stirred
By doubt of God,—she had not said, "With me
Do as thou wilt" (her will was God-like, free);
She crushed the serpent, murmuring soft—
"Redeem!"

Lenten Thoughts from St. Bernard.

IN this holy fast of Lent we are united with the universal Church, and what she bears with us we should not find burdensome. Let no one, then, through fear or trouble of mind, be deterred from engaging with all possible devotion in the exercises of this holy season. For the enemy of our souls now especially strives to make the sacrifice of our devotion imperfect that it may be less acceptable in the sight of God, and seeks to deprive us of that spiritual joy which the soul experiences in the performance of good works. We, therefore, knowing his malice, must be

watchful over ourselves, and be on our guard against the machinations of the Evil One. God loves the cheerful giver, and when we enter into the spirit of the Church, and, in union with all faithful souls upon earth, practise the mortifications urged upon us by this holy time, our souls are borne towards Him on the wings of confidence and love, and the treasures of mercy and pardon are opened for our relief.

What an incentive is given us to engage in works of penance and mortification, and especially in the duty of fasting, which is particularly the duty of the acceptable time of Lent, when we think of those who are our guides and our models in this holy practice, and who have consecrated it by their example! With what devotion should we not perform a duty handed down to us, we may say, by the blessed Moses, who was privileged beyond all the other prophets to speak face to face with God! With what fervor should we engage in a practice commended to us by the holy Prophet Elias, who was taken up to heaven in a fiery chariot! Thousands upon thousands since those days have obeyed the universal law of death, from which Elias has still been preserved through the power of the Most High.

But if the present duty of fasting is strongly urged upon us by the examples of Moses and Elias, who, although great indeed, are our fellow-creatures, how much more is its importance and necessity impressed upon us by the example of Jesus, our Lord and our God, who Himself fasted so many days! Where is the

true Christian who can refuse to practise that which Christ Himself has taught? And this example of our dear Lord should be followed with all the more fervor and devotion, inasmuch as we know that He fasted not for Himself, but for our sakes.

Let us therefore, during this holy time of Lent, engage in this duty of fasting with all the devotion of which we are capable; realizing at the same time that our Lent is not to consist of forty days only. For us sinners our Lent must continue during all the days of this miserable life, while we need the assistance of divine grace to keep the Commandments and do the will of God. It is indeed a great mistake to think that the few short days of this season will suffice to do penance, when it is certain that the whole period of life should be entirely devoted to making satisfaction to God's offended justice. "Seek ye the Lord," says the prophet, not only during forty days, but "while He may be found; call upon Him while He is near."* The time will come when God will be near to no one,—when He will be possessed by the blessed, but far removed and separated from the condemned; then it will be too late to call upon Him. But now, inasmuch as He is near, He is not as yet possessed by the soul, but He may be easily found and possessed. Who was near to him who fell among the robbers? Certainly he who hath shown compassion. Therefore, while the Lord is near to us during this whole time of mercy, it is for us to seek Him while He may be found, and call upon Him while He is near.

While it is true that we should during our whole life bring forth fruits worthy of penance, it becomes a duty consecrated in a special manner by the present time of Lent. And if hitherto we have done but little in this regard, if our zeal has become diminished, now is the time to renew and to reanimate the spirit of fervor and devotion within our souls. Let the work of mortification be extended to all wherein we have sinned. Mortify the eyes, the ears, the tongue,—all the senses of the body, and the soul itself. Restrict the freedom

of the eyes, that, humbled and downcast in penance, they may merit graces and blessings for the soul. Restrain the ears that they may no longer attend to idle and foolish sounds, or what can not conduce to salvation. Restrain the tongue from detraction, murmurings, uncharitable conversations, and all vain and unprofitable talk; at times let silence reign, that the soul may commune with God and think of those things necessary to its salvation. Let the soul, too, mortify itself and refrain from all vice and seeking its own will. In this way, through penance, our works are made acceptable to God; for it is written: "In the day of your fast your own will is found."*

Fasting imparts devotion and strength to prayer. See how prayer and fasting are associated together. Prayer obtains strength to fast, and fasting merits the grace of prayer. Fasting strengthens prayer, and prayer sanctifies the fast and makes it pleasing to the Lord. Let our fast, then, ascend with the incense of prayer. The Scriptures tell us, "The prayer of the just man penetrates the heavens." That our work of fasting may penetrate to the Throne of Mercy, let it ascend on the wings of prayer and justice. Justice is that virtue by which we give to each one what is his. Do not, in this fast, act as if it were your own solitary and private work. God tells us through the mouth of the prophet: "Sanctify a fast, call together a solemn assembly." What is it to call an assembly? It is to preserve unity, to love peace, to practise fraternal charity. Therefore, "sanctify a fast" by a pure intention and by fervent prayer, and "call a solemn assembly"; that is to say, let all be united in the bonds of fraternal love, that by our communion and fellowship with one another we may make the influence of our penitential acts and our cries for mercy ascend more effectually to Heaven, and bring down more copiously upon us the pardon and blessing of God.

* Is., lviii, 3.

WHILE we need not acquiesce with error, it is often better not to dispute. Silence is sometimes a powerful weapon against the sophistries of anger.

* Is., lv, 6.

The Disappearance of John Longworthy.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XIV.—A MODEL GIRL.

MILES GALLIGAN left Bastien's studio in a condition of mind which was excessively unpleasant for him, and which would have had unpleasant effects on his sisters if he had been near them just at the moment. Miles, irritated and baffled, held them responsible for everything that had irritated and baffled him. Here he was with a political campaign almost on his hands,—a campaign which would either make or break him. To be sure, election day was far off, and even the time of the nominations was not near; but no one knew better than Miles that these were only episodes. The real event would be decided before the convention, or that meeting at the polls which the uninitiated regard as the important point in a campaign. Miles must begin to "lay his pipes" at once, if the fresh stream of general suffrage was to pour through them and bear him resistlessly toward the Capitol at Albany.

He must put money in his purse. But where was it to come from? This wretched John Longworthy was probably alive, after all—though Miles was half disinclined to believe Bastien,—consequently there was no hope of the reward for which he had worked so hard. The girls might do something, if they would; they might help him by agreeing with him to mortgage the house. It was worth at least fifteen thousand dollars, and he was sure they could raise ten on it. But, he reflected bitterly, what did they care for his advancement? If they had the proper spirit, they would be willing to work their fingers to the bone to elevate him to a position which would give him a political "pull" second to that of no man in his section of the city. If they had taken the trouble to conciliate Arthur Fitzgerald, he might have gotten some hold on Bastien—who no doubt was mysteriously and illicitly rich—that would have "paid." As it was, he saw no hope of that. Whether John Longworthy had been murdered by Bastien

or not—and the date of that letter about the Cuban plantations *might* have been forged,—he was in a "no thoroughfare." He felt sure Mary could be induced to mortgage the house. But Esther would talk about the risk, and say that the house was the only thing in the world between them and poverty. He knew her well—Miles flourished his cane so viciously that a sailor, who was going into a Dime Museum, gave him a sharp reminder that he wasn't running the earth; and he awoke from his reverie for a moment, only to relapse again, and to emphasize the ingratitude of Esther. She'd be going to Europe next, to improve herself in music, instead of staying at home and assisting him to make a name in the world!

By this time Miles began to feel truly pathetic. It was easy for the girls to talk religion—Mary was a crank on the subject,—and to make him "mad" by trying to turn him into a devotee. Religion wouldn't get a man into the Assembly, and religion was a poor thing to be offering to a man when he wanted money; but the girls were always doing so, especially Mary. If they had more snap in them, like some girls of his acquaintance, he should not be compelled to bear the whole burden of his advancement on his own shoulders.

Miles, it is plain, had overlooked some things which other people might have seen, and which altered materially his pose as an exemplar of injured innocence. It did not occur to him that he was thoroughly selfish, and that at this very moment he was wearing a suit of clothes he had bought with part of the money he had "borrowed" from his sisters. His frame of mind is not an uncommon one in people of his education and experience. Nor was he entirely responsible for it. Its blossom had been cultivated by one of the kindest and most foolishly affectionate of mothers, and here it was in full flower.

It was striking five o'clock as Miles reached Fourteenth Street and concluded to take the elevated railway to a political club he often visited. He was about to ascend the steps to the station when a light hand tapped him on the shoulder. He turned and saw a young woman in a dark-red cloak trimmed with fur, and a jaunty hat set above a profuse "bang."

Her eyes were bright and brown; she had a great deal of color; one of her ungloved hands was covered with rings; she carried two books under her arm, and a box wrapped in a piece of soiled newspaper. She seemed delighted to see Miles, and he returned her effusive greeting in a pleased tone.

"Why, Nellie, where are you going at this time of day?" he asked. "I thought this was your busy season."

"So it is. Every sales-lady in the store is nearly run off her feet. I shall be on duty on Monday till midnight," she answered, keeping her hand on Miles' arm. "Oh, I'm nearly dead! Just think of it,—I was at the Morning Star Social on Wednesday night, and last night we had the gayest time at the Orion Coterie's reception. I danced till I couldn't stand, and I never laughed so much in my life. I went with Jim Dolan."

"Oh, you did!" observed Miles, frowning. "You must have had a good time. How did the thing go? Were there many women in the grand march?"

"Over a hundred. Lou Simmons had that old blue rag on again, and Jim and I laughed till we almost died."

"Oh, you did!" said Miles, sullenly. "Jim Dolan is a good enough heeler, but he'll never have much of a pull in our district,—I can tell you that."

"He thinks of running against you for the Assembly. Imagine it!" answered the young person, with a giggle. "The ideal I said: 'Jim, you'd have no more chance than the moon against Miley Galligan.' 'I wouldn't?' says he. 'No you wouldn't,' says I; and then he went off and danced the waltz quadrille with Lou Simmons. But I didn't care. I just sat and laughed and laughed! I was sorry you weren't there."

"Were you, Nellie?" asked Miles, regardless of various hard knocks he was getting from pedestrians hurrying up the steps of the station.

"Indeed I was. Good-bye—but I forgot to say that the Lady Rosebuds give their reception next Wednesday. Come for me; I'm on the committee, and I've the right of inviting two gentlemen friends, but I care to ask only one. Don't forget—Wednesday, nine o'clock."

Miles assented and walked up to the plat-

form, reflecting on the roughness of human life. Why had Heaven denied him a sister like that? There was style, there was snap! Nell Mulligan didn't talk religion, like Mary; she wasn't always making you feel uncomfortable, like Esther. She liked to have fun, and if a man took his glass of beer she didn't make a fuss. Her presence could never be associated with the odious lemonade. Look at her dress! There wasn't a woman on Fifth Avenue that attracted more attention on the street, and he knew she didn't waste half the money Mary and Esther did.

Miles sighed sentimentally as he thought again of the red redingote, the banged hair, and the fascinating giggle; and wondered why he could not raise his relatives to the level of this bewitching creature, who let a man smoke when he pleased, and obligingly took a sip of beer with him in the intervals of Terpsichorean exercise.

XV.—MARY'S RESOLUTION.

Arthur Fitzgerald saw the near approach of Christmas with trepidation. He had promised to sing his part in the Mass at St. Mary's,—there was no escape from it. And yet he dreaded to meet Mary and Esther. They had come as near to the cutting of his acquaintance as gentlewomen ever do; and he felt that he had no right to ask for an explanation, under the circumstances.

Mary watched him at the earliest Mass on Christmas morning. She noticed that he approached the altar railing with a look of absorption and reverence that gave her a pang. Why was not Miles there too? Why was it that Fitzgerald, with no better chances in life than Miles, should seem to her exactly what a brother ought to be, while her own brother was drifting day by day farther from her ideal? She answered these questions with fervent prayers.

"Did you notice Mr. Fitzgerald?" Mary asked, as she and Esther left the church.

"No," said Esther, blushing suddenly at the remembrance of Miles' innuendoes,—*"no."* Was he in church? I hope he will not forget about the music."

Mary saw the heightened color in Esther's face with a feeling of annoyance at first. This became a touch of almost physical pain she

could not explain, and the cause of which she did not try to analyze. A new question presented itself to her mind. Should she encourage Esther's evident liking for Mr. Fitzgerald, or endeavor to stamp it out? Mary had so long been on the lookout for other people that her habit of managing for them had become second nature. This habit is one which, however disinterestedly it may be exercised, often leads to mistakes, and sometimes produces a curious blindness in the *habitué*—if one may misuse a word.

It was to Mary as plain as the sunlight that Esther admired Arthur Fitzgerald. That he was a charming person Mary heartily admitted; she had never met anybody so unaffectedly kind and amiable; and his unostentatious devotion had set him, in her mind, apart from other men—who to her were represented by Miles. The worst thing she had ever thought of Miles was that he was too much like "other men."

Mary cast another glance at Esther's pleasant face, which had gained a healthy color in the frosty air; she fell a little behind her, to observe the graceful poise of her sister's figure as she walked on, erect and supple, her hands in her little black muff, saying "Merry Christmas!" to all the old neighbors she met, with a cadence that sounded very sweet to Mary's ears.

Perhaps it would be well that Mr. Fitzgerald should be encouraged. Esther had no vocation for the religious life, and she might some day need a protector; for Miles—poor, dear Miles!—would always be more or less of a baby. Here the odd pang shot through Mary's heart again. Was it jealousy that anybody should share her sister's affection, or—was it possible that she had once or twice thought of Arthur Fitzgerald with unusual interest? She laughed aloud, with a slight bitterness. Esther suddenly turned with a smile and a questioning glance. Mary had become absorbed in a little child who was playfully holding up a bundle of toys at a window they were passing.

"My life must be one long sacrifice," she said to herself, with an effort. "I have accepted it, and I must go on in the way. Let Miles and Esther have the roses,—the thorns are good enough for me."

It was the first time that Mary had consciously said a thing like this, even to herself. She had never imagined herself an Iphigenia before; she had, with constant cheerfulness, done the duty that seemed nearest to her. She had never been otiose enough to have time for self-admiration, which is the privilege of many excellent ladies, who get much pleasure out of elaborate self-sacrifices. But now she felt a thrill of knowledge of the depths of her power of sacrifice, and she made up her mind that, as Arthur Fitzgerald was evidently without a serious fault, Esther and he should be happy. Then she could live for Miles alone. She could devote herself to him, absorb herself in his plans, and become a factor in gaining for him that great political position for which his talents so well fitted him. Only yesterday he had said to her, when she had presented him with a smoking outfit, done by her and Esther, in bewildering hues: "Some day I may wear this in the Gubernatorial Mansion, old girl!" She was pleased and moved, but she did not add a crisp twenty dollar bill, as Miles had expected, to the cherry-colored silk and black velvet paraphernalia she brought him.

After breakfast—at which Miles did not appear, and at which the sisters received many little gifts, for the mail had come,—there was no time for introspection. It was necessary for Mary and Esther to get back to the church as soon as possible.

Arthur Fitzgerald ascended to the organ gallery with some hesitation. Would these young ladies meet him with a cold stare? He said to himself that if they did it would freeze all the music in him. His doubt was set at rest; for Mary and Esther stood on the landing waiting for the sexton to unlock the door of the enclosure around the organ. Mary favored him with a pleasant look, and Esther showed her dimples very amiably. A weight was lifted from his heart; he would have shaken hands with them effusively if he had not been in church. But Mary became suddenly perplexed. Ought she invite him home to dinner? Fortunately, the need of banishing all distractions during the Holy Sacrifice obliged her to dismiss the momentous question of etiquette.

The music of the Mass was sung well—

somewhat too rapidly, Mary thought,—and Esther's solo, "When Shepherds," was very carefully done. Fitzgerald distinguished himself too. It was evident that his time could be trusted, though his voice was by no means remarkable. Whenever Fitzgerald had to go to the organ he thought of St. Cecilia, so gentle yet so wrapt was Mary's look.

After Mass there was congratulation among some of the more musical people, who stopped a moment as the crowd dispersed. And even the little fellow who looked after the bellows grinned at Mary and said:

"We did this better than Mercadante's last Sunday."

Almost before she knew it Mary had given the proposed invitation, much to Esther's disgust; for she had hoped to tell her sister about Mr. Bastien's concerts, and, as the first rehearsal would take place on the afternoon of December 26, there was no time to be lost. Esther had begun to feel the unpleasantness of having taken an important step without consulting her elder sister. What would Mary say? How could she, Esther, account for the *honorarium* which Mary, a woman of business, would certainly ask about? Esther heartily wished she had left Miles to his fate. And then she recalled the wish, remembering that it was Mary she had tried to save, not Miles.

Mary was surprised at Esther's obstinate silence as they walked home. She redoubled her efforts to be nice to Arthur Fitzgerald. To her relief he did not seem to notice the absence of Esther's chatter; in fact, he thought this was the happiest Christmas he had ever spent; and he wished he were as rich as Croesus, that he might shower gifts on the graceful girl, who softened her kind words with just a tinge of gravity. But when she smiled!—Fitzgerald thought of Sir John Suckling's "sun upon an Easter Day."

This *rhapsodie de Noël* was suddenly broken into by the thought that he must meet Miles, who might begin by asking questions about John Longworthy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To bear an injury uncomplainingly, not only outwardly but in the uttermost depths of the soul, which only the eye of God can penetrate,—this is to possess heroic virtue.

Six Sayings of St. Teresa.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

A BUNCH of balsams for all human woe,
Culled by a blessed maiden long ago,
In that fair country where the olives grow:

I.

"Let nothing disturb thee;
Nothing surprise thee."

A warning note to usher in the Lent,
The solemn season when our thoughts are bent
On Him to us by holy Wisdom sent.

II.

"Everything passes."

Is life obscure? Wait heavenly renown;
Is it a burden? Soon you lay it down
Where waves of pity will remembrance drown.

III.

"God does not change."

We can not see Him, and our poor eyes range
Afar when He is near. We think it strange
That He is silent—but He does not change.

IV.

"Patience alone weareth out all things."

"He overcomes who bears," said one of old,—
A gentle Saint who spoke with mouth of gold,
And in a sentence more than volume told.

V.

"Whoso holds fast to God shall want for nothing."

The splendors of the harbor-lights decay;
The night is dark along the King's highway;
Cling to His shining raiment till the day.

VI.

"God alone suffices."

What care can conquer or what sin entice
The one who climbs through pain to Paradise?
God gave to us Himself,—He will suffice.

Take, then, this bunch of balsams for your woe,
Culled by a blessed maiden long ago,
In that fair country where the olives grow.

THE unworthy Christian flies from crosses;
the tepid Christian fears them; the average
Christian bears them at least with resignation;
the perfect Christian receives them with
meekness; only the saints long for them.

CORRUPTION of manners and corruption of
morals, generally, go hand in hand.

Garakontie.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

THE history of New France abounds in romantic episodes. Not a river, not a lake, neither mountain nor valley, but has its curious bit of romance, its chivalric incident, its heroic deed. Those Canadian pines that rise up solemnly against the clear and exquisite coloring of a wintry sky could tell strange tales; those sturdy oaks, the giants of the forest, have their secrets; and all speak of a past that has seen heroes as sublime, apostles as ardent, soldiers as undaunted, statesmen as unsullied, as the chronicles of any time or place can show. And upon this record of greatness more than one Indian name is written.

Of Garakontie, chief of the Onondagas, surnamed the Bayard of the Savages, the first glimpse is given by Father Simon le Moine when he describes that famous chief—who, he says, “was regarded as the father and protector of the Christians, their only refuge in the midst of barbarism,”—coming to meet him at a distance of two leagues from the settlement. At the period of Father le Moine’s arrival Garakontie had rescued from the fiercer tribes of his own nation all the Christian captives, keeping them, to the number of twenty, in his own settlement, where they were permitted to practise their religion in peace. The chief had erected for them in his own wigwam a rude altar, “and,” remarks the quaint chronicler, “Our Lord did not disdain this shelter of bark; and the wood of our forests is no less precious to Him than the cedars of Lebanon, since He makes heaven of wheresoever He abideth.”

Garakontie made a festival of Father le Moine’s arrival, and exhausted all his efforts to do him honor. He set out to meet him, accompanied by the elders of the tribe; and as the little procession returned toward the village, with the black-gown in its midst, the way was lined with Indians, pouring out uncouth benedictions upon the Jesuit and offering him bread and various kinds of fruit; “devouring me all the while with their eyes,” says Father le Moine, and running on from one point of observation to be prepared for

his approach at another. Some busied themselves clearing the path, others uttered cries expressive of great joy. At the settlement, the palisades around it, the trees and the wigwams themselves, were alive with curious and rejoicing spectators. All this was the work of the good Garakontie. With rare prudence he now brought the honored guest, not into his own wigwam, but into that of one of the principal men of the tribe. For he feared to excite envy by arrogating the right of first receiving the priest.

It was about this time that Garakontie was chosen by his people to proceed on an embassy to Onnontio, as the savages called the French Governor at Quebec, and he contrived to take with him nine of the French prisoners as a guarantee of good faith. He also promised Father le Moine to bring the remaining prisoners to Montreal the following spring.

As the embassy pursued its way it met with a party of Oneidas (which was also one of the Five Nations), returning with the scalps of several Frenchmen; the leader was actually clad in a cassock, which he had taken from the body of Father le Maistre, the Sulpician, whom they had recently murdered. Those of Garakontie’s nation now began to talk of abandoning the mission to Montreal, fearing the vengeance of the whites; but, to the inexpressible joy of the captives, Garakontie persisted in proceeding thither, and his stronger will prevailed. But they shortly fell in with another band of Iroquois, hastening to attack the French settlements, and once more the prudence and tact of Garakontie had its effect, and the war party were induced to disperse without carrying out their hostile intentions.

So Garakontie and his freedmen pursued their way through the beautiful Canadian forests at a time when Nature, with no niggard hand, lavishes upon them a glory of autumnal coloring unsurpassed in any land. The cool, crisp day, with a sky above that at evening melts into tints the most exquisite, which cast their glow on foliage of fiery crimson and vivid yellow, can scarcely be fittingly described. To these captives, full of the joy of approaching freedom, such beauty must have been enhanced tenfold.

When they reached Montreal, on the 15th of October, they hastened to the church to give thanks, and were received with enthusiasm by the colonists. They began at once to sound the praises of Garakontie and to describe their life while at his settlement. They declared that they had been as free to worship God in the Iroquois village as in Montreal; that the chief had given them a wigwam as chapel, where morning and evening they assembled for prayer, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin and other hymns waking the echo of untrodden forests; while their Huron brethren, who were likewise prisoners, had joined in the canticles of praise in their own uncouth language. On Sundays Garakontie had always invited them to a banquet, or showed in some way his sense of the solemnity of the day. And from his example the other savages had learned to treat the captives with kindness, bestowing warm garments upon them, and otherwise promoting their comfort.

Needless to say, then, that the Iroquois chief was cordially received by the Governor, and invited to a parley, in the course of which many presents of wampum were produced. Garakontie begged of the Governor to make peace with his people, and to feel assured of the good-will borne to the French by his own nation, the Onondagas. He urgently prayed that missionaries be sent, with detachments of the French, into the Iroquois country, to found settlements there and live as brothers with the redman. By these means, he declared, the religion of the whites would gradually be substituted for that of the Indian, and France might then make a real and lasting alliance with America.

The plan was a noble one, and indeed fell in with that sublime scheme which the Jesuits had already formed, by which, in the words of Father le Moine, "a vast solitude was to be converted into a sanctuary, where the Divine Master would find worshippers of all tongues and of every nation." Garakontie's proposals were, however, received with considerable caution. The Iroquois were notoriously treacherous, and the very nation to which this noble chief belonged was renowned for its craft. The Jesuits, who knew them best, always received their overtures with distrust. Nevertheless, the personal character of Gara-

kontie was so high that the negotiations were entered into, and assurances of friendship exchanged.

The chief now became the recipient of honors never before granted to one of his nation. The colonists gathered around him, hailing him as a friend and a brother. Every one in the settlement pressed offerings upon him, and even the children were seen to run to his canoe, stowing away there handfuls of flour or ears of corn, as marks of their affection for "the good Garakontie." His departure was celebrated by a discharge of musketry, and the cannonade which followed him from the shore was for the first time directed not against an Iroquois chieftain, but in his honor.

Some three years later, in the "Relation" for 1664, we are informed that the chief is still faithful to his Christian allies, and continuing his protection over those who have become captives. Father le Mercier relates how this noble pagan erected a mission house in the centre of his village as a residence for the missionary, whom he earnestly desired should dwell amongst his tribe. "God has made use of him for His glory," says the missionary; "for by his authority a chapel has been kept up, and our Christians encouraged in every way to devote themselves to prayer and the exercises of religion."

Garakontie became at length the chosen spokesman for the various Iroquois tribes when negotiations were pending with the French; and the latter, on the other hand, chiefly built hopes upon a man whose liberal and friendly spirit was so often manifested toward the French, and whose noble and chivalrous nature gave them ample security for his good faith. In 1665 he appeared as ambassador before the Marquis de Tracy, then Governor of New France, with proposals of peace from his nation. As the chief had but recently procured the release of French prisoners amongst his people, notably that of the *Sieur le Moine*, of Montreal, he was received with every mark of regard. It was an impressive scene: the tall figure of the Iroquois erect before the Governor and the members of the council. Before proceeding to the business of the hour, Garakontie, suddenly turning aside and looking upward, delivered an im-

passioned address to the shade of his old friend the Jesuit, Father Simon le Moine.

"Ondessonk!" cried he, apostrophizing the dead priest by his Indian name, "dost thou hear me from the country of the dead, whither thou hast passed too speedily? Many times didst thou lay thy head upon the scaffold of the Mohawks, or rush bravely to snatch Frenchmen from their stakes. Peace and happiness ever followed in thy footsteps, and thou didst make faithful men in all thy abiding places. Thou didst sit upon the council mat, deciding peace or war. Our wigwams were too small, our villages too narrow when thou didst enter them; for multitudes ever came to hear thy mighty words. But I trouble thy repose by my importunate discourse. Often didst thou teach us that this miserable existence is followed by a life of eternal happiness. Since, then, thou art in possession of that life, wherefore do we mourn, save that we have lost our father and protector? Nevertheless, we are consoled when we remember that in heaven thou wilt be the same, and that thou hast found there the abode of infinite rest and joy, of which thou didst so often tell us."

This burst of passionate feeling came straight from the faithful heart of the Iroquois warrior. But his discourse upon the matters of grave importance which had brought him thither was full of good sense and tact. He touched, with a modesty uncommon amongst the savages, upon his own services to the French, asking as his only reward the friendship of the whites and the liberation of three Indians of his nation. He begged that Jesuit missionaries might be sent without delay into the Iroquois country—this seeming to be the subject which he had most at heart. At various points of his discourse he laid presents at the feet of M. de Tracy, who in turn promised him the protection of his Majesty the King, and not only released the three prisoners mentioned, but assured him of a free pardon for all Iroquois who should renounce their hostility to the whites and agree to live at peace with them.

During the troublous years that followed Garakontie was of more service to his Christian allies than regiments of soldiers, remaining faithful to them through every vicissitude.

In or about 1670 he heard that hostile expeditions were being planned against the French, and immediately sent presents of wampum to all the principal chiefs, dissuading them from such enterprises. He even induced them to accompany him to Montreal in the spring, and meet their foes in the presence of Onnontio, the French Viceroy, who would arbitrate between them. All but one chief and his followers consented to co-operate in this scheme, and accordingly went down to Montreal with Garakontie in great force. There they were met by ninety canoes full of Algonquins, making four hundred souls. The Viceroy, however, instead of receiving them at once, invited a certain number of the chiefs and principal men to follow him to Quebec, where a council was held lasting several days. On this occasion Garakontie publicly embraced the faith, renouncing forever all the superstitions and the pagan practices of his race.

He had been three months preparing for his baptism, which took place in the Cathedral at Quebec. The Bishop himself performed the ceremony, which was followed by that of Confirmation. The Viceroy was godfather, giving the neophyte his own name; the godmother was Mademoiselle Bouteroue, daughter of the Intendant of New France. The edifice was full to excess. All the Indian tribes were represented there. It was a strange and solemn sight: the dusky children of the forest—Hurons, Algonquins, Mohicans, Ottawas, and the various tribes of the Iroquois,—assembled not for war but for peace, their uncouth dress contrasting with French uniforms and the rich attire of French ladies of rank. Garakontie stood the centre of all eyes, his noble form erect, his face beaming with intelligence as he listened with the deepest attention to all that was said. He answered every question clearly and audibly, and after the double ceremony thanked the Bishop for having administered these two Sacraments, which he called "the gates of heaven." He then solemnly pledged himself to keep the promises which he had made to Jesus Christ, and to live henceforth as a true Christian. How well he kept that vow the history of the succeeding years fully attests. Somewhat later in that year Father Millet, in the "Relation" for 1670, gives us a glimpse of Garakontie after his

return to his own country, which shows that he was indeed persevering in the new path which he had chosen :

"If some are deserving of praise, it may in truth be said that Garakontie is worthy of more esteem and consideration than all the others. It must be confessed that he is an incomparable man; he is the soul of all the good that is done here. He sustains the faith by his influence; he maintains peace by his authority; he directs the minds of these savages with a skill and prudence equal to that of the wisest men of Europe. His zeal for our holy religion compares with that of the early Christians, and his conduct is such as to sustain the dignity and authority given him by his office of 'great chief of this nation,'—an office of which he makes use to do good to everyone."

The Dutch in New Holland, with whom he occasionally had trading relations, endeavored as often as they saw him, but to no avail, to tamper with his faith. They sought to deprive him of the rosary and his crucifix, and in other ways to annoy or perplex him. On one occasion he was called to New Amsterdam to attend a council in which, among other important matters, a project of peace between the Mohicans and Iroquois was discussed. Garakontie was appealed to by the Governor, as one whose enlightened mind and rare sagacity could grasp the situation. The chief replied in the following significant language :

"You may, indeed, devise such a reconciliation, but you shall not meet with success therein. The glory of so doing must belong to Onnontio. When we hold council with him at Quebec before transacting business, he bids us learn above all, before speaking of temporal affairs, to adore Almighty God, to serve Him, and to keep His Commandments; he bids us hear and respect those who teach us what concerns our salvation. You, on the contrary, do otherwise. You seek to turn us from the service of God; you ask me why I wear this crucifix and the rosary round my neck; you mock at them and say they are good for nothing; you blaspheme and show your contempt for the true and saving doctrines taught us by the black-gowns. What blessing can you expect from God on your treaties of peace when you blaspheme His

holy mysteries and offend Him continually?'

Garakontie set his face resolutely against all the superstitions to which he had once given countenance. He invariably refused to fulfil any of his official duties which were incompatible with his obligations as a Christian. The brave Iroquois encountered much opposition, especially from the evil-disposed, during the whole of his career after becoming a Catholic; nevertheless, he persevered, and, as the old chronicle remarks, "consolated and rejoiced all Christians, and much increased the influence of the missionaries and the esteem in which their doctrine was held."

Whenever Garakontie visited Quebec he was wont to find his way to the Ursuline Convent, as we learn from the annals of the Ursulines, wherein is the following entry: "Garakontie, the Bayard of the Savages, and later the hero of Christianity, as he was already the faithful ally of the French, was sure on each of his visits to Quebec to come to the convent, accompanied by a train of those fierce warriors so long the terror of our people." He usually received some presents from Mother Mary of the Incarnation, and was presented on one occasion with a belt richly embroidered by the young nuns. This appeared very magnificent to the savages, and Garakontie always preserved it as a most precious relic.

In the "Relation" for 1672-'73 Father Millet dwells particularly upon the virtues of the Iroquois hero. "His virtue and his reputation," he writes, "reflect the greatest honor upon the Church. When he approaches the Sacrament of Penance, it is as though I saw before me one of those Christians of the primitive Church, who kept their baptismal innocence until death. He has often told me that since he promised to keep the Commandments of God he does not remember to have broken one of them. He says he has kept his word to the great chief of the black-gowns" (Mgr. de Laval, who baptized him). There is a touch of humor in Garakontie's quaint remark to Father Millet: "You know what a fearful temper my wife has. If I were not really a Christian I should long ago have sent her away and got another."

Our last glimpses of this noble Indian are when very old, attending Midnight Mass with

his wife and children; and during the year 1676 attending a festival, where he sings the wild and poetic death song of his race: "Bones of our ancestors, suspended above the heads of the living, teach us to live and die. The Master of Life has opened His arms to you, and has given you happy hunting-grounds in the other world. Life is as the brilliant color of the serpent, appearing and disappearing more swiftly than the arrow's flight; it is the rainbow seen above the waters of a torrent; it is the fleeting shadow of a cloud." After which he greeted the Bishop and the other notables of the colony, as if they were present, and begged them to pray for him. He declared that he desired to die in the Christian faith, renouncing once more all the sins and errors of his ante-baptismal life. The assembly listened in profoundest silence. It seemed as if the soul of the holy old man were even then going forth on its long journey, far from the pine forests and the rivers which had so long known him.

There is but little need to sum up the qualities of this man, who would have been great in any sphere. So wise were the laws he made that he was considered a very Solon by his primitive brethren; so sublime was his faith that it resembled that of the Apostle Paul, whom he indeed had chosen for his model; so sound was his judgment that not only the Indians but their white allies learned to rely upon it; so great were his combined energy and tact that during his life-time he was able to control the fiery spirits of his race; so exemplary was his conduct that from the time of his baptism he was never known to commit one mortal sin. He had, in fact, all those great qualities which made the Iroquois nations dominate all other tribes, and these qualities were touched and subdued by Christianity.

Child of the forest, its wildness and picturesqueness served as a frame for his grand and heroic qualities. The free life of the woods harmonized with the breadth of his nature; for the smoke of his wigwam mingled with the breath of the pines, the song of the wild bird mingled with the canticles he sang. Since, then, the wilderness, the country of the Onondagas, has produced its Bayard, without fear and without reproach, be it ours to do honor to his worth.

Holy Personages of Canada and the United States whose Canonization is Begun.

BY JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

VENERABLE MARY MARGARET DUFROST DE LAJEMMERAIS (1771).

MADAME D'YOUVILLE, foundress of the Sisters of Charity (Grey Nuns), was born at Varennes, Canada, October 15, 1701, and, deprived of her father at an early age, was brought up in the Ursuline Convent, Quebec. In 1722 she married Francis M. You d'Youville, a harsh and cruel man, whom all her patience and virtues could not move; but who died in 1730, after squandering his property, leaving her in poverty with two young children. She gave herself entirely to God, and, struggling to maintain her little family, she devoted her leisure to relieving the poor in the general hospital. That institution had been under a brotherhood which finally disbanded. On the last day of the year 1737 the Venerable Mary Margaret and two associates, formed like herself to charity, were established by ecclesiastical authority into a community, which in 1738 hired a house and opened its doors to the poor and afflicted.

Their modest and charitable undertaking was at once assailed by calumny. They were accused, as the early missionaries had been, of selling liquor to the Indians. The pious women were even styled in derision *Sœurs Grises*,—a term which might mean Grey Sisters, but really meant "Topsy" Sisters. So generally was the public opinion perverted that a Récollet Father refused them Holy Communion. Application was even made to the Government to suppress their house. One of the pious society died; a fire destroyed their house and scattered their poor; but all these trials only served to confirm them in their holy resolution. On the 2d of February, 1745, the Venerable Mary Margaret and her two companions devoted all they had to the poor, and, hiring a house, resumed their work. At last the authorities, finding no way of maintaining the general hospital, and seeing the merit of Madame Youville's little association, were compelled to offer her the direction of the

establishment. An almshouse best expresses the idea of the general hospital. It was not for the sick, but a refuge for the pauper, the aged, the infirm, the orphan. The Venerable Mary Margaret took in also the insane, and depraved women who showed a desire to repent.

While she was thus affording a shelter to every form of human misery the authorities sold the general hospital, and required her to leave it. The court in France did not approve the hasty step: it annulled the sale, accepted the offers of the devoted Mary Margaret, and authorized her to form a community with her associatés, June 3, 1753. Bishop de Pontbriand therefore approved the rule under which the Sisters had been living, and the costume adopted by the Venerable Mother for her community,—a color which perpetuated the name of *Sœurs Grises* given them with such calumnious meaning. Their name as given by the Bishop is Sisters of Charity.

Mother Margaret's patience and virtue had triumphed; but she found herself placed in possession of buildings loaded with debt, and bound to support numbers of afflicted ones, with no treasury except Divine Providence. The country was already involved in war that was to transfer it to a Protestant government, but she set to work heroically. All the inmates labored according to their strength, furnishing tents and clothing for the army, and performing work of every description for those who employed them. They made up goods for the Indian traders, wax tapers and other articles for churches. The general hospital became the most active and best managed workshop in all Canada. She not only maintained the establishment and paid off debts, but laid up funds in France, which in 1763 gave an income of 2,000 livres. She extended her buildings, and when the military operations drew near Montreal, she gave up part of her establishment for a hospital for sick and wounded of both armies. Her dexterous charity in saving the life of an English soldier from Indians who were pursuing him caused General Amherst to prevent any of his batteries from playing on her convent and hospital.

But all the struggles of Canada were vain, and she beheld the country fall into the hands of the English. Poverty and distress sur-

rounded her, the income of the hospital was nearly all swept away; but she had never relied on mere human skill or ability: prayer, mortification, patience, had been the virtues she instilled into her Sisters, and were the powerful weapons of her community. While on an errand of mercy she came upon an infant murdered and thrown on the ice. Her pious heart was touched, and she opened her doors to foundlings, to save other helpless babes from such a fate. To meet the demand of one of the nurses she gave the last dollar she possessed, but only to find that the miracle of the widow's cruise was repeated.

At the time of the conquest the French Government owed the hospital \$20,000, but Mary Margaret obtained only an annual payment of \$226, and even this was soon reduced one half. To add to her distress a fire destroyed the hospital, and she lost nearly all the furniture; but, bowing to the will of Heaven, she recited the *Te Deum* with her companions amid the smoking ruins. The Hospital Sisters of the Hôtel-Dieu received her Sisters and her poor till she could find suitable quarters for them. Then she began to rebuild, help coming from most unexpected quarters, even from London. With renewed energy she acquired a seigniory, erecting a mill and buildings for the Sisters and the poor.

In forming her community the Venerable Mother inspired all with devotion to the Eternal Father as the type of mercy to the poor and afflicted. Trained by her, the Sisters all shared her devotion, zeal and courage, which were upheld by confidence in God's Providence, and an equanimity which nothing could disturb.

In 1771 her health gave way, and she was confined to her room; paralysis followed; and giving her last instructions to her devoted Sisters, she announced her own death on the 23d of December, and expired fortified by the last Sacraments. She was revered as a saint, and many prophecies uttered by her were exactly fulfilled. Miracles ascribed to her intercession induced steps to be taken for her beatification. The Episcopal Process was completed and transmitted to Rome in 1887. The Abbé Captier is postulator of the cause in that city, and the Rev P. Rousseau, of St. Sulpice, postulator at Montreal.

VENERABLE MAGIN CATALÁ, O. S. F. (1830.)

This holy Father, one of the most illustrious missionaries of California, was born at Montblanch, Catalonia, about 1761, and was received into the novitiate of the Franciscan Fathers at Barcelona in 1777. His piety and zeal were remarkable, and, after laboring some years in his native country, he sailed from Cadiz in October, 1786, to devote himself to the American missions. He was sent as chaplain on a royal vessel to Nootka Sound, and spent more than a year in this unpromising field. He joined the missionaries in California in July, 1794, and was appointed to Santa Clara. Here he labored assiduously during the rest of his life, showing great skill in winning the Indians and maintaining them in the exercises of religion. He beautified the church with a fine altar obtained from Mexico.

His health failed, inflammatory rheumatism causing him such sufferings that he solicited permission to retire; but he could not abandon his neophytes, who, won by his gentleness and zeal, could not bear to part with their beloved missionary. His life of prayer, mortification, and devotion to duty caused all to regard him a saint, and supernatural gifts confirmed this impression. Once while preaching he suddenly stopped and bade his people pray for a man who had just expired. After the service it was discovered that a soldier had been thrown from his horse and killed. He foretold to many the expulsion of the missionaries, but declared that he would die at Santa Clara; he foretold the seizure of the mission property, the discovery of gold, the influx of men of all nations, the loss of the mission robbers of their sacrilegious acquisitions, as well as great changes in climate.

He died in the odor of sanctity, November 22, 1830, and the fulfilment of his prophecies kept alive such devotion to him that Archbishop Alemany solicited permission to begin the Episcopal Process, which was still going on at the time of his resignation and death.

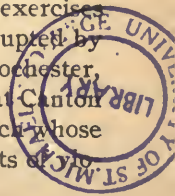
VENERABLE JOHN NEPOMUCENE NEUMANN, C. SS. R. (1860.)

John Nepomucene Neumann was born at Prachatitz, in Bohemia, of pious parents, who trained their children in the fear and love of

God. John, born March 22, 1811, attended the school in his native place till the age of twelve, when he entered the Gymnasium at Budweis, and gradually his vocation to the priesthood became clear. While in the second year of his theology he was led, by reading some letters of the Rev. Mr. Baraga on the publications of the Lepold Verein, to devote himself to the American mission. After completing his course at the University of Prague, his piety and orthodoxy strengthened rather than weakened by what he saw and heard around, he left his native place in February, 1836, intending to join the Diocese of Philadelphia. Before he reached Paris he found that Bishop Kenrick would not receive him, and he applied to Bishop Bruté; but, receiving no answer, came to New York, where the Rev. Mr. Raffener informed him that Bishop Dubois had already agreed to receive him in consequence of letters from Europe.

This sudden and unexpected realization of his hopes filled the soul of the fervent ecclesiastic with devout thanksgiving. He at once prepared with all the fervor of his soul for his ordination. On the 19th of June, 1836, he received the order of subdeacon from the hands of Bishop Dubois, in old St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, and was there raised to the priesthood on the 25th. The new priest was soon sent to Rochester to care for the German Catholics in the western part of the State. In this field he labored assiduously for some years, reviving the faith in many, establishing churches and stations, amid hardship and poverty, sanctifying his own soul while laboring for the salvation of his neighbor.

In 1840 he solicited admission among the Redemptorists, whose zeal and devotion he had learned to admire. Bishop Hughes, fully appreciating the merits of his priest, reluctantly consented to the step, which was to deprive his diocese of a pious, laborious and disinterested missionary. The Rev. Mr. Neumann received the habit of St. Alphonsus in Pittsburg from Father Prost, and began a novitiate amid many difficulties. The exercises of his term of probation were interrupted by labors in Baltimore, New York, Rochester, Buffalo, and Norwalk. In a mission at Canton he reconciled two parties in the Church whose animosity had led to the greatest acts of



lence. Returning to Baltimore he made his vows in St. James' Church, January 16, 1842, the first occasion when the vows of the Redemptorist Order were pronounced in America. His often interrupted novitiate was but a prelude to more severe trials, exterior and interior, during the early years of his religious life; but he never faltered, and the chronicle of the province records: "The first novice of our American province was entrusted with duties which usually fall to the charge of professed religious only; nevertheless, he distinguished himself by a faithful observance of rules, unaffected love for the Congregation, and the practice of eminent virtues."

In 1844 he was appointed superior at Pittsburgh, and again found himself in charge of a congregation. His zeal had not abated, and, trained in the principles of St. Alphonsus Liguori, he labored with great wisdom, prudence and skill. He was alive to every interest affecting young and old, and sought in every way to confirm them in the faith. He prepared books of instruction for the young, and endeavored on all occasions to instil into their hearts a love for the faith. After he had erected St. Philomena's Church his health was so evidently impaired that the Vice-Provincial summoned him to Baltimore. Instead of rest the good religious soon found greater care and responsibility; for he was appointed Vice-Provincial and Superior of all the Redemptorists in the United States. His eminent qualities had impressed his superiors in the Order so much that, though received among them advanced in life, with little opportunity for the usual training in the novitiate, he was thus placed as superior over priests who had done long service in the community.

The choice proved a wise one. New foundations sprung up, and every house became a centre from which missionaries went forth to revive faith and the practice of religion in congregations through the country. The superior, though in shattered health, travelled far and wide, taking part in this mission work, preaching in German, French, and English. His humility and modesty were as conspicuous as his energy and zeal. The noble Church of St. Alphonsus, Baltimore, was erected under his care; and, as though the duties of superior and mission work did

not suffice, he became spiritual director of religious communities of women. After being relieved of the vice-provincialship he remained as superior at St. Alphonsus' Church, Baltimore, where Archbishop Kenrick visited him every week, having conceived the highest veneration and esteem for him. He selected the Redemptorist Father as his confessor, and recommended him as his successor in the See of Philadelphia.

On the first intimation that such an honor awaited him the good religious was overwhelmed with confusion, and sought by prayers to avert the honor and burthen. But the Sovereign Pontiff would not yield to the remonstrances of the Redemptorists, and the bulls were duly expedited. One day Father Neumann returning to his cell found a pectoral cross and ring lying there; they had been left by the Archbishop, and were soon followed by the bulls. With them came a positive order from Pope Pius IX. requiring him under obedience to accept. He was accordingly consecrated in St. Alphonsus' Church, March 28, 1852, and proceeded to Philadelphia.

Bishop Neumann showed his wonted activity and zeal in his episcopal duties, and began by a visitation of his diocese, making himself thoroughly familiar with the spiritual and temporal condition of every parish, and of districts where a church could be maintained. Fifty new churches were established within five years by his prudent encouragement. Schools also became a subject of thought, and, by the organization of a committee for the education of Catholic youth, he aroused the zeal of the faithful so that schools increased yearly. He took particular pleasure in visiting asylums and charitable institutions, to watch over the inmates.

In governing his diocese he manifested zeal for God's glory and the salvation of souls, combined with great charity and paternal interest in his clergy. His synods especially showed his wisdom and care. We need not follow him through his episcopal career. After vainly soliciting to be relieved of his see, or to have the diocese divided so that he might assume the more laborious portion, he received a coadjutor. He pursued his holy career till the 5th of January, 1860, when he showed symptoms of unusual suffering, though noth-

ing excited alarm. After dinner he left home to attend to some business, and was returning when he was stricken down. He tottered to the steps of a house. The door was opened and he was taken in, but with a few sighs he peacefully expired. His saintly soul departed to a better world.

After a solemn *Requiem* Mass, at which Archbishop Kenrick portrayed the life and virtues of the deceased, his remains were conveyed to St. Peter's, the church of the Redemptorist Fathers. His tomb, or rather the slab over the vault containing his body, became a place of pilgrimage for those afflicted in body or soul; for, regarded as a saint in life, the confidence in his intercession became general among all who believed that he was already enjoying the beatific vision. Miraculous favors rewarded the pious confidence, and the preliminary steps for his canonization were begun. The cause was introduced in December, 1888. The Episcopal Process, which lasted two years, has been completed the testimony having been taken by Vicar-General Walsh under the authority of Archbishop Ryan. This process was duly conveyed to Rome by the Rev. Father Wirth C.S.S.R., and has been approved, so that the pontifical processes will soon follow.

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We have thus traced the causes interesting the Catholics of the United States and Canada. The most advanced are those of the Venerable Anthony Margil, Apostle of Texas, and Venerable Maria de Agreda, so intimately connected with the missions of New Mexico. Next to them are the causes of the Venerable Margaret Bourgeoys, foundress of the Sisters of the Congregation of Our Lady; and of the Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation, foundress of the Ursuline Convent at Quebec. Devotion to the holy personages who have lived and labored and sanctified themselves in our land, amid circumstances familiar, seems to arise in the heart more naturally than to those removed from us by ages or oceans; and we feel certain that many will be interested in the holy men and women whose career we have so briefly sketched.

FASTING cleanses the body, clears the intellect, and purifies the soul.

Readings from Remembered Books.

THE POWER OF CHARITY.

VERY shortly, single individuals or whole families began to sicken and die of violent and strange complaints, with symptoms unknown to the greater part of those who were then alive. There were only a few who had ever seen them before,—the few, that is, who could remember the plague which fifty-three years previously had desolated a great part of Italy indeed, but especially the Milanese, where it was then, and is still, called the plague of San Carlo. So powerful is Charity! Among the various and awful recollections of a general calamity, she could cause that of one individual to predominate; because she had inspired him with feelings and actions more memorable even than the evils themselves. She could set him up in men's minds as a symbol of all these events, because in all she had urged him onward, and held him up to view as guide and helper, example and voluntary victim; and could frame for him, as it were, an emblematical device out of a public calamity, and name it after him as though it had been a conquest or discovery. . . .

The most general and most willing fidelity to the trying duties of the times was conspicuously evinced by the clergy. In the lazarettoes and throughout the city their assistance never failed; where suffering was, there were they; they were always to be seen mingled with and interspersed among the faint and dying,—faint and dying sometimes themselves. Together with spiritual succors they were lavish, as far as they could be, of temporal ones, and freely rendered whatever services happened to be required. More than sixty parish priests, in the city alone, died of the contagion,—about eight out of every nine.

Cardinal Federigo, as was to be expected from him, gave to all encouragement and example. Having seen almost the whole of his archiepiscopal household perish around him, solicited by relatives, by the first magistrates, and by the neighboring princes, to withdraw from danger to some solitary country-seat, he rejected this counsel and these entreaties in the spirit with which he wrote to his clergy: "Be ready to abandon this mortal life rather than the family, the children committed to us; go forward into the plague as to life, as to a reward, when there is one soul to be won to Christ." He neglected no precautions which did not impede him in his duty; on which point he also gave instructions and regulations to his clergy; and at the same time he minded not, nor appeared to observe, danger,

where it was necessary to encounter it in order to do good. Without speaking of the ecclesiastics, whom he was constantly with, to commend and regulate their zeal, to arouse such as were lukewarm in the work, and to send them to the posts where others had perished, it was his wish that there should always be free access for any one who had need of him. He visited the lazarettoes, to administer consolation to the sick and encouragement to the attendants. . . . In short, he threw himself into, and lived in the midst of, the pestilence, and was himself astonished at the end that he had come out uninjured.

Thus, in public calamities and in long-continued disturbance of settled habits, of whatever kind, there may always be beheld an augmentation, a sublimation of virtue.—“*The Betrothed*,” *Manzoni*.

A MOMENTOUS INTERVIEW WITH GREGORY XVI.

In the discharge of his high duties Gregory XVI. respected not the person of man, and cared nothing for the pride or strength of those whom he had to encounter. Scarcely a year of his pontificate passed by without his having to pronounce an allocution on the oppression of the Church in some country or other—north or south of Europe, east or west of the world. He spoke the truth plainly, and generally reaped the fruit of his straightforwardness and courage.

The most painful of his conflicts, however, was one face to face with the greatest of Europe's sovereigns, a man accustomed to command without contradiction, and to be surrounded by complete submission. He did not imagine that there was a human being who would presume to read him a lesson, or still less to administer him a rebuke. It may be proper to premise that the Emperor of Russia . . . had sent very splendid presents to the Pope—a vase of malachite, now in the Vatican Library, and a large supply of the same precious material for the Basilica of St. Paul. Still he had not ceased to deal harshly, not to say cruelly, with his Catholic subjects, especially the Poles. They were driven into the Greek communion, by putting it out of their power to follow their own worship; they were deprived of their own bishops and priests, and even persecuted by more violent inflictions and personal sufferings. On this subject the Holy See had both publicly and privately complained, but no redress and but little if any alleviation had been obtained.

At length, in December, 1845, the Emperor Nicholas I. came himself to Rome. It was observed, both in Italy and, I believe, in England, how minute and unrelaxed were the precautions taken to secure him against any danger of con-

spiracy: how his apartment, bed, food, body-guard, were arranged with watchful eye to the prevention of any surprise from hidden enemies. Be this as it may, nothing amiss befell him, unless it was his momentous interview with the Head of that Church which he had mercilessly persecuted,—with him whose rival he considered himself as real autocratic head of a large proportion of what he called the “Orthodox Church,” and as recognized protector of its entire communion. It was arranged that the Emperor should be attended by M. de Bouténeff, his minister at Rome, and that the Pope should have a cardinal at his side. He selected, as has been said, the English Cardinal Acton. This was not a usual provision for a royal visit, but gave it rather the air of a conference; and so in truth it was.

The Pope felt he had a solemn and trying duty to perform. Could he allow the persecutor of his flock to approach him and depart without a word of expostulation or of reproof? Could he receive him with a bland smile and insincere accolade; speak to him of the unmeaning topics of the hour or of the cold politics of the world? Impossible! It would have been at variance, not with personal disposition, but with the spiritual character which he held of Father of the Faithful, defender of the weak; shepherd of the ravened flock; protector of the persecuted; representative of fearless, uncompromising, martyred Pontiffs; Vicar of Him who feared no stalking any more than prowling wolf. It would have been to his conscience a gnawing and undying reproach if he had lost the opportunity of saying face to face what he had written and spoken of one absent, or if he had not employed his privilege as a sovereign to second his mission as a Pontiff. He would have confirmed by his forbearance—though it might have been called courtly refinement or gentleness of character—all the self-confidence and fearlessness of a fanatical persecutor, placed above all but some great moral control.

Certainly much hung in the balance of that Pontiff's deliberation how he should act. That meekest of men, Pius VII., had not neglected the opportunity of his captivity to enumerate, with fervid gentleness, to his powerful master the evils which the Church had suffered at his hands. Gregory never undertook any grave work without much prayer, and one so momentous as this was not assuredly determined on except after long and earnest supplication. What were the Emperor's intentions, what his ideas, what his desires in coming to Rome and having necessarily a personal meeting with the Pope, it is impossible to conjecture. Did he hope to overcome him by his splendid presence, truly majestic, soldier-like,

and imperial? Or to cajole and win him by soothing speeches and insincere promises? Or to gain the interpretative approval of silence and forbearance? One must conjecture in vain. Certain it is that he came, he saw, and conquered not. It has been already mentioned that the particulars of the conference were never revealed by its only witness at Rome. The Pope's account was brief, simple, and full of conscious power: "I said to him all that the Holy Ghost dictated to me."

And that he had not spoken vainly, with words that had beaten the air, but that their strokes had been well placed and driven home, there was evidence otherwise recorded. An English gentleman was in some part of the palace through which the imperial visitor passed as he returned from his interview, and described his altered appearance. He had entered with his usual firm and royal aspect, grand as it was from statue-like features, stately frame, and martial bearing; free and at his ease, with gracious looks and condescending gestures of salutation. So he passed through the long suite of ante-rooms,—the imperial eagle, glossy, fiery, "with plumes unruffled, and with eye unquenched," in all the glory of pinions which no flight had ever wearied, of beak and talon which no prey had yet resisted. He came forth again, with head uncovered, and hair, if it can be said of man, dishevelled; haggard and pale, looking as though in an hour he had passed through the condensation of a protracted fever; taking long strides, with stooping shoulders, unobservant, unsaluting. He waited not for his carriage to come to the foot of the stairs, but rushed out into the outer court, and hurried away from apparently the scene of a discomfiture. It was the eagle dragged from his eyrie among the clefts of the rocks, "from his nest among the stars," his feathers crumpled and his eye quelled by a power till then despised. . . .

Early prejudice and an extravagance of national feelings had no doubt influenced the conduct of the Czar toward his Catholic subjects against the better impulses of his own nature, which Russians always considered just, generous, and even parental. No one had before possessed the opportunity or the courage to appeal to the inward tribunal of this better sense. When well made, such a call could hardly fail. From that interview the Catholics of Russia may date a milder treatment and perhaps a juster rule.—"*Recollections of the Last Four Popes*," Cardinal Wiseman.

THE MEANING OF AN OLD CUSTOM.

Have you ever considered what a deep under-meaning there lies, or at least may be read, if we choose, in our custom of strewing flowers before

those whom we think most happy? Do you suppose it is merely to deceive them into the hope that happiness is always to fall thus in showers at their feet; that wherever they pass they will tread on herbs of sweet scent, and that the rough ground will be made smooth for them by depth of roses? So surely as they believe that, they will have instead to walk on bitter herbs and thorns; and the only softness to their feet will be of snow. But it is not thus intended they should believe; there is a better meaning in that old custom. The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps, not before them. "Her feet have touched the meadows, and left the daisies rosy." You think that only a lover's fancy, false and vain! How if it could be true? You think this also, perhaps, only a poet's fancy:

"Even the light harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread."

But it is little to say of a woman that she only does not destroy where she passes. She should revive; the harebells should bloom, not stoop, as she passes. You think I am rushing into wild hyperbole? Pardon me, not a whit; I mean what I say in calm English, spoken in resolute truth. You have heard it said (and I believe there is more than fancy even in that saying, but let it pass for a fanciful one) that flowers only flourish rightly in the garden of some one who loves them. I know you would like that to be true; you would think it a pleasant magic if you could flush your flowers into brighter bloom by a kind look upon them; nay, more, if your look had the power not only to cheer but to guard; if you could bid the black blight turn away and the knotted caterpillar spare; if you could bid the dew fall upon them in the drought and say to the south wind in frost: "Come, thou south, and breathe upon my garden, that the spices of it may flow out."

This you would think a great thing. And do you think it not a greater thing that all this (and how much more than this!) you *can* do for fairer flowers than these,—flowers that could bless you for having blessed them and will love you for having loved them,—flowers that have thoughts like yours and lives like yours, and which, once saved, you save forever? Is this only a little power? Far among the moorlands and the rocks, far in the darkness of the terrible streets, these feeble florets are lying, with all their fresh leaves torn and their stems broken. Will you never go down to them, nor set them in order in their little fragrant beds, nor fence them, in their trembling, from the fierce wind? Shall morning follow morning for you, but not for them; and the dawn rise to watch, far away, those frantic

dances of death, but no dawn rise to breathe upon these living banks of wild violet and woodbine rose; nor call to you through your casement,—call (not giving you the name of the English poet's lady, but the name of Dante's great Matilda, who, on the edge of happy Lethe, stood wreathing flowers with flowers), saying,

"Come into the garden, Maud;
For the black bat Night has flown,
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown"?

Will you not go down among them,—among those sweet living things, whose new courage, sprung from the earth with the deep color of heaven upon it, is starting up in strength of goodly spire; and whose purity, washed from the dust, is opening, bud by bud, into the flower of promise? And still they turn to you, and for you "the Larkspur listens—I hear, I hear! And the Lily whispers—I wait."

Did you notice that I missed two lines when I read you that first stanza, and think that I had forgotten them? Hear them now:

"Come into the garden, Maud;
For the black bat Night has flown.
Come into the garden, Maud;
I am here at the gate alone."

Who is it, think you, who stands at the gate of this sweeter garden alone, waiting for you? Did you ever hear, not of a Maud, but a Madeleine, who went down to her garden in the dawn, and found One waiting at the gate whom she supposed to be the gardener? Have you not sought Him often,—sought Him in vain all through the night,—sought Him in vain at the gate of that old garden where the fiery sword is set? He is never there; but at the gate of *this* garden He is waiting always,—waiting to take your hand; ready to go down to see the fruits of the valley, to see whether the vine has flourished and the pomegranate budded. There you shall see with Him the little tendrils of the vines that His hand is guiding; there you shall see the pomegranate springing where His hand cast the sanguine seed; more, you shall see the troops of the angel keepers that, with their wings, wave away the hungry birds from the path-sides where He has sown, and call to one another between the vineyard rows, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes." Oh, you queens, you queens! among the hills and happy greenwood of this land of yours, shall the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests; and in your cities shall the stones cry out against you, that they are the only pillows where the Son of Man can lay His head?—"Sesame and Lilies," John Ruskin.

Notes and Remarks.

In the report of his latest tour of exploration in Africa Mr. Stanley alludes to the fortitude of the Christians so cruelly persecuted by the King of Uganda, who afterward became a Catholic himself, and is now a fugitive at the mission of the White Fathers in Kagheyi. Our readers will remember Mwanga's cruel exploits when he was a savage. "These native Christians," writes Mr. Stanley, "have endured the most deadly persecution; the stake and the fire, the cord and the club the sharp knife and the rifle-bullet, have all been tried to cause them to reject the teachings they have absorbed."

Of late the Pope's encyclicals have attracted much attention from the secular press, and it is not too much to hope that the time will come when they will be read from Protestant pulpits. The world already realizes its need of such teachings as are conveyed in papal encyclicals. The London *Daily Graphic* says, writing of the importance of the latest of these:

"The appeal for a more faithful practice of Christian virtue, or rather for a revival of the moral law, is well-timed. We are passing through a social crisis in which the exemplary of the Christian life needs to be emphatically asserted. The tone of society, which has so lamentably degenerated of late years, can not be settled by legislative enactment; and if we are to be saved in the future from those terrible shocks which have lately shaken the very foundations of public and private morality, we must look for greater activity in the churches. The Pope has set a timely example. He has struck a note which should be echoed by every pulpit in the civilized world."

The Bishop of Orleans asks the prayers of the faithful that the beatification of Joan of Arc may take place. He begs his diocesans to make no demonstrations, and to preserve "a complete silence" until the Holy See has spoken. It is to be hoped that by this time our separated friends have learned that the Maid of Orleans was not "put to death by the Church for heresy."

To those who think THE "AVE MARIA" should reply to the slanderers of the sainted Father Damien we have only to say that, in our opinion, no defence of him is needed. His life and his death are his best vindication. If he had been what his calumniators would have people believe, he would not have gone to Molokai, nor would he have remained there. The world has made its estimate of the work and worth of the Apostle of

Molokai. His calumniators are too late. Let the vipers alone and they will die of their own sting.

There are others who have expressed surprise that we have not had something to say of Father Damien's numerous "successors." His only successor, properly speaking, is the priest now stationed at Kalawao. Father Damien's devoted collaborer, Brother Joseph Dutton, and the self-sacrificing Franciscan Sisters, headed by Mother Marianne, who went to take charge of the leper girls at Kalaupapa at Father Damien's call, are still at their post, laboring in his spirit of self-abnegation. They do not exploit themselves in the newspapers, their portraits are not on sale, they do not court notoriety of any kind; they care as little for the applause of the world as for its sympathy. Like Father Damien, they desire to be hidden, and it would pain them to have their spiritual grandeur trumpeted to the world. We have letters in our possession, written by Father Damien after he was stricken with the loathsome disease of which he died, in which he does not even once mention himself. Only those deserve to be associated with him and his life-work who share his self-forgetfulness. Only such are likely to follow far in his footsteps.

Senator Vest is a Presbyterian; he was educated to hate the Jesuits, and yet he is too honest to impugn the truth when he finds it out. His testimony on the subject of Catholic Indian missions is very valuable. "I say," he declared in his speech on the Indian appropriation bill, "that out of eleven tribes that I saw—and I say this as a Protestant—where they had had Protestant missionaries, they had not made a *single, solitary advancement in civilization,—not one*; and yet among the Flatheads, where there are two Jesuit missions, you find farms, you find cultivation; you find the relations of husband and wife, and of father and child scrupulously observed. I say that one ounce of experience is worth a ton of theory at any time, and this I saw and know."

Lady Butler, the painter of the "Roll-Call," will accompany her husband to Egypt, where he will take command of the troops of Alexandria. The unhappy Egyptians, racked by their own ruler and a prey to aliens, will at least have among them a soldier who is as much of a Christian as General Gordon or the Marquis of Ripon.

Did Martin Luther die from natural causes? This, says the Liverpool *Catholic Times*, is the question discussed in a volume just published by Father Majunke, who was formerly chief editor

of *The Germania*. "It appears that on the death of the so-called reformer the report got abroad that he did *not* die from natural causes. The report was subsequently confirmed by his valet, who abjured the heresy into which he had been led. This man stated that on entering his master's bedroom on the morning of the 28th of February, 1546, he found him dead and hanging from his bed. The first attempts of the Lutherans to dispute the truth of the valet's testimony date from 1635, but the arguments adduced were so weak that it was thought wiser to trust to a conspiracy of silence. Hence in the works of modern panegyrists of Luther we seek in vain for an allusion to the valet's declaration. Father Majunke now shows its *vraisemblance*, supporting his contention by arguments of the psychological order."

M. Gabriel de Belcastel died of inflammation of the lungs recently. He is one of the most religious of the French senators. He went with fifty members of the National Assembly to Paray-le-Monial in 1875, and pronounced the vow of consecration to the Sacred Heart. It was he who suggested the law that the members of the Chambers should assist at Mass in a body at the opening of the session. This law has since been repealed.

In the letters of Mary Howitt, who after many years of doubt entered the Church, occurs this passage, written eleven years before she became a Catholic:

"I did not let anybody see me, but, coming out of the chapel, I dipped my finger in the holy water and crossed myself, praying that God would show me the right faith,—a faith as sincere as governed the poor peasant hearts that have secured His mercies to them."

M. Félix Faure, aged sixty-eight, a legal historian of great reputation in France, has entered the Grande Chartreuse as a postulant.

Dom Pedro, ex-Emperor of Brazil, was among recent visitors to Lourdes, where he received Holy Communion.

"Catholics," says the *Sacred Heart Review*, "are constantly told that our people do not read what they should, and do read what they should not. There is one remedy for the first fault which is obvious and easy. If every Catholic boarding-school, convent school, college and seminary had a reading-room even fairly supplied with good and carefully selected current literature, our young people would read there the sort of magazines and papers which they are sure to wish to read, and for want of which, after schooling is done, they

will go to something weaker and worse. And they would thus acquire in youth a taste for good literature, which would be invaluable in after-life. We are not now speaking of spiritual reading and devotional or religious books, but of the general secular literature, which every schoolboy nowadays will have somehow. How much better to supply the want, guide and direct the taste, than to leave this powerful appetite without food, and denounce the Catholic who helps himself!" This is a powerful plea for the establishment of reading-rooms in our colleges, and of parochial libraries in every parish and school throughout the land.

The wearisomeness of a Puritan "Sabbath" is described in "Philista" (see "The Life around Us," by the author of the serial at present running in THE "AVE MARIA"). A writer in the *London Register* adds touches not less graphic:

"Sunday was the weariest, dreariest day of the week, when goody books and hymn-singing were the only recreations allowed. How I shudder to think of the doleful songs (called 'sacred') which alone we were allowed to sing on Sunday evenings! 'O Pilot, 'tis a fearful night!' (they were fearful nights), 'The Reaper and the Flowers,' and 'Sun of my Soul,' were set to the saddest of tunes. Certainly 'O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful, jo-oy-ful!' was a little more lively, and gave us the pleasing prospect of meeting our Sunday-school teachers up in heaven; but we were immediately plunged into gloom again by a terrible composition called 'Our Widowed Queen,'—no doubt a most loyal effusion, but when sung every Sunday evening enough to knock every bit of Constitutionalism out of you."

Mgr. Moufang, a distinguished German prelate, and since 1850 editor of *Der Katholik*, recently celebrated his golden sacerdotal jubilee. While the see of Mayence was vacant in 1871, after Bishop Ketteler's death, Mgr. Moufang bore the brunt of the Kulturkampf.

The Baltimore *Mirror* makes a strong point of the New York *Evening Post's* admission that the primary and secondary system of public education is a failure.

The French pilgrims to the holy places in Palestine will leave Marseilles on April 11, and be back in France on May 17.

Everyone has heard of the famous cat that haunts the editorial rooms of the New York *Sun*, and is supposed to make way with unavailable MS. of all kind, especially anything containing inaccuracies; for the *Sun* is one of the most care-

fully edited papers in the language. The *Irish-American* concludes that this useful animal had gone up to investigate the weather on the top of the new *World* building and got lost when the *Sun's* report of the Catholic Club dinner was handed in. In it ex-Governor John Lee Carroll of Maryland is mentioned as "the grandson of the first Bishop of the Catholic Church in America."

We are in receipt of the following additional contributions for the support of the needy missions of the Passionist Fathers in South America. The intentions of the donors are commended to the Fathers' prayers.

"G," Lowell, Mass., \$2; A Friend, 50 cts.; M. H., Erie, Pa., 50 cts.; J. D., Sandwich Islands, \$2.50; A Friend, Bellville, Ontario, \$4.; M. A. L. D., 50 cts.

Two dollars have been received from J. H., and the same from A. McE., for the priest in Japan who has devoted himself to the neglected lepers of that country.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Very Rev. William J. Madden, S. P. M., whose apostolic life was crowned with a happy death at Green Bay, Wis., on the Feast of the Purification.

Sister Mary Gonzague, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, who calmly expired on the 7th inst., at St. Mary's Academy, Salt Lake, Utah.

Miss Annie Reilly, a devout Child of Mary, who was called to the reward of her exemplary life on the 4th inst., at Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. T. Costin, who peacefully departed this life on the 4th inst., at Youngstown, Ohio.

Mrs. H. C. Graffe, of Fort Wayne, Ind., who died on the 19th ult.

Miss Jane Doran, whose happy death occurred on the 3d inst., at Fall River, Mass.

Mrs. Ellen Scanlan, of Pottsville, Pa., who breathed her last on the 12th ult.

Mrs. Harriet Scallin, who piously yielded her soul to God on the 5th ult., at Philadelphia, Pa.

John and Daniel Hart, of Ottumwa, Iowa; Mrs. S. Barrett, Andrew Carrigan, J. O'Neill, John Martin, and Mrs. A. Carrigan,—all of San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Rose McCadam, Co. Monaghan, Ireland; Miss Anna Donegan and Miss Katharine Kelly, Galena, Ill.; J. J. McGarry, De Witt, Iowa; Mrs. Sarah Kelly, Malden, Mass.; Mrs. Sarah Hollands, Pleasant Hills, Cal.; Mrs. Bridget Sheehan, Providence, R. I.; Miss Rose Hughes, Albany, N. Y.; and Mrs. Elizabeth O'Donnell, Omaha, Neb.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



The Reason Why.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

CHILD.

I HOPE you hear me, dear Angel,
There's something I want to say;
The world seems topsy-turvy,
Everything's wrong to-day.

Yesterday I was happy,—
I felt like singing a song,
Though the wind was sighing and sobbing,
And it rained the whole day long.

To-day the sun is shining,
And the sky is bluest blue,
But I feel so cross and gloomy!
I think it's strange, don't you?

ANGEL.

Yesterday you were busy,
And learned your lessons well;
You had no time for counting
The rain-drops as they fell.

To-day you have been idle,
Your tasks are all undone;
You feel no joy in the springtime,
You see no gold in the sun.

Hasten to Mary's altar,
Ask her to help you pray;
And all the gloom and sadness
Will vanish like mist away.

CHILD.

Thank you, thank you, dear Angel!
O never leave my side!
And I can not be naughty
With such a gentle guide.

THE physical courage which is blind to danger is a brute quality; but that bravery which while seeing the danger tramples down the fear, is heroism.—“*Notes for Boys.*”

THERE is a golden mean between the meek and the militant. The bravest and strongest men are generally the most peaceable.—*Id.*

A Year in Jeanie Reilly's Life.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

(CONTINUED.)

Jeanie never forgot that first ride in the *Dear Diana*. Silently they glided through the water, past ferny banks and cool green openings in the forest glades; under giant overhanging boughs that nearly met above them; through shallow places, where the boat now and then scraped bottom; amid deep waters like pools, where Jeanie could see the fishes swimming about on the pebbly surface below. For Possum Creek was nothing if not susceptible of every phase of being of which such streams are capable.

Father Eugene watched the little girl's face and appreciated her mood, much akin to his own. A less observant person or a less refined would have thought her unappreciative, but the good priest knew that her silence meant the fulness of enjoyment.

“So you like it?” he remarked at last, as Jeanie, lifting her hand from the water where she had been trailing it through the ripples, and turning to look at the priest, uttered a deep sigh.

“Oh, it is too lovely!” she said. “I feel as though I could just float on and on forever. I haven't said a word, because I never can when I really enjoy anything,” she added apologetically.

The priest smiled. “I understand your mood perfectly, my child,” he went on. “In my opinion you could pay our little stream no higher compliment than you have done already. But here we are at Leavy's landing. It will rest you to go up to the house for a few moments, while I attend to Miss Lacy's commission. I understand you have already made old Simon's acquaintance, and perhaps that of his family.”

“Oh, yes, Father!” answered the girl. “That is where we got the saddles yesterday, I believe.”

Father Eugene stepped ashore, and, holding the boat steady with one of the oars, assisted Jeanie to land.

“Come first to the spring,” he said. “I want to show you the future possibilities of

Possum Creek Spa. Some day in the near future I may organize a syndicate and establish a watering-place here."

A narrow, well-beaten path led up from the bank along the hill-side. After they had gone some distance another path branched off from this, leading through the underbrush to what appeared at first sight to be a heap of rough stones; but a nearer approach showed a clear stream of water trickling between them. On a bush close at hand hung a tin cup covered with rust.

"You see," said Father Eugene, dipping it into the spring, "this water is highly charged with iron. It rusts whatever it touches, clear and cold as it looks. Come let us drink."

The little girl took the cup from his hand. The water was delicious she thought, and said so.

"Score another for Miss Jeanie," said the priest, taking a long draught. "I knew you would like it, though Miss Lacy thinks it abominable. The people hereabout will not touch it. They are very conservative. Wouldn't it be a lovely place for a summer resort now?" he continued, as they slowly resumed their walk.

"Indeed it would," answered Jeanie; "but I fancy most city people would find it rather lonely."

"No doubt they would," said the priest; "and for my part, seriously speaking, I should not welcome the invasion of these peaceful haunts by the fashionable hordes."

They were now in sight of the farm-house. Beautiful fields of wheat, oats and corn stretched away to the south, with a good-sized vegetable garden in the rear; but no trace of flowers could Jeanie see. A man was weeding the garden.

"Hello, Simon!" said the priest. "Is Mrs. Leavy at home?"

"Good-morning, Father! Good-morning, Miss!" returned the man. "Yes, sir, she's at home. Come in, come in!"

"Miss Lacy gave me a message for her, but I have only a moment to stop," said the priest, walking toward the house.

A middle-aged woman appeared at the door, and to her Father Eugene stated his errand. She brought them a drink of cold milk from the spring house, and, after receiv-

ing her promise to save Miss Lacy a large share of her choicest blackberries that year, they set their faces homeward. Simon accompanied them to the boat.

"Will you be going to Flintville to-morrow, Simon?" asked the priest.

"No, your Reverence,—not before Saturday," was the reply.

"Be sure you bring Miss Jeanie a good supply of letters when you do go. Mr. Leavy is our letter-carrier, Miss Jeanie," said Father Eugene. "We generally receive the mail twice a week,—that is, if the stage doesn't break down, which is quite a common occurrence. Simon carries the mail for all this neighborhood, and you can't imagine how—"

"On my back, Miss," interposed the old man, good-naturedly; "in a stout sack. And I foot it every step of the way,—four miles goin' and the same comin'."

"That must be hard, Mr. Leavy," replied Jeanie. "And I know you have horses."

"Yes, Miss, two of 'em. But I have a fancy for goin' that way, winter an' summer. I'm a younger man than my son Simon beyant at the corners; an' he's sixty years. I'm eighty myself. You would hardly think it now, would you?"

The old man straightened himself at this speech, and looked quizzically at the little girl, evidently enjoying her surprise.

"You have a son sixty years old?" she said. "Why, you scarcely look that yourself; and your wife does not seem to be over fifty."

"An' she's not, Miss. You're a bright little lady, an' no mistake. Fifty's her age. She's my third wife, by the same token. But they were all good as gold,—all of 'em. She's the mother of the young boys—Peter and Kevin and Dan'l and Martin and Devarious. I have fifteen livin' children, Miss, not countin' the three that's dead. An', thanks be to Almighty God, I'm as strong to-day if not stronger than any of 'em."

"He speaks the truth," observed Father Eugene, as they stepped into the boat. But Jeanie, looking at the dust-colored hair with scarcely a thread of grey, and the healthy florid complexion of the good old man, could hardly realize it.

The boat was against stream now, and Father Eugene seemed quite exhausted when

they reached the landing. Jeanie saw that he was not very strong. But this, Miss Lacy told her privately afterward, he would never acknowledge, often overdoing himself, and always alert and ready to go wherever duty called him.

After dinner Father Eugene recommended a nap for Jeanie, but she had not been accustomed to sleeping in the daytime, and said she would write a letter to her parents, lest they should feel uneasy about her.

"Very well, then. I will have my smoke," answered the priest. "And after an early tea we might have a stroll in the neighboring woods. The church is always open and the Blessed Sacrament present, whenever you wish to make a visit."

"How lovely," said Jeanie, "to be almost under the roof with our Blessed Lord! And I have not been to visit Him yet. I really feel ashamed of myself. May I go now for a little while, Father?"

"Certainly," replied the priest. "I will go with you."

He led the way through the garden, and opened the little wicket gate between. Behind the sacristy, in a sort of penthouse, hung the sweet-voiced bell that Miss Lacy considered it her happy privilege to ring three times a day for the Angelus. Far and wide, through the still woods and up the hill-sides, echoed the grateful sound. Many a time during her sojourn at St. Mary's did the pleasant monitor remind Jeanie that her walk or ride had been unusually prolonged; and to this day, though a decade of years have passed since she first heard its musical tones, she often fancies she can hear its welcome voice once more in the twilight stillness.

The church proved to be a very simple affair, as befitted the character of the place and the poverty of the people; for it was all they could do to make a living out of the stony hills that too often yielded a reluctant return to their labors. The walls were white-washed, the pews painted a dull grey; a gallery ran along three sides; the choir, at the end facing the altar, contained a diminutive organ, which, Father Eugene told Jeanie, Jem Oldworthy played by ear. The sanctuary was covered with a neat red and grey carpet; on the altar, of plain white wood, was a fine altar-

cloth trimmed with delicate lace, and everything looked exquisitely neat. The undying lamp burned before the tabernacle, and as Jeanie knelt on the step outside the altar rail she felt as though she could pray very fervently in this quiet spot. After spending some time before the Blessed Sacrament, the little girl arose and walked leisurely through the church.

"Do you like it?" asked the priest as they passed into the porch.

"Yes, Father," she said. "It is so sweet and clean and pure! One could not help wishing to be good kneeling before that dear little altar."

"It is very dear to me, I know," said the priest. "I often fancy we Catholics scarcely appreciate our treasures. But, as I whispered in the organ-loft—as Jem poetically and somewhat facetiously calls it, for there is a great deal of latent humor in the boy,—we have a choir. Do you know anything of music, child?"

"Yes, Father," Jeanie answered. "I play the piano tolerably well, but know very little about the organ."

"And do you sing?"

"Yes, Father."

"Well, I will give that famous choir into your hands while you are here, and I want you to see if you can do anything with it. Let me tell you at the start that I know nothing of music, but even my dull and accustomed ears cry out at the strains evoked from the throats and lungs of that company of singers who discourse sweet sounds under the roof-tree of St. Mary's. Jem does not do badly; he sings tenor, and I imagine his voice is well enough. We have a basso, Hiram Punk, who has what would be a fine voice if cultivated; and there are several sopranos and contraltos in the chorus, who are too modest to let their deficiencies run away with them. But, as is the case in all musical centres and societies, we have two rival sopranos, and that means constant war. Katie Punk, the sister of Hiram, shrieks, sings through her nose, sings false, and her voice is so loud and shrill that it quite drowns the others. But she will insist on singing all the solos, though Maggie McMurty has a sweet voice, and does them much more justice. Allie Regan, poor girl,

sings very sweetly, I think; and so does Jem. But he dares not contradict Katie Punk, and the result is that the choir is in mortal terror of the girl. Now, Miss Jeanie, if you would be so kind as to take them in hand—suggest, as it were, that they learn something new, and then introduce a few pretty hymns that would be suited to the other voices and utterly below the calibre of Miss Punk's,—why I think a reform might soon be effected. What do you say?"

"I shall be glad to teach them any new hymns you wish them to learn," said Jeanie. "But don't you think they may be displeased if a little girl like I am undertakes to reorganize the choir?"

"Not if you go about it the right way. Of course you must recognize Miss Punk's goodwill. It would never do to antagonize her at the start. But if you begin by being rather severe with Jem, to whom I shall give the word, our *prima-donna* will not be so difficult to manage. You see, I do not wish to crush her altogether; for she is a very good girl, and her father and mother are excellent people,—the only Germans, by the way, in my parish. I merely wish to give the others a chance, and to spare my own poor ears a modicum of misery Sunday after Sunday."

"Do you have High Mass sometimes?" asked Jeanie. "I know a Mass that is very simple and pretty, and I could send for the music, if you wish."

"They have never attempted it, though Jem has often wanted to try. You might begin while you are here, if you do not think it too much trouble. You came here to play, remember, not to work."

"Do they sing by note or by ear?" asked the little girl.

"By ear altogether."

"That would make it more difficult for the Mass. But there is a great deal of melody in it, and I think they might learn it after a while. Do they practise?"

"Oh, yes: once a week, on Tuesday evenings. And they are really very good children, for they all have to come several miles,—they are really very good. We have Vespers and Benediction every Sunday after Mass; and if you can only arrange, after a while, to have some one else sing the *Salve Regina*

instead of Katie Punk occasionally, you will not have lived in vain."

But when Father Eugene in great glee told Miss Lacy, whom they met at the door of the sacristy, of the plan, that good lady shook her head, compressed her lips, and, solemnly pointing her forefinger at the priest, said emphatically: "Father, you will never get Katie Punk to give up a single solo of her free will,—no, never!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Abbe's Kindness.

The good Abbé Terrasson was a very learned man, but, like many another scholar, he was exceedingly careless in regard to his attire, and used to appear in the streets dressed in a most extraordinary fashion. When the children ran after him, shouting and making all sorts of fun of his queer garments, he never seemed to mind it in the least, but went his way with a polite bow. One of his friends remonstrated with him. "You should reprimand those little rascals," the person said, "and have them arrested if need be."—"Oh, my good friend," answered the Abbé, "you are getting excited unnecessarily. I know well enough that I present a strange appearance to these poor children, for I have no time to think of my clothes; but to amuse them in this way is all the pleasure I can give them, and they have little enough pleasure in this hard world."

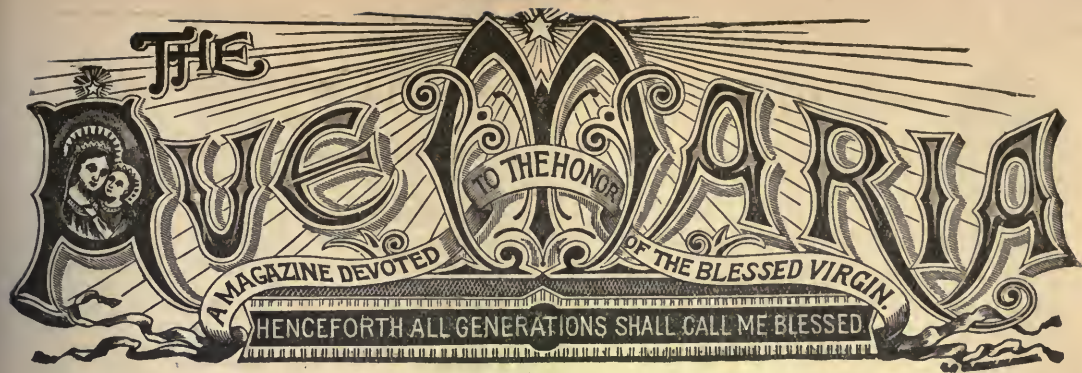
A Modest Hero.

The great General Turenne was the most modest of men. An impertinent young fellow once asked him how he came to lose certain battles. "Entirely by my own fault," was the simple answer, which had the effect of silencing as well as amazing his questioner.

The same Turenne, after gaining his celebrated victory at Dunes, was writing to his sister, fearing that she was alarmed concerning him. His note was in these modest words: "The enemy met us and were beaten. God be praised for it! I am rather tired, so wish you good-night, as I am going to bed."



BLESSED JEAN-GABRIEL PERBOYRE.
(Beatified Nov. 10, 1889.)



VOL. XXX.

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No. 9.

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March Memories.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

I.

WHEN farther and farther away to the north
The winter recedes as the March waxes older,
And from their long, silent sleep the flowers come
forth

To gladden the glade and delight the beholder;
When robins return, and from branch and from
boulder

Call loudly and long to the leaf and the lea,
And to light the frond of the fern almost raises,
Our shrines and our temples re-echo the praises
Of him who was spouse, spotless Virgin, to thee.

II.

And sweetly and softly as circles the chant,
What memories fond and what dear dreams
awaken

Of Bethlehem's birth, and that long weary jaunt
To Egypt, with faith and with courage un-
shaken,

For the sake of thy Son and thyself undertaken!
Of the days when he toiled in obscure Nazareth,
The Christ-Child anear him his labor to lighten,
Thy sweet smiles, Madonna, his sorrows to
brighten,

And both of you near in the dark hour of death!

THE Blessed Virgin was exempted from original sin, and prepared to be the sanctuary of God in the Incarnation; and surely the least grace proportionate to the Divine Maternity is that she should be without sin.—
Cardinal Manning.

A Martyr of Our Own Day.

I.—HIS YOUTH AND EARLY MANHOOD.

THE martyr that the Sovereign Pontiff has lately proclaimed Blessed belongs to our own times. It is ever a subject of joy to the children of the Church to witness, in the midst of the folly, the worldliness and the wickedness of the age, the flower of sanctity, so varied in its hues, blooming around them, and to feel its fragrance embalming their lives with the perfume of edification.

Jean-Gabriel Perboyre was born on the Feast of the Epiphany, 1802, at Puech, a small hamlet belonging to the parish of Montgesty, in the Diocese of Cahors, France. His father's name was Pierre, and his mother's Marie; they were both imbued with the deepest piety, as is generally the case with the parents of saints. Their faith never faltered, even during the troubled times of the first Revolution, and they brought up their family of eight children in their own strictly Christian principles. Three of the sons became Lazarists. The eldest is the subject of this sketch; the second, Louis, died on his way to China as a missionary; the third is still living, and resides at the Mother House of the Lazarists in Paris. Of the four daughters, one died at an early age, as she was on the point of entering the Congregation of the Sisters of Charity; two of her sisters belong to the same institute, and were happy enough to be present, in company with their vener-

able Lazarist brother, at the beatification of Jean-Gabriel.

Pierre Perboyre owned a small farm, with the produce of which he was able to support his large family. From childhood his little son Jean-Gabriel showed a remarkably gentle disposition, and was observed to practise all the virtues compatible with his tender age. When only six years old he was entrusted by his father with the care of a small flock of sheep, and the child's fidelity in discharging his simple duties, and his patience, which was never ruffled, were matters of wonder to the villagers.

At the age of eight Jean-Gabriel was sent to school. He displayed a more than ordinary intelligence and desire for learning. When the time of his First Communion drew near, the parish priest of Montgesty was as much surprised as delighted to find such solid instruction combined with such ardent piety. Although allowed to approach the Holy Table earlier than his companions, none thought of being jealous of the exception in favor of "the little saint," as he was called. From that time forth the boy's whole heart seemed to belong to Our Lord in the tabernacle. During the week he worked in the field with his father, but when Sunday came he spent almost the whole day in church. His only recreation was reading the Lives of the Saints, and especially the Life of St. Vincent de Paul, whose follower he was destined to become. Up to the age of fifteen, however, Jean-Gabriel seems to have had no thought of consecrating himself to the service of God in the priesthood; if he aspired to the sacerdotal state, the sense of his ignorance and unworthiness was enough to destroy the hope.

About that time a circumstance occurred which revealed to him his holy vocation, and Divine Providence smoothed away every obstacle in his path. His young brother Louis was preparing to enter the Petit Séminaire of Montauban, of which his uncle was superior, in order to continue his studies and learn the will of God in regard to his vocation. The boy was very delicate and timid, so Jean-Gabriel asked to accompany him, that he might not at first feel so lonely among strangers. The two brothers set out amidst tears and blessings; for although Jean-Gabriel was to be

absent only for a few weeks, he was so beloved by his parents and other brothers and sisters that they could not bear even a temporary separation.

Louis began at once the study of Latin; the professors offered at the same time to give lessons in grammar, arithmetic, and geometry, to Jean-Gabriel. The young lad eagerly accepted the proposal, and the masters, seeing his rare aptitude for learning and his extraordinary piety, at once decided that he had a sacerdotal vocation, and begged of the superior to keep him as well as his brother. The Abbé Jacques Perboyre hesitated; he feared that his brother Pierre would not be willing to give both sons to the Church. "We must," he said, "leave some one at home to cultivate the vineyards." When, at the end of a month, Pierre Perboyre came for his elder son, all the professors united in urging him to let Jean-Gabriel remain at the Petit Séminaire. The prudent and virtuous parent, before giving his consent, desired to question the boy on his tastes and inclinations; the latter wisely begged for some days to reflect and pray, and on the 16th of June, 1817, he wrote the following lines to his father:

"MY DEAR FATHER:—After your departure that evening I reflected seriously on the offer you made me to begin Latin. I consulted God upon the state of life I ought to choose in order to reach heaven more surely, and after much prayer I understood that He desired me to embrace the priesthood, and consequently I have begun my Latin studies. I know you will miss the slight help I have been able heretofore to give you, and my only regret is that I can not lighten your hard work; but if our Blessed Lord deigns to call me, I must needs follow His voice, and can not choose another road to arrive at a happy eternity."

This letter put an end to any hesitation Pierre Perboyre might have had. He determined to raise no obstacle in the way of his son's vocation, but, on the contrary, to make every sacrifice to promote it.

Jean Gabriel, feeling sure that he was doing God's will, applied himself with great earnestness to his studies; and so astonishing was his progress that in three years he had gone through all the courses, always keeping at

the head of his class. His success did not excite vanity: he sincerely believed he ought to be the last of all, and no one felt tempted to be jealous of so humble a competitor. His attainments were such that even before he had entirely completed his course of studies he was chosen to fill the chair of philosophy. He so won the respect and affection of his numerous pupils that thirty years later they still remembered and spoke of him with deep emotion.

About this time a mission was preached at Montauban, and he was heard to exclaim on one occasion: "I, too, will be a missionary!" No importance was attached to these words, frequent enough in youth under the impulse of some earnest religious feeling. However, this proved to be no passing fancy with Jean-Gabriel, and he felt drawn to enter the Congregation of the Mission. In order to obtain light, he began a novena to St. Francis Xavier, the great Apostle of the Indies; and at the end of it he mentioned his intention to his uncle, the Abbé Jacques Perboyre. At first this venerable priest seemed to disregard his nephew's inclination for the religious life, but after a time he recognized such unmistakable signs of a true call from Heaven that he hesitated no longer in asking the superiors to admit the fervent youth into the Congregation of the Mission.

The Seminary of the Lazarists in Paris was, like similar institutions, broken up by the first Revolution, and had not yet been re-established; therefore it was at the Petit Séminaire of Montauban, directed by priests of the Mission, that Jean-Gabriel made his novitiate, in company with another novice. He carried on simultaneously his duties of professor of philosophy and the absorbing work of his religious formation. The grace of God acted so visibly in his soul that, in spite of such unfavorable circumstances, he can be proposed as a model to novices in general. His companion in the novitiate, a close and keen observer, bears witness to Jean-Gabriel's virtue in the following words: "During the time I lived in intimate contact with young Perboyre he was a subject of constant surprise and admiration to me; and, although I made it a point to watch him closely, I could never detect any fault in him."

From this it may be imagined with what holy joy Jean-Gabriel pronounced his religious vows on December 28, 1820. Immediately after he was called to the Mother-House in Paris to pursue his theological studies. His uncle, aware of his tender attachment to his family, proposed to him to visit home before his departure for the Capital. The young religious replied, gravely: "St. Vincent de Paul went only once to visit his family, and he was sorry for it; so, if you will allow me, I will offer this sacrifice to God." His father and mother, who had not seen him for several years, could not let him pass so near without coming to take leave of him. They met him at Cahors, and as they were trying to induce him to accompany them to Puech, and pointed in the direction of the village, Jean-Gabriel replied: "Ah! it is not the road to heaven for me. We must make sacrifices to reach that blessed abode." And he bravely tore himself from their embraces.

In 1823, at the age of twenty-one, his course of theology being completed, Jean-Gabriel was ordained subdeacon. He was then sent to the College of Montdidier, where he remained two years; but, instead of teaching philosophy as at Montauban, he was placed over a class of young children (a frequent trial of humility with religious). However, at the end of the year he was again named professor of philosophy, and delighted his pupils by his lucid manner of imparting knowledge; he soon gained a great ascendancy over them, and often took them with him to visit the poor and prisoners. By this means he cultivated a beautiful spirit of practical charity in these ardent young souls.

When he was twenty-three he returned to Paris to receive ordination. This prospect filled him with joy, and at the same time with a holy fear; for he realized the awful responsibility he was about to undertake. No doubt these humble dispositions prepared his soul still better for the grace of the priesthood, which was conferred upon him in the chapel of the Mother-House of the Sisters of Charity, on the 23d of September, 1825. After this solemn act he appeared more angelic and more detached from earthly interests than ever. All his thoughts and efforts were centred on the imitation of his Divine Master; and those who

assisted at his celebration of the Holy Sacrifice used to exclaim, like the contemporaries of St. Vincent de Paul: "Here is a priest that says Mass like a seraph!"

He struck the Superior-General as being already a finished model of a priest; he judged him ripe for the difficult task of forming young levites for the ministry, and at once named him director and professor of dogmatic theology at the Grand Séminaire of St. Flour. In listening to his brilliant lectures the students forgot the dryness of the lesson, and so entirely did their young teacher win their confidence that a great number of them chose him for their spiritual director. Under his guidance not only did they make great progress in all the branches of knowledge, but they advanced rapidly in the more arduous science of the saints.

However, the seminarists of St. Flour were not long to enjoy their favorite director. At the close of a year he was placed at the head of a college, in the same place, which was threatened with suppression. Everything was in disorder, and the day of prosperity seemed to have gone by forever. He accepted this new post with his usual docility, and set resolutely to make the necessary reforms. The house rapidly grew prosperous, and God visibly blessed the efforts of His servant. When at the end of five years he was summoned back to Paris, his departure was considered a public calamity.

In the year 1832 Father Louis Perboyre died while on his way to China to engage in missionary labors. His brother was deeply affected by the death of one he loved so dearly; but he rejoiced at the saintly end of the young Lazarist, and was induced on this occasion to visit his parents in order to console them. So well did he succeed that they thanked God together for the inestimable blessings conferred upon their happy child Louis, who returned to his Creator with his baptismal innocence unsullied.

After returning to Paris Father Perboyre was appointed to an important post in the community—that of assistant master of novices. Again he edified all by his eminent virtues. One of his former novices, the Abbé Joseph Girard, who died at Algiers in 1879, in a few words sums up the character of his

revered master. The Abbé Girard, himself a missionary, was renowned for sanctity; his testimony is like that of a saint praising another saint:

"Many years of my life I had been longing to see a living saint; this ardent wish took possession of me while reading the Lives of the Saints. I fancied their historians were often their panegyrists, and concealed their defects so as to make them appear exempt from weakness or imperfection. I had already met many men worthy of high esteem, but each was deficient in some virtue or other, and therefore could not resemble the saints canonized by the Church. At last, in 1834, I made the acquaintance of the Abbé Perboyre, and from the outset I was struck by him. I set myself to study him, and was soon able to thank God for having granted me the happiness of seeing a true saint. . . . He was a man imbued with the spirit of God. He never drew attention to himself; he was retiring by nature as well as from the sincere conviction of his own nothingness. . . . His patience was inexhaustible; he loved silence; he spoke frequently of God and never of himself. What was very remarkable about the Abbé Perboyre was that he seemed to have no human weakness; he passed through several religious houses, lived among men of different tastes and temperaments, yet questioned all those that knew him and they will unanimously bear witness that he was free from defects."

Another of the novices, at present superior of a mission, was serving the Abbé Perboyre's Mass, when at the time of the Consecration he saw him raised in the air and ravished in ecstasy. At the end of the Holy Sacrifice the servant of God, alarmed lest the acolyte should relate the fact and win him a reputation for sanctity, exacted from him a promise to keep secret what he had witnessed. At the death of his saintly master, the former novice revealed the incident for the glory of God and to attest the extraordinary sanctity of Father Perboyre.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HE prays in all places and at all times whose daily actions are a continual oblation to God.

Our Lady of the Golden Fountain.

A LEGEND OF THE ORIENT.

THE torrid sun of an Oriental summer glared pitilessly from a sky whose dead whiteness was unrelieved by even the tiniest cloud. Not the faintest breath of a breeze moderated the oppressive sultriness of the atmosphere. Withering plants drooped languidly on the arid soil, whose surface, under the burning rays which it reflected, had assumed a sickly, yellowish hue, like that of a desert.

The open country in the vicinity of Constantinople was deserted. Flocks had been led back to the folds. Other quadrupeds slept in their deepest caverns. The birds, hidden in the foliage, had ceased their songs; the very insects sought, in the crevices of rocks or under the leaves of herbs, a partial shelter from the sweltering heat.

Truly an unpropitious day for travellers, especially those on foot. Yet along the dusty high-road, about ten miles from Constantinople, a blind beggar and his only guide, an emaciated dog, painfully plodded their weary way. The blind man, whose bowed form and hoary locks told a tale of life's meridian long since passed, carried in his hand a wild olive staff, on which he lent heavily as if very tired. His naked feet, dragged along with difficulty, raised around him a continuous cloud of dust, which powdered his long beard, his eyebrows, and his ragged garments.

His miserable guide, overcome with fatigue and the heat, lay down at every dozen steps; and the old man was forced to goad him with his staff. Finally, even the goading became ineffectual: the poor brute sank down exhausted, and could not be prevailed upon to stir. The traveller himself could only totter along feebly, and with difficulty prevented himself from succumbing to his overpowering weariness. And, unfortunately, along that rocky route there was to be found no tree beneath which he might repose, screened from the rays of the sun, and await the comparative coolness of the night. To crown his misfortunes, while alternately entreating and

menacing his worn-out guide, he stumbled over a stone and fell prostrate.

Fatigued, bruised, and scarcely conscious, he lay for some time unable to rise. Partially reviving, he groped anxiously about on his hands and knees, feeling for his staff which he had dropped when falling, and which had rolled a few feet away. Successful in this search, he prepared to rise, when he was dismayed to discover that the cord by which the dog had been attached to his girdle was broken. In vain did he call the animal by name in his softest and most enticing tones: the dog, if he heard, made no sign and could not be found.

Without a guide, helpless in the intensified solitude of blindness, the old man for a moment abandoned himself to despair. He durst neither advance nor recede; for the route, as he had been warned some hours previous, was bordered on either side by treacherous quagmires and quicksands, and a false step might cost him his life. He remained where he had fallen for more than an hour, hoping that some charitable traveller might pass that way, or that his dog might return.

Weary at length of waiting, the unfortunate beggar arose, and, testing with his staff the ground before him, slowly and fearfully advanced. As might be expected, he soon strayed from the highway and wandered at random among the dangerous quagmires. All at once he felt the earth failing him, and he sank up to his knees, staggering like a drunken man. A few steps farther on, and he would have plunged over a precipice. Recovering himself a little, the traveller sat down, or rather threw himself on the ground, with the heart-rending cry:

"Holy Virgin! I have never seen your image, but I have always had confidence in your protection. On the faith of your promises I undertook this journey; do not let me perish here without succor."

To the mental tortures of anxiety and despair was soon added the agony of a devouring thirst. The air which he inhaled was like the blast of a furnace; his throat was parched, his tongue clave to his palate, and his lips were dry and cracking.

But hark! what was that? With the acuteness of hearing common to those who are

blind from birth—a delicacy of one sense that partially compensates for the absence of another,—the old man heard, or believed he heard, footsteps, distant as yet, but approaching. A thrill of hope ran through him as he raised his head, and for some moments listened intently. The sound was not repeated, and he fell back, moaning. But hope is not easily killed; he pressed his ear close to the earth and listened again. Yes, this time there could be no mistake: a firm tread and what appeared to be the rattling of arms, were distinctly audible. Raising himself on his hands and knees and making a supreme effort, he cried out:

"Oh, you whom the Lord has led along this route, whoever you may be, deign to look with pity on a poor unfortunate wretch about to die!"

The only response to his cry was its echo, which, reverberating hoarsely, terrified him by disclosing the depth of the gulf at his feet. Yet the old man had not been deceived as to the approach of a traveller. Neither the length of the journey nor the overwhelming heat of the day had deterred Leo, a private soldier of the Grecian army, from carrying the dispatches of his commander to Constantinople. He was on foot, and, although robust and inured to the hardships of war, he was somewhat bent beneath the weight of his arms, and walked slowly along. He had taken off a portion of his clothing, and now carried it on his pike above his head. It served as a screen to protect him from the fierce rays of the sun.

As he drew nearer the blind man, the latter redoubled his entreaties.

"In the name of Jesus our Saviour," he cried, "in the name of the Virgin His Mother, if you are a Christian, save blind Simeon! Leave me not here to die."

Gathering all his strength, as he spoke he struggled to his feet and ran toward the soldier.

"Stop, stop, old man," cried Leo, quickly, "or you will fall into the pit! Do not take another step!"

The soldier, who had been reared in the camp, was a brave man and one much respected by his companions in arms. Like all who are truly valiant, he was generous and

compassionate. Touched by the sight of the aged beggar's misery, he went up to him.

"Give me your hand, father," said he, "and I will lead you to the high-road."

"God reward you, benevolent man! But, alas! I am so fatigued that I can scarcely drag myself along."

"Lean on me. I am young and will support you."

"May Heaven grant you its choicest blessings, my son! Without your aid I should surely perish. But I shall sadly hinder your progress."

"It matters not. Whither do you wish me to conduct you?"

"I am going to Constantinople. The Virgin has told me in a dream [but it was not a dream] that I shall *see* the crowning of the new Emperor."

"What! Is the Emperor Marcian dead?"

"I know not, but I shall be freed from my blindness to see his successor. Doubtless that successor will be named before many months, for I am very old."

"How did you hope to accomplish the journey, since you are blind? We are still far from the city."

"I had a guide," replied Simeon,— "a faithful dog who had conducted me for five years. He abandoned me, the ingrate!"

While speaking thus they had reached the highway, the soldier still holding the old man's arm and sustaining him, as the unfortunate beggar had barely sufficient strength left to enable him to stand. They proceeded a rod or two in this manner when Simeon, no longer able to fight against exhaustion, forced his companion to stop.

"I am thirsty," he murmured,— "oh, how thirsty!"

"Courage a little longer, father. There is a clump of trees down yonder. We will sit down in the shade, and may perhaps find a spring."

"I shall never be able to reach it," sighed his companion.

He made another effort, however, and, half carried by Leo, advanced a few paces; but he was so thoroughly fatigued, so completely worn out, that his knees bent and he dropped, a dead-weight, into the soldier's arms. Leo laid him gently on the ground, and, as it was

useless to think of carrying him on his shoulders, endeavored to reanimate him by the assurance that it required only a slight effort more to reach the trees. The old man remained extended at full length on the ground, and for answer only murmured, in the most pitiful of tones: "I'm *dying* of thirst!"

Leo planted his different arms in the earth, and with the aid of some of his clothes formed a kind of tent above the head of the blind man; then, confiding him to the care of Providence, he set out to ascend a neighboring hill, or small mountain, whose summit was crowned by an old and sombre forest. The ascent was steep and difficult. Any one but a hunter or a soldier would have hesitated to scale some of the overhanging rocks that frowned darkly on the deep, uneven beds of dried-up torrents. After much exertion, and many risks of being precipitated into yawning abysses, the young man succeeded in reaching the outskirts of the forest, and entered its gloomy portals.

The outspread branches of the trees formed a sort of vault, under which the atmosphere was dense and sultry. The shade was deep and unrefreshing, so much so that Leo feared to smother there. But where would he find the water he sought? Without giving a thought to the danger of losing his way among the tangled paths, he plunged blindly forward into the dense thickets, but found only arid rocks and traces of evaporated pools. Yet time was speeding, and Simeon had been left in a sore strait.

"Alas!" mused the soldier, "of what avail is my labor and my seeking? Before I have found a drop of water the poor old man will have expired."

At this thought he was tempted to give way to discouragement and retrace his steps. Then came the idea of addressing himself to the Consoler of the Afflicted, for whom he had ever cherished a tender affection.

"O Queen of Heaven!" said he, raising his eyes, "this unfortunate man has exposed himself to these dangers because he trusted in thee; permit not his faith to prove deceptive."

Hardly had he formulated this prayer in the depths of his heart, when he heard himself called loudly by name. Astounded, he

stopped, looked about him, but saw nobody. He believed himself the victim of an hallucination, and continued his way.

"Leo!" continued the same clear voice, "why are you so troubled, and what seek you in this forest, while just before you there is a pond full of water?"

Leo bounded forward with redoubled speed, pushing aside the branches and brushwood that barred his progress. The humidity of the earth soon announced, in very truth, the vicinity of a lake or pond. A hedge of thorns obstructed his approach, but he finally succeeded in reaching the water. Forgetful of his own thirst, he abstained from drinking, and remembered only the miserable man whom he had left on the high-road.

"Will I not arrive too late?" said he to himself. "Before I can reach the spot where I left him will he not be dead?"

"Fear not!" said the voice, answering his thoughts. "She whom the blind man invoked will not abandon him in his suffering. But do thou hasten. And because thy soul is compassionate and thy heart open to the appeal of the unfortunate, and because thou hast confidence in my intercession, and hast honored me with a persevering devotion, I have obtained for thee the highest earthly dignity man can seek. Thou wilt be proclaimed Emperor, and thou shalt sit on the throne where sat Constantine, my servant; and thou shalt reign with glory during seventeen years. And thou wilt build in this very place a church dedicated to me; and I will be pleased to hear myself invoked therein; and I shall draw thither multitudes of the faithful by the countless prodigies and miracles that shall here be worked in my name. And this is the sign by which thou mayst know that I am truly the Mother of God, and that I have chosen thee to propagate my glory. Fill thy helmet with water from this pond, and take a handful of mud. Thou shalt give the water to the old man to drink, and he shall regain his strength; and with the mud thou shalt anoint his eyes, and he shall see. And now go quickly to him, for he touches at the portals of death."

Leo obeyed; he hastened down the hillside, holding in one hand his helmet full of water, in the other as much mud as it could

grasp. He found a pathway which he had not seen in ascending, or which, perhaps, had been prepared for him by her who had just spoken to him, and his descent was easy and rapid. As soon as he could perceive the beggar he cried out:

"Be of good courage! I bring you life and sight."

But the blind man remained silent and motionless, as if already dead. Leo hurried up to him, knelt by his side, raised his head, and moistened his lips with the water.

The old man, gradually brought back to life by the freshness of the draught, sat up and returned thanks to his deliverer.

"Let us now proceed," said he. "I have great hopes; the Virgin protects me. Let us go on; I wish to see the new Emperor."

"Yes," answered Leo; "and sight will be given you."

Then he rubbed Simeon's eyes with the mud he had brought, and washed them with the water left in his helmet. And Simeon's eyes were opened, and, mistaking his companion for an angel, he wished to prostrate himself before him; but the young soldier prevented him, and together they returned thanks to the Mother of God. Continuing their journey, they proceeded to Constantinople, where Simeon did not fail to publish the miracle wrought in his favor.

Some time afterward, as one of the results of a revolution, the soldier Leo was raised to the imperial throne. In accordance with the prediction of the Blessed Virgin, he reigned seventeen years, his domination proving one of the most glorious in the history of the Lower Empire. He erected on the spot where the Blessed Virgin had spoken to him a magnificent church, which bore the name of Our Lady of the Golden Fountain, and which became renowned among the faithful of the surrounding countries for the numberless cures and prodigies operated within its hallowed precincts. This sacred edifice, unfortunately, was razed under the ruthless iconoclasm of the Mussulmans.

LAWs only regulate certain actions, religion embraces all; laws have relations to the citizen, while religion takes possession of the man.—*Napoleon.*

Never Out of Call.

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

} THOUGHT that I might walk alone,
And so let go my Father's hand;
Brightly the sun above me shone,
And verdure covered all the land.

The flowers blossomed at my feet,
The morn was fragrant with their breath;
I thought that just to live was sweet,
Nor dreamed of sorrow, pain or death.

Yet as with careless feet I sped,
Heedless of time's unfailing flight,
Thick clouds were gathering overhead,
And lo! the noon became as night.

With blinding flash and deafening roll,
And rattling hail and drenching rain,
A dreadful storm burst o'er my soul;
I looked for shelter, but in vain.

The flowers had withered in my grasp,
Silent the birds that sang at morn;
In all the world there scarce could be
A spot more barren, more forlorn.

Then I bethought me of the time
When, safely at my Father's side,
His hand I held, and knew no fear,
Though joy or sorrow might betide.

And in my need I cried to Him
Who holds the world at His command;
But ere my lips had framed the words
I felt the pressure of His hand.

In His strong arms He lifted me,
And held me closely to His breast;
O it were worth a life of pain
To find at last such perfect rest!

He wrapped me in His garment's fold,
Whispered of pardon and of peace;
While in His ear my griefs I told,
And all my sorrows found release.

"Where wert Thou, Lord, when Thy poor child
Was tempted from Thy side to stray?"
My Father looked on me and smiled:
"Child, I was with thee all the day."

All day, though oft by us forgot,
The Father watches over all;
Thro' storm and sunshine—sweetest thought!—
His ear is open to our call.

The Disappearance of John Longworthy.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XVI.—MILES TALKS POLITICS.

MILES did not appear at dinner, which was served as soon as Mary and Esther had taken a run upstairs to see that their collars were all right, and downstairs to make sure that their handmaiden had not been remiss. Arthur found the dinner very pleasant. The turkey was not like other turkeys, and the mince-pie, made without brandy by Mary's careful hands, seemed something rare and strange. Esther forgot her preoccupation, and chattered with great volubility until Miles came in, with the oranges and nuts.

Fitzgerald felt a cold chill run down his back as Miles declined to eat anything, but expressed his intention of having a cigar and a cup of coffee with him. He had been out all night with some political friends, he said; and the bloodshot condition of his eyes showed the effects of this outing, while his hand trembled excessively. Still, he was in good-humor. He had made up his mind that there would be no use in quarrelling with Fitzgerald. The mystery of John Longworthy's disappearance was by no means cleared up in his eyes, and yet he felt unable to see any clue to it. He determined to cling to Fitzgerald for a while with the tenacity of a bull-dog.

Fitzgerald sipped his coffee in silence after the ladies had gone,—Esther gladly taking the excuse to get away. Miles began to talk politics. He took high moral ground: things in New York State needed to be changed; what the State needed was a man who would resist all attempts at corruption, who would stick to his principles, and appoint honest men to the offices.

Fitzgerald, who thought he had heard this before, replied: "Of course."

Miles went on to say that if he were in the Assembly he would protect the interests of the people, but not go in for servile economy.

"The people don't want economy," he said, emphatically: "they want square dealing; they want to see the men that do good polit-

ical work well rewarded. They are Americans, sir; not pettifogging, parsimonious creatures, weighing every cent. It is not money they care for, but principles. If legislators stick to principles, the people don't care about money. But when a politician deserts his principles, then people begin to be suspicious. If I had the surplus, my dear boy, I'd use it in a way that would make every voter my personal friend, and have something left. Principles would fill the public eye to such an extent that filthy lucre would be lost sight of."

"What principles?" asked Fitzgerald, still more languidly, as he wished that some power would oblige his companion to release him.

"Party principles. The moment a man ceases to be true to his own party he makes himself disliked; the moment that he forgets that his first duty is to the solidarity of that party, that moment the people distrust him and ask for his accounts. And when a public man has to answer questions of a financial nature, mark his downward course. Because why? Because, Fitzgerald, they are the hardest to answer. I hope when my turn comes to serve my country in the legislative halls I may so conduct myself that no doubt can be cast on the integrity of my principles."

"Nor of your practices," observed Fitzgerald, with a touch of sarcasm.

"I shall never go back on a friend," said Miles, trying to fix Fitzgerald with an eagle eye; "and I hope you feel the same. Come now, for old friendship's sake, tell me what you know about John Longworthy."

The question had come; it could not be evaded. To refuse to answer it would be to make an enemy of Miles, and to do away with all chance of meeting Mary; for he did not doubt that Miles could find some way of misrepresenting him. How could such a lovely girl be the sister of such a brute? But there he was, smoking a fat cigar, flipping ashes from his coat-lapel with a heavy finger adorned with a ponderous onyx seal-ring—and waiting.

"I know nothing about Mr. Longworthy, except what I have seen in the newspapers and what Mr. Bastien has told me."

"But Longworthy knows you."

Fitzgerald frowned. "I never saw him; I never spoke to him; I have no interest in him."

Miles glanced quickly at Fitzgerald. He often said to himself that he could tell when a man was not telling the truth. He could see every line of Fitzgerald's face plainly. There was no lie there; but Miles felt that there must be some trick in his words.

"How about Bastien, then?"

Fitzgerald started and a flash came into his eyes. He controlled himself.

"I have known Mr. Bastien for some time. He has business relations with me. He is a man of great charity—"

"I shouldn't think that a photographer in the Bowery would have much to give away, or drop bills around in Longworthy's envelopes, or use Longworthy's pocket-handkerchiefs."

Fitzgerald dropped his coffee cup with a clatter, but still he controlled himself.

"I happened to get that handkerchief from the laundry by mistake. It belonged to Mr. Bastien, who lodged in my boarding-house for a few days; the money he claimed, and which I dropped in your house, was given me by him for a special purpose, which is nobody's business. Are you satisfied?"

"Scarcely," answered Miles, with a confidential grin, leaning across the table. "I say, Fitz, I want to make a proposition to you. You're sweet on Esther—I can see that,—I know how it is myself, and I don't object. But I'm not a fool. There's money in this Bastien business somewhere,—I'm sure of that. Can't we divide like—like brothers?"

Miles looked eagerly across the table. Fitzgerald did not answer. He laid down his cigar, rose from his seat, turned his back to Miles and went upstairs.

Miles stared at his retreating figure.

"Well, that's cool,—in a man's own house, too! He looked a moment as if he were going to knock me down. There must be a lot in this thing," muttered Miles, taking his discomfort with the philosophy of a man who had been out all night and needed rest. He yawned several times, and concluded he would try to get some sleep. He could not see his way clear to another attack on Fitzgerald, but he said to himself that he would think it over.

Fitzgerald was hardly in a mood to meet Miles' sisters. He felt as if he had been dragged over a muddy place,—as if he needed grooming before entering their presence.

There was no help for it; he must at least say good-bye.

The gas was lit in the parlor; a delightful odor came from the two *pot-pourri* jars, which were Mary's present to Esther. The gas-fixtures were wreathed with holly; a fire burned in the old-fashioned grate. Mary sat near the window, idle for the first time in many days. The brightness of the morning had changed to murk and fog, and the lamps had been made to glow in the street by the unusually early lamplighter, eager to get home to continue the Christmas festivities interrupted by his evening duty. Esther was looking over a book of part-songs, which she held in one hand, while she dipped the other occasionally into a box of bonbons on the little table at her side.

Fitzgerald was at once captured by Esther. She wanted him to hum a bar or two of an old English glee; she could not get it right. Fitzgerald tried it. Mary drew her chair near them, and a half hour passed before this young man, who dreaded to go back to his boarding-house and who felt that he had no right to stay where he was, offered to take his leave. Then Mary lit the alcohol lamp and made him some tea, taking the utensils out of a little lacquered cabinet, which had been Esther's Christmas gift to her. The three managed to laugh over the making of the tea, and this process helped to make one of the brightest half hours of the day. At last, with a sigh, Fitzgerald made his bow and went away, feeling very much like a *peri* let out of paradise.

He had hardly passed out of the door when Miles awoke from an uneasy doze, with his head on the dining-room table. He awoke with a start, for he had a burden on his mind which he determined to shift to his sisters' as soon as possible. He dragged himself wearily up the stairs; then, putting his head between the folding-doors, he demanded:

"Is that idiot gone?"

"No," answered Esther, with a flash of her old spirit; "he's always with us!"

Miles looked sullenly at her. She had just tuned herself up to tell Mary about the concerts, and the interruption was irritating. Miles, too, had his revelation to make. He wanted to make it to Mary first, and he determined to get Esther out of the room. Late

on Christmas Eve he had escorted Miss Nellie Mulligan home from Lacy's great emporium, and (he did not exactly know how it had come about) he had asked her to be Mrs. Miles Galligan.

XVII.—MARY IS DISENCHANTED.

Mary was delighted to see her brother.

"Come sit down," she said; "we shall have a Christmas evening in the old way,—*"all together and under one roof!"*

"If Esther will leave us for a minute," Miles answered, "I shall tell you something that you ought to know,—something that will surprise you."

Esther rose from her seat and turned an astonished face toward him. So Miles was going to tell, after all! No doubt for some purpose of his own! It would kill Mary to know the truth, and after her own agony and doubt! To think that she had suffered in vain!

"I think Esther may hear anything you have to say," observed Mary, the smile fading from her lips. "We ought to have no secrets."

"I will save him the trouble," exclaimed Esther, rapidly; "for I know he intends to twist things in his usual way to his own advantage. I put *my* money into the bank because he told me that he had taken *ours*. Heaven knows, Mary, I did it for the best. And if I did not tell you it was because I did not want to give you the pain of knowing—"

"Knowing what, Esther?" asked Mary, looking from one to the other in bewilderment.

"Of knowing that your own brother could be capable of taking—what was not his own."

"Esther," Miles exclaimed, "keep quiet! I thought you did not want *her* to know. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to get me into this scrape, when you pretended to take so much trouble to get me out of it."

"Why did you threaten to tell? You know I have never had a secret from Mary before."

"What does this mean?" asked Mary, turning very white.

"It means," answered Miles, "that Esther has betrayed my confidence. I took—I'll not deny it—three hundred dollars of yours as a loan, because I needed it badly. Esther replaced it, and now she is spiteful enough to accuse me of theft."

"What would *you* call it?" asked Esther,

her eyes flashing at what seemed to be his unparalleled impudence.

"Do you think I would have taken anybody's else money?" Miles turned to Mary with an air of injured virtue. "I knew that Mary would not begrudge me anything I needed, and I needed the money badly; it was a debt of honor. I had not the courage to confess it. I wrote your name, Mary, overcome by a sudden temptation, and paid my debt like an honest man."

Esther, her soul in her eyes, watched her sister as this insolent avowal was made. Would Mary fall prone to the earth? Esther made a step forward as if to save her.

But Mary did not fall; she turned a shade paler, and asked Miles to repeat his statement. He told his story again as pathetically as possible. He owed a man a lot of money; the man's child died, and he wanted the money at once (Miles added this in the heat of the moment, for the money had been lost at a poker club); and, overcome by the necessity of the case, and being sure that he could replace the money, he had "borrowed" it. He was guilty, he knew; he was sorry. But Mary must remember that he had not acted with a bad intention.

Esther could not endure this sophistry; she turned from him impatiently, marvelling at Mary's calmness.

"O Miles!" Mary said, earnestly, "you must never think of doing such a thing again. The money is nothing, but think how your thoughtless act could be interpreted! People, if they knew it, would call it stealing."

"I call it theft!" cried Esther. "And, Mary—Heaven knows I have not often seriously questioned your wisdom,—this is suicidal! You are condoning a sin. A man that would rob his sisters would rob anybody!"

"Esther," said Mary, her face growing stern, "is this the way the prodigal son was received?"

"But the fatted calf—no, I mean the prodigal son repented; *he* does not repent."

"It seems to me," said Miles, with his usual sullen air, adopted when speaking to Esther, "that you have a secret, too. Ask her where she got the money to make good my loan, Mary, and you will see that she does not tell you everything."

Esther went up to Mary and took her hand.

"I am anxious to tell you the first secret I have ever kept from you."

She told Mary the story of her engagement to sing at Mr. Bastien's concerts. When she had finished she felt as if she had confessed a sin.

Mary looked at her tenderly, and tears glistened in her eyelashes.

"It was well done," she said, softly; "and yet it was not prudent for a young girl like you. Miles' fault has not 'killed' me, you see. I could not be easily killed." She took Miles' hand and placed it in Esther's. "Come, now, forget; be as loving as if you were little children again. And keep no secrets from me; remember I am your mother now. Let us begin by loving one another more than ever from to-night."

Esther gave Miles a reluctant hand, which he grasped even more reluctantly.

Here was his chance, he said to himself. He would strike while the iron was hot. Surely, in this mood, Mary would hear what he had to say with complaisance. In his heart he wished he had not said anything to Nellie Mulligan; and he would not have done so had she not told him that Jim Dolan had asked to "keep company" with her. As he had done so he must tell Mary, for money must be forthcoming during the period of the engagement. Nellie would have to know, too, how his sisters looked on the proposed match. She had, as Miles knew, a spirit of her own, and she had impressed on him the necessity of fixing her status with his sisters at once.

"I have a secret, Mary, that I want to tell."

The young girl raised her head apprehensively. Esther could see that she trembled a little.

"The truth is," he began, with a laugh that sounded foolish even to himself, "I've gone and done it,—that is, I'm regularly caught. You know how it is yourself,—or I mean you don't know; in fact, I'm engaged to be married!"

Mary, who had taken his hand caressingly when Esther let it go, dropped it suddenly and stared at him in amazement. Esther bent an equally bewildered gaze on him.

"You needn't stare a man out of countenance! You've heard of engagements before,

haven't you? Some fellows marry when they have to borrow money to give the priest; but with my prospects it's very different."

Miles' voice died away into a silence of embarrassment. Neither Mary nor Esther spoke.

"You ought to know her," he continued, in a subdued tone. "She has more style than any girl I ever saw. She's got 'go,' she's got 'dash.' She'll liven this old house up and make things hum. There's no flies—"

"Stop, Miles!" interrupted Mary, in a tone she had never used to her brother. "Are you in your senses?"

Esther, though the feeling seemed guilty, felt stimulated by Mary's changed attitude.

"In my senses?" exclaimed Miles, glad to feel that he might assume a congenial, bullying tone. "I am very much in my senses, and I want to know what you mean."

"I mean," said Mary, sitting down—for she could not stand, so great was the trembling that had seized her,—"that you have forgotten your position. How dared you speak of marriage to any girl? You know as well as I do that you have no occupation,—that you have not a cent in the world."

"I own one-third of this house," Miles struck in.

"True," said Mary; "and if you like Esther and I will go out of it at once. You and your—your wife can live on one-third of the rents, a large portion of which you have already borrowed from us in advance."

Miles' countenance fell. To his astonishment, he saw no sign of relenting in Mary. He turned to Esther. Her eyes avoided his.

"If you knew Nellie," he said, "you would not be so unreasonably selfish. Why, she adores the ground I walk on! Nellie—"

"Who?" asked Esther, her curiosity getting the better of her dignity.

"Nellie Mulligan."

Mary and Esther exchanged glances. For the first time in his life Miles saw his sisters united against him. It was an unpleasant experience.

"You don't mean the girl in Lacy's glove department,—the girl that passes here every Sunday?"

"I mean Miss Nellie Mulligan, and no other."

"Good gracious, Mary," cried Esther, in

real alarm. "It's the girl that goes to all the picnics! She wore a Gainsborough hat last summer and very short sleeves."

"That girl!" exclaimed Mary, in horror, which only the vision of Nellie Mulligan in a rakish hat and *very* short sleeves could have evoked.

Miles' face grew redder and redder. This was much worse than he had, in his wildest visions, expected. Moreover, he could not understand what his sisters meant. What objection could they have to the amiable Nellie, —*la fleur du pois* of a large and admiring social circle?

Mary began to walk up and down the room.

"Miles," she said, after a pause, "you can choose between her and us. The house in which our mother lived can not be large enough for you and—your friend."

"A sales-lady is as good as a music-teacher or a school-teacher any day!" said Miles, fiercely. He fancied he had found the cause of his sisters' objection. "Nellie Mulligan is a lady fitted to grace any station of life. She's poor, but I should think you'd be the last persons to call poverty a crime. But I tell you she's proud, and I'm proud too; and she shall be treated as a lady when she comes to this house, or I'll know the reason why!" Miles brought his fist down on a small table in a way that would have frightened both his sisters at ordinary times.

"She'll hardly call here to see you, unless her manners are as outlandish and as improper as her dress," said Mary, very coolly, much to the astonishment of Esther, who could not help wondering how Mary could so easily condone theft one minute, yet treat Miles' engagement as worse than theft the next. For herself, she was alarmed at the prospect of having their home broken up. She thought of Nellie Mulligan as a possible inmate of their house and shuddered.

"Understand me, Miles," Mary continued—"and if you knew me better you could not misunderstand,—I do not care whether the girl you want to marry is a sales-woman or a milk-woman or a servant. Occupation makes no difference to me; we are not snobs—Esther and I. If she were good and kind and gentle we would love her as a sister. We all work in this world; what we do makes no difference,

if it be after God's will. But that girl is vulgar, she is frivolous; she will drag you down. If you have committed yourself, God help you!" said Mary, solemnly. "You must keep your promise, I suppose, but I will not assist you."

"I suppose Nellie Mulligan's not good enough for you, Esther, either?" said Miles, with a sneer.

Esther made no answer; her sister had said enough.

"With my prospects," Miles continued, raising his voice, "I can marry any woman I like; and Nellie's too good to live in the same house with two dowdy old maids."

Esther spoke. "If we were not 'old maids,' if Mary had not sacrificed herself, given up her friends, secluded us both, in order that we might work and save for you, would you be here to insult us now?"

"No more, no more!" cried Mary, raising her hands.

And Miles turned away, slamming the door viciously as he went out of the house.

The sisters did not speak for a long time after he had gone. Mary put her head on Esther's shoulder and cried until Esther began to be frightened. She did not understand that those tears were symbols of the flood of grief that almost bursts a heart when its sweetest illusion disappears forever. Miles was no longer the innocent child of her girlhood; he had broken loose from her; another had taken her place. Who can say that Mary's devotion to her brother had been entirely unselfish?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Bread of Life.

WHEN by Thine altar, Lord, I kneel,
And think upon Thy love,
O make my heart Thy goodness feel,
Fix it on things above!
My dearest Lord, when I retrace
Thy wondrous love for me,
Oh, how can I affection place
On anything but Thee?

About to leave this wretched earth,
On man Thy thoughts still bent,
Thy sacred, boundless love gave birth
To this sweet Sacrament.

My dearest Lord, when I retrace
Thy wondrous love for me,
Oh, how can I affection place
On anything but Thee?

O Manna, which my sovereign Lord
In pity left for me!

Without this majesty adored

What would this exile be?

My dearest Lord, when I retrace
Thy wondrous love for me,
Oh, how can I affection place
On anything but Thee?

A desert land of woe and care,

A pilgrimage of strife,

Who could its griefs and trials bear

Without this Bread of Life?

My dearest Lord, when I retrace
Thy wondrous love for me,
Oh, how can I affection place
On anything but Thee?

My soul here finds a sovereign balm,

A cure for every grief;

Mid care and pain a heavenly calm,

A solace and relief.

My dearest Lord, when I retrace
Thy wondrous love for me,
Oh, how can I affection place
On anything but Thee?

Supported by this Heavenly Bread,

My Lord's last pledge of love,

With joy the rugged path I'll tread

To Horeb's mount above.

My dearest Lord, when I retrace
Thy wondrous love for me,
Oh, can I affection place
On anything but Thee?

Consoled by this, my soul its flight

Shall from this exile soar,

To dwell in realms of bliss and light

Forever—evermore.

My dearest Lord, when I retrace
Thy wondrous love for me,
Oh, how can I affection place
On anything but Thee?

Truths Not to be Forgotten.

IT is important for Catholics, in their intercourse with those outside the Church, to realize the wonderful part which the human heart takes in matters of religion. The heart, as the centre of all the affections of the soul, is the seat of the will, which faculty, not the intellect, is the prime mover, with God's grace, in directing thoughts and aspirations toward the supernatural world. Not that the intelligence is naught—for we know well the Apostle admonishes us to be able to give a reason for the hope that is in us; and again he says: "Faith cometh by hearing; and hearing by the word of Christ." But the part of the understanding is secondary, and for a great multitude, unless the heart be moved, of little importance.

Our holy faith appeals both to the mind and the heart. Its enunciation has developed a system of moral as well as dogmatic theology, and experience has shown that the vast majority of converts have been made by moral rather than dogmatic sermons. Catholics, therefore, who are zealous for the spiritual good of their separated brethren, should bear in mind that they will serve the cause of religion far more by the example of a life led in accordance with the teachings of their faith than by arguments of reason; they will effect the greatest good by showing non-Catholics how to pray, how to resist temptation, how to mortify their passions for the love of God.

It is in this way that the religious sentiment which God has implanted in the hearts of all men is acted upon and directed in the proper channel. Man, by his very nature, tends toward God, and is naturally inclined to renew, foster and strengthen the tie which binds him to his Creator. So that one who readily obeys the best impulses of his nature has but little need of the cold arguments of reason to convince him of mysteries of the supernatural world. He is already prepared to accept them when he sees them manifested by their practical and salutary influence upon the life and conduct of those about him. *Verba docent: exempla trahunt.*—"Words teach: examples draw."

So, too, in the instruction of children, we

MALICE may be long-enduring, but nothing endures so long as the infinite patience of God. When we think of how we have merited His indignation, all petty injuries are nothing, —nay, we welcome them as necessary and deserved humiliations in the sight of our own presumption on His justice.

should not confine ourselves to the mere teaching of the mysteries and truths of religion as set forth in the catechism. They should be taught practices of piety, and habits of devotion formed within their tender souls. They should be taught to pray and to look to God in times of doubt and trial. These moral instructions will make a lasting impression and actuate their whole life and conduct, and blessed results will be effected for themselves and for all with whom they may come in contact.

Notes and Remarks.

Our frontispiece represents the Blessed Jean-Gabriel Perboyre the instant before his death. The other martyrs who suffered with him were strangled at once, but the executioner desired to enjoy the priest's torments. Having first drawn the knot, he loosened it in order that the martyr might have time to look around him and feel the horror of death; after that he repeated the same operations again. The third time he decided to finish the work; but as the body still retained some signs of life, a satellite approached and ended the sacrifice by kicking the martyr in the stomach. Our picture is from a sketch of a contemplated statue of Blessed Perboyre.

It is surprising that no member of his flock has taken the Rev. Dr. Talmage to account for idolatry. He has been making a "tower of the world," and secured a stone from Calvary for the corner-stone of his new church in Brooklyn. A stone from Mars' Hill, Athens, where St. Paul preached, will be set into his new pulpit, and stones from the Jordan and Mount Sinai are to serve similar purposes. Dr. Talmage's respect for holy places and sacred associations is very creditable to him, and we should say the same of his veneration of relics only for the profane use to which he puts them.

The Liverpool *Catholic Times*, speaking of the extravagance in funerals, alludes to a certain Mrs. Hiller, who spent, it is said, \$20,000 for a shroud in which she is to be buried. "But," the *Times* goes on to say, "it is not everyone who is entitled to throw a stone at Mrs. Hiller. With all her senseless extravagance, she has probably spent less, in proportion to her means, on the shroud at £4,000 than many an Irishman of the working classes spends on the funeral of a relative. It is a kindly failing; it 'leans to virtue's

side'; but surely it is a grave mistake for a man who can not afford to buy meat for a dying wife, and who neglects to have Masses said for her soul, to burden himself with a load of debt in order to pay for Belgian horses, hired mourners, and the like. It is only a custom, and that a bad one, which demands that love for the departed should show itself in providing a grand funeral."

This pagan extravagance is not, it is evident, confined to this country, where the spectacle of a widow having to live on alms after she has expended all she possessed for an expensive funeral, is not uncommon.

The Boston school committee on text-books reported the other day that, in their opinion, "there is no text-book on modern or mediæval history written which would satisfy the just demands of all parties interested in that particular branch of study." "Your committee therefore," they say, "believe that the true and proper course for this board to follow in the matter is to leave the choice and selection of text-books to the parents of the pupils interested, and the instruction of those pupils to their teachers, without authorizing the use of any particular text-book." The committee reported orders to drop all text-books on modern and mediæval history. As the learned committee have not condescended to explain how this curious recommendation is to be carried into practical operation, we await further developments with interest.

Many secular journals here and in England are crying, "Shame on the calumniators of Father Damien!" It is the character of the bigots who circulated the detractions that will suffer in public estimation, not that of the sainted leper priest. The Rev. Hugh B. Chapman, Anglican Vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell, Eng., a devoted friend of Father Damien during his life-time, having been asked to refute these libels, replied: "My only answer is a reference to his life, and a respectful suggestion that his detractors might do well to imitate the same."

The heads of the house of Savoy were once remarkable for piety. What we may expect from the Prince of Naples we do not know, but it is certain that King Humberto's alliance with the atheistic policy of Crispi is a striking contrast to the general conduct of his ancestor, Victor Amadeo. At the siege of Turin, in 1706, while Victor Amadeo and Prince Eugene of Savoy were making observations, they discovered a little hut dedicated to Our Lady of Grace. Here they found many soldiers praying for the beleaguered

city. Touched by the sight, Victor knelt down and said: "Grant, O sacred Mother of God, that I may disperse the enemy, and in testimony of thy favor I will have a magnificent basilica built to thee." He was victorious. In 1715 the construction of the basilica was begun, and completed in 1730. In 1778 Victor Amadeo III. had the underground crypt arranged as a burial place for his descendants. Victor Emmanuel does not lie in this spot, although he placed there a magnificent statue of Carrara marble: he is buried in the Pantheon. Crispi and devil-worship now take the place of Victor Amadeo and reverence for the truths of religion. It remains to be seen whether Italy's iron-clads will be as efficacious in time of war as Victor Amadeo's prayer.

The *Catholic Home*, of Chicago, calls attention to a Horological Institute established in that city for the perfecting of the *technique* of watch-making. This is a move in the right direction, and we are glad to hear that there are forty young men who have entered the Institute. One of the needs of our time is, not more text-book learning, but greater technical knowledge. The *Watchmaker*, a handsomely printed periodical, which must be of great interest and value to the students, is published at the Institute. It is edited by Mr. Urban W. Fink, the president.

Marion Harland (Mrs. Terhune), the well-known author, has undertaken to inaugurate a movement to erect a monument to Mary, the mother of George Washington. It is remarkable that some of our Protestant friends are willing to give honor to all good mothers except the Immaculate Mother of God.

In Lord Tennyson's last book, "Demeter," there is a remarkable poem, "The Leper's Bride," suggested by the self-sacrifice of Father Damien, which ends with the words that Father Damien might have used to the lepers:

"In the name
Of the everlasting God I will live and die with you."

Count Albert de Mun, one of the ablest leaders of the Catholic party in France, is very modern in his methods, and therefore he excites the interest of the *feuilletonists* and magazine writers in an unusual degree. He is a true friend of the workingmen, and his chief idea seems to be that religion and his country are best served in saving them from discontent and anarchy. One of the late writers—a very lively one, whose sympathies are not especially clerical,—represents him as a man of fashion. The truth is, Count Albert hardly

deserves that title. He dances occasionally, it is true, and goes out to dinner often; but always with the same object—that of saying a word in season for the great cause he represents. He is neither a pedant nor a bore, and his grave and graceful oratory in the Chamber is the perfection of force and dignity. All eyes in France seem just now to turn toward him as the representative of the most practical and progressive political spirit among French Catholics. Count Albert will never sacrifice the cause of religion to effete political or social traditions; he has learned much from the example of others who have unconsciously done this.

Oka; thanks to the persevering labors of the Trappists, is now acknowledged to be one of the best agricultural districts in the Province of Quebec. Besides redeeming the tract of land granted to them by the Canadian Government, the sons of St. Norbert have taught their scientific methods of agriculture to the surrounding farmers, who naturally regard them as benefactors of the country.

In the second part of his article on "Ellen Middleton," which occupies nearly twenty pages of the February number of *Merry England*, Mr. Gladstone returns to the subject of confession with increased emphasis; and, writing to the editor of the magazine about some of the objections raised in newspapers against his first article, he says: "I think the criticisms which treat reference to the gravity of sin as smacking of Popery are little less than loathsome."

Père Girault, who with his colleague, Père Schunz, travelled to Zanzibar under Stanley's protection, speaks very gratefully of the renowned explorer, to whom he declares he owes his life. He says that if it were not for Stanley he and his colleague would never have reached the coast.

A very great loss to the Church and the world is that of Dr. Franz von Hettinger. He was born in 1819, ordained in 1843, and had been for over thirty years a professor in the divinity department of the University of Würzburg. In 1867 he was called to Rome to act as a theologian in preparing the business for the Vatican Council. Dr. Hettinger was a man of great learning, of varied information, and the possessor of a delightful style, which seemed to be in letters the counterpart of his winning manner. He was conciliatory and considerate; altogether, he possessed all the qualities that a representative Catholic writer should have. His work on Dante—introduced in English into this country by the

Catholic Publication Society Co.—is a monument in itself to his erudition and taste. It is the best introduction to the study of Dante we possess in English. His other works were the admirable "Art in Christendom," which ought to be translated; "Ecclesiastical and Social Condition of Paris," "The Idea of the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius," "The Priesthood of the Catholic Church," and "The World and the Church." May he rest in peace!

The *Home Journal* says that M. Gounod, the eminent composer, has grown more ascetic and excluded in his habits, till to-day he lives almost the life of a hermit. He is a man of intense religious feeling. He deeply dislikes the frivolous habits of Parisian society, and confines his visiting solely to the old, eminently Catholic and aristocratic families of the Faubourg St. Germain. Although living in such retired fashion, Gounod is always at home to musical aspirants. The young and ambitious find both a critic and a friend in the great composer; the *débutante* vocalist may apply without fear of rejection to the author of "Faust" for advice and instruction. To absolute merit Gounod is kindness and indulgence itself, but those unfitted for the musical career are told so in plain words, which admit of no qualifications.

The French Astronomical Society mark their esteem for Father Denza, of the Barnabite Order, and Director of the Vatican Observatory, by electing him a member of their association, which is very exclusive.

New Publications.

NATIONAL EDUCATION. By Henry Edward, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

This volume contains a number of articles and papers on one of the vital questions of the day, written by His Eminence Cardinal Manning. Though they are directed especially against the unequal and inadequate state of the legal provisions for national education in England, the arguments urged upon public attention are for the most part applicable to the educational system which obtains in this country. Cardinal Manning pleads for "a higher, larger, and equal law, which shall give ample and efficient education to all our children of school age, and shall firmly guard both the liberty of conscience and the vital heirloom of Christianity." The first article is entitled, "Fifty Reasons why the voluntary schools of England ought to share the school rates." Wit-

a few verbal changes these may be taken and placed before the people of the United States as so many reasons why the parochial schools should share in the public school funds. Here are a few of the "reasons":

"Because all who pay Rates (or taxes) ought to share in the benefit of the Rates (or taxes).

"Because to compel payment and to exclude from participation is political injustice.

"Because to offer participation upon conditions known beforehand to be of impossible acceptance is wilful and deliberate exclusion."

It is true that the Catholics of this country are offered participation in the public school appropriations, but on a condition—the exclusion of all religious instruction—which makes it impossible of acceptance. And in another article the learned and zealous prelate speaks more particularly of our system of education as follows:

"If there be in the world a people jealous of liberty of conscience, and resolved to confine the powers of the State within the strict sphere of secular legislation, it is the people of the American Union. But they have unconsciously submitted to a system of public and compulsory education which violates both these vital laws of their Constitution.

"Compulsory education without free choice and provision for that free choice in matters of religion and conscience is, and ever must be, unjust and destructive of the moral life of a people.

"It is not for me to suggest to the mature wisdom and the high jurisprudence of the statesmen of America how the public school law should be amended. It is clearly in conflict with both parental rights and liberty of conscience. No education law can prosper which is not in conformity with parental rights and liberty of conscience. A state education which is in conflict with these two laws of nature and of God can only work out confusion and end in a catastrophe."

We gladly welcome this timely publication, and hope that it will have a wide circulation throughout our land,—that the cogent arguments with which it abounds may be kept before the minds of the American public in the addresses of our speakers and through the medium of our Catholic press, until a consistent public opinion may be created that will guarantee the enjoyment of those rights secured to us by divine law and natural justice.

ETUDES RELIGIEUSES, PHILOSOPHIQUES, HISTORIQUES ET LITTÉRAIRES. Revue Mensuelle: publiée par des Pères de la Compagnie de Jésus. Partie Bibliographique (Ancienne Bibliographie Catholique). Vol. I, Jan. 31, 1890. Paris: Retaux-Bray, Libraire-Editeur.

This is a specimen number of a new monthly review, conducted by the French Jesuits. It is a periodical of eighty pages, and yet within this small compass a large number of current works are

reviewed; for the reverend gentlemen who write the articles appear to be strikingly free from the fault of prolixity, into which reviewers in modern times have shown themselves so apt to fall. Our Giffords generally seem to think that what they can tell us about books is more important and interesting than what the books themselves contain. Not so the writers of the review before us, who tell us only just enough to excite a healthy literary appetite. We are sorry to see that such books as "*Le Juif, voilà l'ennemi!*" and "*Le Mystère du sang chez les Juifs*" are not denounced as unprincipled attempts to keep alive a vulgar prejudice, whose unbridled indulgence was very probably the reason why the divine favor was withdrawn from the Crusade St. Bernard preached. "*La Vérité sur la question romaine*" is a review of what seems to be a most interesting treatise on the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. "*Les Grandes Ecoles et le collège d'Abbeville*" is instructive to all who would compare different systems of education. We recommend this review to the notice of all of our readers who desire to obtain a general idea of the state of literature in France and the world generally.

FLOWERS FROM THE CATHOLIC KINDERGARTEN; or, Stories of the Childhood of the Saints. By Father Franz Hattler, S. J. Translated from the German by T. J. Livesey. London: Burns & Oates, Ltd. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

This beautiful little volume contains twenty-five histories of holy childhood, including those of our Saviour and His Blessed Mother. It is written in that fond spirit of kindness for children for which the German race is distinguished, and animated by the sincere desire to make infancy better as well as happier. The translator has well performed his difficult task of rendering the thoughts of the author visible through the medium of an idiom foreign to his tongue. An excellent gift book for the young, and one which even children of a larger growth may read with pleasure and profit.

BY HUDSON'S BANKS. A Novel. By Joanna. San Francisco: Published by the Bancroft Company [for the author].

To state that this work is what it professes to be—a novel—will probably procure for it a larger circle of readers than if we attempted to philosophize over the objects and aims of the author. As people will always like fiction, it is well that they should be supplied with what is pure and healthy in tone and sentiment, such as the volume before us appears to be. We will leave to them the pleasure of unravelling the plot for themselves. It comes in a neat paper cover, and the typography is creditable to Pacific enterprise.

—THE YOUNG CATHOLIC MESSENGER.—We have received from the publisher, George A. Pflaum, Dayton, Ohio, a handsomely bound copy of the *Young Catholic Messenger* for 1889. The *Messenger* is published semi-monthly, and is one of the best among the children's papers that come to our office. Each issue is made attractive by a number of beautiful and appropriate illustrations accompanying short and instructive articles, or entertaining stories and anecdotes, such as the young like to read and admire. The *Messenger* should have a wide circulation among the young Catholics of the United States.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister Mary Lucy, of the Sisters of Charity, New York city, who was called to the reward of her devoted life on the 4th ult.

Miss Mary Boetsch, a fervent member of the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, whose precious death occurred some time ago in Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. Christopher Polmeier, of Springfield, Ill., who departed this life last month.

Joseph M. O'Neil, who passed away on the 30th ult., at Cleveland, Ohio, fortified by the last Sacraments.

Miss Annie Reilly, of Renovo, Pa., who breathed her last on the 4th ult., at Mount Hope, Md., where she was residing for the benefit of her health.

Mr. Michael McDonald, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a happy death at Stayner, Ont.

Mrs. James Crangle, of Calais, Me., who died a holy death on the 13th ult.

Mrs. Catherine Cawley, who yielded her soul to God on the 17th of January, at Altoona, Pa.

Mr. Frederic C Boston, of W. Bay City, Mich.; Mrs. Ellen Holland, Kilkenny, Ireland; Mr. and Mrs. John Murphy, Newark, N. J.; Michael Reis, Wilbur, N. Y.; Michael Moran, Waterbury, Conn.; Thomas Dougherty, Litchfield, Minn.; Mrs. Mary O'Leary, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Dexter, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Catherine McCormick, E. Providence, R. I.; Daniel Smith and Johanna Fitzgibbon, New York, N. Y.; James C. Ford and Mrs. Amelia Mackay, Wilmington, Del.; Miss Marie Reister, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mrs. Johanna Moran, Baltimore, Md.; Thomas Mahar, Thomas O'Mara, Philip Powers, Mary Jane Smith, Catherine McNamara, Catherine Weeper, Catherine Lamb, Bridget Pyne, and Miss Rose Hughes,—all of Albany, N. Y.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



The Bell of St. Stephen's.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

Charles Sawyer went trudging home with a light heart, and the steady swing of his empty dinner-pail kept time with the tune he was whistling. He was never ill; he earned good wages for a boy of fourteen; he had warm clothes for every day and a fine new suit for Sundays; and, best of all, he had a little mother who, everyone said, carried sunshine wherever she went. He loved to talk of her.

"She's putting the kettle to boil by this time," he said to a friend by his side; "and she's lighted the lamp, and the bit of a house is shining with the brightness of it. She never will have a curtain put down, though; she feels for the homeless folks who might be passing."

"But there are thieves about," said his companion. "'Twas only last night they got into the corner house. It's not well to let burglars know the way about your rooms."

Charles laughed. "It would be a queer burglar that would steal from us. Would he carry off the pump and the cook-stove? You see there's some good in being poor. I suppose if I were old Mr. Wendell over there I'd lie awake and watch my money. Well, here's the church. Good-night!"

He looked at the hands of the clock in the steeple, and, finding that it lacked several minutes of being six, went down in the cellar of the building and attended to the furnace. That done, he came up again and was just in time to ring the Angelus bell.

Charles was bell-ringer at St. Stephen's. His mother was a widow and he the child of her old age. His brothers and sisters had long been married and gone far away, and two years before his father had been killed while coupling a freight-car. Charles and his sunny-faced little mother lived together, and, with his wages and what she earned with her busy needle, were very comfortable indeed. Since

his father's death he had rung the church bells, and never in all the parish history had there been a more faithful hand at the ropes.

This night Mrs. Sawyer was not well. Her temples throbbed and her head was full of pain. She was waiting for her boy, and when he came she thought she would go to bed and see if sleep would heal her. She heard the bell and knew that he was near, and in a few minutes he came in in his usual cheery way.

"I hate to leave you, Charley dear," she said; "but I think I can not sit up any longer. My head aches uncommonly hard to-night."

"It's the sewing," he answered. "Just wait till I grow up, and you'll never sew any more! But I'll be off to the night-school pretty soon, and you just go to sleep, little mother, and get well."

"And don't forget to bolt the door and wind the clock when you come home."

"Oh, no! I'll see to everything." So he kissed her, ate his supper, studied half an hour, and was off.

Now, if he had remembered about the clock when he came in again he would have noticed that it had stopped several hours before, would have set it right, and I should have no story to tell; but he did *not* remember. He was perplexed about his algebra lesson, and had mixed his dates in English history; so when he came home at nine o'clock he locked the door and went straight to his room, without thinking of the timepiece at all, but of plus and minus signs and the War of the R ses instead. In an hour his mathematical difficulties were solved, and in another he was in slumber-land.

But his mother was not so fortunate. It was nearly midnight before the cruel pain in her head ceased in any degree. Then she fell into an uneasy slumber. In about two hours she awoke, to find the apartment flooded with a soft light. It was only the radiance of the full moon, shining upon the snow and reflected into her room; but she thought the day had come. Throwing a wrapper on and striking a match, she hurried out to the sitting-room and looked at the clock. It lacked but fifteen minutes of six!

"Charley!" she cried, going to his bed and shaking him. "You must get up, dear. It is nearly six!"

Poor Charley, who had not overslept at all, but had just fairly got started into the land of dreams, was very much confused, thinking that the adherents of the houses of Lancaster and York had met in battle-array again; but at last he managed to gather his wits together, scrambled into his clothes, and in a few minutes the people in the vicinity of St. Stephen's Church were awakened by the sound of the Angelus bell, pealing out upon the frosty air at the unusual hour of half-past two in the morning!

* * *

Edward Macy, otherwise "Teddy," had landed at Castle Garden several years before, with a stout young heart in his breast, and just enough money in his pocket to prevent him from being sent back as a pauper. For some time all went well in the land of promise; although he foolishly stayed in the city, refusing to go with his friends to the broad prairies of the West, where a farm could be had almost for the asking. So, bewildered by the glare of the metropolis, he clung to it through varying fortunes, as a moth flutters in a gas light until its wings are singed and its strength spent.

Hard times came on, and many men were thrown out of work, Teddy with the rest. He got a situation as car-driver, but in a week the force was cut down and he was adrift again. Then, being hopeless and homeless and idle, he, through weakness, took to evil ways, —beginning his downward career by drinking, as so many others have done. The next thing was to forget and neglect the practice of his religion, and after that bad habits were easy enough. He had been dishonest in many small ways, and had now promised to help rob a house.

All this time he had tried to forget his mother, but often in the night, as he meditated some new scheme for getting money, or slept off the effect of his potations, her words and dear old face, would come to him, and he would stretch out his arms and cry: "O mother, let me go home and be good again!" And far away, across the sea, a grayhaired woman was praying day and night, night and day, for God's blessing on the wayward son whom she loved so dearly, but who wrote to her no more.

As the night of the meditated robbery drew near, Teddy began to come to his senses, and look back upon his career with shuddering horror. It had not, to be sure, been seriously criminal as yet, but in a few hours he, Edward Macy, would be fit to rank with men who wore a convict's garb. He tried to reason with his "partner," a man old in crime, who answered: "Weakening, are you? Guess I'd better tell the police who it was beat those boarding-houses on Sixth Avenue."

Teddy groaned, and drowned his unhappy reflections, as usual, in a glass of liquor, which gave him courage for his night's work.

He crawled into Mr. Wendell's house at a basement window, his confederate standing guard outside, and proceeded cautiously upstairs. The old gentleman was supposed to keep large sums of money by him, and slept at some distance from the servants. There was no need of a dark lantern, for the moonlight streamed in, showing Teddy his way; and he had no trouble in turning the key in the lock of Mr. Wendell's own room. Then a strange thing happened. The bell in the church tower began to ring, and instantly the room was as light as day, and the pictured face of the Blessed Virgin was gazing calmly down upon our burglar, who fell upon his knees, dropping his tools with a loud crash.

"That's right!" called a queer voice from the bed. "Say your prayers, my boy,—though what the Angelus is ringing for at this time I'm sure I don't know."

Teddy turned his head, and saw a strange but kind old face, surmounted by a peaked nightcap.

"I suppose I owe you fifty dollars," came the strange voice again.

"I—I don't understand—" said Teddy, recovering himself.

"Why, I supposed they had explained to you when they sent you. You see I've had a standing offer at the Club for six months. 'Fifty dollars,' I said, 'to the man who can get into my house at night without springing the burglar alarm. A hundred dollars if he can open my safe without getting a shock and calling the watchman.' The bell woke me, and you didn't have a chance to try for the hundred, but here's the fifty. Where'd you get in?"

"Basement, west window in rear," stammered Teddy.

"I knew it! yes, I knew it! I put one of Smith's alarms on that window. He claimed it was better than mine. Won't I crow over him, though!"

"But, sir," answered poor Teddy, "I think you've made a mistake. I'd like to confess it all to you."

"Oh, bless you, my good fellow, I don't hear confessions! Go tell Father Brady next door whatever you've got on your mind. And you must take the money, or I'll never hear the last of it. It's worth fifty dollars to tell Smith what a fine alarm his is. And will you have the kindness to close this interview? You will find the money all ready in that small desk near the door,—right-hand drawer. You can go out the window where you came in, and I'll call my man immediately to lock up after you. Smith's burglar alarm!" chuckled the old gentleman. "Wonder what he'll say now?"

Teddy went out of the window as requested, a changed man, firmly believing in his simple way that the Blessed Virgin had sent the light and rung the bell that his soul might be saved. How could he thank her except by never again forsaking her? His confederate had fled, scared by the lighted house. Teddy walked about until morning, then sought Father Brady, who listened to his story, gave him some breakfast, and asked him to come again very soon.

"And if you would give the money back," said Teddy; "and tell the good old gentleman the truth about me—"

"I'll see to that, never fear," replied the priest; and, his morning duties over, he called upon Mr. Wendell and laid the case before him, as Teddy had requested.

"I'll take back nothing," said the enthusiast in electrical appliances. "He earned the money, though he didn't mean to, and I'll make Smith pay half of it. I'll never forget being waked by the Angelus ringing and seeing that poor fellow standing there. I lighted the house with a button fixed to the head-board, and he got down on his knees before a picture of the Blessed Virgin. He can't be a bad fellow, and I hope he will go back to his mother."

"You have done a good deed," said Father Brady.

"No credit to me, though; I thought he was sent for a joke. But I'd give another fifty dollars rather than miss telling Smith about his fine burglar alarm."

Teddy called at the presbytery again at noon.

"What do you wish for most of all?" asked the kind priest.

"To go home," said Teddy, tears starting to his eyes.

"Well, there's no reason why you shouldn't. Mr. Wendell says you must keep the money. So stay with me over Sunday, and then go back to your mother again."

And the grateful and happy Teddy obeyed him.

A Year in Jeanie Reilly's Life.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

(CONTINUED.)

When they returned to the house, Jem had come with Jeanie's trunk. Father Eugene spoke of his wish that Jeanie should undertake to teach the choir, and Jem eagerly seconded the proposal. Jeanie was much pleased with his amiability. Although at least twenty-five years old, and very manly, there was a charming candor and natural graciousness about him, mingled with a certain *naïve* child-likeness, if one may use the word, that made Jeanie feel quite at home with him; and he in turn seemed desirous of contributing to her pleasure.

The afternoon was spent by the girl in unpacking in her own room, writing a couple of letters, and then, obedient to a tap at the door, she learned from Miss Lacy that Jem was about to start, and would be glad to know when she would be ready for her next horse-back ride. She came into the hall. Father Eugene and Jem were standing in the doorway.

"Well, Miss Jeanie," said the priest, "Jem is anxious to teach you how to ride. When do you think you will have sufficiently recovered from the fatigue of travelling to take your first lesson?"

"Oh, I do not feel at all tired!" answered

Jeanie. "To-morrow—or perhaps you do not ride Sundays."

"That will suit me better," said Jem. "Saturday is a pretty busy day with us, and Sunday afternoon Father's got to go over to old man Murray's, so we can ride part of the way together. We needn't go very far the first time; you might be too tired if we did."

"Sunday let it be, then," observed the priest. "And now, Jem, be off for home, or sundown will not see you there."

After he had gone Father Eugene asked:

"Do you care to walk a mile before tea?"

"Yes, Father, or two if you like," replied Jeanie.

"My dear little girl," he continued, laying his hand on her head, "I believe you are extremely amiable. You seem always ready to do or go just as you are asked."

Jeanie blushed as she answered:

"How could one be anything else, Father, where everybody is so kind?"

"Come, then, and measure the front piazza with me. Forty lengths make a mile. I always walk there in rainy weather,—take my constitutional, you know. And now tell me something of yourself,—of your father and mother, your studies, and how you came to be such a pale-faced little creature. Your father, as I remember him, was a fine-looking fellow, a very Hercules."

As they paced up and down the broad piazza Jeanie opened her heart and told her simple story very freely to her father's early friend, who seemed so fatherly and was yet such a pleasant comrade. When she had finished he said:

"No more lessons and very little reading for three months, at least. Then we shall see. A course of historical reading would not be amiss, and we might brush up our Latin. You see, I take it for granted that you will spend a year with us. You may find it dull at times,—no doubt you will; I am very sure your thoughts will often turn homeward. But remember, dear child, that this change has been made in the interest of your whole future life; and with a good-will, such as you show in every particular, I feel confident the best results will be obtained. This air is wonderful for bringing roses to pale cheeks. Our people are primitive, but very good, and the most

kind-hearted in the world. They will wish to make much of you. Accept their attentions and hospitalities as they are meant; and if you should find them occasionally—what shall I call it?—well, somewhat different from your friends at home, make no sign, but remember that they are whole-souled and sincere. After all, truth and sincerity are everything in this world, and, alas, how rare!"

"Father," said Miss Lacy, appearing in the doorway, arms akimbo and a disturbed expression on her face, "do you think it would be out of the way if I were to send Miss Jeanie down to Mrs. Brady's for an extra quart of milk,—that is, provided she wants to go?"

"What's wrong with the milk, Aunt Betty? And what if our friend Mrs. Brady should not be in good-humor?"

"Well, Father, I need the milk for flap-jacks, and Mrs. Brady is *that* queer that if I go myself without Jeanie she'll ask me so many questions I'll never get away; and if I take her along, she'll maybe think I've just made an excuse to go down, and won't act half decent. But, ten to one, if I send her, the chance is she'll make up with her at once. You can't know how to manage her, and you must humor her."

"Don't frighten the child," began the priest.

"Jem told me something of her yesterday," said the little girl. "She came to the door as we passed on the bridge."

"She always does that, day or night, winter or summer," replied Miss Lacy. "I've known that woman to get out of her bed in the pelting rain and driving snow as soon as she heard the horses' hoofs clattering on the bridge,—she's that curious to know who's coming and going."

"I should like to go," said Jeanie. "Let me have a pitcher, please. I am not a bit afraid."

"Better take a tin can with a lid," answered Aunt Betty. "The path is so uneven you're apt to trip."

"Run along, then," said Father Eugene. "I shall be curious to learn how you fare with Mrs. Brady. Meanwhile I will finish reading my Office."

"You blessed child!" cried Aunt Betty, imprinting a resounding kiss on Jeanie's forehead as she pointed the way through the vegetable garden. "You blessed child! you

are just that sweet and good that she can't treat you any way but nice. But you've got too much sense to take notice if she should do otherwise. Poor thing! her head is not just right."

Jeanie went singing down the footpath till she reached the bridge. The nearer she came to the shanty where the renowned Mrs. Brady lived the more she realized how shabby and rickety it was. It consisted of two rooms, or apologies for rooms, evidently built at different times. The wood-shed at home, she thought, was far superior to either. Knocking timidly at the door nearest her, she waited a few moments without receiving a response. She knocked again, louder this time. A voice said: "Come in!" Opening the door she saw a number of cats, of various colors and sizes, hurrying away from a huge wooden bowl of milk at which they had been feeding.

"Afraid of cats?" called a voice from the next room. "If you are, better not come in; there's twenty of 'em in round numbers."

The words were not encouraging, but the tones were pleasant enough, and the face of the woman who advanced to meet her was rather kindly.

"Short, stout, black-haired and black-eyed. Is that what you're thinking?" asked Mrs. Brady.

"No, ma'am," replied Jeanie, frankly. "I only thought of the cats, and wondered why you had so many."

"Cause I like 'em and they like me. It's all a mistake about cats being treacherous; they're not half so much so as humorous. You are Father Eugene's 'company,' aren't you?"

"Yes," answered Jeanie; "and Miss Lacy sent me for a quart of milk. Can you let me have it, please?"

"Reckon I can, even if the cats have to go hungry to-morrow morning. I haven't much use for Aunt Betty since she took up with that old widower Downing, but Father Eugene's got to be looked after." Here she abruptly sat down and resumed her occupation of sorting blackberries, two large baskets of which stood on the floor by her side. "Like blackberries and cream?" she continued.

Now, if Jeanie, not much given to the pleasures of the table, had a weakness for anything, it was for blackberries and cream.

Already she felt the luscious globules melt in her mouth.

"Oh, yes, very much!" she answered.

"Plenty of berries in the patch behind the church," said Mrs. Brady, quietly dropping the choicest in a huge tin pan which she held on her lap. "And butter is too dear now to spare cream for berries."

Here was truly an odd creature, Jeanie thought. She began to wonder how long the woman would keep her waiting for the milk, whether she had better ask for it again or bide Mrs. Brady's time, which appeared to be valuable. She feared to look around her, yet could not help noticing the extreme poverty of the surroundings. The outer shed contained no furniture, unless a couple of wash-tubs and an old cot-bed could be called such. It seemed to be given up to the cats. They came as far as the threshold, but no farther. A stove, a bureau, two tables, and a couple of chairs, with a capacious, old-fashioned rocker, comprised the stock of movable goods in the room where they were sitting. The walls, however, were literally covered with tin pans and cooking utensils of all kinds and in all degrees of dilapidation. A faded curtain ran corner-wise at the farthest end of the room, concealing Mrs. Brady's bed, Jeanie thought.

"You can't guess what I've got behind there," said she suddenly, seeing the direction of her glance.

"Your bed?" hazarded Jeanie.

"No, indeed: I sleep in that big rocking-chair. I made a vow never to lie in a bed again the night John Morgan came plundering around here in war time. You look surprised, but it's a fact. I made a vow to St. Lawrence that night if he'd save me from the robber I'd never sleep in a bed till it came the time for the last long sleep."

"Why to St. Lawrence?" asked Jeanie, thinking of red-hot gridirons and curious to know what connection there was in the woman's mind between those ancient instruments of torture and a modern couch.

"My mother was an O'Toole," said Mrs. Brady, with conscious pride. "She belonged to the St. Lawrence O'Tooles."

"Oh, you mean St. Lawrence O'Toole!" answered Jeanie.

"To be sure. Who else?" queried Mrs.

Brady. Then, putting aside the pan of blackberries, she beckoned Jeanie mysteriously into the outer shed. Lifting a loose plank, she said: "The money was there all the time. They tramped over it and they stamped on it; he swore and he tore in his rage, but I stood here in the door and laughed at him for thinking a poor creature like me could have gold hidden away."

"Weren't you frightened?" asked the little girl.

"My heart was in my mouth all the time. After they had gone I hung the money about my waist again, where I had carried it for more than twenty years; for I never did and never will trust to banks."

"You haven't—you haven't got it now—here?" said Jeanie.

"No, dear child. Father Eugene knows where it is,—he and another, for fear one should die. Come now, I'll show you what I've got behind the curtain."

Jeanie followed her into the next room again. She drew aside the curtain and disclosed between twenty and thirty faded cotton umbrellas hanging on rusty nails.

"When it rains," said Mrs. Brady, in answer to Jeanie's look of astonishment,— "when it rains I just turn these upside-down on the floor,—open of course, for the roof leaks badly. They're waterproof: I've glazed them inside with some stuff I invented, and the floor seldom gets wet. I sit under the biggest one."

"It must be very uncomfortable here when it rains and in cold weather," said Jeanie. "Why don't you have the roof mended?"

"Can't afford it, my dear,—can't afford it," was the reply. "Come now, and get your quart of milk, child. Miss Lacy won't know but what you've run home." Taking a large tin vessel from the wall, she went on: "This is a double kettle; the lower part holds two quarts. See, I am filling it with nice fresh milk. Tell Miss Lacy I sha'n't charge her anything for it. I'll make you a present of it." Suiting the action to the word, she filled it from a large bucket standing on the table. "The upper part holds a quart. I'll fill that with cream at the spring house as you go out. And here, in this little basket, I've slipped the nicest berries I could find for the

prettiest and sweetest little girl I've seen in Possum Creek neighborhood for many a day. Hold your bucket, child."

"Oh, thank you!" said Jeanie, pleased to know that she had made a favorable impression on her eccentric hostess.

The "spring house" was a stream of clear running water, lightly boarded over. Filling the upper portion of the kettle with golden cream, she sent Jeanie on her way, saying as she closed the door, "Come over again, and I'll show you my clothes. Look out for me Sunday at Mass. You won't be long finding out the best-dressed woman in St. Mary's parish."

Miss Lacy had begun to feel uneasy at Jeanie's prolonged absence, which the little girl soon explained, to the great amusement of the priest and his housekeeper.

"Bravo, Jeanie!" said Father Eugene. "I have a rival in Mrs. Brady's affections."

"Is it true about the money, Father Eugene?" asked Jeanie.

"So they say," replied the priest, evasively.

Jeanie made no further allusion to it at the time, but after he had left the room Miss Lacy whispered:

"Ten thousand dollars was hidden under that plank, my dear. And that woman *never* puts a cent in the collection box Sundays. She'll give in produce and fruit and eggs and such, but money she *won't* part with."

"I think she is a little crazy," said Jeanie.

"I think she's possessed," replied Aunt Betty.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Lady's Whispers.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

WHEN our dear Lady was a child,
I'm sure she played as children do;
And, though she was so sweet and mild,
She sang her songs like me and you,—
(I mean like "you and I,"—no, "you and me"),
And played her plays as cheerily.

Be sure she smiles when we at play
Enjoy ourselves, and school is done;
Be sure—be sure—that every day
She says: "Be happy, but obey
Sweet duty's call; for my Son's sake,
Both work and play in order take."

THE AVE MARIA

TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED

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The Angelus.*

AS toiling pass the hours of busy day,
How sweet a music may be sung to us
By distant bells that ring the Angelus!
They bid the pilgrim on his weary way
To stop a while, that he may rest and pray.
His journey else would be too dolorous;
The cares of life would be so onerous
That he would fall beneath them: so his stay
With God is rest. He hastens to his goal
While sounds of angel voices call him there;
And prays to make each hour the bells may toll
Bring graces sweet to others, by a share
In that dear Angelus,—in hope a soul
Be gained to heaven by his offered prayer.

T. A. M.

The Man with the Iron Mask.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

AMONG the many romances which contributed, more than any real historical merit, to the vogue of Voltaire's "Age of Louis XIV.," one of the most famous is that of the Man with the Iron Mask. But in 1745, seven years before the publication of the cynic's much-vaunted travesty on the history of a great period, there had appeared at Amsterdam a fantastic descrip-

tion of the court of France, in which, under imaginary names, were represented the chief celebrities of that brilliant galaxy, a gloomy prominence being given to the mysterious man of the hidden face. This work, styled "Secret Memoirs in Illustration of the History of Persia," had been issued anonymously; but there are not wanting arguments to show that Voltaire, jealous of the fame accruing to Montesquieu from his "Persian Letters," was its author. Be this as it may, the Sage of Ferney adopted the clandestine writer's version of the story which then, and for many years afterward, agitated the curious throughout Europe.*

According to the "Persian Memoirs," Shah Abas (Louis XIV.) had two sons: one legitimate, named Sephi Mirza (Louis, dauphin of France); and one illegitimate, Giafer (Count de Vermandois, by Mlle. de La Vallière). These two princes hated each other, and one day Giafer struck his brother in the face. Shah Abas informed his council of this outrage, which, according to the Persian law, was punishable with death; but it was resolved to send Giafer to the army, then acting on the frontiers of Feldran (Flandre), and to represent him as killed; then he was to be secretly transferred to the citadel of the island of

* Suggested by the Apostleship of Prayer for pious application to the needs of the "passing moment,"—viz.: to offer the Angelus for those who at the moment may be tempted or in special need of grace.

* In his first edition of the "Age of Louis XIV." (two volumes in 12mo), Voltaire gave no details concerning the Iron Mask; but in the enlarged editions, issued in and after 1753, he spoke more explicitly than any other writer had hitherto done, even drawing the portrait of the victim, describing his mask with hinges at the mouth, assigning the date of his first imprisonment and of his death.

Ormuz (Isles Sainte-Marguerite), and there perpetually confined. Only one of Giafer's servants was entrusted with this state secret, and he was killed by the escort during the journey to Ormuz. The commander of Ormuz treated his prisoner with great respect, himself bringing his meals and waiting at his table, and no other person was ever allowed to see his face. One day the prince scratched his name on a plate, and when the dish was handed to the commander by the slave who had observed the writing, the unfortunate discoverer was put to death.

After many years of confinement at Ormuz, the prisoner was transported to the citadel of Ispahan (the Bastile), remaining in charge of the same commander, now promoted to the governorship of the latter fortress. Throughout his entire imprisonment, which lasted until his death, Giafer was forced to wear a mask whenever sickness or any other important reason compelled him to be seen by others than his jailer. Such persons reported that the governor always treated his mysterious charge with scrupulous respect, and that the prisoner showed great familiarity with the commander, always addressing him as "thou." The author of the "Persian Memoirs" represents Giafer as yet living in 1723; for he states that Ali-Homajou (the Duke of Orleans) died shortly after a visit to the prince, and we know that Orleans died in 1723, eight years after the death of Louis XIV.

Such, then, is the substance of all the legends concerning the Iron Mask which have appeared, from the "Persian Memoirs" to the famous novel of the elder Dumas. Louis XV. once said, when pressed, as he often was, concerning this strange episode in the reign of the grand monarch: "Let people dispute about it; as yet no one has told the truth concerning it." And once, in a moment of confidence, he said to Laborde, his first *valet de chambre*: "You wish me to tell you something about the Iron Mask? Well, this much more than any one else you may learn: the imprisonment of that unfortunate hurt no one but himself."

For many years seven theories were presented as to the identity of this personage. Various investigators or romancists discerned

him in the Count de Vermandois, a natural son of Louis XIV. by Mlle. de La Vallière; in a son of Anne of Austria by De Richelieu; in the Duke of Beaufort, high-admiral of France, confined, it is supposed, lest he might have interfered with the projects of Colbert, then Minister of Marine; in Arwedicks, schismatic patriarch, captured and imprisoned, it was said, at the instigation of the Jesuits; in the Duke of Monmouth, not executed therefore by James II.; in Henry Cromwell, second son of the Protector; and finally in Mattioli, secretary of the Duke of Mantua, whose political influence Louis XIV. feared. Let us briefly examine the arguments adduced for each of these parties.

The theory that the Count de Vermandois was the Man with the Iron Mask was patronized not only by Voltaire, but by Griffet,* a Jesuit writer who had been confessor at the Bastile for nine years, and had enjoyed exceptional advantages as an investigator of this question. He cites the manuscript Journal of Dujanca, governor of the Bastile in 1698, and the mortuary registers of the parish of St. Paul in Paris; and from these documents he proves that the masked prisoner arrived at the Bastile from Pignerol on September 18, 1698, and that he died on November 19, 1703. He leans toward the supposition that the prisoner was Vermandois,† merely because the date of the presumed death of that prince on the Flemish frontier coincides with the one which he fixes for the commencement of the masked person's captivity,—that is, 1683. But Griffet gives no reason for assigning this year rather than the one preferred by Voltaire, 1661; or rather than 1669, the one adopted by Lagrange-Chancel;‡ or rather than 1685, the one selected by Saint-Foix.§

However, Griffet was refuted by Saint-Foix, who found proof in the registers of the cathedral chapter of Arras that Louis XIV. had buried his son in the vault of Elizabeth de

* "Traité des différentes sortes de preuves qui servent à établir la vérité dans l'histoire," Liège, 1769.

† Griffet does not wish "to come to a decision," because of his uncertainty as to the date of the prisoner's arrival at Pignerol. In his day this date was unknown, but it is now certain that it was previous to September, 1681.

‡ "Année Littéraire," Paris, 1758.

§ *Idem*, 1768.

Vermandois (wife of Philippe d'Alsace, Count of France), who died in 1182; while the registers of St. Paul's state that the masked prisoner was interred in the cemetery of that parish. The registers of the chapter of Arras show that great respect was paid to the remains of Vermandois, whereas M. de Palteau, a descendant of Saint-Mars (the custodian of our prisoner), informed Saint-Foix that it was a tradition in his family that chemicals had been placed in the coffin of the unknown, for the quicker destruction of the body.* And, what is most conclusive of all, there exists a letter of Barbezieux to Saint-Mars, written on August 13, 1691, in which the masked individual is described as having been already in the officer's custody "for twenty years"; whereas it is certain that the Count de Vermandois died, or (according to Voltaire and Griffet) disappeared, as lately as 1683.†

As to the theory that the mysterious personage was an illegitimate‡ son of Anne of Austria, Queen of Louis XIII., by the Cardinal de Richelieu, there is no need to soil these pages with any detailed refutation. Elsewhere we have dwelt at some length on the character of the great statesman, and conclusively shown that no valid charges have been brought against his morality;§ while as to the inculpated Queen, not one argument has ever been adduced to prove either her guilt in this particular case, or any departure whatever from conjugal duty. One observation alone will suffice to relegate the present charge to oblivion. On November 17, 1697, Barbezieux wrote to Saint-Mars that he should "never inform any person whomsoever as to what the prisoner *had done*." He would not have used such language had the only fault of the masked one been that of his birth.

In 1758 M. Lagrange-Chancel, who had

* *Ib.*

† Mlle. de Montpensier, a well-informed contemporary, narrates that the prince arrived at the camp before Courtray in the beginning of November, 1683; that on the 12th he was attacked by fever, and died on the 19th.

‡ Some have made the Iron Mask a legitimate son of the Queen. Thus, in 1790, Soulavie published an account of two shepherds announcing to Louis XIII. that Anne would give birth to twins, whose rivalry would cause great harm to France, and of the King confining the second son.

§ "AVE MARIA," vol. xxviii, No. 15.

been confined in the citadel of Sainte-Marguerite in 1718, and who had collected there much traditionary evidence concerning the masked prisoner detained in the citadel not many years before, published a refutation of the lies and errors in the "Age of Louis XIV.," and among other things bearing on the Iron Mask declared that M. de Lamotte-Guérin, governor of the Isles, had assured him that the prisoner was the Duke of Beaufort, admiral of France, generally supposed to have been killed at Candia, but confined by Colbert as a precautionary measure. But, as Griffet observed, Beaufort was incapable of interfering with the projects of Colbert for the good of his country; and even had he been so disposed he had not the power, since his functions were limited to those of "grand-master, and superintendent of navigation and commerce," the post of high-admiral having been suppressed by Richelieu. And modern historians are well satisfied that Beaufort was killed at Candia.

In 1825 M. de Taules published a pamphlet in which he accused the Jesuits of having caused the abduction and imprisonment, first at the Isles Sainte-Marguerite, and then in the Bastile, of Ardewicks, a schismatic patriarch, who was, he says, "a mortal enemy of our religion, and a cruel persecutor of the Armenian Catholics." De Taules identifies Ardewicks with the Iron Mask, and says that he died in the Bastile.* But documents in the Foreign Office at Paris prove that Ardewicks was removed from Turkey "during the embassy of M. Feriol at Constantinople,"† which began in 1699. Now, Saint-Mars brought his masked prisoner to the Bastile in 1698, and he had already been in captivity many years. Again, Ardewicks joined the Roman communion, was liberated, and died in freedom.‡

The theory of Saint-Foix, identifying the mask with the Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles II., decapitated for repeated rebellions on July 15, 1685, obtained great

* "L'Homme au Masque de Fer, mémoire historique où l'on réfute les différentes opinions relatives à ce personnage mystérieux et où l'on démontre que ce prisonnier fut une des victimes des Jésuites."

† "Mémoire manuscrit de M. de Bonac, ambassadeur de France à Constantinople, 1724."

‡ Thus says the official report of his death in the archives of the Foreign Office.

favor among lovers of the marvellous. But how could a substitution have been effected successfully in the case of one condemned to public execution, and whose appearance was so familiar to the officers and guards of the Tower and to the whole people of London? Again, granting this possible, would not the existence of Monmouth in French custody have transpired after the English revolution of 1688? But the letter of Barbezieux to Saint-Mars in 1691, speaking of the latter officer's prisoner as having been already in his custody for twenty years, destroys the hypothesis of Saint-Foix.

As to Henry Cromwell, second son of the Protector, there is not a shadow of probability in favor of his having been the mysterious prisoner. Why should the French Government have disturbed his repose, while allowing his brother Richard, the quondam successor of Oliver, perfect freedom in France?

Nor can Mattioli, secretary of the Duke of Mantua, have been the disputed individual; for he certainly died in 1681. Again, all authors agree in accepting the abundant and indisputable evidence that the famous prisoner was always treated with the greatest respect compatible with his isolation from the outside world, while the correspondence of the royal ministers and officers concerning Mattioli is redolent of contempt for that person. Thus Catinat writes to Louvois about "that knave"; and Louvois admires the patience of Saint-Mars in not treating "that rogue as he merits, when he is wanting in respect to the governor."

Who, then, was this Man with the Iron Mask? Very strong, if not most conclusive, arguments are adduced by M. Paul Lacroix in his apposite work, and strengthened by Barthélemy, to show that he was no other than the celebrated Fouquet, superintendent of finance under Louis XIV., who was condemned in 1664 to perpetual imprisonment for malfeasance in office, peculation, and projected high-treason.

Firstly, the precautions taken in guarding Fouquet while at Pignerol were very like those used in regard to the masked prisoner of Sainte-Marguerite and the Bastile. When the Chamber of Justice had condemned Fouquet to perpetual exile, the King, we read in

the "Defenses de M. Fouquet," judging that there "was great danger in allowing the said Fouquet to leave the kingdom, because of his intimate knowledge of many affairs of state," deemed it prudent to change the punishment to perpetual imprisonment. The culprit was placed in a carriage with four guards, and in custody of M. de Saint-Mars, and escorted by one hundred musketeers, was conducted to the castle of Pignerol. His physician and valet were subjected to the same confinement as their master, "lest they might be a means of communication between him and his friends." And in the "Instruction" given to Saint-Mars for his guidance in the care of Fouquet, which paper was signed by Louis XIV., he is prohibited to allow Fouquet to have any communication with any living person other than Saint-Mars himself, "either by speech, writing, or visit"; and the culprit must never leave his apartment, "even for a walk." Saint-Mars can furnish him with books, but "only one at a time; and he must carefully examine each book when he removes it, lest any writing or cipher be therein hidden." The prisoner, of course, was to have no paper, ink, etc. He could have a confessor when he so desired; but "the priest must be notified only the moment before hearing the said Fouquet, and he must always have a different confessor." And Saint-Mars was to "keep his Majesty informed as to what the prisoner did." Now, all these exceptional precautions, and those indicated in the numerous letters of Louvois to Saint-Mars, exactly correspond with those adopted in the case of the Iron Mask.

Secondly, most of the traditions concerning this individual can easily be predicated of Fouquet. Take, for instance, that of the plate with writing scratched on it, flung from a window and found by a slave. According to Papon,* who heard this from the son of one of the guards of the mask, it was not a plate, but a shirt, on which the prisoner had written "from one end to the other." Now, this story coincides with two passages concerning Fouquet in letters from Louvois to Saint-Mars—"I have received your letter, as well as the napkin on which M. Fouquet wrote"; and, "You may tell him that if he turns his

* "Voyage en Provence."

table linen into writing-paper, he need not be surprised if you give him no more." Again, all the tokens of respect, the many courtesies of refinement, the elegant furniture, etc., accorded to the mysterious man of Sainte-Marguerite, and the Bastille were extended to Fouquet at Pignerol.

Thirdly, it is far from certain that Fouquet died in 1680, as was reported. The contradictions of his contemporaries on this subject are strange, and there is an almost entire absence of documentary evidence.

Fourthly, political reasons might have easily induced Louis XIV. to cause the spread of a report of the death of Fouquet. It has been the fashion among most modern historians to sympathize with, if not to laud, Fouquet as much as they have decried his successor, Colbert. The modern "liberal" school could not be expected to see willingly any good in him who was bequeathed to his sovereign by the dying Mazarin, any more than they do in the latter, recommended as his own successor by the moribund Richelieu. But an inspection of the report of Fouquet's trial must satisfy any impartial mind that the famous superintendent merited the extreme displeasure of Louis XIV. as a reckless prodigal of the public money and an arch-conspirator against the crown.

Another reason for the monarch's aversion may undoubtedly be found in the audacity of Fouquet in pretending to rival Louis in the affections of Mlle. de La Vallière; but that view of the character of the grand monarch which ever espies the lover behind the king is essentially absurd. One need only read that criminating document, written entirely by the hand of Fouquet, and found hidden at the back of a mirror in his apartment, to become convinced of his transcendent guilt. "In reading this paper," says the impartial Peter Clement, * "one can not tell whether he should be more astonished at the extraordinary levity of the writer, or at his seemingly ingenuous confidence in the devotion to himself of those men whom he had deluged in money, or at the crazy notion he had conceived as to his own importance in the state. . . . In every line is evidence of his malfeasance, his

abuse of the public treasury in order to attach creatures to himself to the injury of the state, and of his programme of civil war." * In consigning Fouquet to perpetual imprisonment, Louis XIV. executed a judicious stroke of statesmanship; and if, as we suppose, he gave out that the still influential criminal had died, he deprived the opposition cliques of their most powerful pretext.

Fifthly, Saint Mars and Louvois, whenever writing about Fouquet before the date of his alleged death, always use the same significant phrase, "my" or "your prisoner," although the former had many other prisoners in charge; and after the first apparition of the mask, both Louvois and Barbezieux adopt this phrase.

As to the death of the mysterious prisoner, we learn from the diary of M. Dujunca that it occurred on November 19, 1703, and that he was buried on November 20 in the cemetery of St. Paul's. The parochial register states that "on November 19, 1703, *Marchialy*, aged about forty-five years, died in the Bastille, and his body was interred in the cemetery of St. Paul's, his parish." *Marchialy* is the name by which tradition has nearly always described this personage, but why we can not discover. It is certain, however, that in those days, as in ours, prisoners were generally called by other names than their own, and that these

* Among the papers of Fouquet was found the following document: "I promise to give my faith to Monseigneur the Procurator-General, Superintendent of Finances, and Minister of State, to belong to no person but himself, giving myself and attaching myself to him with my utmost zeal, and promising to serve him in all things, *against every person without exception*; and to obey no person but him; and to hold no relations with any whom he may prohibit to me; and to resign the post of Concarneau, which he has given to me, whenever he may demand it. I promise to sacrifice my life for him, *against all whom he may name, be they of any quality or condition whatever, without excepting any person in the world*. As assurance of this I give these presents, written and signed by my hand. Done at Paris, June 2, 1658, Deslandes." Deslandes was commander of the citadel of Concarneau, which belonged to Fouquet. But the document which ruined Fouquet was nothing less than a detailed plan of rebellion addressed to his friends, and to be actuated in case Cardinal Mazarin, then become suspicious of Fouquet's honesty, and designing to substitute Colbert in his place, should order his arrest.

* "Histoire de Colbert."

pseudonyms were frequently changed, in the case of state offenders, to baffle the schemes of their friends.

When the Bastille fell into the hands of the raging mob, on July 14, 1789, search was made at once for some evidence as to the identity of the masked charge of Saint-Mars. A periodical of the day informs us that there was found a paper marked 64,389,000, and the words, "Fouquet,* coming from the Isles Sainte Marguerite, with an iron mask." Then followed, X.X.X., and underneath, "Kersadion." When this discovery was made known, people recalled to mind a saying in the supplement to the "Age of Louis XIV.," to the effect that Chamillart, Minister of State, had said that the Iron Mask "was a man who possessed all the secrets of Fouquet." Unfortunately, however, for any prospect of certainty in the question we have been examining, the interesting paper just mentioned no longer exists.

The Disappearance of John Longworthy.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XVIII.—A VISION OF CRIMSON AND GOLD.

THERE are parts of New York which the native New Yorkers—and there are a few—never visit. They read the fashionable novels of Mr. Besant, and are shocked by his descriptions of the "nether world" of London. It seldom occurs to them that the social problems which exist in London, and which Mr. Besant would solve with the assistance of music, dancing, fresh air, and temperance drinks, are becoming unsolvable in New York. It is the stranger in New York who finds this out. The metropolis—most splendid, most luxurious, most delightful, most squalid, most hopeless, most wretched of cities,—contains inhabitants steeped in corruption as deep and as baffling as if it were an old and not a new city.

Poverty is a veritable curse there, since to be poor means to herd with the outcasts of old nations. The creature that has committed

nameless crimes in his own country flees to this city of refuge, and he lives brooding over new sins, separated by a thin partition from the decent family which has done no crime, and which has come into the seething town with the dew of the country on its children. The young girl, who knows no evil, passes each day on the common stairway the spawn of the worst European cities. She hears nightly shrieks and cries and oaths, such as Dante never heard in his vision of hell. But how can she be protected from the sound of the quarrel in the room below, where a foul-mouthed, half-human ruffian cries out from a fouler heart against the slave he calls his wife? On the floor opposite the rooms her parents occupy two females have come to live, and to drink the rest of their lives away with companions of their own choosing. The rattle of the beer-cans goes on day and night on the stairs; and it is no unfrequent thing for this young girl to be awakened by a corpse-like thud at the door of her room, and in the morning to find an inert body on the passage without,—not dead, but dead for the time, and of an appearance more repulsive than peaceful death ever gives to the face and figure.

It was in such a place that Mary Galligan's friends, the O'Connors, lived. There were six of them, and they lived in two rooms. The eldest of the children was Kathleen, and no one could look at her fresh colored, modest face, and frank, clear eyes, without wondering how she could exist, so honest, so untainted, in this beer-reeking and pestiferous air. She was like a strong-stemmed rose rising from a compost heap; or, rather, like a pink water-lily floating on a prism-coated, stagnant pond.

Near the O'Connors lived the Mulligans, whose eldest daughter, Nellie, was at present the lady of Miles Galligan's thoughts. The tenement house, which sheltered fifty-eight families besides the O'Connors and the Mulligans, was called "The Anchor." Why no one knew. It had nothing to do with hope; for many who entered there had long ago left nearly all hope behind. Of the sixty families that inhabited the structure, whose walls were damp and whose floors rotten, there were many Russian Jews, some of their Polish brethren, a large number of Italians, a few

* The name was thus written at that time.

Chinese, and six families of the nationality of the O'Connors.

Across the street from The Anchor was a dilapidated building with a repellent look. It had in elder days been a hall for the meeting of the Odd Fellows or some other society of the kind, later on a beer saloon with a concert hall attached, and still later a Home for the Evangelization of the Italians. Recently somebody had bought it from the Evangelization Society (it had really been a station for the giving out of creature comforts to those little Italians who professed themselves eager for Bible truths), and adapted to a new purpose.

The denizen of The Anchor and of the surrounding rookeries observed with amazement that the façade and the raised panels which supported it had been rough-cast with some compound of a brilliant red tint, and that broad bands of gilt were spread in various places over its front. Thus improved, it offered a marked contrast to the dinginess of the street, where everything—except the washed-out red flannels that fluttered from the clothes-lines and fire-escapes—was either gray or black. Brilliant blinds of crimson and gold appeared at the four windows, and the useless little balconies which guarded these windows had their rusty railings coated with gold-leaf. Two or three withered evergreen trees—relics of the days when the building was a "summer garden,"—that stood in the narrow open space before the door were replaced by large red *terra cotta* vases, in which fresher evergreens were planted. Altogether, the streets around The Anchor had not felt such a thrill of interest since Giuseppe Baldi had killed his wife. The tomato cans of years, gathered in the little front space, were carted away with other refuse, to be dumped into the Bay and thrown up later on the beach at Coney Island. Electric lights were placed in rows in front of the gorgeous edifice, and one day there appeared in large gilt letters on the façade the words "Concert Hall."

On a sunshiny day this concert hall lightened the squalor about it wonderfully. Many a weary eye rested on it with pleasure. It would have shocked the æsthetic taste, but fortunately there was no æsthetic taste in The Anchor or thereabouts; and so the hopeless sewing-woman, whose hours were from

daylight until ten o'clock at night, gazed on the gay splash of color with pleasure, and helped to quiet her little children by holding them up to the window to see it. It was a revelation to the Italians, who seemed to have special joy in it; and when the flags of all nations were made to flutter around it the excitement reached a pitch which another murder—common in comparison with many other events—would not have occasioned.

After all, there are no poor so pitifully unprovided for as the poor of New York or London. The Italians at home have something beautiful to look at, and no one is utterly poor until the eye is starved as well as the stomach. To work from morning to night in wretched work-rooms is bad; to exist in more wretched rooms is worse; but to see nothing all the year round but dirt and gloom and squalor, made only more plain by the sunlight, is the sum of earthly misery. The Italians in Italy have churches built for them, where they can enjoy the perfection of form and color. But in countries where the spirit of the Reformation prevails the poor are indeed without comfort in their dwelling-places.

The whole quarter on which this glory of gold and crimson shone was soon absorbed in one subject of conversation—could the owner of the new concert hall get a license? If he could not secure legal permission to sell liquors on his premises, he might just as well, The Anchor opined, shut up shop and sell his paraphernalia to the old-clothes men.

During Christmas week the thoroughfares around The Anchor were amazed by a shower of little pink tickets with *coupons* attached to them. These did not fall from heaven, but they were sent to the housekeeper of each tenement house to be distributed to his clients. The pink tickets contained an announcement of a grand vocal and instrumental concert to be held on December 26, at seven o'clock; and the *coupon* was good for coffee or tea and cakes at the refreshment bar. It was the opinion of the people whom The Anchor represented that the proprietor of the new concert hall could not get a license and was "trying to play some game" on them. They were suspicious. The pink tickets were, however, eagerly taken up; for there was much curiosity to see the interior of the gold and crimson building.

At half-past six o'clock on the evening named—a raw, slushy evening it was—the electric lights burst into full bloom, and a brass band in the vestibule began to play. All the front fire-escapes of The Anchor were crowded with human beings of all ages and sizes, wrapped in garments of all kinds. These were the “stay-at-homes,” whose pink tickets for various reasons were unavailable. For instance, if there is only one decent shawl in a family, all the daughters can not go to an assembly at once; and even a young lady of the most advanced opinions can not go into society without a pair of shoes.

Shortly after the band began to play the audience passed through the lines of spectators into the glowing vestibule, where mirrors in gilded frames and crimson *portières* dazzled the unaccustomed eyes.

Little Jimmy O'Connor, who had only one boot and no pink ticket—there are some people to whom one boot is not an obstacle to their mingling with their kind,—caught a glimpse of this vestibule.

“O Kathleen,” he said, “it’s like heaven, or the altar on Easter Sunday!”

Nellie Mulligan, leaning on Jim Dolan’s arm,—why be off with old love even after one is on with the new?—had on all her best clothes. She was one of the first to enter, though as she did she apologized to some intimate friends for going to a “charity show”; and she asked a dignified policeman, also an acquaintance of hers, if “Eye-talians couldn’t be kept out.”

XIX.—BASTIEN’S EXPERIMENT.

Mary had no school to teach until the day after New Year’s. There was nothing to prevent her going with Esther to the rehearsal at the music shop. Mr. Bastien was there, polite, interested, rather silent. He heard Esther play her four pieces with evident approval; then he stipulated that she should have some trifles ready to play for *encores*.

“A musician always has to do double work,” he said, pleasantly.

When he explained that the entertainments were to be given at the concert hall near The Anchor, Esther could not repress her astonishment. He caught her look.

“I’ll send a cab for you,” he said, misinterpreting her meaning; “there will be no

danger. And surely you will not object to letting those poor people hear your music?”

“Not at all!” answered Esther quickly, irritated as usual by his tone. “Only I fancy I need not trouble myself about pieces for recalls, or *encores*, or whatever you call them. Chopin’s Mazurkas, the Overture to Semiramide, Liszt’s Rhapsody, and a minuet by Glück, are not likely to induce enthusiasm in people from The Anchor.”

“Then you are one of those who think the poor have no souls,” Mr. Bastien said curtly, with a sharp gleam in his eyes.

“They *have* souls, but you can’t reach them with a minuet by Glück, any more than you can improve the Italians who know only a dialect by giving them Bibles in Tuscan.”

“My dear young lady,” Bastien observed, with what Esther chose to think was an air of patronage, “you don’t know the people; their present degradation is the result of such ideas as yours. Give them the best, and they will recognize it at once. There is no teacher like music. It elevates, it touches the soul as no other teacher can. I would not give them the Bible; I would set its canticles to music.”

“That has already been done, sir,” broke in Mary, a little shyly. “The Church in all ages has set the inspired words to grand music.”

Bastien looked at her with that expression of interest which Esther took for insolence.

“We must talk of this another time,” he said, holding open the door for them. “At half-past six, please,” he added, with a slight bow.

“He is the *most* insufferable creature!” exclaimed Esther. “I dislike the very sight of him. ‘At half-past six, please!’ I felt like throwing the music roll at him—him and his nonsense!”

Mary smiled for the first time that day.

“I rather like him; he is earnest, even what people call intense. I think he means to be kind. I wonder if our O’Connors—poor things!—will come to his concerts?”

“One hearing of the Glück Minuet will be enough for the O’Connors, I fancy,” said Esther, with a smile. “And,” bursting into indignation again, “how does that man expect people like the O’Connors to go to concerts when they haven’t decent clothes?”

“Some people have strange ideas about very poor folk. I have heard all kinds of remedies

proposed by well-meaning philanthropists, but this is the first time I have known anybody to propose to reform the tenement-house system by means of high-class music. The man interests me, I must say."

"He is abominable!" Esther declared. "He looks over one's head and talks with the most intolerable air of superiority. What an awful time his wife and children must have! I imagine his making them play instructive games and practise *fugues* and things! I should like to tell him what I think of him."

"He has an odd accent at times," Mary said. "Is he a foreigner?"

"I don't know," Esther answered. "Probably Mr. Fitzgerald can tell us something; he is going to sing a classical baritone conglomeration from a German opera at this concert."

Mary was silent. She began to search for excuses for not attending the concert; but there was no one else to go with Esther,—Miles, in the present condition of affairs, not being eligible.

When the carriage promised by Mr. Bastien came to the door Esther was ready, her mind divided between the "set" of her black silk frock and a nervous dread lest something might happen to spoil her playing. Mary had been ready for an hour; she put some *jacquemot* roses in Esther's belt, gave her hair a sisterly pat or two, and, accompanied by a large roll of music, the two drove off toward the resplendent temple of music which was such a contrast to The Anchor.

They were admitted to the rooms behind the stage through a side door, which opened on a narrow and muddy alley. Mr. Bastien and Arthur Fitzgerald were on the stage. Bastien was in evening clothes; Fitzgerald wore a frock-coat, with one of the roses he had picked up in Galligans' parlor in his button-hole. Mary had held it for a moment, yet here he wore it in her very presence and she did not recognize the delicate homage he was paying her. Esther noticed it, and thought it was rather faded; for lack of something to say she said so, and offered him one of the red buds she had. Fitzgerald had no resource except to put the white rose carefully in his left breast pocket, and to replace it with the dewy and fragrant one Esther offered him. Mary watched this episode with a touch of

impatience. She felt a slight suspicion that Esther was something of a flirt, but she repressed it at once. Mr. Bastien nodded his head approvingly.

"I am glad you thought of the roses. The poor need to be taught the æsthetic use of flowers; and the best way to do it is to teach by example."

"I don't know where the poor are to get flowers," answered Esther, impelled by an almost irresistible impulse to contradict everything Mr. Bastien said, "unless they steal them from graveyards."

"Horrible!" Bastien exclaimed.

A rush of feet in the hall prevented him from making further comment. He went to a little lace-curtained window at the side of the stage, and looked into the body of the hall. It was brilliant in color. The walls were crimson, with gilded panels and crystal globes for the electric burners. The seats, of light wicker-work of a graceful pattern, were already half full; those in front were occupied by a number of gaily dressed young girls, attended by young men with and without collars, but nearly all with closely-shaved heads. There was a lapse between the fringe of the brightly dressed and a dark line around the doors. This dark line was soon seen to consist of Italian men and women, mostly with small children, and several Chinese.

Bastien glanced in surprise at the front rows of benches. He turned helplessly to Esther.

"Look, please," he said, "and tell me where the poor people are."

Esther looked through the lace curtain, to see Nellie Mulligan, in her red garment, above which rose an elaborate hat. Nellie ostentatiously held up the programme in a pair of carefully gloved hands. Next to her sat a rather chubby-looking young man, with a slight yellow mustache, a cropped head, and a scintillant breastpin in his purple necktie. His arm was thrown over the back of Nellie's seat, and together they read Mr. Bastien's programme with an air of amusement. Around these two were various friends of theirs,—members of the Lady Rosebuds and other social circles. The night after Christmas was an "off-night"; there was almost nothing going on in society, and this concert offered an agreeable but a not too violent diversion.

Esther understood the meaning of Bastien's question at once. If all the young women were not as well gloved as Nellie Mulligan, they were all as brilliantly dressed. There were befeathered hats in abundance, and the assemblage looked like a flower garden into which a number of shaven-headed convicts had intruded.

The collarless young man was in the majority. There were many low-browed and weather-beaten young men. Many of the cropped heads showed white scars and knobs,—tokens of bygone frays, in which the oyster shell and the tomato can had played a part. Some of the girls were thin and careworn, but many had bright eyes and clear complexions. They were in appearance greatly superior to the men.

"You don't know this world," Esther said, with a low laugh that had a touch of malice in it. "The gay-looking people in the front rows are poor enough, but they are very different from what you imagine them to be. The line of wretched-looking Italians, who stay down near the door because they are not dressed, are probably richer in possessions than these people near us."

"I don't understand," said Bastien. "Is there actually caste among these people?"

Esther enjoyed his helplessness, as the native of the plains delights in the fine airs of the citizen who attempts to ride a kicking pony.

"Of course there is. Look!" she continued, pointing to a bulldog-headed young man who was cracking peanuts between his teeth. "there's enjoyment! But Liszt's Rhapsody will make him forget his vulgar amusement."

Bastien gazed at her doubtfully. By this time the hall was filled, and several of the other singers had arrived. Mary and Esther were introduced to them. They were all people that sang high-class music; and Esther forgot her nervousness as she wondered how the audience would greet Miss Maud Thornton's sage-green and pre-raphaelite gown, and her warbling of Provençal *aubades* to the music of the mandolin. But the opening chorus was soon over; Mr. Bastien led Esther out to the grand piano, and with fear and trembling she began the Hungarian Rhapsody.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Let the Hills Hear Thy Voice."

BY THE LATE HENRY NUTCOMBE OXENHAM.

THE sun shines bright and glorious, and the
hill-tops are illumed
With a more than common light the day Our
Lady was assumed;
For her the cloudless blaze of noon on the lonely
tarn is glowing,
And the many-sounding torrents chant her
praises in their flowing.

For her the golden valleys thick with cornfields
laugh and sing,
And with voices of innumerable birds the happy
woodlands ring;
The air is tremulous with song, and a preternat-
ural motion
Stirs the deep music of the waves in sunless caves
of ocean.

And the sound of many waters with accord of
solemn mirth,
Like a worship without words, goes up incessant
from the earth;
The *Magnificat* of mountain streams, and—sweet-
est after showers—
An odor as of frankincense wafted from myrtle
bowers.

And shall we alone, dear Mother, when all around
is gay,
Stand mute amid the tuneful choir that hails thy
triumph day?
Nor heed the skylark's matin hymn, flooding the
heavens with praise,
Faint echo of their angel harps who on thy
brightness gaze?

Shall thy children raise no anthem, all unaudi-
enced though it be,
With the living rock for temple, and the far-
resounding sea,
Rolling organ notes of jubilee, responsive to their
song,
For the Mother of the Holy One, the Merciful,
the Strong?

What if there were who loved to roam those breezy
fern-clad hills,
And to dream away the summer nights beside
their tinkling rills;
Who thought to seek the beautiful in earth's
most beauteous places,
While the mountain breath was fraught for them
with more than earthly graces;

Who revelled in the warm sunshine on lake and
flowery lea,
While Nature through her sweet constraints was
drawing them to thee?—
O speed them home, dear Mother Maid, who linger
on the way,
Lighten their eyes who can not see, and turn the
feet that stray!

Guide thou their weary steps through days of
anguish and unrest,
Through the darkness that is felt of doubts uncon-
quered, unconfest,
To the land beyond the eastern hills lapt in the
living ray
Of the Uncreated Vision, where the shadows flee
away!

A Martyr of Our Own Day.

II.—HE GOES TO CHINA.

TO go on the foreign mission had been the Abbé Perboyre's earliest priestly ambition; he had joined the Lazarists with this hope, and it never left his heart, although his delicate health seemed an insurmountable obstacle to its realization. He loved to expatiate on the virtues of the Abbé Clet, of the same Congregation, who had been martyred in China, February 17, 1820. "What an enviable death was that of the Abbé Clet!" he used to say to his novices. "Pray that I may die like him." Having on one occasion gathered the seminarists into the lecture hall, he showed them a blood-stained cassock and a rope, and exclaimed: "Here is a martyr's soutane! Here is the rope with which he was strangled. What a happiness if we could some day have a like death!" Afterward taking a fervent novice aside he said to him: "You must pray hard that my health may grow stronger, that I may be able to go to China to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ and to die for Him." During six years, each morning at Mass, he had implored Our Lord to grant him this grace.

In 1835 two missionaries were to start for China from the Mother-House at Paris, and the Abbé Perboyre, throwing himself upon his knees before the Superior-General, the venerable Abbé Salbogne, begged to be allowed to accompany them. The Superior could not resist such entreaties, and promised he would not oppose his departure if the council

consented. However, several members of the council objected that the Abbé Perboyre's health was too feeble: he would die like his brother, they said, before landing. The doctor's opinion confirmed that of the council; he was most emphatic in affirming that this Father was quite unfit for missionary life. The matter seemed thus finally settled, when next morning the physician returned and told the Superior General that the verdict he had pronounced on the Abbé Perboyre had so preoccupied him during the night that he could not rest until he had resolved to retract his decision; he now suggested that a sea-voyage might benefit the invalid's health, and in saying so he declared he felt sure he was obeying a mysterious inspiration. The departure of the priest was therefore decided upon.

The Abbé Perboyre's joy was great, but all interior; he calmly began his preparations for the journey, his first act being to make a general confession. By letter he bade adieu to father, mother, and relatives, anxious to spare them the pain of a last interview. On the morning of his departure all the community gathered in the courtyard; the novices were inconsolable at losing their beloved director. The Superior-General came down, in spite of his great age and infirmities, to give a last blessing to the missionary. So great were the affection and veneration he inspired that everyone tried to say a word of farewell to him and ask his prayers. He set out with his two young companions, amidst tears and blessings, and took the boat at Havre on the 16th of March, 1835. Five priests of the Missions Etrangères were likewise bound for the Celestial Empire. While most of the passengers lay prostrate under sea-sickness, the Abbé Perboyre, notwithstanding that he too suffered severely, never relaxed his religious exercises, and moreover set earnestly to work to study the Chinese language. He became an object of admiration even to the sailors.

The travellers reached Macao on the 29th of August of the same year. The Abbé Perboyre's letters were buoyant with joy at having arrived in the country where he was to preach the Gospel, and where he hoped to die for Jesus Christ. He took a short and much-needed rest among his brethren at Macao, where he continued the study of Chinese,

which, though he had no natural facility for it, he mastered at the end of three months; he was able later on to hear confessions and preach with remarkable ease in that difficult tongue. It is said that during the repeated interrogatories to which he was subjected at the time of his martyrdom, the mandarins were astonished at his knowledge of their language.

He lost no time in beginning his ministry, and visited the Christian settlements, which were often hundreds of miles from one another, and generally concealed in the mountains. The heroic priest endured unspeakable sufferings, but the success of his labors was an ample reward. However, his physical strength gave way, and he fell so dangerously ill that he received the last Sacraments. He was scarcely convalescent when he set out again on the mission, cheerfully facing the worst roads, walking miles in the snow or under the scorching sun, with bleeding feet, famished with hunger and thirst; and when he stopped to rest finding only wretched inns, with a straw matting on the bare floor to lie upon. His sole refreshment was a little rice and some boiled herbs without any seasoning. These hardships did not satiate the apostle's love of mortification: he mercilessly disciplined his poor extenuated body, and wore round his waist an iron chain edged with spikes.

The hearty welcome of his poor Chinese flock was all spiritual; for in their wretched hovels they could offer him no material comfort; and if they attempted to light a fire, the only escape for the smoke was through the open door. The want of cleanliness of these people was particularly trying to the devoted missionary; he was often covered with vermin, and through a spirit of penance, like St. Benedict Joseph Labre, he allowed himself to be almost devoured alive.

But an ordeal more painful than any human misery awaited him in a trial known as St. Francis de Sales' temptation. He thought he was doomed to eternal damnation; neither his prayers nor his tears could dispel the despairing thought. He fancied God an angry Judge; that in the scales of divine justice all his labors could not counterbalance the weight of his sins, and that heaven was closed to him forever. His crucifix, which had hitherto been such a source of consolation to him,

now only increased his anguish. Every morning when he celebrated the Holy Sacrifice it seemed to him as if he renewed the treason of Judas. This trial, common to many saints, took such hold upon his imagination that his health became seriously affected; he withered away like a plant dried up by the burning sun, and his emaciated body grew almost transparent. Death must certainly have followed had not God in His mercy put an end to this terrible affliction. In a vision he saw our Blessed Lord on the Cross, who, casting a loving glance upon him, said tenderly: "What dost thou fear? Did I not die for thee? Place thy hand in My side, and never fear damnation." The vision vanished, leaving the holy missionary's soul overwhelmed with a peace and joy that were never again to be disturbed.

"It was from himself," relates his fellow-laborer, Mgr. Baldus, "that I heard the fact in a conversation at our residence in Kou-Chen-Kieng. He related it as happening to another person, but I said: 'I am aware of whom you are speaking; this occurred to yourself.' His embarrassment and evasive answers convinced me as much as a formal avowal that my surmises were right."

At the time the servant of God came to China there existed a law, dating from 1794, that forbade the Christian religion, and condemned all who practised it to death if they were European, or to exile if Chinese. The application of this law brought on several persecutions against the Church; the most violent, after that of 1805, took place in 1820, in which Venerable Clet was martyred. For a period after that the Christians enjoyed comparative peace, until suddenly, in 1839, a fresh persecution broke out. A young man, son of a catechist, was arrested; and, frightened by the threats of the pagans, he betrayed his brothers in the faith,—divulged their names, their dwellings, and the places where they met for divine service.

Orders were immediately sent to the mandarin of Kou-Chen-Kieng to seize all Christians. A troop of soldiers, led by two military mandarins and civil officials, were dispatched to execute the orders, and marched on the small village of Tcha-Yung-Keou, the residence of the missionaries. The Abbé Perboyre, surrounded by several priests, was celebrating

the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary (September 13), and the faithful crowded round to assist at the Holy Sacrifice. At the end of the service a Christian came running in to warn the congregation that the pagan troops were in the neighborhood, and that there was barely time to escape. All fled at once except the Abbé Perboyre, who consented to retire only at the last minute, when the soldiers were about to invade the church. He hastily collected the sacred vessels, to save them from profanation, and withdrew by a secret door. The soldiers, furious at having allowed their prey to escape, ransacked the church and the mission house, and then set fire to the papers and books, and afterward to the house itself.

The servant of God had been able to hide in a neighboring forest, but at nightfall, faint from hunger, he went to the cottage of a catechist to take some food. The Christian shaved the missionary's beard that he might not be recognized, and led him to a relative's house, where he could spend the night in safety. The holy priest, unwilling to compromise his guests, left his retreat before daybreak and fled again to the forest, accompanied by three Christians. There he might have eluded his enemies had not Providence permitted him to be betrayed, like his Divine Master. A neophyte consented, for the sum of thirty *tails*, to reveal the missionary's hiding-place.

The soldiers surrounded the forest, searched it, and soon came upon the fugitive; his companions prepared to defend him, but he forbade them to use violence, and gave himself up without a word. The soldiers seized him rudely by the hair of the head (which he wore in Chinese fashion), dragged him to the top of a mountain, and there exchanged his clothes for some wretched rags, tied his hands behind his back, and put a chain round his neck. In this manner he was led to the town of Kouang-in-Tam, where he was interrogated by a mandarin, and asked if he was not a European and head of the false sect called Christians. The missionary boldly replied: "I am a European and a Catholic missionary." The enraged judge commanded that his hands and feet be bound, and that he be conducted to the abode of a pagan noted for cruelty.

In this wretched place the Abbé Perboyre spent the night, closely watched. Early next

morning he was marched off to the distant town of Kou-Chen-Kieng, but the holy priest was too exhausted by fatigue, hunger and ill treatment to make the journey on foot. The military escort was already on the move; the missionary stood in the midst of a furious mob, that insulted him and struck him, when a humane pagan, Lieu-Kioun-Lin, syndic of the town, moved to compassion at the pitiable sight, obtained permission to put the prisoner on a litter, paid the bearers of it, and walked all day beside the man of God. The martyr affectionately thanked the syndic, and when he had won the palm of martyrdom he appeared to the kind-hearted pagan and obtained for him the grace of conversion.

At Kou-Chen-Kieng, the servant of God was brought before a military court; the mandarin inquired his motive for entering the Celestial Empire. "I am a European," he answered, "and have come to propagate the Christian religion and exhort men to avoid evil and do good." The judge proposed to him to deny his faith, saying that otherwise it would cost him his life. The confessor shook his head in sign of firm refusal. The tyrant, incensed at this, ordered soldiers to strike him on the face. On this occasion he received a hundred blows, and was then thrust into prison. The holy Lazarist bore his sufferings with the utmost patience. The next day he was again summoned before a civil tribunal. Among the things pillaged at the missionary's house were a chalice, a missal, sacred vestments, and other objects necessary for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The mandarin took up each successively and inquired its meaning. The prisoner replied they were all used to offer sacrifice to Almighty God; and to the question again put to him if he was not the leader of a false and impious sect, he reiterated his former testimony: "I am a missionary of the only true religion."

Simultaneously with the Abbé Perboyre a Christian virgin, named Anna Kao, had been summoned before the tribunal; the mandarin seized the occasion to grossly insult the servant of God and the young girl. The former meekly informed the judge that missionaries and the native religious take the vow of chastity, and are faithful to it, and that men and women live apart.

The functionary used all his powers of persuasion to induce him to renounce his faith and to trample on the crucifix; but the confessor answered simply: "Never will I deny my faith or trample on the sign of salvation."—"If you do not abjure your errors," rejoined the mandarin, "I will put you to death."—"Verily, I shall be happy to die for Jesus Christ," was the gentle reply. Immediately he received on his cheeks forty blows with a thick leather strap, and his face became horribly swollen and disfigured.

After several interrogatories before the civil authorities of Kou-Chen-Kieng, always followed by the most barbarous treatment, the servant of God was taken to Siang-Yang-Fou, a city about a hundred and forty leagues off. The journey was made by water, and was one long agony for Blessed Perboyre; he was thrown into the boat, his hands and feet tied, and was given no food or drink until he reached Siang-Yang-Fou, where he remained several days in a horrible prison. He was then remanded before the governor of the city, and questioned as before concerning his quality of European and his motive in coming to China. The official ordered him to be suspended from a beam by his thumbs, tightly fastened together. Another torture was to remain kneeling for four consecutive hours, with bare knees, on iron chains. The heroic confessor bore all these torments without uttering a word of complaint.

The tyrant on this occasion invented still more diabolical torments. He assailed him by an odious calumny, which doubtless God permitted to give greater lustre to the virtue of His servant. Coarse accusations were brought against him and the Christian maiden, Anna Kao, who was also present and condemned to the same tortures. The mandarin feigned not to believe the resolute justification of the confessor, and commanded him to be subjected to a nameless ordeal more painful than death. This overcame the victim to such a degree that it seemed as if life were about to depart. The authorities, fearing that the martyr might escape too soon from their hands, ordered him to be removed to Ou-Tchang-Fou, the chief city of the province of Hou-Pe, where the final sentence was to be passed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

St. Matthias.

THOU chosen one of God, who filled the place
By Traitor Judas vacant made among
The Twelve from whom the wondrous word
hath rung
O'er all the earth of pardon and of grace
For sinner of the best or basest race,
In humble fear thy head was always hung
Upon thy breast, although thou hadst the tongue
Of fire and wast replete with grace.
"Judas did fall, and so may I." This thought
Made thee full humble, and thy eager zeal
Strove ceaselessly to do a double task
For thy own self and for the one who wrought
No deeds save crime. To thee I now appeal:
Humility and zeal of thee I ask.

E. S. G.

A Non-Catholic Lover of St. Francis.

MANY people, in fact most people, consider John Ruskin a cross codger, and are fond of terming him a "crank," while in reality he is the gentlest and most generous of men. He has an unfortunate manner, it is true, which comes perhaps from thinking it right always to say and act just what he means. His early training may have helped this intense love of truth to mould his nature. The story of his childhood is in many respects pitiful, although his mother, in her stern way, was sincerely fond of him.

There is a pretty story (perhaps legend would be a better word) told of him concerning the origin of his admiration for St. Francis of Assisi. It seems that he had a dream in which he fancied himself a Franciscan Brother, but he soon forgot all about it. Long years afterward, when he was in Rome, a certain beggar used to ask alms of him daily, always receiving something from his kind hand. Once the gift was more than usual, or given with a kinder manner or pleasant words, and the beggar seized the giver's hand and fervently kissed it. Ruskin was discomfited for a moment; then his great heart was touched, and, as if ashamed of his chagrin, he bent suddenly and saluted the poor man in the same way, only kissing his cheek instead of his hand.

The beggar was deeply impressed by the incident. Not long after this he went to Mr. Ruskin, carrying him a little piece of brown cloth, much worn and faded.

"It is not much to look at," said the grateful mendicant, his eyes filled with tears; "but it is a bit of the robe of the holy St. Francis of Assisi."

Then Ruskin thought of the forgotten dream, and shortly afterward went to visit Assisi, where many of his happiest days were from that time spent. One who tells the story remarks: "I personally should like to believe that the mendicant was himself St. Francis appearing in the garb of a beggar to his great disciple."

Thus Ruskin came to know and love St. Francis and the Order he founded, and he writes to a friend: "I shall soon be sending a letter to the good monks at Assisi. Give them my love always."

Something to Read.

MR. O. B. BUNCE, who, as "Bachelor Bluff," wrote many sensible and wise things, forces on us another debt of gratitude. He has written himself down as an enemy of the morbid and the false in literature. He has set his foot on Pessimism, and, as he is the "reader" of a great publishing firm, his *dictum* has special value. In a poem recently published in the *Independent* he writes, under the title "Something to Read":

"Oh, let the bitter, the false, the dark and the morbid depart,—

Awaken in all the skill that sweetens the mind and the heart!

Oh, breath of the blossoms, breath of the heavens, live in our art,—

A priceless something to read!"

These are words that need to be said. People *will* read,—we all know that too well; and the mental food with which they are furnished for the most part is not only light in texture, but poisonous in substance. Fancy a young girl reading half the books which are offered by the boy who officiates as bookseller in the railroad cars! They are as evil as the pest.

In books for spiritual reading, eliminate the lurid. Away with all productions of men

and women who can think of God only as a judge! Away with pietism! If we must resort to translations of foreign spiritual writings, let us have adaptations rather than literal translations, no matter how excellent the originals may be. But as for that class of spiritual writers who are given to declamation and gush, let their names become unknown. The insipid little books, for the most part translated from the French, which are so much in vogue, have done a great deal of harm and very little good. Father Faber never gave wiser advice than when he recommended some one to "read no French spiritual writer from St. Francis de Sales until our own times, except Père Lallemant." Since these words were spoken, however, a great many books have been published in France which we think Father Faber would willingly include with the writings of Lallemant.

Of all books those intended for religious instruction and spiritual reading should be most carefully selected. Above all, let us give no quarter to works that minimize the truth. This is a tendency of controversy, as Cardinal Newman observes. And we have writers and preachers amongst us who seem to think that the doctrines of the Church should be softened somewhat to suit the modern mind,—that we should concede something to our adversaries. As if Truth were not inflexible! As if anything were to be gained, ever had been gained, by concessions to error! Love the men,—yes, be gentle, make full allowance for ignorance, prejudice, etc.; but let us hate the errors, and be convinced that an uncompromising adherence to what the Church teaches—exactly what she teaches, no matter how unpalatable it may seem to unbelievers,—is in itself a power, a help not a hindrance to those who are really sincere in their search for truth. The stumbling-blocks are found in the Commandments rather than in the Creed.

A writer in the *Lyceum*, reviewing a little work by St. Francis of Sales, which, as he says, is beyond our criticism and our commendation, has something to say of a class of French spiritual writers for whom, it must be confessed, most of our translators and the majority of pious readers have shown a marked preference. The class to which reference is made

is represented by Père Rigoleuc. Says the writer in the *Lyceum*, one of the ablest of living theologians:

"The Christ of the Gospels sometimes makes way, in their pages, for an unloving and unlovable personage, such as their harsh theories of Jansenism stood in need of. Life is not a time of trial in the Scriptural sense of preparation and experiment: it is the mediæval 'trial' of torture and expiation. Our main object is not to know God, to love Him, and to serve Him; but to keep before our eyes one aspect of His justice, to fear Him above all things, to appease His anger, and to avoid offending Him. The world is to be made a 'vale of tears' in a way which St. Bernard never dreamed of. If one wishes to see what a 'devout life' can be reduced to, he need only look through Père Rigoleuc's 'Walking with God,' which reads almost like a satire upon spirituality, as though the author had in view some such object as Padre Isla had when composing the sermons of Fray Gerundio. Yet Père Rigoleuc wrote his book in solemn earnest. . . . No one can read Père de Ravignan's spiritual instructions and letters of direction without a certain sense of pain and impotence,—pain, that Christ's following should be made so gratuitously an agony to souls that loved Him; and impotence, because the burden is evidently beyond what human nature can compass—how far beyond it the details of his own religious life and missionary efforts bear witness."

Away with such harsh, false principles as these teachers advocate! Their spirit, good men though they were, is not the spirit of Christ.

We must have books; let us, then, encourage clean, clear, sunny, sensible, orthodox writers, who hate error, who are not wiser than the Church, who do not minimize,—writers who are sane in spirituality, who teach that life well lived is not only worth living but almost a foretaste of heaven. This is a duty to our country, to our neighbor, to the children who are growing up, to the faith. Our motto might well be, "Let the books of our country be good, and we shall need fewer laws"; let them be strictly orthodox, and we shall see conversions to the faith multiplied; let them breathe the spirit of Christ, and the imitation of Christ will follow.

THERE are those who through zeal for the salvation of others forget the needs of their own souls.

THE truest eloquence is that which charms and convinces with the fewest words.

Notes and Remarks.

"Le Pater"—an English adaptation in blank verse by a well-known American Catholic *littérateur*—is being produced this week in Daly's Theatre, New York. We happen to know that it was specially selected for Lent, and few plays could be more appropriate. "Le Pater" conveys the lesson which at some time or other we all have reason to recall—that of the forgiveness of injuries. We do not, of course, mean to say, in a strict sense, that any play could be appropriate to the present holy season; but if New Yorkers do nothing worse during Lent than to witness "Le Pater" their consciences need not be disturbed. It is something noteworthy that a time of mortification in the Christian Church should influence the character of plays produced for the entertainment of those who are not supposed to come under its discipline. But the fact is that the Church influences everything more or less, and the slightest increase of that influence is cause for rejoicing. We have already outlined the plot of M. Coppée's popular play.

The *Catholic Weekly Review*, of Toronto, for February 22 is a special number. It contains admirably printed pictures of the Canadian hierarchy and one of Cardinal Newman. An appropriate pendant to the picture of the latter is the words of Matthew Arnold, which are put under it. "Who could resist," Arnold says, "the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music—subtle, sweet, mournful? I seem to hear him still saying, 'After the fever of life, after weariness and sicknesses, fighting and desponding, languor and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding,—after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy state, at length comes death, at length the white throne of God, at length the beatific vision.'"

There died recently in Chicago, Ill., a woman remarkable in many respects, but who lived a life of obscurity, almost hidden away from the world she was well fitted to adorn—Miss Abby Maria Hemenway. She was born in Burlington, Vt., and at the time of her death was engaged on the sixth and last volume of a monumental history of her native State. In the prosecution of this work, to which she devoted her energies for upward of a quarter of a century, she was

encouraged by the Legislature of Vermont, which had made an appropriation for each volume as it appeared.

About twenty-five years ago Miss Hemenway became a convert to our holy faith, a duty which she heroically fulfilled at the cost of a temporary estrangement from her family. After her conversion she wrote, under the name of "Marie Josephine," the volumes of the "Rosa Mystica" series, in which she revealed the deep religious feelings of her nature, and the calm and peace which her soul experienced within the bosom of the one true Church. Four years ago Miss Hemenway went to reside in Chicago, where she engaged two small rooms in a little cottage and devoted herself to the completion of her great work, the "History of Vermont." She had but few acquaintances in the city, and lived alone, unattended. On Tuesday, the 25th ult., she was found dead in her room. From the day of her conversion she had ever been pious and exemplary in the fulfilment of her religious duties, so that, though her death was sudden, there is every assurance that it was not unprovided, and that her soul will receive the hundredfold reward promised to those who have left all things for Christ's sake. May she rest in peace!

The Rev. Dr. Heber Newton's recent sermon in praise of the Church has excited a great deal of comment. Among other things he said:

"The Roman Catholic Church commands from us our reverence for her special culture of saintship. How raw and crude seem our provisions for that imperious hunger of the human heart for sacrifice, for renunciation of the world, for absolute consecration, in comparison with what the teachings of this great Church have wrought! Her history is a long bead-roll of men and women of whom the world has not been worthy. And still to-day from every land she presents to us such types of self-abnegation as have awed the hearts of self-indulgent Protestants in a Cure d'Ars and a Father Damien. He who, in some unfriendly hotel, in a foreign land, has had a child lie at the point of death, and found at his right hand a Catholic Sister ready by day and night to nurse his boy back to life, without money and without price, can never again feel toward this Church of saints as he did in the complacent days of his callow Protestantism, wherein he saw only her defects."

Dr. Newton, for all his Low Church theories, seems to appreciate the Church more than those high-and-dry Ritualists who put ceremonies above all that is vital.

The Eighteenth Annual Report of the Le Couteulx St. Mary's Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, Buffalo, N. Y., is before

us. It contains a very full account of the workings of the institution during the past year, and specimens of the literary work of the inmates, which show how carefully they have been trained. Such an institution for the benefit of Catholic deaf-mutes is a great boon.

In the current number of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* a pleasant story is told of the late Father Sestini, S. J., who was the founder of the *Messenger*. "He was, besides being a very holy religious, a man of very many and very high accomplishments. In mechanical and architectural drawing there were few superior to him, whilst in the sketching of astronomical charts it would be hard to find his equal. The beautiful ceiling of the Woodstock College Library, representing a view of the solar system, is a lasting memorial of his designing power and his workmanship; for he painted nearly all of it himself. Once, during the execution of that work, whilst he was engaged in painting the constellation of Orion, he was called away to some other duty. During his absence an old lay-brother who had been helping him touched up the ceiling with azure blue and laid on a few stars at random. Father Sestini on his return was horrified, and straightway painted over the work which had been improperly done, murmuring at the same time about the folly of doing such work without scientific accuracy. The other looked on and said nothing until science had finished its effort. Then he spoke. 'Now, do you know, Father,' said he, 'upon my word I think my way looked just as good as yours.' The Father smiled."

Cardinal Pecci, the Pope's brother, had chosen his burial-place at San Lorenzo, in the vaults of the Society of Jesus. In this obscure sepulchre the Jesuit Fathers are laid, with nothing but a number to record the personality of each,—no name, no age, no date, no arms, no motto. It is the final renunciation.

The death of Mr. Lawrence Kehoe, which occurred suddenly on February 27, is a severe loss to the Catholic public in general, and to that circle of friends who knew him well and valued him as they knew him. No man ever had a better or a warmer heart, and no man a deeper love for the faith in which he lived and died, and which he defended unceasingly. Of the group of which he was a distinguished member few now remain. Mr. Kehoe began his journalistic career on the New York *Tablet*. He was the trusted friend of Brownson, Father Hecker, Dr. Huntington, Mrs. M. A. Sadlier, McMaster, Girard, Hickey, Mac-

Carthy,—in fact, all the "lights" of the Catholic literary circle in New York gathered around Lawrence Kehoe. If he had the roughness of the chestnut bur, he had more than the sweetness within it; he was true to his friends, and, though a man of strong convictions and even of prejudices, his enemies became as friends to him when distress overtook them. A touch of affliction! and he condoned every fault in the man whose qualities he detested! God rest his soul!

As the Boston *Republic* observes, it is refreshing to find once in a while something sensible in the Roman correspondence of secular journals, especially when religious topics are under consideration. The following paragraph is from a recent Roman letter in the New York *Evening Post*:

"Out of Rome the greater part of the world seems to think that the Pope settles the questions brought before him in much the same manner that the Czar of Russia follows, and that the decisions he announces are the outcome of his individual cogitations; while the fact is that in no constitutional government now existing is there such profound and prolonged study of the questions to be answered; and, so far from any problem being solved by the opinions of one, however important, ecclesiastic, it employs the united thought and application of the Sacred College in its solution. There is not probably in the entire world another such case of grave and multiplex deliberation on moral questions."

The Rev Adalbert Huhn, of Munich, lately delivered a discourse on the flatterers of Döllinger. He answered the foolish assertion that Döllinger was the greatest theologian of the century by mentioning the names of Franzelin, Newman, Passaglia, Hergenröther, Mazella, and Scheeben. He regretted that we should have to think of Döllinger with the pity we give to Origen and Tertullian, and he remarked that the late Dr. Hettinger was in every respect Döllinger's intellectual equal.

Antonio Salviati, whose Venetian glass is so famous, died recently, at the age of seventy-three.

The announcements of speculators have again given the public an impression that this year the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau will be materialized and lose all the element of devotion; but this is what one of the inhabitants of Ober-Ammergau says:

"May the dear Lord give His holy blessing to the undertaking which is now approaching! I take the liberty of saying that we are sorry to hear that so many speculators and agents are trying to mislead intending visitors by asserting that in order to obtain rooms and tickets it is necessary to join their tourist

companies. We warn you and your friends against such covetous people, who so greatly damage Ober-Ammergau only to put money into their own pockets. The people of Ober-Ammergau have taken much trouble to have their houses ready to receive visitors. Nearly all the rooms in the village are comfortable and clean. A letter written one month beforehand to any of us, or to the burgomaster, will secure you rooms and tickets, and, if you wish, breakfast, dinner, and supper."

There is hardly any doubt, however, that the more business-like the managers of the play become, the less interest devout pilgrims will feel in it.

The Catholic University of Paris has sustained a great loss by the death of the Abbé Paulin Martin. The Abbé wrote English well, and was a contributor to the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Contemporary Review*. May he rest in peace!

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister Mary Claver and Sister Mary Euphrosyne, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, Ont.; and Sister Mary de Sales, of the same community, Binghamton, N. Y., who were lately called to the reward of their holy lives.

Mr. Nicholas Thompson, who died a happy death at Peabody, Mass., on the 22d ult.

Mrs. Anne Clarke, Sr., who calmly expired on the 12th ult., at her home in Norfolk, Va.

Miss Mary Hickey, of Valatie, N. Y., who piously breathed her last on the Feast of the Purification.

Mr. James Clark, of Taunton, Mass., who peacefully yielded his soul to God on the 8th ult.

Mr. Michael Kelly, a well-known and much respected citizen of Fort Wayne, Ind., who passed away on the 17th ult.

Mrs. Mary Claffey, of Bertrand, Mich., who died on the 24th ult. Though sudden, her death was prepared for by a most fervent Christian life.

Mr. Daniel Callahan, whose happy death occurred on the 21st ult., at Peabody, Mass.

Mrs. Elizabeth Tierney, of Beverly, Mass., who went to receive the reward of a well-spent life on the 7th ult.

Mr. Patrick Connolly, who departed this life on the 8th ult., at Patterson, N. J.

William J. Grannon, of Chester, Pa.; Dr. Patrick Rogers, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Henry Reese and Mr. Daniel W. Corrigan, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Lucy Faherty, Dubuque, Iowa; Mrs. Margaret Malony, Bernard, Iowa; and John B. Liddle, Lincoln, Neb.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Little Merry Face and His Crown of Content.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

I.

At the time when John was King of England, many, many years ago, and the nobles were more powerful than they are now, there lived in Northumberland a Baron named William Longsword. This Baron had a son, whom he loved passionately, and who was called Eustace. The child's slightest wish was a command; he was never to be contradicted in anything. Such were the Baron's orders. Handsome, well formed, graceful, of fair speech and winning manners when he wished to please, Eustace might easily have won the love and respect of those around him. But, alas! in consequence of his father's foolish indulgence, the boy was exacting, ill tempered and impatient, and frequently unjust both to his servants and friends. But, as is often the case with parents, Baron Longsword saw nothing of all this; his great affection for his son blinded him to his faults.

In a short time Eustace grew weary of everything. All games and amusements suitable to boys of his age bored him. He ceased to care for anything; for almost before he had time to think of asking for a thing it was given to him. So it is, we never value anything in this world that we obtain too easily. But when the object we covet is given to us as a reward, or we have to work really hard to possess it, we feel an immense satisfaction when at length it becomes our own. Hence it follows that work is the source of all true happiness.

But Baron Longsword did not think of that; perhaps he was ignorant of the fact. But he soon began to notice that his son was looking bored and miserable. This caused him considerable pain, and he was heard to cry out sadly: "O God! why is my boy so

unhappy when he has everything that he can possibly desire?"

Now, this was precisely what was wrong, although he could not see it. Longsword consulted all his friends—the barons and earls of the neighborhood. Each one gave his advice, and recommended some fresh amusement for Eustace. But the more they tried to distract and amuse him the more bored he became. He grew melancholy; his health declined; the color faded from his cheeks; his eyes lost their brilliancy, his step its elasticity.

"Oh," cried the Baron, "what would I not give to see my boy restored to health and spirits! How thankful I should be for a word of really good advice!"

But good advice is not a common article even now, and in the days of King John it was more difficult still to obtain. People wagged their heads and said "I told you so!" when anything went wrong, but they were chary of speaking the truth beforehand. And yet, doubtless, had the Baron sought for the advice he required in the right place, had he consulted those who knew and understood the art of bringing up children, he might have received it. But most of Longsword's friends were rough, worldly men, who thought more of drinking and fighting than of the education of little boys. So they only laughed at his cares, and went seldom to the castle, finding its dismal inmates not at all to their taste. Thus the unfortunate Baron was left to fret and fume alone, and Eustace faded gradually away.

From the neighboring castles and manor-houses several children—boys of his own age—had been wont to come to play with Eustace. But he grew tired of them, pushed them about, and maltreated them so much that they declined to visit him any more, and he was left without a single friend or companion. This lonely life did not improve his temper, and he became more disagreeable and discontented than ever, and was rude to everyone, even his poor devoted father.

A few miles from the castle, in a wild, unfrequented part of the country, lived an old woman, who was much revered on account of her sanctity and learning. To her the Baron at last repaired, and, in a voice broken with emotion, told her the unhappy state into which

his son had fallen, and implored her to tell him what he ought to do in order to restore him to health and happiness. The good woman reflected for a few moments, and then replied: "Cultivate in him a cheerful spirit, and find him a friend,—one whom he can love and cherish sincerely; for, believe me, without affection the heart of man must wither and die."

Baron Longsword thanked her, and, returning to the castle, quickly called together his trusty knights

"I am anxious to find a friend for my son," he said,—*"a friend worthy of his love. Such a one is not to be found here; for he has taken a dislike to all who dwell in this neighborhood. Therefore, let four of you set out and search everywhere for a boy that you consider suitable. He must be eleven years of age, of noble birth, handsome and well formed, with blue eyes and golden hair; soldierly in his bearing, and his manners must be those of a gentleman."*

The knights bowed and withdrew, and before evening closed in they had mounted their horses and ridden away. They travelled day and night, wandering into distant countries, full of anxiety to please their master by finding quickly the companion he required for his son. But it was a difficult task, and after a while the poor men began to despair of ever meeting with a boy answering the description given them by the Baron. They saw many pretty, nay even beautiful, children, but there was always something wanting. One was only a peasant's son; another would not leave his home; another had a rough voice, dark hair, or a thick, stumpy figure; and so the poor knights were almost driven to distraction. But still they journeyed on, always hoping for better luck. Meanwhile Longsword was very unhappy, and Eustace weary and dejected.

Now, quite close to the castle, almost within its grounds, dwelt a poor widow, who earned her living by dressmaking and embroidery. Her little shop was full of all kinds of pretty things that were the source of considerable admiration to the simple villagers. They dearly loved to purchase goods at her counter; for not only were the articles handsome and moderate in price, but she herself was most

agreeable. She was so amiable, her voice so sweet, her manners so engaging, that it was a real pleasure to buy from her. Accordingly, the good woman did an excellent business, and was able to live in much comfort. She was free from care and well content with her lot, offering fervent thanks to Almighty God every morning and every night for His great goodness to her.

And yet God had laid upon her shoulders a cross heavy enough for any mother to bear. She had a son, who was precisely the same age as Eustace, but, alas! terribly deformed. He had an enormous head, a hump on his back, great long arms, and short crooked legs. He was a repulsive object, and yet his mother loved him quite as dearly as the Baron loved his handsome little Eustace. I have said she loved him as much, but I think you will readily agree with me when I say that she loved him a great deal more,—at least she took a better and a wiser way of showing her affection.

"My child is plain and misshapen," she said to herself; "he is ugly to look at. But, please God, I will train him well, and cultivate all the good qualities of his mind and heart. If he is truthful, unselfish, kindly, and sweet-tempered, people will forget his deformity and learn to love him."

And before long she found that she had not been mistaken. Her good example, loving admonitions, and strict rule of life, succeeded so well that the little hunchback grew up a very delightful child—intelligent, amiable, and sweet-tempered. He was like a ray of sunshine both at home and abroad. Every one in the neighborhood loved him, and he was generally known by the name of little "Merry Face." And so, as we may well suppose, the boy was the cause of a great deal of happiness to his hard-working mother. He was the joy and comfort of her life; and so proud was she of him that it never entered her head to be jealous of her neighbors, who had straight, comely children. And as she saw the sickly, discontented Eustace pass by in his carriage every day, she felt full of pity for the poor, unfortunate Baron, who, rich and powerful as he was, could not make his son healthy and happy like her little Merry Face.

II.

And now a curious thing happened whilst Longsword's knights wandered here and there, looking for the wonderful child who was to be their young master's friend. One lovely day in August Eustace rode slowly home past the dressmaker's shop. He was mounted upon a handsome horse, richly caparisoned, and followed by two knights in armor. He was beautifully dressed in velvet and lace, and his golden hair fell from under his broad hat, with its waving feathers, in long ringlets to his waist. His face was white and sad, his cheeks thin, and his weary eyes were half closed as he left the road and turned into his father's finely timbered park. Nothing interested him as he went along. He did not notice the pretty flowers in the grass, nor did he hear the little lark as it trilled forth its glad song up in the blue sky, high above his head. He allowed the reins to hang loosely on his horse's neck, and did not seem to care where or how he went.

But suddenly, from under the trees, a young donkey came frisking out, and, turning round, began to kick up his heels just under the horse's nose. Startled by this unexpected attack, the horse reared, and then, springing to one side, nearly sent his rider flying out of the saddle. Eustace was furious; his eyes flashed angrily, his pale cheeks grew crimson, and, grasping his whip tightly, he slashed out wildly at the donkey. But the wicked little animal was not so easily caught; from the corner of his eye he saw the whip descending, so he bent his head, kicked up his heels again, and was off like the wind.

More enraged than ever, Eustace called out for the owner of the donkey. He was led up by the two knights, trembling in every limb, and was hardly able to stammer out that he was very sorry; that the ass had escaped from him quite by accident, and that he had done his best to catch him, but had failed. This explanation would have satisfied most children, but Eustace was not so easily pacified; he gave orders that the young man, who was a servant in his father's stables, should be loaded with chains and flung into one of the darkest dungeons under the castle.

They tied the unhappy lad's hands behind his back, and were about to drag him away

when a cry for mercy was heard, and a little lad rushed forward and flung himself on his knees before Eustace. It was the deformed boy, Merry Face. He knew the young man,—knew that he had a poor old father dependent on him for support, and he could not bear to think of his being thrown into a cold, dark prison. So, in spite of the danger he ran of angering his tyrannical little master, and getting punished himself, he determined to implore forgiveness for the unfortunate youth.

"Master Eustace," he exclaimed, "I beg—I beseech you, in the name of God—for the love of our dear Lord Jésus Christ, who forgave His enemies and told us to do good to those who do us evil, have pity on this poor young man! He did not wish—he had no intention of hurting or alarming you. Forgive him, I pray you! Let him go, I entreat!"

The child spoke with much feeling; his voice was sweet and melodious, and those around were deeply touched. They were sorry for their little favorite, and were moved to tears at his generous self-sacrifice; for they fully expected to see him also hurried off to the gloomy prison-house. But, to their surprise, Eustace looked down at him without anger,—in fact, the expression of his eyes was kindly and reassuring. The boy's appearance interested him; his deformity filled him with pity; whilst the pleading, tender accents fell softly on his ear, touching chords that had long lain unknown and neglected in his heart. For some moments he gazed at him in silence, as though not knowing what reply to make. But Merry Face still knelt on, his hands clasped together in earnest supplication.

"Oh," he cried, "would that I had treasures in gold and silver to lay at your feet, and so buy from you this poor man's pardon! But, alas! I have nothing. I am only a little hunchback, son of a poor dressmaker. What, then, can I do? What can I say?"

"You have said enough," replied Eustace; and, to the surprise of all present, he smiled. "I forgive this man. He may go free. But you must give me something, I care not what it is,—something of your own."

Then Merry Face sprang to his feet, his eyes radiant with happiness, his mouth wreathed in smiles, and, without saying a word, ran off to his mother's shop. At the door stood

the poor woman, wringing her hands in anguish as she thought of what her child's fate might be if he were to anger the Baron's son. But Merry Face reassured her with a glance as he dashed past, in silence, into the house. Presently he reappeared, and, running breathlessly up to Eustace, placed a small parcel in his hand.

"My Lord Eustace, here is the only treasure that I ever possessed. Take it and wear it—sometimes."

Eustace gazed at the bright, winning face. Something in its expression fascinated him.

"What is it?" he asked, smiling again.

"My 'crown of content.'"

This time Eustace laughed loudly.

"A crown? My faith, I had no idea thou wert a king, sirrah!"

"No," was the reply; "I have no wish to be a king, my lord. But that cap that I have given you my mother calls my crown of content. When I was inclined to give way to low spirits or to grumble, she always made me put it on and say, 'My God, make me content with my lot!' And I assure you it never failed to do me good."

"A pretty notion and an original one, truly," said Eustace; and, drawing the little velvet cap from the paper in which it was wrapped, he examined it closely. It was prettily, even daintily, made, and was richly worked in silks of various hues. The words, "Sweet content be in my heart," encircled by a wreath of forget-me-nots, were embroidered upon the band.

"My mother made that cap expressly for me," said Merry Face. "And because of the great affection that prompted her to do so, I love it dearly. It is more precious to me than anything else in the world. But I give it to you willingly, my Lord Eustace, because you have forgiven my friend."

The boy's manner and words pleased Eustace immensely. Such language was strange to him, such conduct altogether new. He turned the cap round and round without a remark, took off his own hat, with its large drooping plumes, and, throwing it to one of his servants, placed the little crown upon his head, whilst he murmured in a low voice: "My God, make me content with my lot!"

And then a wonderful change took place in

Eustace. He grew bright and animated; he felt energetic and lively; and he looked round the park, thinking how beautiful it was, and how pleasant was the air and the sunshine. He waved his whip and told the knights to send their prisoner back to his work; and then, turning to Merry Face, he shook him warmly by the hand.

The knights and others who witnessed the scene were profoundly astonished; and as their young master dismounted, and, throwing his arm round Merry Face, led him away toward the castle, they gazed after him in speechless bewilderment. But Eustace heeded them not. They had never amused him or made him feel happy. Merry Face had done both, and he felt that he loved him.

With his hand tightly clasping that of the little hunchback, Eustace went straight to the Baron.

"Father," he said, "I have found the friend I wanted. With Merry Face as my companion I shall always be well and happy."

And Eustace was right. From that moment he and Merry Face became fast friends. They were always to be seen together,—sometimes in the castle, sometimes in the dressmaker's shop, and very frequently walking or driving round the estate. Merry Face was always so sweet-tempered and kind that Eustace was glad to take his advice about everything, and soon became almost as merry and amiable as his little companion. And when he felt in danger of relapsing once more into his old discontented ways, he would run for the velvet cap, and, putting it on, murmur softly: "O my God, make me content with my lot!"

Before long Merry Face persuaded Eustace to visit the houses of the poor, and help those who were ill or in want. Old and young were happy to see him, and showered blessings upon him and their old favorite, the kind-hearted little hunchback.

"What a fool I have been all these years, my dear Merry Face!" he would constantly exclaim. "Wasting my time, and feeling bored and discontented, when I might have done so much and been so happy."

And as for Baron Longsword, you may easily imagine how pleased he was to see his dear son grow strong and happy. The change delighted him and filled him with joy.

And all this time, as you know, the four knights were wandering far and wide, through all the countries of Europe. Poor men! in vain they searched: they could not find the child they wanted. They were worn out and weary, and at last, afraid that they must die of fatigue, they resolved to return to the castle. They entered stealthily, and approached the Baron in fear and trembling. They were both grieved and ashamed at the failure of their mission. To their surprise, Longsword gave them a hearty welcome.

"I am very glad to see you once more alive!" he cried; "for I knew not what might have happened to you. Your errand was a useless one; for here, at our very gates, we have found the child we wanted,—a boy deserving in every way of my son's friendship. Ah, here he is!"

At this moment Merry Face and Eustace entered the room hand in hand, and the knights could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw that the friend chosen by their young master was not the handsome boy they had been sent to look for, but a little hunchback, the son of a dressmaker.

The Baron noticed their astonishment.

"I forgot to tell you," he said, "that a sweet temper, a contented mind, and a kind heart, were the first and most important things to look for in a child; that such qualities in a friend were invaluable, and came far before any beauty of form or face. I must confess I hardly knew such was the case myself, but I have learned it lately; for all our present happiness—my son's re-toration to good health and spirits—has come through this little hunchback, our dear Merry Face and his crown of content."

A Saint's Amiability.

St. Francis de Sales was so humble a saint that it is impossible to tell any anecdote of him without illustrating the sweetness of his character, which was gentleness itself. He was especially kind to his servants, so much so that he obeyed his valet about the hours of going to bed, eating and dressing, and he would hurry through his work at night so that his servant might go to rest.

One morning the Saint awoke very early, and forbore to wake his man, who was exceedingly angry when he got up and found his master dressed and at work. The valet remonstrated.

"I am old enough to dress myself, am I not?" asked the holy Bishop.

"You might have called me!" answered the servant.

"Oh, you were sleeping so sweetly I had not the heart!" replied the Saint.

The Bishop of Belley had an idea that St. Francis' familiarity with his inferiors would make them despise him, and remarked so to him on one occasion.

"Coarse familiarity might," answered St. Francis; "but love will win love in return, and respect always follows love."

Then he went on to say that although our servants must be directed, because they were for the purpose of helping us, yet we must never forget that they were God's children and our brothers.

A Tender Heart.

The world is just beginning to know what a tender, childlike heart was stilled when Abraham Lincoln drew his last breath. This great man had sympathy for everyone that was in pain, and tears sprang to his mild eyes at any tale of suffering. It is said that he could never sleep after hearing of the punishment of any young deserter; and he was never more happy than when bending over the form of some wounded Southern soldier, taking down his last words, which were to be sent into the enemy's lines under the protection of a white flag of peace. He pleaded for charity for the South through all the long years of war, and died with pity in his honest heart for those whom he deemed not sinning but misguided.

A pretty story is told, illustrating Lincoln's affection for dumb creatures,—a story that recalls St. Francis of Assisi. Riding on one occasion through a wood with a number of men of distinction and dignity, he bade them go on without him. He had seen some little birds on the ground, blown from the nest by a wild storm; and not until he had found the nest, and put the frightened birdlings safe in

it, did he join his friends. "I could not have slept to-night," he said to them afterward, "if I had not given those birds to their mother."

Legends gather naturally around the good and great, and we do not wonder that the farmers of Illinois say that the robins did not sing for a whole year after Lincoln died.

The Legend of the Aspen.

To "tremble like an aspen leaf" is a common expression. There is a German legend which runs as follows:

During the flight of the Holy Family to Egypt they were obliged to pass through a forest, whereupon every tree but one waved its leaves to do homage to the pilgrims. The aspen tree alone remained disdainfully quiet; and the Holy Child, noticing this, stretched forth His hand and pronounced a curse upon it, when it began to tremble, and has not ceased to this day.

A slightly different version of this story is given in the following lines:

"Once as our Saviour walked with men below,
His path of mercy through a forest lay;
And mark how all the drooping branches show
What homage best a silent tree may pay.

"Only the aspen stood erect and free,
Scorning to join the voiceless worship pure;
But see! He cast one look upon the tree:
Struck to the heart, she trembles evermore."

The whole story of the Flight into Egypt is adorned with floral lore. Where the Blessed Virgin washed the swaddling clothes of the Divine Child, beautiful bushes, it is said, sprang up. Wherever her feet trod the Rose of Jericho bloomed; and, says one old chronicle, "at her coming the brooms and the chickpeas rustled and crackled and the flax bristled up."

Not Ashamed of His Father.

A poor tailor named Petit once lived in the city of Orleans, in France. His son had many intellectual gifts but little money, and would have found it impossible to gain a coveted professorship in the University if those who governed it had not, in consideration of his learning and talents, remitted the entrance fees, which amounted to six thousand francs.

After a while the young professor became famous, and, as is always the way, there were many who were jealous of him and sought to drag him down from the high place he held. There was one man in particular, named Boulevard, who wished the professorship for himself, and he made all sorts of cutting remarks about Doctor Petit, often calling attention to his father's occupation by saying that his ideas were not well sewn together, or that his style "cut a poor show." The learned and good Petit paid no attention to these taunts; for he was not ashamed of his father. He proved his devotion to that parent still more by erecting an almshouse, and stipulating that it should always be in charge of a poor tailor, "in memory of my dear father," he said.

Anecdote of Thackeray.

It is the fashion to speak of Thackeray as a cynic, but those who knew him best relate many touching anecdotes which prove that his heart was easily touched by the sorrows of others. He was walking one day in one of the worst districts of London, a friend of his tells us, when he saw some ragged children sitting upon the edge of the broken pavement, singing. It was natural to believe that their song was ribald or profane, and the great novelist hurried on. Then, impelled by a sudden impulse, he looked at the children's faces. Happiness and hope were beaming there, and he drew near and listened. They were singing,

"There is a happy land, far, far away."

Then the man whom the world calls bitter burst into tears.

The words of this song were set to an East Indian air, and have been translated into nineteen different languages.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

We ask our young readers to excuse the interruption of the serial, "A Year in Jeanie Rielly's Life," the manuscript of which failed to reach us this week. A one-part story by Miss Clara Mulholland supplies the place, and we think it will be found so entertaining that no one will be unwilling to wait a week to hear more about Jeanie Rielly and her friends in the country.



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NO. II.

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The Madonna del Dito.

(*Madonna of the Finger.*)

HOW very fair the Mother seems!
 How meek the drooping eye!
 How peace on every feature beams,
 How joy from 'neath her eyelids streams!
 Ah! who can tell us why?
 The little Infant on her knee
 Her slender finger holds:
 Has that a meaning?—ah! I see—
 She is the *creature* still, and He,
 Who every being moulds,
Upholds His Mother too; He lifts her up
 eternally.

J. T. D.

Why Captain — Believes in Ghosts.

BELIEVE in ghosts! We are not so credulous in this age of enlightenment." And Miss Frances Lyllton drew her little figure to its utmost height.

"I believe in ghosts," her younger sister interposed. "And spirits do return after death sometimes; it is plain from the Bible."

"That's right, Emily!" observed her irreverent elder brother, Arthur. "Fling the Bible at her head. Saul and the Witch of Endor will silence her."

"How can you encourage Emily in such folly, Arthur?" reproved Frances. "You know well that all stories of ghosts and the like are the merest nonsense. I never heard one that bore even a semblance of truth to a logical mind."

"I did," said a manly, pleasant voice, as a gentleman in the prime of life, wearing the uniform of a naval officer, entered the room. It was Captain —, who was spending part of a short leave with his old friends at Lyllton Manor.

"Oh, tell us,—do tell us the story!" all exclaimed.

"It is such a sultry afternoon we did not venture out," observed Frances. "And I am glad now that we did not."

Captain — smiled and yielded to the request. But when he was seated in the arm-chair, which Arthur hastened to draw to the window, a shadow chased away the smile.

Some twenty years ago, the Captain began, I was a naval cadet, my examinations just finished. I obtained six months' leave, as I had had rather a sharp attack of fever in consequence of over-exertion and too rapid growth; and my father sent me to make a continental tour, which he declared would prove profitable both to my health—and my manners. The two concluding months of my leave I spent in Paris, and during the last fortnight the events occurred which I am about to relate.

I had become acquainted with a band of joyous spirits—students of law, medicine, etc.,—and joined in all the gaieties of the season. It was Carnival. We were in the habit of meeting at the rooms of George de Breuil—I will call him De Breuil,—who, under the pretence of studying law, spent his time very agreeably in Paris. His parents, being wealthy and indulgent, humored his whims; so he had taken a suite of rooms, furnished them

handsomely, and frequently entertained his friends there. Six or seven of his most intimate companions formed the "Indefatigable Club," of which De Breuil was president. The following statutes will give you an idea of the spirit which presided over its legislation:

"During Carnival all study or serious employment is strictly forbidden to the members. They are enjoined to let no masked ball or similar amusement pass without their presence. The members must get 'tipsy' at least every second day, but only on champagne, to keep up their dignity."

Although not a member of the Club, I often assisted at its meetings in De Breuil's rooms. One night during Carnival a masked ball was announced at the opera-house. The "Indefatigables," true to their engagement, assembled to dinner under the president's auspices,—all in fancy dresses, as they were to adjourn from table to the ball. I had been present at one of those carnival orgies, and, thoughtless lad though I was, had determined never again to take part in such a scene; so I had declined the invitation to the ball, although I consented to join the dinner. Needless to say, our gaiety was of the most noisy and obstreperous kind, and for some time the utmost harmony prevailed. However, as the wine mounted to our heads, disputes arose, and a very angry discussion between two of the members threatened to lead to serious results.

Two more opposite personalities than—let me call them—Clarence Descourcelles and Raoul Maleuvrier are rarely met with. The former was a tall, slight, golden-haired young man, with large, blue eyes, a fair, innocent face, and the sweetest of smiles. We surnamed him Cherub, though but little of the angel was left when I knew him. Still, Clarence had deep religious feelings, and a profound respect for the Church and its ministers. He was finishing his medical studies at Paris, and having unfortunately fallen into the hands of the Indefatigables, he was soon one of the leading members of the Club—gay, dissipated, and reckless.

Raoul Maleuvrier was his opposite in every respect. Low-sized, dark and thickset, with the features and woolly hair of an African, his face was only redeemed by a high, intellectual forehead from downright ugliness; but the

mocking light in his small, beady, black eyes, and the sneer (singularly like Voltaire's) which constantly distorted his lips, made him at first sight decidedly repulsive. Yet such was the fascination of his wit and talent that in five minutes his unprepossessing appearance was forgotten and his company was eagerly sought. The most trifling incidents were related by him with such drollery, such brilliant flashes of wit, such comical sallies of humor, that I have seen him keep a roomful of men in a continuous roar of laughter for hours.

Though so courted, Maleuvrier was rather feared than liked; for his sarcasm spared no one. Like the lance of the savage whose point is dipped in subtle poison, he rarely hit his mark without leaving a mortal wound. Bitter, satirical, and impious, he mocked all sentiments of religion, ridiculed every belief alike. He had an absolutely depraved and vicious nature, gangrened to the core of the heart—if he could lay claim to such an organ; but we, giddy roisterers, shook hands none the less heartily with this Gascon Mephistopheles, so long as he was the soul of our merry gatherings. He was surnamed Zebub, a contraction of Beelzebub; and, far from being offended, he gloried in the appellation.

Descourcelles alone remained insensible to Maleuvrier's fascination; he kept him at a considerable distance, and on a footing of cold politeness, which galled Raoul more than he cared to show. Educated by a pious mother, and for some years a pupil of the Jesuits at Fribourg, Clarence, although unfaithful to their teaching, spoke of them with affectionate regard; nor would he tolerate any disrespectful remarks of them in his presence. His mother, religion and its ministers, were sacred topics to him; in their defence the lamb became a lion, and the soft blue eyes flashed with so fierce a light that they corroborated the opinion of Bernardin de St. Pierre, who asserts that blue eyes are the most terrible of all when angry. Maleuvrier's satirical and sceptical remarks had more than once embroiled him in hot disputes with Clarence, and on the evening of which I am speaking affairs almost came to a crisis.

Cherub spoke enthusiastically of a certain picture a Lyonese painter had lately ex-

hibited. Raoul asked what was the subject of the picture.

"The First Communion of a dying girl," replied Descourcelles. "A poor child has fallen ill before the day appointed for her First Communion, which she receives as Holy Viaticum."

"Always those sacristy pictures!" sneered Raoul. "I prefer Boucher's sheepfolds."

"Everyone to his taste."

"Provided it be not absurd."

"Absurd?"

"My dear fellow, as I have often told you, if you don't rid yourself of those odd notions you will finally end by becoming parish beadle or a mendicant friar. Instead of adopting for to-night's masquerade the brilliant costume of a cavalry officer, you ought to have borrowed the ragged soutane of some snuffling priest, or remained at home mumbling *Pater Nosters*."

"I act as I please," retorted Clarence, reddening. "My affairs concern no one else."

"Very well, worthy citizen of the French Empire! You are of age and at liberty to act as you please. But why, in that case, assume the airs of a convent schoolgirl, and preach to us about a wretched daub representing a ridiculous ceremony?"

"Ridiculous! A First Communion ridiculous! You dare to apply such an epithet to an act so holy and august! What an atrocious cynic you are to qualify thus a ceremony of which the greatest libertines speak with respect! The memory of our First Communion, of the happiest day of our lives, comes like an odor of Paradise into our present wretched and corrupt existence."

"Quite poetical, I declare! The champagne is furnishing you with inspiration."

"Miserable jester, continue to sneer at and insult all that a noble-hearted man venerates. You will not induce me to imitate you. However low I have fallen, never can I forget the day when, happy in my innocence, after receiving my parents' blessing, I knelt at the altar rails to receive my God for the first time. Can I ever forget the pure felicity of that moment!"

"I also," said George de Breuil, who had grown serious, "look back on that day as the happiest of my life."

"My remembrance," rejoined Raoul, "is of a long, tiresome function, during which my thoughts were chiefly occupied with a certain blackbird's nest, which I discovered the previous evening while helping myself to some figs in our neighbor's orchard."

"What!" exclaimed Clarence. "You robbed your neighbor's orchard on the eve of your First Communion! Did you confess it?"

"What a chance I had! I was not such a fool. The priest would have deferred my First Communion indefinitely, and I had good reasons for desiring to make it then. My mother was a devotee, and she had promised me a gold watch if I were 'allowed to have that happiness,' as she phrased it; while my father, who cared only for appearances, assured me of a sound flogging if I were rejected. Under those circumstances I took my precautions and kept my marauding expedition, as well as other peccadilloes, to myself."

"If you communicated in such dispositions you committed the crime of Judas,—you made a sacrilegious Communion," said Clarence, aghast.

"Very possibly."

"Ah, tremble, unhappy man! The chastisement of such a sin never fails to come even in this life."

"All bosh, Cherub! Since then I have had one stroke of luck after another. Although the idlest in the school, I could not help learning by merely hearing the professor's drawling, and I carried off all the prizes at the end. I took my degree of bachelor at the first onset, though I had made no preparation, scarcely opening a book, and giving up most of my time to enjoyment; and I have since passed three or four examinations with unanimous approval."

"It is quite true!" exclaimed one of the Club. "It would seem as if Zebub had made a pact with all his professors."

"I am never ill," Raoul continued. "I have trained my relatives to pay my allowance regularly, and spare me their sermons and visits; while an old uncle, who belonged to the Reds in '48, has declared me his heir, because, as he says, I am no sneaking hypocrite like the rest of his nephews, but have the courage of my opinions, which are also his. I don't wish for his death, but his life

hangs on a thread, and when he dies I shall come in for three thousand dollars a year more. Are you convinced now, my Cherub, that luck is on my side, and that Providence, if such a thing there be, is all in my favor, and has ever been so?"

Descourcelles shook his head. "All the same," he answered, after a brief pause, "wait for the end."

"Hurrah for nonsense!" exclaimed Maleuvrier. "Away with mummeries, hypocrisy, and the priestcraft which deludes fools!"

"Again!" exclaimed Clarence. "Can you not leave religion and its ministers alone?"

"Humbugs and cheats!"

"It is false. I have known hundreds of holy and good priests, the Jesuits of Fribourg included."

"Amen! If he begins the panegyric of the Jesuits he will talk till to-morrow. My good fellow, priests are like women: their virtue is all affectation."

Clarence's answer was to throw his glass in his antagonist's face; fortunately, it missed its aim, but the room was in a tumult in a moment. George interfered, and with great difficulty kept Descourcelles from rushing at Maleuvrier, who, cool and disdainful as ever, called out to him:

"Leave such manners to porters and coal-heavers, Cherub. Gentlemen settle their disputes in another way."

"You will give me satisfaction!" shouted Clarence, mad with rage.

"When you please, pretty dear!" replied Raoul, with diabolical coolness and a satirical smile. "Only allow me to remind you of the fencing master whom I pierced through the lungs last year, and of the idiot whose thick skull I fractured at fifty paces only the other day. If you are weary of life, however, I have sword or pistol at your disposal, to free you from the burden when you will."

"Stop, gentlemen!" cried George, imperatively. "This has gone too far. By my authority as president I close the discussion. The rule is formal, and you have sworn to observe it. It declares we must think only of amusing ourselves, and what can be more contrary to this than duels and their consequences? I order you, therefore, to make up the quarrel and shake hands. Clarence, you

are the younger: you should make the first advance."

"I have no objection," replied Clarence, who had recovered his self-possession; "but Maleuvrier must retract his words."

"I retract my words!" exclaimed Raoul, haughtily. "Never! I have no intention of denying my principles. I retract nothing I have said."

"In that case I refuse to be reconciled," said Descourcelles; "but I defer all further discussion of the matter until Carnival is over."

"Please yourself, Cherub; I am at your disposal," was the reply. And Raoul began to recite some verses of the Cid in a mock heroic attitude.

A prolonged yawn interrupted him. He was savagely asked if he thought they intended to spend the night listening to his tirades. George glanced at the timepiece and declared they were already late. They rushed downstairs and flung themselves into the nearest cab, while I returned to my hotel, which was not far distant.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

A Martyr of Our Own Day.

III.—HIS SUFFERINGS.

THE journey to Ou-Tchang-Fou was not less painful than the others to the martyr and his companions, including the young Christian, Anna Kao, and about a dozen of men who had courageously persevered in the faith, owing to the missionary's prayers and exhortations. Arriving in the city, they were all summoned before a tribunal, and then condemned to the prison for the worst criminals.

In these prisons everything concurred to render captivity intolerable and to exhaust the most heroic patience. The insatiable greed of the jailers tempted them to treat the inmates with iniquitous barbarity, so as to extort money from them or from their family and friends. Food was insufficient, and the atmosphere was impregnated with noxious vapors. The corruption of the place engendered myriads of loathsome insects, that crept over the tattered garments of the prisoners and

devoured them alive. At night their sufferings were aggravated by a wooden vice, or screw, fixed in the wall by an iron chain, and which caught the right foot of each person; the numbness resulting from this torture prevented all sleep. The sweet forbearance of the servant of God under this trial, as under every other, somewhat softened his jailers, and they offered to dispense him from the screw torture; but the martyr begged that no exception be made in his case, and he cheerfully bore his fetters till death,—that is, for the nine months that he spent in this miserable abode. What was most repulsive to Father Perboyre was the society of wretches accustomed to every crime, whose obscene and blasphemous language jarred upon his pure ears and filled his soul with horror. The servant of God was only allowed to leave the prison very rarely and for a brief interval—when occasionally summoned before his judge.

In the city of Ou-Tchang-Fou alone he was subjected to more than twenty examinations. In the first, when he refused to deny his religion and to disclose the names and hiding places of the missionaries and Christians, he was made to kneel for hours upon potsherds. While in this position a confessor of the faith, Stanislas Tam-Ting-Fou, passed near him and asked for absolution; the servant of God raised his hand and made the Sign of the Cross over the penitent, who died in jail three days later from injuries received for the love of Jesus Christ. At another examination, in which the judge tried to extort from the holy Lazarist the whereabouts of the missionaries, he was sentenced to kneel on iron chains, his hands raised over his head and holding a heavy log of wood. He was obliged to remain in this intolerable position from nine in the morning till evening; and when, two or three times, from excessive fatigue he happened to let the burthen drop, soldiers struck him cruelly and forced him to resume the torture, which he did with the inimitable gentleness he had manifested on all occasions.

He was again reproached with having deceived his companions and bringing upon them the persecution they were suffering; at the same time the judge admonished the latter

to renounce the false doctrine, and to chastise their deceiver by pulling his hair and spitting in his face. Some Christians courageously refused, and generously confessed their faith; but, unfortunately, five of them were weak enough to obey the injunction. Their apostasy was keenly felt by the saintly missionary; they were his own spiritual children, whom he had baptized; yet he bore their insults without uttering a word of reproach. Each time, on regaining the prison, he glorified Almighty God for the graces vouchsafed to him, and humbly implored the gift of final perseverance, as well as the forgiveness of his enemies. Thus by earnest prayer he refreshed his wearied soul and body and prepared for the next struggle.

The supernatural fortitude which he sought from Heaven was now more necessary than ever; for he was about to undergo a first formal examination before the viceroy,—a man notorious for his ferocity toward prisoners, especially Christians, whom he had sworn to exterminate from his province. The tyrant was oblivious of all dignity or decency, and often, with fierce barbarity, executed with his own hands his cruel sentences. Father Perboyre appeared in his presence and quietly replied to the questions reiterated for the hundredth time. The despotic viceroy ordered a beautifully painted picture of the Blessed Virgin, stolen from the mission house, to be brought into court, and inquired if the confessor had not extracted the colors for that painting from the eyes of the sick that he had plucked out; as a punishment for repudiating the charge he had the prisoner suspended by the hair of the head for several hours. It would be impossible to explain all the barbarous devices invented by the inhuman viceroy to harass the missionary, to force him to apostatize and reveal to him the whereabouts of the priests and Christians.

Amongst the excruciating tortures borne by the martyr with indomitable courage was the stamping on his forehead, with a red-hot iron, the inscription, "*Sie-Kiao-Ho-Tchouen*," which means "Propagator of an abominable sect." After this terrible ordeal the servant of God was so weakened that he could neither walk nor stand, and had to be carried back to jail on a stretcher. But, nevertheless, he in-

variably preserved his sublime serenity: a cry or moan was never heard to pass his lips, even when suffering intense pain, and his countenance was frequently observed to shine with supernatural joy.

Owing to the extreme debility of the holy missionary, a month's respite was granted to him to recover some strength, in order to be able to endure fresh torments. At the expiration of that time he appeared again before his persecutor, who commanded him to declare what roads he had followed in his travels through Central China, and who had sheltered him, etc. Failing to give the desired information, he was lashed in the face with fifteen blows of a leather strap. He was then asked what mysterious beverage he had administered to the Christians, who endured every torment and still remained unshaken in their faith. The priest meekly answered he had given them no beverage, whereupon he received ten blows of the *ferula*. Being asked if Anna Kao was not his servant, he replied, "No," and was put again to kneel on iron chains, his hands fastened to a beam over his head, while the satellites violently pulled his long plait of hair.

After an hour of this treatment the box of Holy Oils was produced, and the viceroy demanded if this was not the beverage he had given the Christians. To a negative answer, the martyr received forty blows on his legs. The soldiers buffeted and reviled him in order to force him to inform on the Christians, but still his lips remained closed. On being asked again if he was a Christian, he replied at once: "Yes: I glory in the honor of being a follower of Jesus Christ." A crucifix was then brought forward. "If you trample upon this God whom you adore, I will restore you to liberty," said the judge. At the impious suggestion the confessor exclaimed: "Ah, how could I be guilty of such contempt toward my God, my Creator and my Saviour!" And, stooping down with difficulty (for his body was bruised and sore), he took up the holy image, bathed it with tears, clasped it to his breast and covered it with kisses. At this sight a soldier wrenched the crucifix from his hands and shamefully defiled it; the horrible profanation so distressed the missionary that he uttered a cry of pain, showing thereby that he was

more sensitive to the outrage done to God than to his own sufferings. A kind-hearted mandarin endeavored to save him by tempting him to walk on a cross chalked on the floor. "I can not," firmly replied the servant of God; and as the soldiers seized him to force him to obey, he proclaimed in a distinct voice: "I am a Christian! It is you, not I, that profane the august sign of Redemption."

The implous judge next offered to set him free if he would consent to worship an idol. The heroic priest declared: "You can, if you will, behead me, but I shall never bow before an idol." A mandarin then tried derision. The sacred vestments were brought into court, and he commanded his victim to put them on. The holy priest hesitated for a moment; then, no doubt remembering the scenes of the Passion, where our Saviour was clothed with a white robe before Herod, and a purple cloak before Pilate, he gladly accepted the humiliation that likened him to his divine Model. As soon as he had put on the vestments a clamorous cry rose in the hall; the judges and their satellites exclaimed in one voice: "Behold the god Fo! Behold the live Fo!"

When at length the fiends had satisfied their jeering, other charges were renewed; and as the innocent victim would not acknowledge himself guilty, he was punished with forty blows. This merciless beating left him so exhausted that he could neither stand nor kneel. His tormentors, seizing him by the hair, raised him off the ground and let him drop several times; they forced open his closed and almost sightless eyes to make him look at the viceroy. Twenty more blows were inflicted without the patient's giving any sign of pain. The mandarin began to suspect that some magic talisman must be the cause of such marvellous endurance; and to dispel the charm, according to a practice of Chinese superstition, a dog was slaughtered on the spot, and the martyr was compelled to drink his steaming blood, after some of it had been rubbed on his head.

At the conclusion of this long day of anguish Father Perboyre was taken back to prison, almost in a dying condition. The next morning he was again summoned to appear before the viceroy, who had sworn to overcome his indomitable constancy. The tyrant

insisted on making him avow his alleged crimes, and, upon the persistent silence of the missionary, added that the accused was mistaken if he thought to die soon; on the contrary, he would be tortured every day, and put to death only after terrific torments.

The holy priest was placed on the rack, and then laid expiring at the feet of the viceroy, who ironically inquired if he felt comfortable; the soldiers held his eyes open that he might look his persecutor in the face. The judge, exasperated at the confessor's silence, repeatedly commanded his satellites to scourge him; and at last, unable to contain himself, he rushed down from his high seat, and, seizing the weapon of torture, dealt such heavy blows on the doomed victim that all present expected death to ensue. This act of satanic ferocity seemed, even to the other mandarins present and to the soldiers, unnecessary cruelty toward a man who had not been convicted of any crime, and who gave proofs of unheard of patience and endurance.

The Abbé Perboyre had received on this occasion more than two hundred stripes; his body was so torn that his garments were saturated with blood. The jailers were moved to pity, and took off his clothes to wash them, that they might not adhere to his flesh. A catechist, named Andrew Fong, who assisted at the undressing of the martyr, declares that his face was livid and fearfully swollen; the rest of his body was covered with wounds—or rather it was one wound, so that pieces of flesh hung loose, and some had fallen away. In this condition he resembled our Saviour in His Passion, having no longer the appearance of a man. Yet in this shattered frame the confessor's soul was strong; his countenance appeared radiant in spite of its bruises, and he deemed himself happy to have been found worthy to suffer for the name of Jesus. The catechist Fong returned to the prison later in the day, and found him on his knees absorbed in prayer.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

IF the heart of man were always as God made it and constituted it in His first dealings with His creatures, man would have no difficulty in obeying and submitting to the word of revelation.—*Bishop Hedley.*

The Ministry of Pain.

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

SHRINK not from the approach of Pain
Should he, unbidden, seek thy door;
Let not his visit be in vain,
Although he rend thee sore.

Bear patiently his heaviest blows,
A steadfast soul to him reveal;
Number him not among thy foes,—
He woundeth but to heal.

Still, if thou canst, each quivering nerve;
In silence lie beneath the rod;
O think the Master thou dost serve
Gethsemane once trod!

Then when thy soul is calm again,
And thou to Heaven canst lift thine eyes,
Thou shalt behold departing Pain
An angel in disguise.

The Disappearance of John Longworthy.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XX.—AT LACY'S.

NELLIE MULLIGAN had spent an eventful day. As one of the chief managers of the Lady Rosebuds, she had much to think of and much to do. Luckily for her, the rush of the holiday business had slackened, and during the noon hour of rest she kept the little cash-girls busy in doing her behests. Among these little cash-girls, whose uniform was a red frock and a white apron, was Rose O'Connor. As Rose, though small and fragile, was very good-natured, Nellie Mulligan found many errands for her.

In the first place, Nellie had her toilet to consider; and this required more reflection and ingenuity than most young ladies in society are obliged to give to it. It needed not only consideration, but much practice in the art of coaxing and promising. Rose, after she had helped to heat Nellie's tea, and brought in two dozen chocolate *édairs* and double that number of pieces of pie and doughnuts for

the luncheons of the sales ladies. was sent out to negotiate with the young man who had a flower-stand on the corner for some roses for Nellie. This needed many forced marches on Rose's part; for Nellie was very "particular" about flowers, and the young man, who had no invitation to the Lady Rosebuds, was not anxious to be obliging. Besides, Rose had been given several beer cans to fill for some of the more elderly ladies, whose constitutions needed stronger support than tea imparted. At last, the little girl sank wearily down in a corner of the room, and gratefully accepted the slice of bread and butter which Nellie Mulligan gave her.

Rose O'Connor might have been called a transparent child. Her skin was very fair, and the blue veins showed plainly at her temples. One could almost see through her small hands, which, although disfigured by a wart or two, were painfully white. Her little face was pinched, and her forehead habitually contracted by a frown of anxiety. When amused or interested she lost her almost fretful expression, and her face became very sweet and gentle. Large blue eyes, and abundant light-colored hair, which hung down in a long plait over her white pinafore, redeemed her from being, at ordinary times, a very ugly little girl. It was the opinion of most of the young ladies in the glove department at Lacy's that the child was good-natured, but stupid; and Nellie was the only one that looked on her with special favor.

Rose tried to raise the bread to her lips, and then a strange dizziness overcame her; she clutched at Nellie Mulligan's chair and fell back on the floor, a stertorous sound coming from her lips. Nellie turned suddenly, and was frightened by the sight of her drawn and pallid face. The girls heard the noise and gathered around her at once, while Nellie ran to the next room for water.

"It's my opinion that she's been sipping out of the beer-cans," cried one of those delicate creatures, who found tea not sufficiently sustaining.

"You're real mean!" exclaimed Nellie Mulligan, entering with a glass of water, and parting the group. "You're real mean, Eliza Brown! I'm ashamed of you! The poor child sees enough drunkenness at home without

wanting to make a drunkard of herself. She never touched your beer! How could you say such a thing!"

"If you please, Miss Mulligan, I made no allusion to drunkenness. A lady may take a glass of beer in the middle of the day without being a drunkard, I guess," retorted Eliza Brown, an elderly person, with a "bang" entirely over her forehead, and many wrinkles expressive of habitual ill-humor. "But I do say that a cash-girl will take a sip of beer whenever she gets a chance."

"Well, I say that Rose wouldn't,—I am quite sure of that," replied Nellie Mulligan, bathing the little girl's face, while Eliza Brown chafed her hands.

"She needn't be so snappish if she expects to borrow my satin shoes," murmured Eliza Brown.

Nellie heard the whisper, and turned very graciously to Miss Brown.

"I never said you had a bad heart, Lize; but I know this little girl; and there isn't a better, purer, sweeter, nicer little thing in the world! And I'll say this: if the poor child has fainted, it's because she hasn't had anything to eat to-day."

"You ought to have remembered that before you sent her running about so much," replied Eliza, who was usually in fear of the belle of the glove department, but who had at present a sword of Damocles—in the shape of the indispensable white satin shoes—to hold over that young person's head.

The girls, of all sizes and complexions, who were spending their luncheon time in this room provided by Lacy & Brothers for the purpose, gathered around the central group, exclaiming over the sadness of the little girl's lot; and if she were well enough she could have revelled in pie, doughnuts, and chocolate *éclair*s,—these terrible objects being the chief articles of consumption at Lacy's in the middle of the day.

Rose revived and opened her eyes; then she looked bewildered, and gave a little sob. Half a dozen kind hands made a couch of shawls for her; and there she lay, very white and quiet, the centre of all interest. For a moment Nellie Mulligan did not think of the Lady Rosebuds or the splendors of the coming night. Eliza Brown, who had known what it

was to be hungry, got a cup of warm milk, and, kneeling beside Rose, administered it gently, grumbling all the time.

Rose looked wistfully at the little heap of pastry by her side.

"Oh, do eat something!" Nellie implored, bending over her.

"I can't, Miss Mulligan," Rose answered; "but," she added, after a little pause, "will you let me take some of these home when I go?"

"Why, certainly," said Eliza Brown, with great heartiness. "You can take them all; I'll wrap them up for you. And you shall lie quietly here until it's time to go home. I'll see the floor-walker about it, and if he dares to contradict *me*!" Then Eliza turned her head away and wiped her eyes, still holding Rose's little thin hand in one of hers. "And people thinking of white satin shoes when there's so much destitution in the world!"

Nellie caught her glare, but prudently refrained from answering. Rose whispered something to Eliza, and the latter went to the little girl's tattered coat, which was conspicuous among those that hung on the nails for its shabbiness, and took a rosary from the pocket. Rose held it in her hand for a moment, and then fell back luxuriously on the pile of shawls.

The sight of the rosary excited no surprise in the room; for Eliza Brown had a way of saying her "penance" publicly,—sometimes because she "felt like it," and other times because she wanted to "aggravate" the Protestants.

When the little sick girl had been made comfortable, conversation and lunch went on as before.

"Oh, you were telling us about the concert, Nellie!" somebody said. And Nellie resumed her narrative.

"It was a free show, of course, and Jim and I just went for fun. It was the queerest thing! We never laughed so much in our lives. There was a chorus from some German opera, and then one of the Galligan girls came out and thumped the piano for about half an hour. There didn't seem to be much tune to the thing, and everybody was tired of it. Then an awful guy of a woman came out in a sage-green dress, all up and down straight, and

she sang some slow thing. By this time most of the people around us were getting tired. Some of the Eye-talians at the end of the hall seemed to like it; but we chatted among ourselves, and Jim dropped a handful of peanuts into Clara Schwarz's gentleman friend's pocket. We laughed and laughed. And when another guy came out to sing a German song that was down on the programme, you couldn't hear anything. 'You ain't up in society ways, Jim,' says I. 'I ain't no Ward McAllister,' says Jim; 'but I'm going to lead the grand march at the Lady Rosebuds, all the same.' And we laughed and laughed, because you know I'm going to lead the march with Miley Galligan."

"I'd stick to Jim," Eliza Brown said. "Miley's no good."

"And then," Nellie went on, "Mr. Bastien came out and made a speech, and said we ought to cultivate the acrostic sense, or something; that the music we had just heard was almost the music of the spears; and that, even if we didn't like it or understand it, we should come to the realization of higher ideals by pretending to like it. He wore a claw-hammer coat and a white tie, and he looked swell; but we just laughed and laughed. Then there was an intermission, and we all went to the bar and had the most delicious coffee and chocolate and cakes. I tell you we enjoyed that part of the concert. After which the Galligan girl—one of Miley's sisters—came out again. She was dressed awfully plain: in black silk, with a few red roses. I told Jim that I hoped Miley could afford to put more style on his wife than that, and Jim just giggled! Well, Miss Galligan began a slow thing called a minuet. We couldn't stand it, and Jim called out, 'Give us "Whist the Bogie Man!"' She looked frightened, and half rose from the piano; then she seemed to understand, and she changed the slow music into 'Listen to the Mocking-Bird!' It *was* elegant. You'd have thought there were birds in the piano. And the way she crossed her hands over each other was wonderful. Everybody stamped and howled, and made her come out again; so she played the 'Lullaby' in *Erminie*, and then gave us a rattling march, ending in 'The Last Rose of Summer.' You could just hear it dying away. Everybody clapped and stamped.

It was just too sweet for anything. After that she came out twice again and played pieces everybody knew. The other singers and players were too tiresome for anything. They're going to have more concerts; but if they're not better than the last, there will be nobody there but the Eye-talians, who can stand anything they don't have to pay for—dear me! there's the floor walker, girls! It is time I stopped chattering."

With maternal looks at Rose, who had fallen asleep in her warm corner, the girls went out to resume their work.

Nellie Mulligan had very truly depicted the effect of Mr. Bastien's attempt to elevate the neighborhood of The Anchor. Chopin and Liszt and Glück, and even Schubert's "Serenade," which would have pleased a German audience, no matter how uncultivated it was in other things, had fallen on unheeding ears. If Esther had not descended suddenly from her classical standard, the concert would have been an utter failure.

When she came into the withdrawing-room after her success, with a flush on her cheeks and her eyes shining, Bastien felt a great respect for her. She understood more than he understood; she could do something that he wanted to do—please the people. He bowed to her and said:

"Your grace and skill have tamed the lions. Miss Esther Galligan, you are indeed a second Daniel in Shylock's sense as well as in the other."

Esther never learned how to take a compliment. If anybody praised her she was apt to be pleased, provided she knew the person well. But she looked on compliments from outside people as veiled sarcasm; and Bastien's manner, which was intended to be both deferential and considerate, struck her as the poison added to an arrow deadly in itself. Esther answered him with a flash of the eye and a stiff inclination of the head.

"Did you see that hateful creature's manner?" she said to Mary, as they stood at the little window while the damosel in sage-green warbled her Provençal *aubade*.

"What hateful creature?" Mary asked. She had caught sight of Maggie O'Connor down near the door; and she was a little absent-minded, too; for was not the resplendent

Nellie Mulligan, all smiles and giggles, before her?

"Oh, *that man*, of course!"

"Oh, Mr. Bastien! I saw him bow very gracefully, and no doubt he said something nice,—which you entirely deserved for your presence of mind."

Esther turned away a little impatiently.

Bastien offered to act as escort to the young ladies on their way home; and Arthur Fitzgerald, whose German song had been almost hissed, joined him in the offer. But Mary, who outside her own house was a little uncertain about etiquette, and at the same time anxious to be on the side of formality, if possible, declined to avail herself of their politeness; and so the two sisters drove away alone.

"That is a clever girl," remarked Bastien, looking after the cab, as he stood in the glare of the gold and crimson façade, which still glittered with electric lights. "I feel that she has taught me a lesson to-night. I have read nearly everything, I have travelled nearly everywhere, I have met clever people from my youth up, and yet how narrow-minded I am! What a mistake I made to-night,—the mistake of all theorists and *doctrinaires*! Because the great masters of music are very dear to me and to all whom I know, I fancy that these people, who have never heard anything better than a tramping cornetist, a hand-organ, or a bad brass band, would care for them. To think that the wretched bit of trumpery, 'Listen to the Mocking-Bird!' should have saved a concert in which the exclusive Miss Thornton, whose engagements are thick as leaves in Vallambrosa, sang! It is too funny. I say, Fitzgerald," he asked, "how do these people amuse themselves? I have seen a great deal of them, but I haven't gotten near them yet. If John Longworthy were here," he added with a smile, "he could go into one of his favorite clubs for the settling of everything by 'culture,' and open their eyes."

XXI.—A GREAT FUNCTION.

The eventful evening on which the Lady Rosebuds were to have their dance was a sleety and unpleasant one. Miles Galligan felt this as a personal grievance. There was no hope that he might be able to save the five dol-

lars which it would now be necessary to spend for a carriage. Had it been a clear evening, Nellie Mulligan might have preferred to walk to the hall where the festivity was to take place, carrying her dancing shoes in her hand, while he held her bouquet, her fan, her *vinai-grette*, an extra shawl, and other *impedimenta*.

As Miles tried to adjust his white tie—he told himself that he had too much self-respect to ask either Mary or Esther to do as usual—he looked dolorously into the storm, and felt that the five dollars must go. Nellie knew her position and his position too well to walk on such a night. What would Jim Dolan say? What would the Lady Rosebuds say? Miles had managed to get a loan from a future constituent who believed in him, but he felt the necessity of making it go as far as possible, since Mary had become suddenly so unkind and selfish.

Miles went to telephone for a carriage with a sad heart, in spite of the consciousness that his evening clothes were very new and had been seldom used,—a fact which was made known to the public by the odor of camphor that clung to them; for Mary had a horror of moths. He looked at himself in the glass again, swathed himself in a long gold watch-chain, and sat down to wait until the carriage should come. He was obliged to ask Mary for a latch-key, as he had mislaid his on Christmas night.

Mary did not seem moved by his magnificent expanse of shirt front or by his stately manner; she did not even offer to find out whether his collar was properly fastened or not; she did not ask where he was going; she did sniff at the smell of camphor, and remarked that his coat ought to have been aired before he put it on. He replied to this by saying that his decision was unalterable.

"What decision?" Mary asked.

"I will marry Miss Mulligan."

Mary made no answer, and at that moment the driver of the carriage knocked at the door. Miles put on his light overcoat, stuck a cigarette between his thumb and finger, and went down, to be driven off—in solitary grandeur.

In the meantime Nellie Mulligan had not been serene or idle. Rose O'Connor had been able to go home, laden with the offerings of

indigestible food which her kind friends had given her. She, at least, was off Nellie's mind.

When Nellie reached home, about half-past six o'clock, she carried various paper parcels, one of which contained Eliza Brown's white satin shoes. Her mother, two interested neighbors, and her younger sister, were in the little room in which they cooked, dined, and in which one of her brothers slept. Nellie swallowed a cup of tea, and then the neighbors, assisted by suggestions from other neighbors who appeared at intervals in the doorway, with their mouths full of pins, began to "do" her hair. It was nervous work.

Mrs. Mulligan, a good-natured, elderly woman, with a matured resemblance to Nellie, looked on, alternately poking at the grate of the stove and making comments.

"Faith," she said, when Nellie's hair had been "done" and "undone" several times, "I've seen corpses laid out elegant with less trouble."

She was promptly rebuked for this, as a long box was brought in, containing the white satin gown which Nellie had hired at a costumer's, at an expenditure of somewhat more than a week's salary. It was opened very carefully by a committee of the women with the pins in their mouths, and loudly admired. But Nellie had no time for any unnecessary emotion. A fan she had been promised had not come, nor had Eliza Brown's lace handkerchief been sent; but one of the committee offered her a diamond ring.

"I bought it on instalments," this good Samaritan said; "and the second has not been paid yet. The agent is coming to take it to-morrow, so you may as well get some good out of it."

Nellie made the ring glitter in the light of the kerosene lamps her attendants held, and felt that now indeed was she blest.

It took two hours to complete her toilet,—two hours of nervousness, indignation; hope that she might look well; fear that somebody else would look better; doubt as to the fit of Eliza Brown's shoes; trepidation lest Eliza, whose temper was uncertain, might come to claim them at the last moment; of quarrels among the various nymphs with pins in their mouths. But at last the awful work was done. Nellie stood in the little parlor, complete,

while the two chief assistants held a large mirror—borrowed from the Italian barber in the cellar—in various positions, that she might not lose any point of view.

Certainly she was very imposing, and she seemed very much out of place in the little room, with its shabby horsehair sofa, its unblackened cylindrical stove, its cheap pasteboard plaques, bearing Lacy's advertising imprint, on the walls, and its general air of tawdriness and neglect. Her gown of satin and spangled lace, with a long train, into the folds of which a garland of pink roses fell from her waist; her bouquet of blush roses—for which poor little Rose O'Connor had so valiantly struggled; her spangled fan, and her high-mounted hair, pinioned with a golden aigrette; her long white gloves, and the air of "deportment" that naturally went with such a dress, created a sensation. The inhabitants of the neighboring rooms passed by the Mulligans' door in a respectful procession, and felt proud of being represented in society by such a beauty.

The breathless ascent of several children—who, to Nellie's disgust, *would* treat her appearance as something extraordinary,—to say that there was a carriage at the door, caused her to put on the precious shoes. She was sure there would be no walking now. Her mother threw a shawl over her shoulders, and she glided slowly downstairs, the women with the pins bearing her train. Miles met her, and, still attended by her careful friends, she was led across the sidewalk between two dense lines of admirers, who had gathered at the news of her splendor. There was a chorus of "Oh's!" as she entered the carriage. No lady on her way to one of the Patriarch's balls could have felt more complacent,—but there was one drop of gall in this honey of popular adulation. As Miles slammed the door of the carriage a voice was heard to say:

"She's got on our Eliza's satin shoes!"

Miles did not hear it, however; and Nellie reflected that at last she was safe,—it was too late for the said Eliza to reconsider her loan now.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MORALITY without religious dogmas is like justice without tribunals.

The Dream of Michael Angelo.

IT was the setting of the sun, and the master was alone in his studio, wearily looking out on the great clouds that were slowly rising over the distant sea. He was surrounded by the beautiful and grand creations of his own hand and genius—forms of his dreams in the ideal world.

He was sad amid all his works, discontented with all his renown. His thoughts were of something greater; his ambition pined to grasp something yet more sublime than his "Moses" or his "Dead Christ," that had won the plaudits of art-loving Rome. He longed for the power, with pencil or chisel, to represent in form the grandest subject that man, out of heaven, could conceive, in a manner as perfect as human skill could fashion; which would be the greatest speaking lesson to the world, representing the limit of human genius and imagination. He was grasping for the theme for brush or chisel, and wished that his soul could leave its earthly tenement and find its transcendental subject. He wished to die and then to live again—only for time to paint for the benefit of posterity what might be unfolded to him in the depths of the Great Unknown.

He began to feel a strange change coming over his powers. His thoughts and his feelings began to fade from consciousness. His sensibility to the outer world grew faint, and one by one his senses seemed to deny him their aid. Thought alone remained; and, in a wrapped isolation from the world, the master dwelt with his own reflections. His soul seemed solitary with its ideas, its visions, its memories.

One subject alone in his studio was apparent to him. The exquisite music that came on the evening air was unheeded. The perfume of orange blossoms that loaded the breeze was unnoticed. His sight was gone for all save the "Dead Christ" that had grown under his chisel, and which he had so often watered with his tears. It was lying there, with sad, upturned face, ghostly white in the soft rays of the moon that now stole through the window.

Gradually his soul seemed to wane; its

powers were failing, the memory fading fast. Slowly the progression to annihilation went on, until but one spark, as it were, was left,—one germ of something that *was*, yet which was trembling on the verge of nothingness. There was naught save the consciousness that *it* existed, and was himself; and that there was a marble image of Christ, whose outlines had sunk to the same dwarfed proportions of his own very self.

Then for an instant the spark was extinguished; the next—it relit with a burst of music that seemed to fill all space with strange, mournful harmonies. His soul seemed cut loose from the prison bonds of flesh, and expanded in its power until it grasped all things,—saw, felt and heard all things,—was in every place,—knew all things by a kind of contact in which free spirit seemed to mingle with essence throughout all space. He was pure soul existence, unfettered intelligence, with will, memory, and understanding; but in no point in space,—he had no motion through space, yet was everywhere in space. All creation seemed with him,—he hovered over, encompassing all things. Though the idea of space was gone, there was the idea of immensity—the illimitable and boundless. He seemed to be the container of all things—they floating through him.

Then there came to him a strange knowledge of all things. He saw them not, nor did he hear them. The knowledge seemed to come by a spiritual contact which reached to the essences of all that was or ever had been. Amid all that these wonderful powers, disclosed the dreamer was enabled to see above the cloud world. The sun was pouring down his beams and illuming by direct rays the great masses that shot their giant forms upward, mounting and piling high toward the fiery orb that lighted up their tops with a blaze of crimson fire.

Seated on the rolling clouds, that were glowing like molten gold, was one solitary figure, more majestic, more magnificent, than the awful and gigantic scenery of the cloud world, towering around and below in bright, changing grandeur. That figure was the "Dead Christ," the idea of which had lingered in his consciousness until the spark went out; and when it expanded, *it* too had expanded

from the dim, almost airless, ghostly nothing into the majesty and splendor of the Son of God. But it was no longer the dead image of the studio, lying in the Mother's arms, stark and motionless in death. It was full of life and strength; and, while bearing the resemblance of man, it yet bore the stamp of omnipotent Divinity.

Suddenly from the great realms of space moving masses of human beings came in huge billows to the feet of the Divine Judge. There were innocent babes and old men, beautiful women and maidens. There were faces upturned, in that vast, struggling ocean of humans, on which despair was written,—some pallid with fear, some with hope trembling in their eyes, which were turned on the great Judge. There were dark, scowling faces, and hands stained with blood, held up in shame and despair to the gaze of all. Beautiful faces peered out of the mass, on which the hidden sins of life had set their seal; faces, too, stamped with resignation and furrowed by long suffering and care; faces deformed with nameless vices that made shudders creep through the dark forms that bore them, as if they were conscious of their own hideousness. Not one of this ocean of faces, that rolled in long lines from the immensity around, wore other than an anxious expression. Fear, dread, despair, were stamped on the thousand forms and features.

The human tide rolled before the Judge; and when at His feet, each, one by one, looked with trembling dread into His eyes for one moment and saw the sentence. They rose upward from out the struggling mass, and soared aloft; or fell writhing down into the immeasurable depths of the world below, which seemed wrapped in flames. As they fell the look of despair on their faces grew deeper, and they appeared to be struggling to catch at something in their descent. Down, down the horrid chain of writhing, contorted forms swung, catching new victims from the feet of the great Judge; and as they fell from His awful presence their forms grew more knotted, their faces darker still; the wild struggles, too, more violent, as they wound themselves in each other's embrace, like demon serpents, lashed into madness by torturing pursuers.

The forms of a few Guardian Angels were all that served to light the dismal shades. These spirits of light flitted for a moment around those whom they had accompanied from birth, with sad, pitying faces, and then flew swiftly upward from the dark, horrible depths, that sent up hollow groans and despairing shrieks.

There were others who rose from the feet of the Divine Judge, and were born into the bright regions above, that seemed measureless in height. Smiles played over their features, and their forms took a fairer proportion. As they floated upward the clouds grew brighter, and their faces, too, grew more radiant with bliss. Up, up they soared, without motions of limb—their forms growing more airy and bright and spirit-like, until in their thin lightness they were lost in the splendor of the silver clouds that were suddenly riven, and through which a celestial brightness, too overpowering for mortal senses, streamed in golden rays.

Michael Angelo awoke from his dream. His vision was gone. Music from minstrels in the distance came on the evening breeze. The sighs of the far-off sea broke on his awakened ear. The marble "Christ" lay still, motionless, dead in His sad Mother's arms. His giant "Moses" looked down as stern, determined, and majestic, as when with rod he smote the rock in the desert; all the terrible and grand of the vision had faded, save the memories which were engraved on his soul.

His face lit with enthusiasm, for he had found his long-sighed-for theme. By day and by night he painted, with a never-wearying enthusiasm, to represent that vision. And now, on the walls of the Sistine Chapel, in the crumbling City of the Cæsars, is a work that stands unrivalled,—one that may be regarded as the grandest conception of human imagination, and the perfection of teaching art. It is the picture of the "Last Judgment"—a shadowy souvenir of Michael Angelo's awful dream.

You are guilty in the measure in which you have greater light: in that measure in which you have a fuller illumination, in that measure your guilt before God is greater.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Curious Customs.

STAFFORDSHIRE, although one of the most beautiful and densely populated counties of England, is little known to the average tourist, partly, perhaps, from the fact that its association with what is called the Black Country gives its name a forbidding sound. The people of this part of England are not much given to going abroad, and this may be the reason that many of the customs of the days when the country was Catholic still prevail, and are observed with all the enthusiasm of the age of faith. The population is largely Catholic and devout.

There are instances in this county of families who keep up the habit of burying their dead at midnight, and a custom is still observed of throwing nuts and apples to the children from the windows of the guildhall on the Feast of St. Clement,—a curious occurrence unknown by antiquarians elsewhere.

The old wassail-bowl still survives in this county, as does the habit of calling the fourth Sunday in Lent "Mothering Sunday." Then if one is so happy as to have a mother he is expected to visit her, no matter how far distant she may be. The poet Herrick wrote:

I'll to thee a simnel bring,
'Gainst thou go'st a-mothering;
So that when she blesseth thee,
Half that blessing thou'lt give me.

The simnel cake is still known in that region.

Palm Sunday is strictly observed, and the miners carry their blessed palms down into the dark chambers under the earth, where their sad lives are spent in hardest toil.

A Reform in the Stage.

THE production of Coppée's "The Prayer" has excited much discussion as to whether or not a drama with a religious motive can be produced on the American stage. The verdict of the more thoughtful seems to be in favor of a possible religious play; Mr. Daly and Mr. Egan's bold experiment has therefore succeeded. Nym Crinkle, who expresses a most intellectually critical opinion of the theatre, remarks, in an extended notice of "The Prayer":

"There is only one way to improve the status of the theatre, and that way is to improve the status of its work and of its workers. The idle and wearisome frivolity of its rank and file is at present relieved only by occasional dashes at the tragedies of another era. To be serious on the stage means revenge and blood; to be emotional means vice and pistols for two."

These are serious words on a subject which Christians must consider seriously; for if the stage, whose influence is so great, is not effected by Christian opinion, it must drift into an atmosphere of licentiousness or utter frivolity. "It is easy," Nym Crinkle observes, "to say that the theatre has nothing to do with religion. But the fact is, every serious play has to recognize it, not only as a social but as a spiritual factor; for it belongs inextricably to that life which the theatre claims to reflect. To reflect life and leave out the influence of the Church would not be reflection, but refraction."

This thoughtful, high-minded critic—one of the few who write on matters of the stage in a way that deserves attention, and who has the right to be ranked with the greatest of the French critics,—continues:

"It is just possible that some manager will yet show that the greatest tragedies of life are enacted in the heart, and not in a fracas; that the whole world of passion can be touched without a noise or a panorama; that the thing which moves and interests us is not physical accident, but moral courage."

A Valiant Woman.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES and St. Jane Frances de Chantal are very near to us. Three hundred years divide us from them, it is true; but the conditions under which they lived were conditions which we, without much straining of vision, can easily see and understand.

The condition of affairs in France when St. Francis de Sales began his wonderful missionary career was deplorable. It was as evil as at the period preceding the great Revolution. The Guises had been arrogant, Charles IX. weak, Henry III. profligate, and the advent of Henry IV. to the throne meant Huguenot rule. What a terror this had for the Catholics of France may

be imagined from the fact that the hair of the venerable President Frémoyot turned white on the night after Henry of Navarre ascended the throne. But Henry came to the conclusion that a religion which was infallible was safer than a religion based on opinions; nevertheless, in spite of all his strength, an abandoned court, a clergy much corrupted by Church patronage being made the prerogative of political power, and the rise of unbelief, threatened to ruin France. The work of regeneration began with the work of St. Francis Regis, of Père Eudes, of Michel de Noblez and of Pierre Fourrier, of Cæsar de Bus, and later of the Blessed de La Salle. This postponed the Terror of '93 for over a hundred years; but the time at last came when even the prayers of myriads of saintly men and women could not avert the justice of Almighty God from a country which, rich in graces, had trampled them underfoot.

St. Frances de Chantal has been much misrepresented. Many people imagine that she was a hard, almost Puritanical, woman, who deserted her little children in order to found a community. The fact that she has been canonized ought to be an answer to this. Her biographer* gives us a glimpse of her in the Lent of 1604, when St. Francis de Sales first saw St. Jane Frances de Chantal, and asked her brother who she was, so much was he attracted by the intense earnestness of her face. The friendship of the two Saints is thus described:

"Jane was soon at ease with the Bishop, and he exercised an influence over her almost immediately, testing and gauging—if we may say so—her strength and courage, and the temper of her soul. Very small details of their conversation show this. One day at dinner, when the Bishop had his usual place next her as mistress of the house, he observed that her dress was more fashionably made than usual. Taking an opportunity when he could not be overheard, the Bishop said to her in a low voice: 'Madame, should you like to marry again?' 'No indeed, my Lord!' she instantly replied. 'Then you should pull down your flag,' he said, smiling, but in such a way that she could not take offence. Madame de Chantal perfectly understood him, and when she took her place at dinner the next day her dress was docked of certain little trimmings and coxcombries which had given it the appearance of smartness. . . . After these hints which were interpreted exactly as he intended, striking at the spirit of worldliness, and not this or that petty detail, she began to bend her whole grand, earnest mind to a thorough subjec-

* "The Life of St. Jane Frances Frémoyot de Chantal." Third Edition. By Emily Bowles. London: Bures & Oates. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

tion of her life to the law and spirit of God. She looked up with a wise reverence to her new guide, finding in him every day a greater range of spiritual knowledge, a deeper foundation of virtue, and a greater perfection of that charity which filled his whole being and exterior with so indescribable a charm. And the Bishop at once discerned the noble and solid qualities in this young widow. He wrote of her that she brought vividly to his mind St. Paula, St. Angela, and St. Catherine of Genoa; that her large understanding and deep humility equally astonished him. And once he wrote of her in these words: 'She is as true and simple as a child, with a solid and excellent judgment. She has a grand soul, and her courage in great religious undertakings is above that of women.' And again: 'I have found at Dijon what Solomon could scarcely find in Jerusalem. Madame de Chantal is indeed the valiant woman.'

This was the blessing that the Lent of 1604 brought to this holy soul,—the blessing of such consolation as Dante found in Beatrice, the type of divine direction.

It is hard to pass over the pages of this charming book and resist the temptations to quote. Here, for instance, is a picture of St. Frances' conduct toward her children. It ought to be a stimulus to mothers:

"At Monthelon Madame de Chantal wisely put aside the contemplation of evils she could not mitigate, and devoted herself entirely to the education of her children. She rose early, and, having put on one of her plain, neat gowns, she went to the nursery, and was present at the dressing and washing of her children, during which she never allowed any of the foolish chatter and flatteries to which servants are addicted, but directed Marie Aymée's young, intelligent mind to pious thoughts, or exercised her in keeping silence from unnecessary words. After the children were all dressed she took them to wish their grandfather good-morning, and to stay in his room for a little while, if he was in the humor to have them about him, which was not always. The day was then filled up with useful offices,—either in the service of the children or of the old baron, or of others in the house, and of the neighboring poor. Jane Frances taught her own children and those of the housekeeper to read, to repeat and explain the catechism, and thoroughly to understand their religion. On account of the state of the house, and that no gossip might take place about the housekeeper's conduct, Madame de Chantal took care never to leave Marie Aymée alone with the servants, and watched over her children with untiring solicitude. Whenever the old baron would allow her, she read aloud some useful book in the evenings, assembling the servants in the sitting-room, according to the simple manners of the time; so that the other children and the household in general began to love religion and to wish to practise their duties. On Sundays and holidays she prepared little expeditions for her children among their poor neighbors. If any of them were sick, she carried with her *tisanes* and light nourishment, while

Marie Aymée and her brother were laden with clothes and rolls of bread. The more the little girl had to carry, the more joyously she frisked along beside her mother, and during her whole life her Sundays and holidays were happily associated with thoughts of recreation and pleasure. When they were all setting out, this admirable mother would say, 'Now let us go on a pilgrimage to the Mount of Olives,' or 'to the Sepulchre,' etc., so as to direct the children's minds and intentions, and give some special bent to their talk. In this way Marie Aymée learned to love the life of Our Lord and His poor, and to exercise all her childish ingenuity in devising means for helping her sick and sorrowful neighbors.'

We get, too, a glimpse of St. Francis de Sales among the De Chantal children:

"Then, while her brother and sister amused themselves at play, Marie Aymée would stand apart, half hidden, gazing with loving eyes upon the sweet and noble face of the Bishop, or gradually drawing nearer and nearer to him, and leaning against him or on the arm of his chair. Francis never failed to observe her, call her to him and caress her, asking her little questions, and bidding her say her prayers and be a good child. He always took a special interest in her, and in his own affectionate way spoke of this to her mother in one of his letters. 'In the first place, Marie Aymée is the eldest; and, besides that, I must needs love her more dearly [than the rest]; because one day, when you were not at home, she was so good to me, and let me give her a kiss. Have I not, therefore, good reason to ask our Blessed Lord to make her pleasing to Him?'"

When her mother left the world, Marie Aymée was married, little Charlotte had died, and her son had already been taken in charge by her father, and was of an age when boys of his class are best in the care of wise men; and her other daughter was with the Ursulines, still remaining under her mother's supervision. This does not look as if this loving Saint had cast all her children aside to adopt new duties.

As a book for reading at all times with pleasure and profit, we recommend the life of this "valiant woman," who had the privilege of being directed by St. Francis de Sales and St. Vincent de Paul. It is an abridgment of Miss Bowles' larger *Life of St. Jane Frances de Chantal*. If all the professedly pious books were like this, there would be little reason for the complaint that Catholic publishers import too many books and print too many badly done translations. Miss Bowles' book has the interest of manner as well as of matter.

VERY few men are capable of judging. "The general opinion" is often merely the opinion of a few accepted by all.—*Abbé Roux*.

WE amend our defects less than our good qualities.—*The Same*.

Stray Notes.

During the year 1889 there were 130 regularly organized pilgrimages to the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes, including 111,860 pilgrims from various parts of France, Spain, Belgium, and Italy. The piety of the faithful was encouraged by the example and words of the clergy. Visits to the Grotto were made by two cardinals—Cardinal Desprez, Archbishop of Toulouse, and Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris; one patriarch, Mgr. Valente, Archbishop of Goa; 63 archbishops, bishops, mitred abbots, and other prelates. The attendance of the clergy may be realized by the fact that there were 34,836 Masses celebrated at this far-famed shrine. The number of Communions was over 202,800, while 6,221 persons were enrolled in the Archconfraternity of the Holy Rosary.

Time was when the Catholic editor was kept busy refuting the doctrinal errors or combating the calumnies of Protestant ministers. Now he oftener has the more pleasing duty of quoting their eulogies of the Church and of persons and things Catholic. We hope all our collaborators are convinced that it is utterly profitless to longer rattle the bones of dead sects. As a witty non-Catholic writer once remarked: "If Protestantism is dead, as the Catholics say, why should their editors keep fighting it so vigorously?" And we wish ridicule of such men as the Rev. Dr. Lorimer were left to the secular press.

A Jesuit Father has been made Doctor of Philosophy in the University of Leyden; and Father Noleus, a secular priest, has been made Doctor in Laws and Political Sciences at Utrecht. These are non-Catholic universities, and the subject of Father Noleus' thesis was, "The Doctrine of St. Thomas Concerning Law."

The London *Daily News*, in an article on the "Fair Maids of February," recalls some pleasant floral symbolism. "The snowdrop is one flower of many once held sacred to the [Blessed] Virgin; and it is linked with her, so monkish legends say, because it blossoms now in memory of her first visit to the Temple with the Infant Christ. The tall garden lily is a special flower of hers, symbolizing in its white petals her spotless purity of body, and in its wealth of golden stamens her nobility of soul. Many flowers bear traces in their common, or, at least, provincial names of this old association. The great convolvulus that hangs its white bells on the sum-

mer hedgerow is Our Lady's Nightcap; the green tangle of the wild clematis is Our Lady's Bower; the *alchemilla* of the upland pasture is Our Lady's Mantle; and the most striking British orchis, now, alas! almost rooted out by the greed of inconsiderate collectors, is Our Lady's Slipper. Another orchis—the tiny, graceful plant that in the early days of autumn hides so well its spike of sweet, pale green among the long grass on the hill—is Our Lady's Tresses. With Our Lady's Bedstraw the manger of the Holy Child was filled, while the couch of the [Blessed] Virgin herself was strewn with thyme and sweet leaves of the woodruff, a flower sacred to her still."

The report of the Particular Council of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul of Washington, D. C., for the year 1889, is before us. The Washington conference is in vigorous condition. Among the "progressive new departures" announced is the formation of a conference at Georgetown College. "We look forward," says the compiler of the report, "for grand results to come from young men being trained in the rules of our Society." The Society of St. Vincent de Paul needs new recruits who will reflect the zeal of the men who now compose this admirable association.

Mgr. Pagis, Bishop of Verdun, is now in Paris, inaugurating a mission, which he will conduct throughout France, in behalf of a national monument to the sainted savior of the country, Joan of Arc. The Holy Father has given his approval to the project in the following terms:

Our dear son, the Bishop of Verdun, having communicated to Us his plan to erect a national monument near Vaucouleurs to the glory of Joan of Arc, We bless with all Our heart his noble enterprise, and commend it to the generosity of the Catholics of France.

LEO XIII., POPE.

The annual medical report for 1889 of St. Elizabeth Hospital, Dayton, Ohio, under the charge of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis, shows one remarkable thing in medical reports,—that the proportion of deaths to the large number of capital surgical operations, is very small.

Cardinal Newman entered his ninetieth year on February 21. He is the oldest member of the Sacred College.

The *Boston Transcript* is out with a vindication of Father Damien, which covers several columns of that influential journal. The "true inwardness" of the *Congregationalist* is revealed,

and the charges to which it gave publicity with editorial endorsement, refusing to publish a refutation of them, are characterized by the writer in the *Transcript*, and proven to be "the foulest, blackest, most inexcusable lies ever put in circulation."

More than 281,000 persons visited the Church of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre during the Exposition at Paris. These were mere tourists: the number of actual pilgrims is incalculable. There is a total of 597,258 names inscribed on the registers, but this is far from the number of the faithful who satisfied their piety and devotion in visiting this celebrated sanctuary. The church is as yet unfinished, but the fact that the receipts within the past few years amount to 31,864,290 francs gives every assurance that but a short time will elapse before this splendid monument to Christian faith and piety, erected in the heart of the modern Babylon, will be completed.

Some Radicals of Prague having proposed to put up a tablet to John Huss on the walls of the new museum, Prince Schwarzenberg, his son and other nobles, refused to take any part with the associations that have joined in subscriptions to the memorial.

It has been suggested to the Archbishop of Paris that in order to kill all future attempts to put blasphemous Passion plays on the stage, he should revive the mysteries as performed at the Cathedral of No're Dame in the time of Francis I.

The famous Père Monsabré preaches for the last time this Lent in Notre Dame, where he has occupied the pulpit nearly a quarter of a century, succeeding his illustrious fellow-Dominican, Lacordaire.

On the day of Cardinal Pecci's funeral the Holy Father gave a large alms to the poor of Rome. This is an old Catholic custom, for which there is Scriptural warrant.

Another Rembrandt has been discovered near Paris. The subject is Abraham receiving the angels at his table.

We are glad to find that *Church Progress and Catholic World*, which is edited by an estimable priest, shares our views in regard to the calumniators and successors of Father Damien:

"We have quoted THE 'AVE MARIA' at length, for it was through the pages of this esteemed and devoted magazine that Father Damien's saintly life and work were first made known to the public. It is, therefore,

proper that it should be his defender when he is beyond the reach of his slanderers. The true answer to this saint's calumniators, as THE 'AVE MARIA' says, is his life and his death. He needs no defence. His vindication is evident in the work he has done."

The sudden death of the venerable Dr. Charles Ozanam occurred recently. He was one of the three Ozanam brothers, all noted for their devotion to religion and their benevolence. They were Mgr. Ozanam, Frederick, and Charles.

Several additional offerings have been entrusted to us for the self-sacrificing priest in charge of the wretched lepers in Northern Japan:

E. T. (?) S., \$1; A Friend, Lewiston, Me., in honor of St. Joseph, \$1; Annie Smith, \$20; "Japan," \$10; A poor Bishop, \$3; Matthias Glynn, \$1.

For the needy missions of the Passionist Fathers in South America:

Henry N. Carragher, \$5; A Child of Mary, in honor of the B. V. M., \$1; Matthias Glynn, \$1.50; E. T. D., in honor of the Holy Face, \$1; E. T. (?) S., \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. James Owen, of Clontarf, Iowa, who died suddenly on the 3d ult.

Mr. William H. Murphy, whose happy death occurred on the 7th of January, at New Britain, Conn.

Mrs. James F. Heffernan, who peacefully departed this life on the 27th ult., at Somerville, Mass.

Miss Margaret Desmond, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who piously yielded her soul to God on the 21st ult.

Mr. Michael J. Collins, a highly respected citizen of New Haven, Conn., whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a holy death on the 26th ult.

Miss Libbie Keiley, of Stuart, Iowa, a devout Child of Mary, who peacefully breathed her last on the 24th ult.

Mr. Andrew Eisenhauer, of Huntington, Ind.; Mr. D. McMenamin and Mrs. S. J. Drum, Oakland, Cal.; M. R. Finn, Dubuque, Iowa; Miss Good, Binghamton, N. Y.; Mrs. D. Corrigan, Piedmont, Cal.; Mr. Joseph Lynch, Marysburg, Minn.; Mrs. M. Farrell, Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. s. Mary Mullen, Kilron, Co. Galway, Ireland; Miss Frances McDermott, Clontarf, Iowa; James S. Collins, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Anna Sheridan, Holbrook, Iowa; Mrs. Eliza Dunne, Mr. William Casey, Mrs. Catherine Cawley, Mrs. Ellen Luther, Mr. James Masterson, and Mrs. Catherine Farren.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



What the Fight was About.

BY L. W. REILLY.

When I was a boy of six I fought my first fight. Let me tell you what it was about and how it ended.

We lived on Long Island then,—in that part of Brooklyn known as East New York. It was a German settlement, made up mostly of truck farmers; for it was four miles from the ferry, and the level fields, that since have produced a crop of houses, were at that time wont to yield their yearly tribute of potatoes, cabbages, and other produce for the New York market. There was no Brooklyn Bridge then, no elevated railroad, no electric lights, and the gas companies were only beginning to lay their mains that far out into the country.

How well I remember the time! O fair days of childhood! the sun shines for you always, as I look back at you through the mist of years. What fixes the date in my memory, in addition to the knowledge I have of my own age at the time, is that it was shortly before the civil war. Not many months after my first fight the battle of Bull Run occurred.

But—to get back to my story—in the year 1859 the hamlet of East New York contained two schools—one public, the other parochial,—the latter supported by the Catholic Germans of St. Benedict's congregation. My brother and sister were attending the public school, but so many of my little playmates were going to the German parochial schools, that, when my parents asked me to which of them I would prefer to be sent, I cast my lot with that of my companions.

The following morning the big daughter of our next-door neighbor—who lived a quarter of a mile away—came to take me to school. I say that she was big; for she was so to me, and indeed she must have been full twelve years old. She was quite motherly to me and

to her own younger brother and sister, whom also she took charge of on the way from home to the village and back.

When we reached the school the teacher gave me a pleasant welcome. He was delighted to receive his first Irish-American pupil. He hoped that I would not be the last of my race to come beneath the sway of his birch and to add to his meagre wages. He seemed to take a liking to me at once, and, after setting his classes at work, he put me on his knee and taught me the German alphabet. As I could already read simple words in English, this was not a great effort; but the dear old man thought that I was uncommonly bright, and I was forthwith confirmed in his affection.

When I returned home that evening I was as proud as a peacock of my new learning, and almost before I got inside the door I called out: "O mother, I've got something to tell you!"

"What is it, my son?"

"O mother, I know German!"

Mother answered that for me to know German in one day was pretty rapid progress; but she wanted a "bill of particulars," as the lawyers say; and though my knowing German shrunk to a knowledge of the alphabet, even this was wonderful to her maternal heart, and my supper that night had an extra piece of cake and a special dish of preserves in recognition of my accomplishments as a linguist.

But the fight? I'm getting to it as fast as I can.

The next day, at the noontide recess, the older boys gathered around me, and decided that a certain little chap, whose seat in school was across the aisle from mine, was about my size. Just before the bell rang that called us to class, one of them came to me and said that Fritz—for so I shall call my opponent—and I were to fight in Miller's woods that same afternoon. I did not know what to think of this arrangement, in the making of which I had had no voice; but I had little time for consideration or protest, for the ding-a-ling-a-ling of the recall soon summoned us to our tasks.

Fritz kept watching me all the afternoon, evidently "sizing his man"; and once, when the master's back was turned, he made a threatening gesture at me, and brought his fist down hard on the desk before him. Not

to be outdone in bravado, and to prove that I wasn't afraid, I imitated the action of my enemy in shaking his head and arm at me menacingly, and then I struck my desk with my knuckles. The pain shot through my arm and into my head, but I gave no sign of the suffering I endured, and looked as defiant as I knew how.

When school let out, the older boys separated me from my girlish guardian, and escorted Fritz and me to the woods. We took off our jackets and began the fight. We struck right and left, without any intermission for refreshments, urged on by the enthusiastic witnesses of the combat, whose enjoyment, I must confess, was greater than that of the principals in the memorable event. In the third round a blow from my opponent's good right fist—the same wherewith he had thumped the desk in school an hour or two earlier—brought the blood streaming from my nose; in the sixth my mouth was cut; in the eighth I lost a tooth. So far Fritz did not show by so much as a scratch that he had been hit at all, although I had struck him several hard blows. But I was so evidently his inferior as a fighter, I was already so badly punished, and I had given such evidence of courage if not also of skill, that the older boys stopped the fight in the middle of the eleventh round, and made us shake hands before we finally separated.

I went home alone, for the vanquished have no friends. On the way I stopped at a pump to wash the blood off my hands and face, and to cool my fevered lips. I repeated the process at every pump between the woods and the house, so that when I did reach our place my looks had improved on what they were at the end of the fight; and as the twilight had come, and I endeavored to avoid observation, no one noticed my battered and bruised condition.

But what was the fight about? I don't know; I didn't know at the time; I have never learned since; I never expect to find out. I fought the fight, but what it was for—its origin or its purpose—I can't tell. I don't know to this day so much as the name of my antagonist, who he was, why he fought me, or what became of him afterward.

Many a time since then, when I have been

tempted to quarrel with my neighbors, the memory of the utter wantonness of my first fight, of the useless pain it brought, and the hard feelings it left after it, has made me slow to begin a dispute, loth to anger others or to take offence myself; mindful of the multiplied proofs I have had of the truth: How beautiful it is to see brethren living in peace together!

A Year in Jeanie Reilly's Life.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

(CONTINUED.)

Jeanie soon grew familiar with every foot of the country about St. Mary's. Father Eugene was fond of walking, and every morning after breakfast they set out, going now one way and now another, exploring every hill and dale. After she had retired at night the priest would recite her praises to Aunt Betty, remarking that she was an excellent companion as well as a good traveller. He thought, moreover, what he did not say: that he had never seen any one whom it was less difficult to entertain, or who seemed intuitively to understand when to laugh, when to talk, and when to be silent altogether,—in a word, one so thoroughly responsive to his every mood.

For Father Eugene, while in some sense peculiar, was himself fully aware of the fact. At times overflowing with gaiety, he could also be very serious, explaining things as they proceeded in their walks, making sober reflections, and bringing the priestly side of his nature very much to the front. When he was gay and humorous, Jeanie responded; to his gravity she presented her own,—childish but real and appreciative, enjoying both phases of his character equally well. And when, peeping out of the door of her little room, she saw him waiting on the piazza, with a long, slender stick in his hand, and hat well pulled down over his eyes, she soon learned to know that this walk would be almost a silent one.

Jeanie rather liked these quiet strolls; for they did not occur too often, and they gave her leisure to see with her own eyes, and think, as it were, her own thoughts. Young

as she was, she had a reflective mind, and had no difficulty in realizing the charm these woods and dales, this freedom from conventionalities, must possess for a man constituted like Father Eugene. Later on, when she saw how his people idolized him, she thought it the very perfection of living.

The first Sunday at St. Mary's gave her the opportunity of seeing the beautiful relations that existed between the priest and his flock. Saturday morning she had gone with Aunt Betty to a certain spot near the water, where all kinds of ferns grew in profusion. It was a fancy of Father Eugene's to have the altar decked with them on Sundays while they lasted, and Jeanie and her companion filled two great baskets with the feathery fronds. They looked beautiful against the white background of the altar, the little girl thought,—more lovely than any floral decoration she had ever seen.

After the church had been made immaculately clean, Aunt Betty opened the front door, which was generally kept locked; for she said: "To-morrow will be Communion Sunday, and some of the folks that don't live too far away will come to confession this afternoon."

"And when will the others go?" asked Jeanie.

"To-morrow morning. We don't have Mass till ten, and many of the people have to ride very far."

"And are they not very hungry by the time they reach home?" said Jeanie.

"Dear child, you don't think we send them away fasting!" exclaimed Aunt Betty. "After Mass to-morrow there will be an intermission of half an hour. I am going to grind the coffee presently to fill that great boiler you see there in the corner. By the time Mass is over the coffee is boiled and ready. I turn a large pitcher of milk into it, sweeten it, and as fast as they come out of the church each one has a nice cup of coffee and a huge slice of bread and butter. Mrs. Rafferty and Mrs. Hines will bring the bread to-morrow, and Jem Oldworthy and Mrs. Bates the butter. The people insist on doing this, and, as there are a good many of them, it takes a long time between turns, and doesn't come hard on anybody. As soon as they're through eating they go back to church—that is whenever Jem

rings the bell,—and Father preaches a little sermon. Then we have Benediction, and by one o'clock they've all started for home. Of course dinner is to be prepared when they reach home; but one family often takes their neighbors in the big spring wagons, or the girls ride one behind another on horseback, and they finish the day riding and visiting from one farm to another."

"How nice that must be!" said Jeanie. "But how do they manage about the little children? They surely can not bring the whole family *every* Sunday."

"By no means," replied Aunt Betty. "In most families where there are very small children, the father comes to Mass one Sunday and the mother the next; where there are grown sons and daughters, they take turns in remaining at home with the little ones; and where there are no small children, everyone comes, locking up the house and leaving it in charge of St. Antony."

"And how about the monthly communicants?" asked Jeanie. "Are they regular in coming?"

"My dear little girl, you will be surprised and edified to hear that in our community of thirty families there is not a man or woman, young or old, who does not receive the Sacraments once a month. The young men are models—honest, hard-working, and God-fearing. There is not a saloon in the parish,—not one."

"It seems like a fairy tale," said Jeanie. "How lovely it is! But where do the children go to school?"

"There are two schools—one at either end of the parish," said Miss Lacy; "both public schools, but taught by Catholics, as nearly all the people are Catholics. On Sundays the children are all here by half-past eight,—that is as many of them as are old enough to come. Father has Sunday-school from nine to ten."

"It must be hard for him Sundays to fast so long," said Jeanie; "he looks so delicate."

"It is hard," answered Aunt Betty; "he nearly always has a nervous headache in the evening. But it is his greatest delight to teach the children, and they worship him as if he were a saint from heaven. (You know, Miss Jeanie—for you are well instructed,—what I

mean by worship.) Just think of those little ones walking five and six miles to catechism so early in the morning!"

"Does Father Eugene have a First Communion class every year?" asked Jeanie.

"No: every other year; and he has only had Confirmation three times since he has been here. It is so far that the Bishop seldom gets here. One year they all went over to Pittonville to be confirmed. There were fifteen of them, and the Bishop said it was the best class he had ever examined. Don't say anything about it to Father, but I'll tell you how he came to say it. A friend of Father Eugene's, a priest at the cathedral in C——, used to joke him a good deal about this place and the people. He called them savages, and all that. The Bishop took it all seriously, and told Father Eugene that he felt it his duty to examine the children with great care. Father Eugene begged the Bishop to ask them as many questions as he pleased. The result was that the joke was turned on the other side, and St. Mary's came out first best."

A shadow darkened the doorway, and Jeanie looked around.

"O Mrs. Rafferty and Annie!" said Miss Lacy. "Come in, come in! This is Miss Jeanie Reilly, who has come all the way from —— to spend some time with us."

Mrs. Rafferty and her daughter had kind, pleasant faces, and both expressed the hope that Jeanie would find her visit agreeable. The mother produced some immense loaves of white, delicious-looking bread from her covered basket; and Annie supplemented them with a quantity of green peas and asparagus which she had brought in another.

"To give you a taste of our country vegetables for to-morrow's dinner," she said, turning to Jeanie, with a smile. "We will bring over some fine Wilson strawberries to-morrow morning. Mother thought they might wilt if we fetched them to-day."

"You see we live on the fat of the land here, Jeanie," said Miss Lacy, making room on the table for the vegetables.

"You must come and spend the day with us," remarked Mrs. Rafferty. "We can send the horses over any time you wish for you and Miss Lacy. She doesn't come as often as she used to."

"I hate to leave Father alone all day, though he wants me to go," was the reply. "But now that Miss Jeanie is here I shall have to show her around."

"I shall be very glad to go," said Jeanie. "I want to get well acquainted with all you nice people."

Jem here made his appearance with a roll of golden butter and a quantity of young radishes, which his mother thought "might be nice for tea." Soon came a little boy with a couple of chickens; then another carrying a handkerchief full of fresh eggs, followed by two barefoot girls bearing between them a basket filled with new potatoes.

Jem and Jeanie adjourned to the front piazza to discuss the music question, and decide as to whether it would be better for Jeanie to play the organ on the morrow, or wait till she had met and been introduced to the choir. Having finally concluded on the later course, Jem went off to the church to confession.

A little later, when Jeanie went in to make a visit, she found quite a number waiting in the pews and about the confessional, while others were making the Way of the Cross. So they kept coming and going till twilight, when the Angelus bell rang and supper was announced.

By this time Jeanie had become accustomed to her little room, and felt very much at home in it. She told Father Eugene, the second day after her arrival, of her discovery regarding the graveyard, acknowledging a slight nervousness, but hoping and desiring to conquer it, which he assured her he felt confident she would soon succeed in doing. That night, fortunately, she did not think of it at all; and the next morning when Father Eugene said that perhaps she would prefer having a cot in Miss Lacy's room, she quickly answered that she would not change on any account. Besides being used to having a room to herself at home, and thus knowing and appreciating the privilege, she felt that her presence in Aunt Betty's would probably be an intrusion on the old lady, so long accustomed to sleeping alone. Occasionally, afterward, when awaking in the night she would feel nervous for a moment, but a short prayer to her Guardian Angel soon sent her off again to the land of dreams.

Sunday morning everyone was up betimes, as Father Eugene went early to the confessional. Soon great lumbering wagons came rolling along, filled to the top with gaily dressed women and children; for the average country dame and maiden are nothing if not gorgeously attired. Behind them, on horseback, rode the male members of the family, with here and there a sprightly young girl in impromptu habit of doubtful cut.

Jeanie soon perceived that in nearly every instance the Jersey jacket and narrow black skirt, or ancient waterproof circular, concealed a brightly colored, much beribboned gown, quite in keeping with the miniature flower garden which answered to the name of head-gear. From the window of her room she could see that there was a constant going to and from the kitchen, which explained itself, when she went to see if Miss Lacy needed her assistance, by the quantities of fruit and vegetables piled on the long table.

"There's enough stuff here to keep a boarding-house for a week, let alone such small eaters as you and me and Father," said Aunt Betty. "But it's no use to tell 'em; they'll get offended. Now, there's a big joint of mutton Miss McIntyre brought,—we couldn't get through with that if we eat it boiled, broiled, stewed, and hashed, from now till next Sunday. I'd slip some down to Mrs. Brady if I thought she'd eat it; but she is *so* queer! She might send it back, with the message that she wasn't needing no gift of victuals. However, we'll see."

Jeanie went into the church at a quarter before ten. It was comfortably filled, and everyone devoutly praying; several of the older persons, as on the day before, were making the Stations. Mass began punctually at ten. Jeanie noticed how reverently the altar boys behaved; she had never seen a brighter or more edifying quartette than the four little fellows who were privileged to serve. It seemed to her that everyone in the church received Holy Communion, as no doubt was the case. Tears filled her eyes; she bowed her head in fervent adoration as she marked that kneeling crowd. She thought not of the plain, homespun garments of the men, nor of the curious, old-fashioned gowns of the matrons; nor was she occupied with criticising

the rustic fashions of the younger portion of the congregation. On those absorbed and reverent faces toil and care and all pettiness became glorified. She fancied herself transported back through the ages hundreds of years, and unconsciously found herself murmuring: "Lord, it is good to be here!"

After Mass fifteen minutes were spent in thanksgiving; then the priest recited the five "Our Fathers" and "Hail Marys" necessary for gaining the indulgence, and the people slowly left the church. In a few moments the kitchen was filled with the late worshippers, women and men, all helping one another to coffee and bread and butter, while Miss Lacy hovered like a beneficent spirit among them. Jeanie was deputed to carry Father Eugene his coffee to his own room. She could not help telling him how edified she had been. It seemed to please him, for he said:

"I love those people. They are goodness and simplicity itself. When you come to know them better, you will love them too, Jeanie. They have kind hearts, and they are such good Christians."

After the usual recess they were again summoned to the church, where Father Eugene preached a short sermon, which Jeanie thought was just such a one as she would have expected. It was a talk rather than a sermon, full of thoughts and wise, practical suggestions, giving each individual present something salutary to reflect upon during the coming week.

Benediction followed, and Jeanie had an opportunity of hearing the *Salve Regina* rendered in a manner which was, to say as little as possible, *unique*. She did not wonder that Father Eugene's sensitive ears were harrowed every time he heard it; she wanted to put her fingers in her own. The *Tantum Ergo* also suffered much from the handling of Miss Katie Punk; the other voices were so good and true that Jeanie was not a little surprised.

After the services were over, Jem Oldworthy brought forward the choir in a body to introduce them to their "new teacher." While disclaiming this title, Jeanie expressed her pleasure at being permitted to make the acquaintance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Lady of Walsingham.

Walsingham, in England, was one of the most famous sanctuaries of the Middle Ages, and there stood the celebrated chapel dedicated to Mary in honor of her Annunciation. The wonderful statue of Our Lady of Walsingham was in this chapel, and not only the humbly devout, but the most learned were in the habit of repairing to that sacred place to give thanks or to ask for help. The great Erasmus, the scholarly friend of Blessed Thomas More, visited this shrine, and had much to say of it in his writings; and although he was not, we fear, honest in his praise, he has preserved for us many particulars which would otherwise have been lost in the confusion consequent upon the wanton destruction of the monasteries in the time of Henry VIII.

This same Henry, when a young man, himself made the pilgrimage to Walsingham, walking with bare feet, it is said, during the last stage of his journey, and presenting the shrine a necklace of great value, which he stole from it again twenty-eight years later!

All the highways to Walsingham were crowded with pilgrims, and lodging places for them sprang up at convenient spots. One inn sheltered thirteen poor men each night, without money or without price.

People were never weary of bringing great gifts to the feet of Our Lady, and there was no end to the jewels and other treasures which accumulated in the chapel. Erasmus took thither no gold or precious stones, but he hung up some Greek verses which ended thus:

"The poor poet, for his well-meant song,
Bringing these verses only—all he has—
Asks in reward for his most humble gift
That greatest blessing—piety of heart,
And free remission of his many sins."

When one reads these sweet words it is sad to reflect that Erasmus wrote them to display his learning, and that he journeyed to Walsingham in order to be better able to ridicule the piety of those who went out of true devotion.

Little remains of the once beautiful priory and Lady Chapel. They were both destroyed in Cromwell's time, and the statue of Our Lady of Walsingham was taken to London and given to the flames by the fanatical mob.

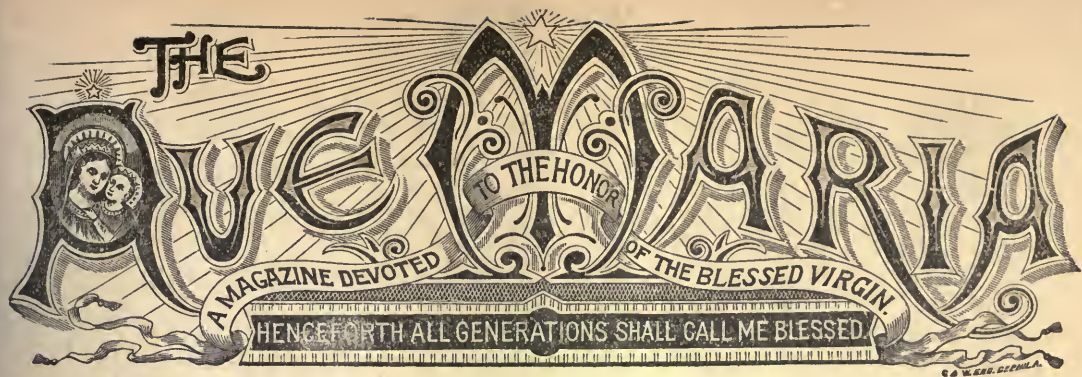
Anecdote of General Turenne.

It was one of the favorite maxims of the great General Turenne that one should keep his faith even to a rogue. He had a good opportunity to put this in practice. One evening, while driving in the outskirts of Paris, his carriage was stopped by a band of highwaymen. They outnumbered him and his servants to such an extent that he was obliged to hand them his purse and jewels in order to save his life. He, however, begged of the leader to be allowed to retain a certain ring which was a keepsake, promising to give one hundred golden *louis* for the privilege.

The next day the General was entertaining a number of friends at dinner when a visitor was announced, who desired to see him in private. It was one of the bandits, who had come for the money. The General promptly paid him, and allowed him to get out of sight before he related the object of his visit to his friends. They expressed surprise at his forbearance; but he said that he held his promises sacred, even though they were given to a robber.

Of Conduct at Home.

Of your demeanor and conduct in the family circle I feel sure, my dear boy, that I need say very little. But I may remind you again that home is the place where a man should appear at his best. He who is bearish at home and polite only abroad is no true gentleman; indeed, he who can not be gentle and considerate to those of his own household will never be really courteous to strangers. "Men do not," says Wordsworth, "make their homes unhappy because they have genius, but because they have not enough genius. A mind and sentiments of a higher order would render them capable of seeing and feeling all the beauty of domestic ties." There is no better training for healthy and pleasant intercourse with the outer world than a bright and cheerful demeanor at home. It is in a man's home that his real character is seen; as he appears there, so he is really elsewhere, however skilfully he may for the time conceal his true nature.—"*Notes for Boys (and their Fathers).*"



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St. Patrick's Day, 1890.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

TEARs, tears upon the Shamrock in the morning,—

Soft dew that fell to greet St. Patrick's sun!
Are they for years of exile, toil and scorning,
Of weary toil and death when it is done?

Tears, tears, ah, tears! Yet sudden in its splendor
Up comes St. Patrick's sun,—the light of God!
Tears, tears no more,—they take a light as tender
As new-born hope,—they're jewels on freedom's sod!

The Annunciation in Art.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

HOW is the world to-day different from the world eighteen hundred and ninety-one years ago? Not in its division of land and sea; not in its races or governments, or any of those exterior signs of progress or civilization which are noted on historical charts, or which enter into a general view of the world's history; and yet so integrally different, that there is not a plant or an animal which does not hold a nobler relation to man; while, as to man himself, he must be said to dwell upon a plane so elevated, with such destinies open before him, that could these be realized by the human mind we should stand in awe of ourselves: the world

itself, in short, having undergone a transformation greater than that which resulted from the deluge or any of those volcanic epochs which we acknowledge to have changed the face of the earth.

This is a bald statement of a fact. But, universal as the new condition is under which we "live, move and have our being," it is positively denied by some; and by others the accomplishment of this fact is so narrowed down as to its significance, that it seems to have no influence upon the judgments of men with regard to things of the present, of the past, or the future; being regarded as a solitary fact when admitted at all, and referred to only in the catechism or in the course of a theological discussion. It has, literally, nothing to do with the opinions of people in general as to history, literature, music or art; and all this while the astounding fact remains—that this is an essentially different world from what it was eighteen hundred and ninety-one years ago.

But the wonderfulness of all this increases when we consider the hidden ways by which this change has been wrought. Let us go back to the first scene of the first act.

A home in Nazareth of Judea. The dwellers in this home are indeed descendants of David, but this does not mean that they are rich or powerful, or in any way likely to dispute the "succession to the throne" on which sits a Herod under the protection of the Cæsars. Joseph, the head of this home, is a carpenter, his shop lighted only by the open door. Into this shop, from the apartments adjoining, flits in and out a girlish figure not

more than fifteen years of age. But, though so young, there is no lightness in the graceful carriage, and even in her smile there is a sweet gravity.

This is Mary, the wife of Joseph, and their life is one of singular serenity. Although Mary is so young, and Joseph old enough to be her father, there is nothing in his manner to depress her youthful spirits. It is as if he were gently protecting this tender flower from the world, and as if in this protection the flower itself found perfect contentment. Her life is a life of praise as well as of prayer, for she was educated in the Temple; and the canticles of her nation, and its prophecies also, have become a part of her existence. The labor of Joseph is not harassing, nor is it servile. Meditation and prayer, canticle and prophecy, enter into his hours, sanctify his labor, take from toil its quality of drudgery, let that toil require what it may. When he retires early to his couch, sitting, rather than reclining according to his ascetic habit, against the wall of his homely interior room, it is to be visited by dreams worthy of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

And Mary? The stillness of night has a charm for this virginal soul. Safe, with her chaste spouse so near her own apartment that he would wake if she were once to sigh, she gives herself up to the reading of the Scriptures, which she learned almost by heart in the Temple; the reading lightened, not broken in upon, by sweet ejaculations that He who had been promised would come,—come quickly! Gently as perfumes at evening rise from her blooming garden comes the scent of lilies, then the consciousness of a presence,—an angelic presence; and she lifts her eyes to see one of God's own archangels, the beauty of heaven around him. "The Strength of God" is this Gabriel, the same who appeared to Daniel on the shore of the great river Tigris. But, whereas Daniel, beholding the Angel, fell stunned upon his face, Mary lifts her eyes to see him bending the knee before her in dutiful worship, his index finger raised as if to give a message, as he salutes her: "Hail, full of grace! The Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women."

And then follows that scene given in full in the first chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, of

which there can be no paraphrase, no shortening, which is not an injury; from which the Angelus, recited three times a day by the faithful children of Mary, is taken literally and bodily; ending with that summing up of all the possibilities of her assent: "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us"; thus announcing the consummation of a fact which has changed the world integrally, and as no deluge ever changed it. Instantly this earth of ours became the ground on which God lived under the form of man, fulfilling His own decrees while clothed in the flesh of a creature. Redemption for the sinful, a glorified resurrection for the just, an absolute entrance into heaven of our bodies glorified, as well as of His essentially glorious Body, were the results, the consequences, of Mary's "Be it done unto me according to thy word."

It is this fact, clothed under the garb of the narrative by St. Luke, Evangelist, which has given to art a subject containing the germ of the most sublime as well as the most picturesque representations, according to the mind of the limner, without one element to detract from the suavity of its lines or the delicacy of its sentiment. Of all subjects, perhaps, it is the one which has carried with it the necessity for beauty,—Virgin and Angel demanding from mankind an ideal perfection, while the mysterious concurrence of the Holy Ghost admits of a glorification of circumstance which "subdues the stubborn will" or dazzles the eye of the beholder. The possibilities which lie, like unctuous germs, in this event have never been exhausted; never, in truth, fully disclosed; its delineation calling not merely for skill in design or handling, but for an ecstatic movement in the soul of the artist, corresponding to that which the Angel must have felt when he uttered his *Ave*; which must have thrilled the soul of Mary as she bowed her head, saying, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to thy word"; or that transcendent ecstasy of delight on the part of the Holy Ghost as He flooded the soul of the Immaculate One with ineffable knowledge, ineffable humility, ineffable bliss—"the Almighty Word leaping down from His royal throne" in heaven to the virginal womb of Mary, now both maid and

mother; "mother and yet a virgin still"; the mystical motive being absolutely essential to an Annunciation.

With one strong flight we pass over the ages between ourselves to that first age, before the year 100; from all the galleries of modern times, and even the walls and triumphal arches of basilicas, to the Catacomb of St. Priscilla, to one of its subterranean chambers, to see, on its ceiling, the Annunciation, given with a gravity only equalled by its beauty and simplicity. In this ceiling-fresco the Blessed Virgin is seated on a throne chair, and the Angel, without wings, but vested and girded, stands before her with a truly angelic majesty, the index finger raised as if giving a weighty message; while her eyes are cast down, and the movement of her hands expressing astonishment and humility. At the four corners of this exquisitely designed ceiling are doves with a gently descending motion, thus indicating the part taken by the Holy Ghost in the scene. Yet this is only one of many pictures in the cemetery or Catacomb of St. Priscilla, as in that of St. Domitilla, giving the scenes in the childhood of Our Lord, and thus illustrating the Incarnation of the Eternal Word.

When Celestine I. came to the pontifical throne there were patrician families that still craved a tomb in the Catacomb of St. Priscilla. His own mother lay there; and the paintings of this Catacomb of apostolic times, then in all their freshness and beauty, were as familiar to him as the pictures of the Vatican galleries to our present Holy Father, Leo XIII. After the decision of the Council at Ephesus, which vindicated and established the claim of the Blessed Virgin to the title of "Mother of God," Celestine planned a decoration for the basilica pre-eminently devoted to the honor of Mary—then called *Sancta Maria ad Nives*, or St. Mary of the Snow; now best known as *Santa Maria Maggiore*, or the Great St. Mary's, —which would be a monument to perpetuate the memory of the Council at Ephesus.

Celestine did not live to do more than plan this decoration; but he set his seal upon it, and his successor, Sixtus III., carried out the plan in all its fulness, giving us that arch of beauty, as well as triumph, on which we see the wonders of the Incarnation and Our

Lady's part in them set in that almost indestructible mosaic which well befitted such august themes, for the first time taking their place in the full sunshine of Christianity. True to the tradition of the Catacomb of St. Priscilla, where he had desired his body to be deposited, Celestine, through Sixtus III., set in the upper range of subjects to the left hand as we face the arch, the Annunciation, in colors of vernal tenderness and forms of celestial loveliness. As in the catacomb picture, Mary is seated on a throne-chair. Two scenes are given in one; and we first see the Angel flying toward her in the air, accompanied by the Dove, then standing before her delivering his message; while other angels stand on either side of the throne, making a heavenly *cortège* around this daughter of Israel chosen to be the Mother of the Redeemer.

How many wander through this temple, with its traditions from the year 351 to the present, without a hint to guide them to the real significance of this arch, or even to enable them to realize the artistic merits of this work in the first half of the fifth century!—a sort of aimless sight-seeing, without any increase of knowledge or of edification.

The school of Siena, which, in spite of the popular idea, preceded that of Florence nearly a hundred years, gives us an Annunciation, from Ambrogio Lorenzetti, of a singularly majestic sweetness. As in many of these Siena pictures, the Blessed Virgin and the Angel are represented under two arches, giving a certain individuality to each figure. In this instance the division lends an air of religious reserve to the composition. A white veil, on which lies an olive wreath, covers the head of the Virgin, who is seated, and looking upward with an expression of rapture to the symbolic Dove.

But this school, so essentially and to the end a religious school, was not satisfied with now and then a great Annunciation. The mystery, with its charm for the artists' imagination, was introduced everywhere, if only to fill up corners and circles in the frames of their grand altar-pieces, above all near their crucifixions; a custom which the Florentines adopted, and none with more taste than Gentile da Fabriano, in his famous picture of the Adoration of the Magi.

Among the serial pictures which adorn the apses of the mediæval churches, we find invariably the Annunciation, and always with certain suave characteristics which the subject seemed to suggest. It was an Annunciation which first won for Donatello the admiration of the Florentines,—that Donatello whose prophets fill niches on the face of Giotto's tower, and whose dancing boys, keeping time to the rhythm of song, are seen on the corner balcony of the Cathedral at Prato. It was the possibilities of the Annunciation which so stirred the imagination of the gentle Luca della Robbia, whose singing boys are worthy to companion with angels, that he gave to the world that most sublime of all Annunciations, to be found in the Hospital of the Innocents, or Foundlings, in Florence; suggesting, as it does, the awful grandeur of the Redemption to be wrought by the Word Incarnate. The Virgin, surprised on her knees in prayer; the kneeling Angel, in one hand the lilies, the other with its index finger solemnly upraised; above, the Eternal Father and His angels, with the Eternal Holy Ghost under the symbol of the Dove, set in an arch of cherubs' heads, make a composition revealing to us "the lonely heights of Mary's holiness," as St. Jerome expresses it, with a sublimity never surpassed, we believe never equalled.

But come with me to San Marco, the home of the Dominican lay-brother, Fra Giovanni,—or, as we hear him called, Fra Angelico, and whom his brethren of the monastery called *Il Beato*, or the Blessed One. On the wall of the ambulatory leading to the cells of the monks is a masterpiece of—what shall we say, if not of artless simplicity, which is, in fact, the perfection of art itself? Under an arcade of round arches looking out over "a garden enclosed," type of the Virgin, sits this Virgin herself, not on a throne, or even a chair, but on a stool, such as one sees in convents. She seems to have been meditating, when, across the beds of lowly flowering plants till his foot touches the floor of the arcade, comes our Gabriel, dropping on one knee with a heavenly gladness as he breathes his *Ave*. There is not a movement indicating surprise, even, in the Virgin; but the maidenly eyes meet the joyful glance of the Angel with absolute

simplicity; the arms, crossing so meekly at the girdle, expressing her assent: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to thy word."

Correggio's Annunciation, the Virgin as young, as innocent as Fra Angelico's—but we have left the "lonely heights" and have come to the "gardens of spices," to the Spouse whose fingers drop cassia. It is one of the proofs of the wide arc which holiness traverses in the designs of God and in the imagination of man. The rapture of this ecstatic Maiden, the lifting up of the tides of sanctity in this Immaculate One, is simply beyond all words. The hands cross over the virginal bosom, the head bows, the glory of the Holy Ghost is like a burst of radiance which envelops her; and yet the smile of lowly acquiescence to the word of the Angel, who has come on a breezy cloud to announce his message, is the brightness, the very soul of the picture. Rapture shines through the veiling lids, lends an ineffable grace to the kneeling figure. It is to the Nativity by Correggio what the morning star is to the dawn.

In the Düsseldorf pictures for this year is an Annunciation by Albertinelli, so delicate, so tender, so joyful withal, that this interior brings before us the living scene in the House of Nazareth. The lilies, like swinging censers, breathe fragrance; and we might see all, hear all, excepting that apparition of the Eternal Father, from whom emanates the glory shrouding the Dove of the Holy Spirit.

But our own century gives us an Annunciation, enriched by tradition and liturgy, inspired by an ecstatic faith in the mystery which exalts every line in this magnificent work of art, worthy of the best knowledge of our own age, as well as of the best piety of any from the first to the nineteenth. This Annunciation is by Overbeck, and belongs to his "Forty Illustrations of the Four Gospels." A *loggia*, as we might call it, opens by a lofty arch, with side spaces also open, on a magnificent landscape—mountains and a lake; on its shores, towns and towers. In the middle of this *loggia*, on a pedestal of acanthus leaves, stands a vase, from which springs a single majestic stalk of lilies standing against the sky of the lofty arch. On one side of the lily, the bowed head relieved against the open sky

of the side space, kneels the Virgin; the hands, laid so assentingly on her bosom, hold a book of prayer or of prophecy; youthful yet majestic; informed with knowledge, with thought, both sweetened and deepened by meditation, altogether transfigured by prayer; such is the Virgin as delineated by Overbeck.

Opposite her, the lilies between, kneels Gabriel—on both knees; both the long arms and beautiful hands extended, both index fingers raised, as if in solemn transport under the import of his message. The head, also relieved against the open sky, is slightly turned, slightly bent, with an expression of sweet congratulation. The long, powerful wings have still a suggestion of motion, as if not stilled after their flight, or ready for another; and the garb reminds one of the Benedictine Scapular, and also of the deacon's dalmatic. Both figures majestic beyond pen to give. High in the heavens, high even to the line of the lofty arch, is the Eternal Father, the arms extended in an ecstasy of ineffable love, surrounded by a halo of glory; while amid the lines of light descending from Him to the bosom of the Virgin, so truly "blessed among women," is a rayed nimbus, in which is the Eternal Holy Ghost, winging His way to the Bride elect of the ever-adorable Trinity.

Let belfry chime forth to belfry the solemn gladness of this Annunciation! O melodious bells, give out your sweetest tones to sound forth on the crisp March air the Angelical Salutation! O sacred choirs, let your canticles announce to men the message of the Archangel, the assent of the Virgin! And let the deepest and sweetest of minor chords, on organ or viol, breathe forth the mystery from which all other mysteries spring, while the powers of the earth and the inhabitants thereof repeat, on bended knees: "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us."

THERE are two voices within us: the voice of nature and the voice of grace,—the voice of the heart and the voice of the soul. The one, loud-spoken and impulsive, is not to be trusted, for it often errs; to the other, subdued and quiet in its true vibrations, we should always hearken. The one may mislead us, the other is an unfailing guide. The one may sometimes deceive, the other never.

The Disappearance of John Longworthy.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXII.—BASTIEN'S POINT OF VIEW.

BASTIEN had been filled with vague doubts by the result of his first concert. It had disturbed all his preconceived theories; and he caught eagerly at Arthur Fitzgerald's suggestion that he should go to the Lady Rosebuds' "social" and examine the amusements of "the poor" for himself. His experience in the photographic workshop had as yet taught him very little of the real life of the people around him, and he had an almost passionate wish to get into the centre of it.

Arthur Fitzgerald found it easy enough to get tickets for this great assembly; they were supposed to be limited to those friends whom the Lady Rosebuds delighted to honor. But Arthur had discovered that the gorgeous badges—always an important feature in such gatherings—were not paid for yet, and that the manufacturer refused to send them until they were paid for. This fact, communicated to the chief Lady Rosebuds, had created a sensation. But there was no help for it; and had not Nellie Mulligan, in a burst of confidence, told it to Rose O'Connor, who told it to her brother John, Fitzgerald's office-boy, the "social" would have been deprived of one of its glories.

The various committees were to be marked by what the milliners call *confections* of gold fringe and ribbon, and each member of the committees was to present a similar badge to her escort. When it was announced, almost at the last moment, that Bastien the photographer would give the badges, there was great relief among the Lady Rosebuds, and he received the warmest invitations to be present with his friends at the "social." Arthur Fitzgerald, who, while he admired Bastien, often found him incomprehensible, was astonished at the eagerness he showed about this festivity. But Bastien did not apologize for it.

"I have wasted most of my life," he said; "and now I propose to make up for the wrong—the crime, I may say,—by getting near to the heart of these people."

Fitzgerald and Bastien went early to the hall in which the "social" was to be held. Although nine o'clock had struck, nobody had arrived. The janitor and two policemen were guarding the entrance; there was a face visible in a pigeon-hole to the left, above which was written, in large letters, the word "Tickets." Fitzgerald cast his credentials into the depths of the pigeon-hole, and, on paying fifty cents, he received two metal pieces with numbers marked on them. These entitled Bastien and him to have their hats and coats put away.

Suddenly a young man, on hearing the rattle of a carriage, burst out of the hall into the vestibule and called out, "Gents to the left! Ladies to the right!" He wore evening clothes, and from the left lapel of his coat hung a strip of white ribbon, heavy with gold fringe, bearing the words: "Reception Committee, Lady Rosebuds." Above this glittered a red star with silver rays, and above it was a button-hole bouquet of rich hues. The struggle he was keeping up at intervals with a pair of long white cuffs, which *would* fall over his hands, detracted somewhat from the easy grace of his appearance.

Several shawled and coated groups entered, and the young man continued to make his announcement, which was obeyed. Bastien and Fitzgerald remained in the vestibule, as the arrivals came thick and fast,—young men carrying parcels done up in paper; young women holding up their trains, and with many curl-papers visible under their veils. The contemplation of the arrivals seemed to give Bastien intense pleasure.

Arthur Fitzgerald had a face that concealed nothing. His eyes and his lips—he wore no mustache—were the plainest indices of what he thought and felt. Had he been sent abroad in the old days of diplomacy he would have been obliged to adopt Talleyrand's advice, and to sit with his back to a window, in order to watch his opponent's face without allowing his own to be seen.

Bastien was quick to see the expression of dissatisfaction in Fitzgerald's eyes.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

Fitzgerald reddened. "Well, the fact is," he answered, with a little hesitation, "I don't like your manner. You act as if you were examining a lot of animals with a microscope.

If you are to understand the people around you, you must make yourself one of them; but if you are going to remain apart, an aristocrat at heart, you might as well let them alone."

Bastien seemed struck with this observation. He said, with his habitual short laugh:

"You mean that I must not be 'von Bastien,' but simply 'Bastien the photographer'?" *Ach Himmel!*" Then he laughed again, but it seemed to be at himself. "Well, I'll take your advice, Fitz. I am afraid I have gotten into a habit of looking on the poor as a distinct class. But these people don't seem to be poor; I can't make out what they are—oh, you are right! There's a great difference between the spirit of the theorist and the practical philanthropist."

"Say rather," answered Fitzgerald, softly, "there is a difference between the spirit of Augustus the Emperor and of Christ the Saviour."

Bastien frowned. "I am not what you call a Christian," he said,—“but this is no place for the discussion of ethics."

They went through the swinging doors, upstairs and to the right, as they were commanded to do. Their overcoats and hats were taken in through another pigeon-hole, and they found themselves among a large number of "gents." Some of these young persons—all of whom wore collars of painful height and stiffness—were trying their powers in the dance, others pinning on badges of varying degrees of splendor, others brushing their mustaches. Pleasant anticipation reigned, and the preparatory squeaks of fiddles came from the interior of the hall.

Bastien and Fitzgerald stood near the door, unnoticed. The latter knew some of the young men slightly, but they had no time for him just then. His spirits, usually good, were somewhat depressed; he liked Bastien, and his last words gave him something like a chill. Besides, though Fitzgerald had very little in common with the members of the assembly of which he and Bastien were now a part, he did not like Bastien's apparent attitude toward them. It seemed to Fitzgerald to be interested, but heartless. He knew that Bastien was anxious to help them, to lift them; but he began to doubt whether, if they were lifted

up according to Bastien's ideas, they would be any better.

The truth is, Fitzgerald did not understand Bastien. It is hard for a man who is intellectually and spiritually Christian, nurtured in Catholic schools and environed everywhere by the perfume of religion, to understand one who has never known the relation of dogma to life, whose favorite reading is in Marcus Aurelius and Amiel.

Bastien forgot himself in the life around him. It was new to him; he had known only an artificial atmosphere since his boyhood. At Heidelberg, at Munich, at London dinner tables, in New York, he had not met people like these. The open vanity of the young men—whose coats of all cuts and kinds, whose *bouttonnières* and mustaches and badges were objects of the utmost importance to them,—amused him very much. He enjoyed their scraps of conversation. A question of precedence—as to whether the reception committee should precede the floor managers in the grand march—was hotly discussed. It was finally decided by a message from the other room, where the ladies were concealed.

Fitzgerald was astonished to see Miles enter. Miles seemed equally astonished. He shook hands with Fitzgerald, nodded to Bastien, and forgot their presence in the supreme act of adjusting his badge, which was flamboyant, and of fastening a card containing "the order of dances" by a silk cord to his button-hole. Suddenly there sounded the blare of a cornet;—it was the announcement of the grand march.

XXIII.—THE DANCE.

Bastien and Fitzgerald made their way into the ball-room. At one end of it was a stage, with the curtain down, representing Vesuvius in eruption. A gallery crowded with spectators ran around three sides of the hall. They took their stand beneath this gallery, and the Lady Rosebuds and their attendants filed past them.

Nellie Mulligan, leaning on Miles' arm, headed the glittering throng. Her train was respectfully followed by Jim Dolan and Lou Simmons. Jim was almost as splendid as Miles; his badge was similar, and his nose-gay even larger. Later in the evening he met with a misfortune, which exposed him to

some derision. Owing to a bad investment,—he had spent five days in lounging on the corners, owing to a disagreement with his employers about a Saturday's half holiday,—he had been unable to hire his "full dress suit" until an hour before the opening of the dance, and consequently he had omitted to notice that a small tag bearing the words, "S. Nathan, 3d shelf," depended from the neck of the coat. The discovery of this caused him much pain; particularly as Miles, in his humorous way, called attention to it. It was the one blot on this red-lettered night; otherwise he triumphed.

Nellie's rival, Miss Simmons, who was red-haired and always wore blue, was thought by some to be even more stylish than Nellie herself. Her fan hung by her side, suspended by a long ribbon and in her left hand she carried a large bunch of yellow roses. Then followed pink gowns and white gowns, black gowns and red, attached to every sort of young man in every variety of dress. There were no low-cut bodices, as there would have been in "society,"—Bastien noticed with satisfaction; and those, like Nellie Mulligan's, which were not very high, were covered with lace. The young ladies were not all so resplendent as she was; there were many very plain dresses, relieved merely by a knot of ribbon or a bright-colored fan.

The band played a resounding march. Slowly and solemnly the procession moved around the hall. No one spoke, no one smiled. The picture was bright enough, if one did not look at the faces. On each was an expression of settled sadness. Suddenly the cry was heard above the music: "Ladies to the right! Gents to the left!" And the couples separated, performing various evolutions, and then joining each other again. At last, after a number of bewildering changes, they formed for a quadrille, and the real business of the evening began.

Later, in the intervals of choosing partners and dancing, the "gents" went down to the bar in pairs and returned livelier than ever, with the scent of beer mingling with that of musk and hothouse roses. The ladies were offered sandwiches, coffee, and lemonade. Still later, the fun became fast; etiquette was less stringent; and those timid creatures who sat

under the galleries because their coat collars were not up to the regulation standard, came out and waltzed together, unnoticed by the hitherto rigid floor managers. After a while there were heard many shrieks of protest, called out by the determination of some of the "gents" to know the reason why other "gents" did not act properly. And still later, solicitous Lady Rosebuds, a little dishevelled by the furiousness of the whirl, might be seen supporting their escorts through the mazes of the square dances. But nobody seemed to mind it.

Miles had behaved "like a gentleman" to all possible constituents. He had divided his attention impartially between the bar and Nellie Mulligan. His eyes grew smaller, his face redder, and his voice huskier, as the merry hours rolled by.

At midnight Fitzgerald, who had been sitting under the gallery with Bastien since half-past ten o'clock, arose.

"Let us go," he said; "this makes me sick at heart. I hate to see those young girls pulled about by the drunken brutes."

"We'll come back," Bastien answered. "I'd like to see the thing out."

They strolled into the dressing-room. It was cool and deserted. Now and then one of the younger men came to get a glass of iced water from a round tank in the corner of the room, his wilted collar showing that he had been dancing through the whole programme.

"And these are the poor, Fitz?" Bastien said, when they lighted their cigars. "And this is one of their amusements?"

"These are the children of the poor," answered Fitzgerald; "and they look forward eagerly to amusements of this kind."

"It's a revelation to me," said Bastien. "There is more beauty, if less grace, than there would be at any fashionable assembly in any great city. Certainly, the young woman in the same position of life in London would not show such refinement of manner or taste in dress as these girls show. It is a revelation. And yet you say that many of them come from tenement houses like *The Anchor*?"

"Most of them. Where else could they live in New York?"

"Ah, yes!" said Bastien, with a sigh. "If it were not for the beastly swilling of beer, the

extravagance, and the fact of these young girls being out long after midnight without a chaperon of any kind, it would not be so bad. It seems to me," he added, with a short laugh, "that if one could find methods by which society—I mean the society that dances at Delmonico's—could be made freer from vanity, envy, extravagance, license of all kinds,—could be made simpler, more—"

"Christian," interposed Fitzgerald.

"Well, have it so,—we could easily apply the same methods to these people and succeed, too."

Fitzgerald's face brightened.

"I am glad you have found that out. Your people in Fifth Avenue have good music and lovely pictures, and good food and gentle manners, and high cultivation and æsthetic tastes,—very well. These people do not care for really good music; Liszt's Polonaise is less to them than that inane waltz the orchestra is now rattling out. Their idea of art is rudimentary, and their food depends on circumstances. Their manners are governed by their feelings—which is about the worst thing one can say of anybody's manners,—and they don't know a good picture from a bad one; and yet they are in need of the very same influences which, if cultivation could exert in Fifth Avenue, would make the rich and the poor what Our Lord wants them to be—brothers."

Bastien pulled at his cigar for some time before he spoke.

"You mean to say that my theories are foolish,—that if culture can not exalt the rich to a knowledge of their duties, to a sublime altruism, it can do little for the poor?"

"Exactly. I mean that. See, these people are imitating the amusements of the rich. Naturally, they love color and light, and quick motion to lively music, and they arrange them all for their enjoyment after the manner of the rich. Is Miles Galligan there better because he has learned that an evening coat is better form after six o'clock than the coat of any shape his father wore? You say flowers help the poor,—they are here in abundance; but will all the roses and heliotrope these girls display make them more considerate to the old folk at home, less fond of the distractions of the city streets, less anxious to outrival

their neighbors in dress; more frugal, more industrious, more simple, more content?"

Bastien threw away his cigar, but did not answer.

In the meantime Nellie Mulligan had been told by Miles of his interview on Christmas night with his sisters. She heard it with flashing eyes after the last Lanciers Quadrille. She stamped her foot angrily on the smooth floor, regardless of the precious white satin shoe on it.

"So I'm not good enough to marry into the Galligan family!" she exclaimed. "Oh, good gracious! I've half a mind to call Jim Dolan and tell him. How he would laugh at the idea! Oh, my! I don't want to say anything against your sisters, Miley, but if I hadn't more style about me than they have, I'd drown myself! The idea!"

"You are stunning!" said Miles, in admiration and embarrassment. "I wish you hadn't asked me about the girls. I'm sure I didn't want to tell you,—and you don't have to marry them, do you?"

"But if I marry you I'll have to live in the same house with them," said Nellie. "Oh, do button my glove! Try it again, clumsy! So I'm not good enough to marry into the Galligan family! Oh, my!—excuse me, I *must* laugh!"

"If they only knew you," said Miles, in desperation, "they'd change their opinion."

"I'd make them," retorted Nellie, with a flash in her eyes. "There goes that new schottische. It's just too sweet! Try it, Miles."

"Don't know it," answered Miles, reddening angrily.

"Wonder your accomplished sisters haven't taught it to you? Come, try it,—this way: two jumps and five kicks—O Jim, you dance it lovely! Miley can't. Just a few turns. Excuse me, Mr. Galligan!"

And Nellie and the grinning Jim Dolan kicked over the floor in a way that extorted admiration even from the most worn-out ball-goer.

Miles was too indignant to speak. He was on his way to the bar when Miss Simmons, the deserted one, asked him to bring her a glass of water. He rushed into the dressing-room, grumbling under his breath. Bastien and Fitzgerald were there in deep conversa-

tion, with their backs to the door. Miles paused on the threshold. He did not catch Fitzgerald's words, which seemed to be grave, but he heard Bastien's reply:

"I'll tell you the whole story, my boy, and you shall know"—and then he laughed in his usual quick way—"why I killed John Longworthy."

Miles gasped. Bastien turned suddenly and laughed again. Miles disappeared. He went into the bar-room; and Miss Simmons remained, for all he cared, as thirsty as the Desert of Sahara for the rest of the night.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Martyr of Our Own Day.

(CONCLUSION.)

IV.—HIS TRIUMPH.

THE viceroy determined, before pronouncing the final sentence on the holy priest and his followers, to try a last effort to make them apostatize. He addressed them thus: "Your sentence is about to be passed. Thou, Tong-Ouen-Sio [the name of the Abbé Perboyre in Chinese], shalt be strangled; and all you others, who have dared to resist superior orders and have not abjured your errors, will be sent into exile. Yet, as I wish to save you, I adjure you once more to abandon your religion, and immediately you shall be set free; if not, you must meet your deserved fate and chastisement." The servant of God was the first to reply: "Death is far preferable to a denial of my faith." The others made the same answer, and the despot added: "As you refuse to renounce your errors, you shall sign your own condemnation on this sheet of paper, with the Sign of the Cross." Immediately the servant of God took up the Chinese pencil and made the Sign of the Cross on the paper; the others did the same.

However, as the capital sentence could not be put into execution until it had been ratified by the Emperor, the Abbé Perboyre had to wait eight long months more in confinement. It is impossible to understand how he was able to survive so many tortures. His body was lacerated and his bones laid bare; his prison was a filthy den, where he could neither sit nor stand, and was obliged to keep

a lying posture. Toward the end of his confinement the severity was somewhat relaxed; the missionary took advantage of it to beg of some who visited him to send him a priest.

It was Father Yang, a Chinese, who managed to obtain access to the prison. As he entered he saw the confessor lying on the bare ground, his body covered with livid sores, and apparently half dead; he could hardly restrain his tears at the sight. The servant of God made his confession, and then wrote to his brother Lazarists a short letter in Latin, stained with the blood flowing from his hands. It ran as follows:

"I can not give you all the details of my position; you will hear them from others. At Kou-Chen-Kieng I was not treated too badly, although I had to undergo two examinations; one lasted half a day, during which I had to remain on my bare knees on iron chains, and was suspended from the machine *hautse*. At Ou-Tchang-Fou I went through twenty examinations, in almost every one of which I suffered different tortures because I would not inform on the missionaries and the Christians. If I had answered the questions put by the mandarins a general persecution would have broken out in the Empire. What I suffered at Siang-Yang-Fou was directly for the sake of religion. At Ou-Tchang-Fou I received ten blows because I would not trample upon the cross. Later on you will learn other circumstances. Of the twenty Christians arrested and arraigned with me, two-thirds became apostates."

The confessor received other visits from Christians, and more than once from the catechist Andrew Fong. The poor Christians would have soothed his distress at any cost, had it been possible. A pagan physician was in such admiration of his gentleness and long-suffering that he attended him kindly; he even brought him some clothes, a mattress and blanket, which afforded a certain amount of relief. But there was a celestial Food for which the martyr sighed, and of which he had long been deprived. The Bread of Angels could not be brought to him without being exposed to profanation: the jailers had strict orders to taste every eatable that was carried to the missionary. This privation was the greatest he had to bear during his imprisonment.

Even the wretched criminals that surrounded him could not but admire his patience and modesty, and they openly declared that he deserved a better fate.

The only longing of the missionary's heart was, like that of the great Apostle, to see the chains broken that detained him here below from the object of his love. "I desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ" (Phil., i, 23). The moment was not far off when his desire was to be realized. On the 11th of September, 1840, an imperial messenger arrived with the edict ratifying the death-warrant, and which, according to the custom in China, was to be executed without delay. The servant of God was immediately taken to the place of his martyrdom. It was on Friday, and, by a dispensation of Providence that gave him a closer resemblance to his Divine Master, he was hurried to his ignominious execution in the midst of five malefactors.

The judgment was not made public, and this accounts for the absence of the Christians at his execution; one Christian alone, who happened to be passing, witnessed the scene, and it is to him we are indebted for the details of the martyrdom. The servant of God walked barefooted, and wore no other garment than his drawers and the red tunic of the condemned. His hands, tied behind his back, held a long pole, on which floated a streamer, with the words of the death-warrant. By an astonishing fact, toward the last days of his life he recovered his strength; his wounds were perfectly healed and his flesh became fair as that of a child. At the moment of the execution his face shone with supernatural light and beauty, as he prayed in a low voice.

It is the habit in China to hurry criminals to the place of execution; this double-quick march, to the noise of drums and cymbals, invests capital punishment with a pageant that impresses the people with horror. However, while waiting for the death-stroke, the martyr knelt down to pray. The pagan crowd marvelled at his calm and recollected attitude; they protested that the man who was being put to death equalled the gods by his virtue.

When the five malefactors had been beheaded the martyr's turn came; the executioners, after stripping off his red garment,

fastened him to a gibbet that had the form of a cross; his hands were tied behind his back and fixed to the cross-beam, and his feet bent backward gave him somewhat of the appearance of a man on his knees. The executioner then passed round his neck the rope that was to strangle him, and held in his hand the short stick to which the ends of the rope were fixed, and which was to serve for the fatal twist. To make his victim realize more acutely the horrors of death, he slowly drew the knot and loosened it twice before he gave the decisive twist. Life did not seem at once extinct, and a soldier, of his own accord, gave the martyr a violent kick in the stomach. Death must have followed immediately, the martyr's soul was in Paradise.

From the very instant of his death it pleased God to magnify His servant; his body became at once a subject of wonder and admiration. Far from presenting the repulsive aspect of those who die from strangulation, his features wore a beautiful expression of tranquillity. His face, instead of being livid, was fresh and rosy; his eyes, instead of starting hideously from their sockets, were modestly lowered; his lips were half closed, with a faint smile. No trace remained of the cruel treatment inflicted upon his limbs, and many witnesses attest that a dazzling halo illumined his head. This last prodigy converted a pagan on the spot. All these extraordinary signs were the more easily observed as, in obedience to the viceroy's injunctions, the martyr's body was exposed on the gibbet till the next day.

The Christians eagerly bought from the executioners the martyr's garments, and even secured his precious remains. To obtain the latter they had recourse to a stratagem. The executioners while carrying to the grave the treasure they little appreciated were induced to stop at a house on the way, as if to rest, when the coffin containing the saint's body was exchanged for one filled with clay, which they took away and buried. The Christians then washed reverently the limbs that had suffered so much for Jesus Christ, and dressed them with the costly clothes they had prepared the previous night. Having performed this duty of respect and love, they buried the remains of Blessed Jean-Gabriel Perboyre on the brow of the Red Mountain, beside his

brother Lazarist, Venerable Jean François-Regis Clet, who had preceded him by twenty years on the royal road of martyrdom. On his first passage through Ou-Tchang-Fou the holy missionary was most anxious to pray at the tomb of Venerable Clet, but he was forced to postpone this pilgrimage. Providence permitted that the two martyrs should be united in the same tomb.

As may be seen from the opening pages of this sketch, even during his life-time and before he suffered for the faith, Blessed Perboyre inspired a feeling of veneration in all who approached him. A Capuchin missionary, Padre Rizzolati, said of him: "Even if Abbé Perboyre had not borne off the palm of martyrdom, the Church would have canonized him for his heroic virtues." But when he had valiantly confessed the faith, and a precious death had crowned his tribulations, the veneration already felt for him grew into a kind of devotion.

Among several miraculous signs that occurred after the martyr's death, we will only mention a luminous cross that appeared in the sky; it was visible to a great number of the faithful and in many different Christian villages. The testimony of those who saw it, minutely verified by ecclesiastic authority in China, can not be doubted. The martyr appeared to several of his friends, and, as has already been mentioned, to the pagan, Lieukiou-Lin, who provided him with a litter.

The reputation of Blessed Perboyre's sanctity reached Rome before his death. Pope Gregory XVI., hearing of the confessor's fortitude in his prolonged martyrdom, desired all the documents concerning him to be carefully collected and preserved, that they might one day serve for the introduction of his cause. The Sovereign Pontiff, in 1843, joyfully signed the usual decree. In 1861 the relics of the martyr were taken to France, and laid in the chapel of the Mother-House of the Lazarists, Rue de Sèvres, Paris, where the saintly master of novices had so often celebrated Mass. Numerous miracles are due to his intercession, and have been formally recorded.

The solemn beatification of Jean-Gabriel Perboyre, as the reader is aware, was pronounced by our Holy Father Leo XIII. on November 10, 1889.

Why Captain — Believes in Ghosts.

(CONCLUSION.)

NEXT morning, jaded and worn out with their prolonged revels, the Indefatigables left the opera-house between five and six o'clock, and entered a restaurant to breakfast before separating. While at table Maleuvrier heard a gentleman close by remark that the Seine was frozen.

"Hurrah!" he exclaimed. "I have never seen the Seine frozen. I vote we go and look at it; the walk will cool and refresh us."

The proposal was unanimously adopted, and, after a bountiful repast, all set off for the river. Arm in arm they reached the quay, and found the river seemingly motionless under its crust of ice. They walked along until they reached an open space where they could see across; some early skaters were cautiously trying the ice near the opposite bank.

"Come," said Zebub, "let us give those cowards a lesson in skating. I want to say that I walked over the river without wetting my feet, like your saints, Cherub—"

"No, no!" interrupted De Breuil. "The ice is too thin, Raoul, and wouldn't bear us after one night's frost. Come back."

Maleuvrier glided out of his restraining grasp and was soon beyond his reach. The others drew back; giddy as they were, the morning air had sobered them, and all realized the danger save Raoul.

"By Jove, I have no fancy for a cold bath!" said one, shrugging his shoulders.

"You look startled, Descourcelles," called out another. "If Maleuvrier comes to grief, surely you have little cause to regret it. There is no love lost between you."

"No matter. I wish him no harm."

They were interrupted by a cry of terror. Raoul had reached the middle of the stream, when the ice gave way and he sank up to his neck. His outstretched arms grasped convulsively the brittle crust around where he was, while his cries for help came fainter and fainter to his terrified and helpless companions.

"My God, we can not see him perish thus!" cried Clarence, throwing himself from the bank. But ere he had taken three steps the ominous cracking was again heard—the ice

split to the banks and Maleuvrier disappeared, while his friends with difficulty pulled Descourcelles back to land.

Some boatmen hurriedly unfastened a boat, and, cutting a passage with axes through the ice, reached the fatal spot. But this had taken a considerable time, and the current, which was very strong, must have already swept Maleuvrier's corpse to some distance, as no trace of it could be found.

His friends returned to their homes in silence. The melancholy end of one whom they had considered the very personification of youth and good fortune made for the moment a deep impression; but time and the high spirits of youth gradually asserted their influence, and before a week had passed Raoul's sad fate had begun to be forgotten.

One day a grand ball was announced—I forget where,—and all my friends had tickets and had agreed to go. Next afternoon I called at De Breuil's, and found him languidly smoking on a lounge, bearing every mark of the preceding night's dissipation. He told me the ball had been most animated, and in the course of conversation remarked that Descourcelles had been in the wildest spirits, and had not missed a dance.

While we were chatting V  rier, one of the Club, rushed in, greatly excited. He said he had just called at Cherub's hotel, in consequence of some previous arrangement, and was met by the astounding news that Descourcelles had left the house, and that its inmates thought he had lost his reason. Cross-examination elicited the following facts:

Clarence had ordered the servant of the hotel to call him at a certain hour on the morning after the ball. The man went to his room at the appointed time, and knocked several times. Receiving no answer, he entered and found Descourcelles sitting up in bed, his hair standing on end, his face blanched, with an indescribable expression of terror. The servant called him; he gave no answer,—he seemed neither to hear nor see. At last the man shook him by the arm and succeeded in rousing him. He jumped up, dressed hurriedly, and called for his bill. Having paid it, he drove off in a cab with all his belongings, without leaving any address.

I leave you to imagine our surprise at this

statement. We puzzled our brains to account for this abrupt departure and strange conduct on the part of our friend. V  rier hinted *delirium tremens*, but De Breuil declared the supposition inadmissible.

"Descourcelles is rarely intoxicated," he said. "I have often noticed how sober he is, with all his guity. He drank little and of the lightest wines last night."

We agreed there was a mystery, which we were bound to clear up, and separated. The next evening De Breuil told me they had discovered Clarence's address. One of the Indefatigables—I need scarcely say that all were on the alert—happened to be passing St. Roch's Church, when he saw a number of carriages drive up, and a brilliantly dressed company alight for what was evidently a fashionable marriage. Curiosity urged him to enter the church; but having found, as he declared, that the bride was ugly and tastelessly dressed (that crowning sin in the eyes of a Frenchman), he turned away and sauntered through the side chapels, looking at the decorations and paintings. Suddenly the door of a confessional opened, and Clarence Descourcelles, with red eyes and an agitated countenance, came out. Thinking he was entirely alone, the penitent knelt down, hid his face in his hands and remained some time in prayer; then he rose and left the church, followed by his friend at a safe distance. The latter tracked him to a quiet hotel in the neighborhood, and learned from the porter that he had been there two days, that he received no visits, and that the waiter was forbidden to show any one to his room.

A meeting of the Club was called, and it was unanimously resolved that every means should be used to rouse Cherub from "his melancholy," as they termed it.

"Probably some tender missive from his mother has brought back the repentant prodigal," laughed V  rier; "but, 'pon honor, it's too bad to spoil so fine a fellow."

"Time enough," said another, "when old age, with its consequences, arrives to think of one's salvation; but that is a long way off for Cherub. We must get him back."

"I have an idea," said George. "Just hand over the portfolio and writing materials."

And after a few minutes, amid our roars of

laughter, he read a letter which ran something like this:

MY DEAR CLARENCE:—What have we done to you that you should leave us so abruptly? If I am rightly informed, a sudden change of ideas is the cause of your departure; but, in that case, you have a worse opinion of us than we deserve. There is nothing in so honorable a motive to interrupt our friendship. We are no longer swayed by the sarcasms of the unfortunate Maleuvrier, and we admire your resolution, even if we have not courage to follow your example. I acknowledge to you in confidence that Zebub's sad catastrophe has made a great impression on me, and induced me to reflect seriously. But my religious education has been so superficial that I sadly need some one to advise me; the more so as an ugly cold, which seems to have settled on my lungs, makes me uneasy. You would do me a great favor, and perform an act of charity at the same time, by calling on me to-morrow evening. I shall take measures to be alone if you say you will come.

Affectionately,

GEORGE DE BREUIL.

This Machiavelian missive was highly approved of, and at once sent to Descourcelles. The answer came in due time, saying he would be at his friend's rooms at eight in the evening. De Breuil did "take measures," not indeed as Clarence expected, but in accordance with his scheme. Punctually at eight o'clock Descourcelles rang at his friend's door, and George, in dressing-gown and slippers, opened it himself.

"Thank you, Clarence, for coming," he said, with a warm pressure of the hand. "I have sent my servant out for the evening, that we may be quite alone; and, to avoid all importunate callers, I shall lock the door."

He suited the action to the word, put the key in his pocket, and, telling his unsuspecting victim that he had a fire in the dining-room, he threw open the door. Clarence drew back in utter amazement as a wild shout of triumph burst on his ears, and he beheld all the members of the Indefatigable Club awaiting him round the brilliantly lighted table, loaded with all the delicacies of the season, and decorated with hothouse flowers.

"Welcome back, Cherub! You are fairly

caught," they cried. And, ere he had recovered from his surprise, he was drawn into the circle and forced into a seat.

But, the first bewilderment over, Descourcelles recovered himself, and, with a dignity scarcely to be expected in one so young, he demanded his release.

"Your proceeding, sir," he said sternly to De Breuil, "is not that of a man of honor. Even the world stigmatizes such hypocrisy."

George reddened, and answered in some embarrassment: "You speak very harshly of a friendly imposture—"

"To which I refuse to consent. Since you are the master of the house, I demand to have the door opened and to be allowed to depart."

The temper of his comrades was roused by this unqualified refusal, and De Breuil flatly declared he would not let him go unless he explained what had caused him to change so suddenly and completely in their regard.

"Yes, yes,—that is only fair!" they all cried out. "Tell us what has come to you, Cherub, and why you gave us up."

"Be it so," replied Clarence, after a moment's hesitation. "I shall relate to you the history of my conversion, and may God grant you to learn the lesson I have been taught!"

The gravity of Clarence's manner impressed his thoughtless companions in spite of themselves, and he began his narrative amid a profound silence:

"Last Sunday night I returned from the ball very tired, but in the gayest of spirits; hastily undressing, I threw myself into bed, and was asleep in five minutes. How long I slept I know not. I was roused by a low moan of intense pain. I was fully awake and in possession of all my faculties in a moment. I called out and asked who was there. Receiving no answer, I struck a match, lighted the candle, rose and examined my room. Having satisfied myself that no one was concealed in it, and that I was quite alone, I extinguished the light and returned to bed. But scarcely had I laid my head on the pillow when I heard the same sound—a sob, or moan of intense anguish. It seemed closer to me than before. I shuddered involuntarily; for never have I known such suffering as was expressed by that groan. It conveyed the impression of supreme, unutterable woe. I felt the cold perspiration

standing on my brow, but forced myself to sit up, and again asked, 'Who is there?' Then out of the surrounding darkness a form became visible, with a livid light, which seemed to proceed from itself, and I recognized Ma-leuvrier,—but, oh, how changed! Instead of his habitual sneer and the impenetrable expression with which we were all familiar, his face bore the impress of a grief so profound, a despair so utter, that no human tongue could describe its intensity.

"'Raoul!' I exclaimed. 'Then you are not dead?'"

"He smiled, but what a smile! It chilled the blood in my veins.

"'Do you not see, O man, that I have but the appearance of a body? Alas! the terrible separation of soul and body that you call death is only too real for me. That eternity at which I mocked has dawned for me all too soon. I am judged and condemned—damned—damned forever! A supreme power draws me from the abyss to warn you of the fate that has befallen me, and which awaits you if you do not repent. This grace has been obtained for you by your invariable respect for all I insulted so audaciously, and by the generous impulse which made you risk your life to save *me* your enemy.'

"'Can I do nothing for you, Raoul?'"

"'Nothing,—absolutely nothing! Neither tears nor prayers can now avail me. The greatest saint on earth would in vain offer his life in expiation on my behalf. I am irrevocably condemned,—and oh, if you could understand to what tortures! Who can tell the torments of that hell at which men laugh, which in my blind folly I so often ridiculed! Who can conceive the overwhelming surprise of the fools who, like me, treat those terrible truths of hell and eternal punishment as idle dreams, the creations of priestcraft and weak brains, when in an instant they pass from the sinful orgies of their debased lives into the presence of their Judge! Oh, what a moment! The soul, cited before the tribunal of unerring justice, is in one brief instant tried and condemned; but in that space, short as the lightning's flash, what a sight meets its eyes! The heavens open, reveal splendors that no human mind can conceive; and the wretched soul is drawn with all the ardor of its being

to that Supreme Beauty, whose contemplation forms the eternal happiness of the elect. But an iron hand drags it down, down into the abyss of hell,—into depths of profound darkness, where naught is heard but lamentable howlings, shrieks of despair, curses and blasphemies; and where naught is felt but pain agonizing, unendurable, and never-ending. Yet the most intolerable of all our immense, indescribable woes is our despairing regret for having by our fault lost such unutterable felicity as union with God for all eternity. O fatal immortality! When as many years shall have passed as there are grains of sand on the sea-shore, our torments will be but beginning; and in our ears a voice incessantly repeats, Forever! forever! forever and ever!”

In the excitement of his narrative Clarence had risen to his feet, and his auditors unconsciously imitated him. He repeated the last words in a tone which struck to the hearts of all; it seemed to have caught an echo of the unutterable despair which sounded in that of the unhappy Maleuvrier.

“I heard no more,” Clarence continued; “the apparition faded away, and I remained motionless, transfixed with horror, contemplating the abyss into which I had almost fallen. Now, my friends, you know the reason of my changed life, and God grant we may all profit of this terrible lesson! For, whether it was a reality or a delusion of my over-excited imagination, it was a grace, and a very remarkable one, to recall to my mind the awful truths of our holy faith.”

De Breuil opened the door in silence, and Clarence went out. We all followed him, and I am glad to tell you that next morning saw every member of the Club of the Indefatigables at the feet of a priest. (I forgot to tell you that all were Catholics, at least in name.) As far as I have been able to ascertain, all persevered in a Christian life. Clarence joined the Trappists, and died within a year. De Breuil actually became a missionary, and is now in—well, never mind where. I, having no vocation for a religious life, have tried to serve my country without neglecting my first duty—to save my soul. And I have never doubted that Descourcelles saw the ghost of the unhappy Raoul Maleuvrier. B. S.

The “Church Times” on the Cultus of Mary.

A RECENT issue of the London *Church Times* contains an article on the cultus of the Blessed Virgin which might well have been written by the late Dr. Littledale, whose opposition to the Church amounted almost to frenzy. The writer boldly asserts that the cultus of the Blessed Virgin has been morally disastrous! The reason of this, he goes on to say, is very simple. “The Blessed Virgin is regarded, on the one hand, as wielding the prerogative of mercy only, and not that of justice; and on the other as being peculiarly open to flattery, so that if given enough of that she will not be exacting as to the conduct of her worshippers.”

One is left to wonder from what sources of information this learned outsider has found out how the Blessed Virgin is regarded by Catholics. How has he discovered that Catholics expect to secure favors from Our Lady by “flattery”? If there is anything in the world that the Catholic is fully persuaded of, it is that the Mother of God can not be flattered or cajoled into granting anything. They do, indeed, believe that she can be prevailed upon to grant their petitions by suitable acts and exercises of devotion and self-sacrifice in her honor; and as her Divine Son, our Saviour, has taught His disciples to persevere in prayer in order to obtain what they wish for, so we very naturally infer that the Queen of Heaven also will be pleased with importunity in prayer. This importunity is, of course, manifested in a thousand different ways by devout Catholics.

The writer in the *Times* professes to favor devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, but he is offended at what seems to him the strong and even extravagant language of Catholic devotion to her, and the apparently familiar manner in which she is approached by her devout clients. He would have her addressed with the formal, stilted, carefully measured language of the English Establishment. Alas! how little such men, with all their professions of true Catholicism—“not Roman”—know of the real beauty and blessedness of devotion to the Holy Mother of God! They make for-

mal profession of belief in the Incarnation, but they do not at all comprehend its significance; and, though they have courage to declare that devotion to the Blessed Virgin is a necessary corollary from the divine maternity, they are as little acquainted with the mysterious attraction, the sweet consolation, the exquisite joys and the heavenly inspiration of devotion to the Immaculate Virgin, as a child with its first primer of the higher intellectual studies.

But the most outrageous contention of this reckless writer is that devotion to the Blessed Virgin has a natural attraction for those unfortunates who have lost their virtue, and that they are encouraged by it to continue in their evil courses. There is something in this assertion so contrary to reason and the very nature of things, as well as universal experience in the Church, that the wonder is that any intelligent Protestant should think of hazarding it, much more that a paper of the pretension of the *Church Times* should be willing to publish it to the world. Why, it were just as reasonable to contend that the society of the class of females alluded to has a natural attraction for the pure-minded, and is calculated to promote the cause of virtue in all who associate with them.

Undoubtedly it is true that devotion to the Blessed Virgin has an attraction for the penitent Magdalen; for she knows that the dear Mother of Jesus has a warm place in her Heart for the true penitent, no matter how corrupt her life may have been; and that she can with the utmost confidence count upon the powerful intercession of this dear Mother with her Divine Son. Mary is indeed the Mother of Mercy, and it is because her devoted clients see in her a strong reflection of the divine compassion for sinners, and know well, by reason and experience, that her intercession is most powerful with her Son, that they are attracted to her; and it is only those who are pure, or are desiring and striving to be pure, that feel this attraction. As it is the pure in heart who are blessed with the vision of God, so it is the pure in heart who are irresistibly drawn to the Immaculate Mother of God, and are prepared to enjoy the exquisite sweetness and ineffable bliss of communion and fellowship with her.

Notes and Remarks.

Dr. John Gilmary Shea, acknowledging a check for \$1,000 sent to him by the Rev. P. Corrigan, of the Church of Our Lady of Grace, Hoboken, N. J., writes the following paragraph, which speaks for itself:

"The writing of my history, suspended during the year by my accident and its unexpected consequences, can now be resumed in earnest. The closing up of work on hand will require a few weeks. . . . My great want is authentic material as to our own priests and people. . . . All who love the cause will, I hope, send me every letter or scrap that will help to do justice to the Irish priests who accomplished so much of the severe missionary work in early days."

Father Corrigan's remittance was the first instalment of a fund, of which that zealous clergyman has charge, to enable Dr. Shea to devote himself exclusively to the completion of his History of the Church in the United States.

De Rossi, the most celebrated archæologist in the world, announces the discovery in the Diocese of Algiers of an ancient altar, containing relics, which are described in an inscription; the date is A. D. 359. Among the relics is mentioned a piece of the True Cross, which was found A. D. 326. The discoverer—a young student at the French archæological school at Rome, and who is now engaged in making further investigations in Africa,—is printing a complete account of his important "find." The date shows that the veneration of the wood of the True Cross had spread very rapidly. The Commendatore de Rossi considers the discovery of great moment.

The Most Rev. James Vincent Cleary has been appointed Archbishop of the metropolitan Diocese of Kingston,—Kingston and Peterboro having been separated from the ecclesiastical Province of Toronto, their territory constituting a new province. Peterboro and a diocese to be created will be Kingston's suffragan sees.

In November, 1885, the body of the Venerable Curé of Ars was exhumed; he had died in 1859, but the body was almost intact, and the face in a perfect state of preservation and easily recognizable by those who knew him. The Rev. R. J. C. Wolseley, O. P., states that, up to 1886, five hundred and seventy miracles had been wrought through the Venerable Vianney's intercession. "I had myself seen at Ars, in 1886, a boy of

thirteen," he writes, "who was hopelessly given up by the doctors, and, as a last resource, was carried by his weeping parents and placed upon the tomb of the saintly Curé, in the presence of over thirty spectators; and no sooner was his intercession implored than the boy was instantly restored to perfect health. Such cures are by no means unfrequent at Ars."

The promoter of the cause of the holy Curé writes from Rome that it is proceeding slowly but favorably. He mentions the fact, which all Catholics should know, that there are great expenses connected with the legal processes of canonization, not to speak of those of the celebration. It must be remembered that nowhere are legal processes executed more scrupulously than at Rome, and every detail concerning the life of a candidate for canonization is carefully examined by expert examiners employed for the purpose. The promoter continues: "If you can interest yourself by appealing to any devoted and generous friend in England to help me, you will be rendering the greatest service; and I am sure that from his place in heaven the Venerable Curé d'Ars will bless you while thus laboring for his glorification. There are enormous expenses in bringing the cause to a successful issue (owing to the great and continual work of those who are legally employed in the process), and which I, as postulator for the cause, am called upon to defray. . . . I should feel grateful for any pecuniary assistance from those who feel an interest in the cause of the servant of God."

These words are addressed to the Rev. R. J. C. Wolseley, O. P., Holy Cross Priory, Leicester, England. Contributions may be sent to him or to the Rev. J. Ball, Curé d'Ars, Ars, Ain, France.

The *Gerarchia Cattolica*, or "Pontifical Annual," for 1890 has been issued by the Vatican press. This publication is altogether different from the ordinary run of almanacs or year-books. It places before the reader a complete view of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, showing her activity and influence throughout the world, and her indefectible vitality. The volume opens with a chronological list of the Roman Pontiffs from St. Peter to Leo XIII., who is the two hundred and sixty-third. In the College of Cardinals, the dean by age is his Eminence Cardinal Newman; the dean by creation is his Eminence Cardinal Mertel, who counts thirty-two years as a Prince of the Church. There are 16 cardinals whose creation dates back to the pontificate of Pius IX., and 47 who were created by Leo XIII., besides the two reserved *in pectore* at the last consistory. This makes a total of 65 cardinals, so that there remain but five vacan-

cies to be filled in order to make the full number of the Sacred College—70 members. Among other interesting records it is stated that the hierarchy of the Church comprises 825 archbishops and bishops of the Latin rite; 57 archbishops and bishops of the Oriental rite; 313 titular archbishops and bishops; 21 prelates without a title, and 7 prelates *nullius dioceseos*. During his Pontificate, Leo XIII. has established one patriarchate, 22 archbishoprics, 62 bishoprics, 40 vicariates, one apostolic delegation, and 14 apostolic prefectures, making a total of 140 new titles, showing the happy development of the hierarchy under the present pontificate.

The medal which the University of Notre Dame is accustomed to award on Lætare Sunday to some deserving American Catholic layman was presented this year to the Hon. William J. Onahan, of Chicago, "in recognition of distinguished services to the Catholic public." These services are too well known to call for special reference. Mr. Onahan's ready support of any undertaking likely to prove beneficial to his Catholic fellow-citizens has led his admirers to name him the Ozanam of the United States. The Lætare Medal, as it is called, is of gold, exquisitely worked and appropriately inscribed. It was presented by his Grace Archbishop Feehan.

It is in Vaucouleurs that the Right Rev. Bishop of Verdun wishes to erect a gigantic monument to Joan of Arc. He has selected, not the place of "La Pucelle's" birth, but Vaucouleurs, because it was in that town that the heroine first yielded herself in obedience to those voices which commanded her to save France; and it is there that she succeeded in interesting in her cause the Sire de Baudricourt, who was the king's commandant of the place. It was from Vaucouleurs that she departed, accompanied by two captains only, in order to offer herself at Chinon.

It is proposed to erect a monument upon a hill which rises at the very foot of the town, and which dominates the valley of the Meuse. The pedestal, according to the prelate's idea, will be nothing more than a chateau of the Middle Ages, of unusual height. Thick walls, planked by massive towers, furnished with battlements, machicolations, drawbridges, portcullis, and a donjon, will rise to the height of about 120 feet,—the statue, or rather a group of which Joan of Arc will be the central figure, resting on the summit. This group will be about 60 feet in height. The design for this work will be placed in competition; but, while leaving the details of the

composition to the artist who will have it in charge, Monseigneur Pagis is desirous that "La Pucelle" shall be represented mounted upon a war-horse, whose bridle shall be held by the hands of the two captains.

A decree of the Congregation of Rites authorizes the devotion which for nearly a century before the date of the well-known decrees of Urban VIII. had been paid to the founder of the Barnabite Order—Anthony Mary Zacchario. He was born at Cremona in 1509, and died at Milan in 1539. The decrees of Urban VIII. declare that (1) public devotion to servants of God is not permitted before the supreme apostolic authority has pronounced thereon; (2) as regards the servants of God venerated under the title of Saints or Blessed for at least a century before the time of these decrees, the Holy See may be asked for the confirmation of this devotion, as having been paid from time immemorial, without following the ordinary process of beatification or canonization. Now, at the time when these decrees were promulgated—about the year 1640—a few years were wanting to complete the prescribed term of one hundred years in the duration of the devotion to the founder of the Barnabites, who had been venerated after his death under the title of Blessed. For this reason the Sacred Congregation recently applied to the Sovereign Pontiff and obtained a dispensation in regard to these years, and by a decree of January 8 of the present year the devotion to the Blessed Zacchario has been confirmed and restored.

Miss Charlotte O'Brien, who is the daughter of Smith O'Brien, and whose work in behalf of the poor is well known, was lately received into the Catholic Church.

Alfred Holmes' dramatic symphony, entitled "Jeanne d'Arc," will be rendered for the first time in Paris, at the Theatre Italien.

Those reformers of church music who admire Palestrina so devoutly, and those clients of St. Philip Neri who love him even more devoutly, will be interested in the latest news from Rome concerning the cause of Blessed Juvenal Ancina. His beatification took place on February 9. Blessed Ancina was one of the first disciples of St. Philip Neri. Born in Piedmont, October 19, 1545, he died at Saluzzo on August 31, 1604. He had been a physician and professor of medicine in the University of Turin. While engaged with the famous Baronius in the compilation of the "Annals of the History of the Church" he met

St. Philip Neri, studied theology under Cardinal Bellarmine, and became a priest of the Oratory. When Baronius was made cardinal, he was summoned to Rome, to assist Pier Luigi da Palestrina in the reformation of church music, and several of his codices are still preserved. On being named Bishop of Saluzzo, he fled to Loreto to escape the dignity; but he was commanded by Clement VIII. to accept the charge; he obeyed, and was preconized in the same consistory with the Bishop of Geneva, St. Francis de Sales. A friendship sprung up between these holy men, and the gift from the postulator of the cause to the Holy Father will be a picture by Filippi Fazzoni commemorating this friendship. In May next the Fathers of the Oratory will celebrate a solemn *triduum* in honor of their beatified brother.

A group of German professors now studying in the Vatican archives have signed a declaration to refute the late Dr. Döllinger's charge that obstacles were placed by the authorities in the way of non-Catholic students. These professors are all non-Catholics.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xlii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister Mary of St. Marcellina, of the Sisters of Holy Cross, and Sister Mary Ambrose, of the Order of Mercy, who were lately called to their reward.

Joseph Biggar, M.P., whose useful life was crowned with a happy death on the 19th ult.

Miss Mary A. Scott, whose happy death occurred at Hartford, Conn., on the 7th ult.

Mr. John McCarthy, of Portland, Me., who departed this life on the 7th inst.

Miss Mary A. Harrington, a fervent client of the Blessed Virgin, who piously yielded her soul to God on the 6th inst.

Mrs. Margaret Sheedy, of Readville, Mass., who died a happy death on the 23d ult.

Mr. Richard Barry and Mr. Timothy Mahoney, of Providence, R. I.; Mr. Alexander McCurdy, Mr. Thomas Doyle, Miss Mary Cullaton, Mrs. Julia L. Hart, Mrs. Mary Mahare, and Miss Isabella Grimes, —all of Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. D. Fitzgerald, Alma, Mich.; William R. Dorgan, San Francisco, Cal.; Miss Catherine and Miss Marie Maxwell, Brantford, Ont.; and Mrs. Mary Flynn, Currange, County Leitrim, Ireland.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



St. Joseph's Lily.

I LATELY heard a story
 About St. Joseph's Day,
 And something strange that happened
 In a convent far away.
 'Twas evening, and the sacristan
 The altar fair arrayed
 With pure and snowy linens,
 And fragrant flowers displayed;
 But amid these all no lily
 Its graceful head upraised.
 Softly the Brother murmured,
 As on the flowers he gazed:
 "Would that I had a lily
 All beauty and perfume
 To offer dear St. Joseph!
 But ah, mine will not bloom!
 It may be Brother Bruno
 Is more fortunate than I,—
 That his lily blooms already;
 He may my need supply."
 He sought out Brother Bruno,
 And the sight that met him there
 Was a pure and stately lily,
 Of scent and beauty rare.
 He spoke in admiration,
 When, to his great surprise,
 Instead of glad consenting,
 The Brother thus replies:
 "The season is so early,
 The lily needs such care,
 There is danger of its dying
 Were it to change the air;
 Besides, it needs the sunshine.
 But come to me again,
 When the weather has grown warmer,
 And you may have it then.
 It is true that such a lily
 As this you rarely find,
 But you have so many flowers
 That St. Joseph will not mind."
 The sacristan departed
 With sorrow in his face;
 He went into the chapel,
 And in the holy place
 He knelt before St. Joseph.
 "O Blessed Saint," said he,
 "Thou knowest how poor an offering
 That I can make to thee!"

I have no precious ointment
 Or jewels that seem to live,
 And yet accept my tribute,—
 'Tis all I have to give!"
 And then before St. Joseph
 His little plant he placed,
 Though not a single blossom
 Had yet its foliage graced.
 But when the Brother entered
 Upon St. Joseph's morn,
 A cloud of fragrant incense
 Upon the air seemed borne;
 And from the green leaves springing
 A lily pure and sweet,
 Its beauteous head uprising,
 Bloomed at St. Joseph's feet.
 While the flower that Brother Bruno
 Had to the other denied,
 Upon that very morning
 Withered, then drooped and died.

M. A.

A Year in Jeanie Reilly's Life.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

(CONTINUED.)

After dinner that day—which was a feast of good things, so numerous had been the offerings of the parishioners,—and after Father Eugene had decided that it would not be amiss to tender Mrs. Brady a dainty morsel of the surplus lamb, volunteering to do so in person, if thought advisable by the rest of the company, and by them decided in the affirmative, Jem Oldworthy asked Jeanie if she felt in humor for a ride.

"I had expected it,—I have been looking forward to it all the week," she replied. "In my letter from papa yesterday, he said that Doctor Page recommended riding, if possible; and even mamma was in favor of it, provided a good, gentle horse could be found."

"You will ride Kate, Miss Jeanie," said Jem; "and she is almost human she is so gentle. Miss Lacy has a splendid side-saddle, and if Father gives us the word we'll be off in a few minutes; for night falls before you know it among these woods, and it would never do to—"

"Be lost in the depths of the forest," laughingly interposed Father Eugene.

Jeanie was soon ready. Attired in a black

bombazine skirt of Miss Lacy's, which that good lady had taken the precaution to alter the day before, with her own neatly-fitting jacket and high-crowned, black straw-hat, the little girl presented an attractive picture as she stood at the gate waiting for Jem to bring the horses round.

"My dear, I have a few words to say to you," said Father Eugene, who had come down from the house with her. "In writing home to your father and mother, you will doubtless mention Jem as your escort in riding. And if your parents are the kind of people I imagine them to be, they will naturally say to each other, perhaps with some misgiving: 'Who is Jem Oldworthy? And is it entirely right and proper that our daughter should be thus committed to his care and guidance?' Tell them from me, who have known him from boyhood, that I put you in his charge as though he were your own brother or you my own sister, and they will have no fears or scruples for their little girl."

"Yes, Father, I will," said Jeanie. "But I don't think they will trouble about it at all." Father Eugene smiled.

Jem appeared with the horses, and they were soon mounted. As they started Father Eugene said:

"Jem, you are responsible for this child, both for proficiency in riding and her safe home-coming. Do not ride too far nor too late. See that she is not fatigued. Now, God bless you both!"

"Never fear, Father," replied Jem, his rugged face flushing; "I'll take as good care of her as if it were Tessie." Then, turning to Jeanie, "Tessie was my sister, Miss Jeanie. She died two years ago."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Jem!" said the child, and they rode off through the woodland path.

What a jolly ride that was, the forerunner of many! For Jeanie soon became an expert horsewoman, able to ride twenty-five miles without fatigue, and seldom accomplishing less than fifteen. Having a natural aptitude for the delightful exercise, she sat well in the saddle from the first, and soon forgot that she was but a beginner. This is the truest test of a good rider. Kate was in perfect accord with her new mistress, obedient to every motion

of the reins, and seeming not to know she had a novice on her back.

They rode gaily along for an hour, Jeanie's cheeks glowing, her eyes bright as diamonds, her whole frame exhilarated by the delicious motion. At length Jem turned into a shady lane, from which a pleasant white farm-house could be seen. On a nearer approach, Jeanie saw that the front yard was ablaze with summer flowers, which augured well, she thought, for the good taste of the inmates.

Nor was she disappointed. A pretty, bright-looking girl ran out to meet them before they reached the gate. She was older than Jeanie, almost a young lady, but so sweet and joyous-looking that our heroine felt they should be good friends.

"I am Mary Lawton," she said simply, taking Jeanie's hand as she alighted; "and of course you are Miss Jeanie Reilly. Father Eugene has told us all about you. And you must be quite as much at home with us as at St. Mary's. Come right in and see mother. And you, Jem, know where to put the horses; for you are to remain till after tea. We shall have it early."

"Thank you," said Jeanie, following her into a large, cool, neatly furnished bedroom at one side of the wide hall. "You are all so good to me here that I wish my mother could know of it. She will, though; for I shall tell her everything that happens."

Mary Lawton squeezed her hand, and led her to a couch, where a pale, sweet-faced woman was lying. She put out her hand and drew Jeanie to her, kissing her on the forehead.

"Welcome, child!" she said, with the loveliest Irish accent Jeanie had ever heard. "Welcome, my child, to our house and all that is in it. Come when you will, and stay as long as you like,—the oftener the better."

Then she took Jeanie's hands between hers and pressed them warmly. There was such a gentleness, such a motherliness, about Mrs. Lawton that the tears sprang to Jeanie's eyes. Somehow, while she responded to this great kindness with all her heart, it made her homesick, and she thought of her own gentle mother, now so far away.

Mary was quick to see the effect of this gracious welcome, and she said in her eager, bright way:

"Come out to the garden for a while, and let us get acquainted. Do you like flowers?"

"Oh, very much!" was the reply. "But why are there so few hereabouts?"

"Most of the people fancy they have not time to cultivate them," said Mary; "and indeed they have very little leisure. But it does not take much time or labor to raise a few; any one can do it. Mother loves them so! And, as she can not do much work, she spends a great deal of time here in the garden."

In the next half hour Jeanie heard from her new friend that she and her brother had long since learned all the district school could teach them; and that between seasons, when farm work was not urgent, they went over to St. Mary's twice a week to Father Eugene, who gave them lessons in Latin, algebra, and English literature.

"How nice it would be if we could study together!" said Jeanie. "I mean to ask Father Eugene. It does seem too bad that I should give up my studies altogether."

Mary hailed the proposal with pleasure, saying she felt sure Father Eugene would permit it. They soon met Jem and Frank Lawton, a tall, fine-looking youth of eighteen, bearing a strong resemblance to his sister. Jeanie could see at once that a great affection existed between them, and her heart felt a little pang for the brother she had never had, but had always longed for.

Returning to the house, Jeanie spent a pleasant half hour with Mrs. Lawton, while Mary went to see about tea. Mr. Lawton soon made his appearance, and, while as strong and ruddy as his wife was delicate and frail, they were alike in generous hospitality.

Presently he opened a door leading from the bedroom, and Jeanie saw a beautiful little oratory fitted up, with an altar tastefully decorated with flowers, on either side of which were statues of Our Lady and St. Joseph. A fine set of Stations hung on the walls; an angel in Parian marble held a holy-water cup; and before a picture of the Sacred Heart burned the perpetual light, which has been a comfort and promise to so many pious souls.

Mr. Lawton explained that before the church was built, twenty years ago, Mass had always been said in their house; the Stations had been blessed by a holy Franciscan; and that

even yet, occasionally, Father Eugene offered the Holy Sacrifice under their roof, so highly favored. This was because of the ill health of his wife, who could rarely go abroad.

Jeanie was much edified by the cheerful but sincere piety of this happy family; and later, when she knew them more intimately, the feeling increased. Every morning they had family prayer; every evening the Rosary and night prayer in common, followed by the reading of a page of the New Testament. They lived in an atmosphere of peace and love, and when sorrow came to them, as it comes to all, they were ready for the chastening rod, and resigned to the will of the Lord and Master.

The sun was setting when Jeanie and Jem took their leave, after a warm invitation to come soon again and often, and a promise from Mary to pay a visit to St. Mary's during the week, should her mother's health permit.

"I will tell you in advance, Miss Jeanie," said Mr. Lawton as he handed her the reins, "that most of the visiting will have to be done by you; for our Mary is too valuable to be spared from home for very long at a time. Her mother is never quite happy when she is out of her sight, and only to know that she is about is enough for Mrs. Lawton, who is never well. But remember this: you can never wear out your welcome with us. Isn't it so, Jem?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jem. "When you invite folks, you want 'em, sure."

As they rode slowly home through the twilight Jem informed Jeanie that Frank Lawton wished very much to be a priest, but could not see his way clear to it yet. He thought that Father Eugene believed Frank was called to the priesthood, or why should he be teaching him Latin.

"But Mary is learning it too, Jem," said Jeanie. "So am I; and neither of us can hope to be priests."

"That's so!" was the reply. "It's the fashion now for girls to learn everything,—no offence meant, Miss Jeanie; but in my opinion a good tune on the violin or flute is worth all the Latin that ever was taught, always excepting the Holy Mass."

From which it will be inferred that Jem's mind ran, so to speak, in musical channels.

"Where was Hiram Punk to-day?" asked Jeanie. "I don't think I saw him."

"He's so eternally bashful," said Jem, "that I couldn't get him to come forward. He'll fall in with the choir, though, Tuesday evening, all right. Just don't you notice him, and he'll do; but if you look at him, why he'll sink into the ground. He's such a queer fellow! He won't dance at picnics or parties, because he's too bashful to ask the girls. But he plays his flute or violin every time,—never misses a party. Why, he's the best player we've got. You see, he forgets everything when he's got that old fiddle of his under his chin."

"I'm afraid I may offend Miss Katie if I make any suggestions. What do you think, Jem?" asked Jeanie.

"Oh, no!" was the reply. "She was real favorably taken with you; she told me so. She says you don't seem to put on no cityfied airs, and wasn't dressed too fashionable. And Father told me, if you felt like it, you were to scold me real hard, and then she wouldn't mind if you gave a solo or duet to some of the other girls."

"I couldn't do that, Jem. I should laugh, and be found out at once. But here we are at home again, and there is Father Eugene at the gate."

The priest had been somewhat anxious, as it was growing late. But Jem assured him that Jeanie was now able to ride blindfold between the church and the Lawton farm, at which he laughed merrily.

Jem remained only long enough to put the horse in the stable, and went off, promising to come early on Tuesday evening. After he had gone Jeanie gave a graphic account of the ride and visit, which Father Eugene enjoyed very much, it was so full of hearty enjoyment.

So they sat in the twilight, till the moon rose and grew lighter and brighter in the gathering darkness, talking little, as people often do who are good and congenial friends. A five minutes' visit to the Blessed Sacrament, followed by night prayer, finished the evening. And Jeanie lay down in her little white bed that night feeling as though all that day she had been living between heaven and earth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Legend of the Passion-Flower.

I.

In one of the most obscure and crooked little streets in the old imperial city of Toledo, overshadowed and nearly hidden between the high tower of a Moorish mosque and the sombre, dilapidated walls of a lonely house, stood for many years a building, decrepit, dark and miserable, like its owner—a Jew named Daniel Levi. He was rancorous and revengeful, but if possible even more deceitful and hypocritical.

Rumor said that he was owner of an immense fortune; but, in spite of all the stories about him which were rife throughout the town, he was to be seen at the door of his shop, working at and mending metal chains, old belts and trappings, which he sold again to antiquity shops or to poor *hidalgos*. Although an implacable hater of Christians and all pertaining to them, he never met a nobleman or a canon of the Cathedral without taking off at least a dozen times the greasy cap which covered his bald, parchment-colored head; and it was often remarked that he never met any of his acquaintances without overwhelming them with the humblest bows, accompanied by sweet smiles.

Daniel's smile became at last proverbial throughout Toledo as indicative of mischief. His patience under the jibings and chaffings of his neighbors was marvellous, but was often regarded only as the calm before a storm. It was in vain that the boys threw stones at his house to make him angry, in vain that the lackeys of the neighboring palace called him injurious names, or the old women in passing his shop treated him as though he were Lucifer himself. Daniel smiled constantly with the same strange but indescribable smile. His thin and bloodless lips parted under the long aquiline nose, but he always retained his calm demeanor under all provocation; although his small, round, green eyes, almost hidden under shaggy eyebrows, shot out from time to time fierce gleams of hardly-repressed anger.

Above the door of the workshop, and set in tiles of vivid colors, was a horse-shoe window, a relic of the ancient architecture of the

Toledan Moors. One of those green, climbing plants which sometimes hang from ruined buildings wound itself round the little marble column which divided the window into two equal parts.

One part of the house received, but a dim light from the narrow, latticed window of the balcony, the only outlook into the dull street; and here lived Sara, the beautiful daughter of the old Jew. The neighbors who were fortunate enough now and then to catch a glimpse of her invariably said: "It is not possible that such a fright as Daniel can be the father of so lovely a creature!"

And indeed Sara was a prodigy of beauty. Her eyes were large and shaded by long black lashes, behind which shone the brilliant pupil like a star on a dark night. Her lips, scarlet and full, were like the pomegranate; her skin was pale, white and transparent as alabaster. She was withal hardly sixteen years old, and to her fresh youth she united a sweet sadness. The most influential Jews of the city, captivated by her exceeding beauty, asked her in marriage. But, insensible alike to the homage of her adorers and the advice of her father, who begged her to choose a companion before he should leave her alone in the world, Sara maintained a profound silence, and gave no reason for her constant refusal except that of desiring to remain free.

At last one day one of her most ardent lovers, tired of being treated by the young girl with disdain, and suspecting that her eternal sadness was a sure sign that her heart hid some important secret, went to her father and remarked:

"Do you know, Daniel, that our brethren are complaining of your daughter?"

The Jew raised his eyes for one moment from his forge and ceased his everlasting hammering. Without a trace of emotion on his face, he asked:

"And what do they say of her?"

"They say," replied his friend,—"they say—how do I know *what* they say?—many things. Among others that your daughter is in love with a Christian."

Having reached this point, the rejected suitor paused, anxious to see the effect his words had produced. Daniel raised his eyes once more upon his tormentor, looked fixedly

at him without saying a word, then, bending his head again over his work, asked:

"And who can say that it is not a libel?"

"Those can who have seen them converse more than once in the same street, while you were at the secret meetings of our rabbis," replied the youth, astonished at the apathy of Daniel under the circumstances.

Without for an instant stopping his work, the old Jew kept his eyes fixed upon his forge, and proceeded to ornament a little metal brooch with a small tool, while he muttered in a low voice, as if talking to himself and repeating aloud the thoughts which came into his mind.

"He! he! he!" he cackled, laughing in a strange and diabolical manner. "And so the brethren think that a Christian dog will steal my Sara from me,—my beautiful Sara, the pride of the tribe and the staff of my old age? And so you think that she would leave her old father for a young Christian cur? He! he!" he continued, always smiling, while the tool cut deeper and deeper into the steel. "He! he! Poor Daniel! My friends are saying, 'What right has such an old decrepit creature to have such a beautiful young daughter if he does not know how to guard her from the covetous eyes of our enemies?' He! he! Do they think perhaps that Daniel sleeps? Do they think indeed that if my daughter has a lover—which might very well be,—and that lover be a Christian and has won her over—which is quite possible, for she is lovely enough to entice Lucifer himself,—and that he proposes to run away with her—which is also likely,—and fly to-morrow for example—which might be also possible,—do they really think that Daniel would submit to let his treasure be stolen from him without knowing *how* to avenge himself?"

"But," exclaimed the youth, who was paralyzed with fear at Daniel's words, "then you know something for certain?"

Daniel's whole manner changed: his voice grew fierce, his eyes sparkled, his lips smiled that devilish smile, as he raised himself to his full height, and, tapping the young Jew on the shoulder, said in a low voice:

"I know more than *you*, who know nothing, and should continue in your ignorance if the time had not come to act. *Adios*. Tell

the brethren that they must assemble at the usual place to-night between one and two o'clock, and I will explain my vengeance to them. *Hasta luego.*"

And saying this, Daniel, pushing his questioner gently into the street, collected his tools quickly, and proceeded to bolt the shop door with double locks and clamps. The noise which the door made when turning on its creaking hinges prevented him from hearing the sound of the shutting of the blinds of the horse-shoe window, which closed with a snap, as though the lovely Jewess had retired for the night.

II.

It was the night of Good Friday, and the pious inhabitants of Toledo, after assisting at the office of "Tenebres" in the magnificent Cathedral, began to retire to their own houses, where they related the story of the "Cristo de Luz," or the legend of the "Santo Niño de la Guarda," on whom the Jews performed the cruelty of crucifixion. Silence reigned throughout the city, interrupted only at intervals by the distant voices of the *serenos*, or night watchmen; or by the whistling of the wind, which twirled the creaking weather-cocks of the tower of the Alcazar, and howled between the vaulted arches of the streets.

A woman came down from one of the narrow passages to the steps which lead from the top of the walls of the city of Toledo to the shore of the river Tagus, which washes its feet; and seemed to look about her with impatience. There was a boat tied to one of the posts near by, and the owner was not far off. He murmured between his teeth:

"It is she. *Que diablo.* Well, what can be up with this miserable race of Jews that they should hold a tryst with Satan on this blessed night? They are up to some mischief when they try so hard to avoid the guard of San Servando. But, after all, it is none of my business; I am paid in good money, and need know nothing of their doings."

While saying this the good boatman seated himself in his boat, took up the oars, and when Sara (for it was she) had jumped in, he untied the attaching rope and commenced to row for the opposite shore.

"How many of my people have gone over to-night?" asked Sara of the boatman, when

he had rowed a little distance, and as though referring to a previous conversation.

"I could not count them," replied the boatman; "but it seems that this will be their last meeting."

"And do you know *why* they left the city at this hour?"

"No; but they are watching, I think, for some one who is to cross the Sierra to-night. They meet for nothing good, depend upon it," muttered the boatman.

For several minutes Sara sat perfectly quiet, arranging her thoughts. Then she rose and passed her hand over her forehead, which anguish had covered with icy drops.

"It is fortunate," she thought to herself, "that I knew of their rendezvous and their intentions. My father must have discovered our love and prepared some horrible vengeance. A moment of indecision and he, my angel of light, would have been lost."

At this moment the boat's keel scraped against the opposite shore.

"Good man," she said, as she put some money in the boatman's hand, and pointed to a narrow, crooked path which wound between the rocks, "is that the path up which my people went?"

"Yes," replied the boatman; "and when they reached the 'Moor's Head' they disappeared by the ruins, and only the devil and they know where they went after that."

Sara walked quickly in the direction indicated. For several minutes the man watched her appear and disappear between the labyrinth of rocks, until, having reached the point called the Moor's Head, her figure stood out in silhouette against the sky for an instant, and she disappeared for the last time, and was lost in the shadows of the night.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

Our Lady's Day.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

If the March winds howl and the March winds blow,
 Why should we care since the spring is near?
 If Our Lady's Day comes in sleet and snow,
 The flowers of May are waiting to peer
 From out the mold; and their hearts are warm,
 And they love her in spite of cold and storm!



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Christ on the Cross.

THIS is the holy and exalted throne,
The couch of Love, the sacrificial stone,
Whereon the Saviour's glory (the world's scorn)
Proclaims itself supreme, although forlorn;
This is the plough, stern, penetrating, hard,
Opening the barren earth to its reward
Of dead grain fructifying,—yea, behold,
Increasing its sweet fruit a thousandfold!
Here hung the Sovereign Lord with sharp thorns
pressed,
With royal crimson seal on brow and breast;
In spite of trembling lips and failing breath,
Mighty, with thorn-crowned forehead bared to
Death.

Here was the solemn covenant denied
By crucifiers to the Crucified,—
Here by this holy throne, this bloody Cross,
The alien's gain, the children's bitter loss.
M. E. M.

Juan de Avila.

HIS THOUGHTS FOR HOLY WEEK.

JUAN DE AVILA, called the Apostle of Andalusia, was born at Almadovar del Campo, in the Diocese of Toledo, on the Festival of the Epiphany, in the year 1500. His mother, like Hannah of old, had prayed for a child, and after many years a son was given her, who was destined to be the spiritual father of many saints.

He was the only child of his parents, who were devout and wealthy, and from them he

received his first religious impressions. From childhood he was remarkable for his love of prayer and his self-denial. At fourteen he was sent to Salamanca to prepare for the legal profession; but he did not long pursue his forensic studies: a vocation higher than the law was ever present to his mind. He therefore returned to his parents, and made known to them his desire to consecrate himself to the service of God,—a desire which met with their full approval; and permission was given him to dwell in a small secluded corner of his old home, and there commence a life of retirement and devotion.

Two years were thus passed when a Franciscan monk, struck by the profound reverence with which the boy knelt before the altar and received the Holy Sacrament, asked his history, and strongly advised his parents to send him to the University of Alcala, that he might study theology and prepare for the ecclesiastical state, for which he was so manifestly destined. This counsel was adopted, and Juan began his studies at Alcala under Dominic del Soto, distinguished at that time for his commentaries on St. Thomas Aquinas.*

* Dominic del Soto became the confessor of the Emperor Charles V. He was of great authority at the Council of Trent, but his highest honor is that he is said to have been the *first* writer who condemned the African slave trade. In a lecture delivered at Salamanca he says: "It is affirmed that the unhappy Ethiopians are by fraud or force carried away and sold as slaves. If this is true, neither those who have taken them, nor those who purchased them, nor those who hold them in bondage, can ever have a quiet conscience till they emancipate them, even if no compensation should be obtained."

When Avila left college both his parents had been removed by death, and he immediately gave up all his patrimony to charitable purposes, and entered Holy Orders. His life was one of entire consecration to God, ever dying to his own will and seeking to follow the law of Christ. From three to five o'clock every morning he was engaged in prayer and meditation, and two more hours were thus passed before he lay down to rest at night. This was undoubtedly the secret of that serenity for which he was so remarkable.

Juan's great desire was to go as a missionary to America, and to preach the glad tidings of the Gospel to the unhappy Indians. The cry, "Come over and help us!" which had stirred the soul of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, struck a chord of compassion in the heart of Juan; but his Archbishop refused to let him depart, and Andalusia—not America—was to be the scene of his labors.

He had great facility of utterance, and his power of touching the hearts of his hearers when he preached was such that he seemed as one inspired. A young priest on one occasion asked him by what means he could learn to preach with power, to which Avila replied: "There is no other way but ardent love of God." He was ever distrustful of himself and of his own abilities; but he unceasingly prayed for the gift of the Holy Spirit, that he might be able to preach Christ to men fully and faithfully.

On the day consecrated to the Magdalen, Juan was ordered to preach for the first time, in the Cathedral of Seville, before his Archbishop. He had no sooner ascended the pulpit, and beheld the vast crowd of people standing below, gazing up at him, than he became so confused and abashed that, for a few moments, all power of utterance forsook him. He did not venture to rest his eyes again on his hearers, but fixed them on the crucifix placed before him, and silently prayed the Lord, in remembrance of His shame and humiliation when denuded, to succor His poor servant in this distress and perplexity, and to accord him the grace of one soul that day. Immediately all fear left him, and he preached with so much unction that his auditors were filled with admiration of his eloquence. Thus his career as a great preacher opened.

He had an insatiable thirst for the salvation of souls, and he never entered the pulpit without praying that the life-giving Spirit would bring the words uttered home to the hearts of his hearers. Men felt, as they listened to him, that their souls were precious in his sight; that he had an anointing from the Holy One, which gave to his words an indescribable warmth and power; and marvellous were the conversions which resulted from his preaching.

His sermons were followed up by spiritual letters to his converts,—letters which have been translated into many languages, and which have ever been regarded as models of spiritual guidance. If at any time one of his spiritual children relapsed into sin, it was to Avila as though he himself had fallen. He humbled and afflicted himself, and "wept with the angels" over him for whom Christ had died, and who had thus dishonored his Lord afresh.

When he rebuked it was never with harshness: always with tenderness and compassion, out of the abundance of a heart filled with gentleness and humility. It was said "that he had a separate heart for each of those he loved, so that each one believed himself to be the best beloved."

SS. Juan de Dios, Francis Borgia, Teresa, and that great servant of God Luis de Granada, regarded him as their spiritual father, and sat at his feet for instruction in the divine life. He enjoined meditation on the Passion as the sure way to attain a close union with Our Lord; and it was his custom to keep especially sacred the night of Thursday and the Friday in each week, in memory of the midnight agony in the Olive Garden and the Crucifixion on Calvary.

It was a sermon preached by Avila in the Cathedral of Granada, on the death of the Empress Isabella, wife of Charles V., which led St. Francis Borgia to lay open to him his conscience, smitten and stirred with emotion by one look at the ravages of death.

Francis Borgia, Duke of Gandia, was "the star and pride of the Spanish nobility." He was nearly related to the royal houses of Spain and Portugal, and was the trusty friend and favorite of the Emperor Charles V. He was Master of the Horse to the Empress Isabella,

and on her death the duty devolved upon him of attending the body of his royal mistress from Toledo, where she died, to the burial-place of the kings of Spain at Granada. The coffin had then to be opened, that he might swear to the identity of the body before it was laid in the vault; but the beautiful and well-known features were no longer to be recognized. Horror-stricken at the sight, he from that moment resolved to turn from earth to heaven, and his newly awakened soul found guidance and consolation from Juan de Avila. A few years later, and Borgia withdrew from the world and became Father Francis, of the Company of Jesus.

The name of Avila was loved and revered throughout Spain and known to the whole Christian world. His writings, however, did not escape the censure of the Inquisition, and in 1534 he was cast into prison at Seville. He had to appear before the tribunal and reply to questions respecting his faith and teaching. He was accused of having in his sermons "shut the rich out of the kingdom of heaven" by his denunciations of their vices and luxury. He bore all with perfect equanimity, never losing his serenity.

When in prison he was visited by Luis de Granada, and revealed to him the consolations he had received during his incarceration. Fresh light on the mysteries of Redemption had been poured into his soul, and he seemed overflowing with joy in the consciousness of a closer union with Christ,—a consciousness which gave him strength and courage for every trial.

He was at length set at liberty, but the Inquisitors forbade him to preach, still insisting that some of his views were erroneous. When finally his orthodoxy was established, and he was permitted to appear in the pulpit at Seville, so great was the enthusiasm and joy of the whole city that trumpets were sounded in triumph by the people. He was selected by the Holy Office itself to examine and report upon certain views put forth in a work by St. Teresa,—a work which he approved, but which he admitted to be unsuited to the general reader: certain passages needing to be well weighed and others to be explained.

St. Francis de Sales, in his "Devout Life," recommends the writings of Juan de Avila

as a help to devotion, in words like the following: "Read these works with as much attention as if a saint from heaven had sent them to you, to teach you the way and encourage you in walking in it."

Avila's perfect serenity was most striking. However multifarious his occupations, however uncongenial the persons with whom his duties brought him in contact, he was ever serene. He seemed always as though he had just issued forth from a long and fervent prayer; and "his very look," it was said, "was enough to edify men." He refused all court-favor and all church preferment. Paul III. wished to make him a cardinal, but, true to his early choice, he remained a missionary throughout his life.

His last years were spent in great bodily suffering. When he was dying, the rector of his college approached him and said: "What joy it must be to you to think of meeting our Saviour!" "Ah, rather do I tremble," he answered, "at the thought of my sins!" He asked for the last Sacraments, and, holding the crucifix in his hand, repeatedly kissed the wounded feet, and passed away with the name of his Lord and Master on his lips, and a visage calm and serene, sealed with the seal of God's peace. Avila was buried in the church of the Jesuits at Montilla in Andalusia, where his epitaph is to be seen.

There is no book so efficacious toward the instructing of a man in all virtue, and in abhorrence of all sin, as the Passion of the Son of God. Employ, then, a part of each day in meditating on the Passion of Our Lord, and in giving Him thanks for the benefits which are come to thee thereby; crying out from thine inmost heart, "I will never forget Thy benefits; for through them Thou hast given me life."

Cast thyself upon thy knees, and do thou beseech the Lord that He will send thee the light of the Holy Spirit, to impart unto thee a tender, compassionate feeling for all that Christ in the fulness of His love did suffer for thee. Be very importunate in thy prayer. Then place before thy mind's eye that mystery of the Passion on which thou wouldst meditate. Think of Him as present, and let the eyes of thy soul rest at the foot of the

Cross. Draw near to Him, beholding with all reverence that which passeth as though thou wert present at it. Humble thyself before Him with a simple kind of affection, as a poor little child would do. For to love is the end of thy devout exercise.

- The course, then, which thou shalt pursue is as follows:

On Monday think on the prayer of Our Lord in His Agony; how He was taken in the Garden of Gethsemane; and follow in thought that which took place in the house of Annas and Caiaphas.

On Tuesday meditate on the accusations which were presented against Him, the processions from judge to judge, and the cruel scourgings which He endured, bound to the pillar.

On Wednesday think of Him crowned with thorns, and with what scorn He was treated; how they drew Him forth arrayed in a scarlet robe, and with a reed in His hand, that all the people might "behold the Man."

On Thursday revert to that most holy mystery when the Son of God, with profound humility, washed the feet of His disciples, and afterward gave them His Body and Blood for food of life, commanding both them and all that they should do the same in memory of Him.

On Friday think of Our Lord before the Roman Governor, sentenced to death, bearing His cross upon His back, and afterward crucified upon it. Meditate upon all which there passed till He commended His spirit into the hands of His Father and died. Behold now how much He loved thee! Come hither and gaze into the Heart of thy Lord. If thou hadst the eyes of an eagle, here is whereon to gaze; nay, even these could not enable thee to see in its intensity the burning flame of love which dwelt in His most holy soul. They bound His hands with ropes; but understand thou that it was *within* that He was bound, —bound by the meshes of mighty love, as immeasurably stronger than those ropes as chains of iron are beyond threads of flax. There stretched He out His arms to be nailed to the cross, in token that love had opened wide His Heart to all. The mighty beams of that love went forth from the centre of His Heart to every man, past, present, and

to come,—offering up His life for the salvation of all.

On Saturday let thy thoughts rest on His sacred body taken down from the cross and laid in the sepulchre, and do thou in spirit accompany His soul to the place of departed spirits and be present at their joy.

Let Sunday be set apart for the consideration of the Resurrection, and the blessedness of those who have entered within the veil into heaven.

If with quiet thinking of these things the Lord do give thee tears and compassion and other devout affections of mind, thou art to accept them under this condition: that no exterior signs, no outward show is made of what thou hast felt within. For the end of thy meditation on the Passion is to be the imitation of Christ—the fulfilling of the law of the Lord. Even as we read of Moses, who having been forty days and forty nights on Mount Sinai in continual communion with the Most High, when he descended from the Mount to converse with men spoke not of visions or of revelations or of hidden mysteries; but there was a radiant light visible on his face, and in his hands he bore the two tables of stone.

If some little spark of the fire of love to Christ be enkindled in our hearts, let us take great care that the wind blow it not out, since it is but so little a spark. Let us cover it with the ashes of humility; let us hold our peace and hide it, and so we shall not lose it. And let us daily add some wood to it, as God commanded His priests to do, that the fire might be kept alive on His altar, which signifies to us the doing of good works; and, above all things, we must draw near to the True Fire, which will kindle and inflame us, which is Jesus Christ our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

'Tis the old, old story: one man will read
His lesson of toil in the sky,
While another is blind to the present need,
But sees with the spirit's eye.
You may grind their souls in the self-same mill,
You may bind them heart and brow;
But the poet will follow the rainbow still,
And his brother will follow the plow.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

The Disappearance of John Longworthy.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXIV.—A SWEET, SWEET HOME.

MILES danced no more, and on the way home Miss Mulligan tried in vain to draw him into conversation. That young lady ascribed his preoccupation to sulkiness, and in her heart she rejoiced in her power to depress his spirits to such a depth. Nevertheless, she made up her mind that she would not be satisfied until she brought those "stuck-up" sisters of his to a sense of her merits.

Miles was heartily glad when Nellie was safely deposited at The Anchor, the carriage door slammed, and he alone with his own thoughts. What a fool he had been, he said to himself, not to have kept on Bastien's tracks! He might have secured a good round sum by this time, and been sure of a place as the member from his district. In that case it would not have made much difference how Mary and Esther regarded Nellie,—in that case he would be independent of relatives whose selfishness he began to feel acutely.

What right had two girls, to whom he had always been a model brother, to interfere not only with his happiness, but with his advancement in life? Some fellows' sisters would have lived on bread and water, and worked their fingers to the bone, to help in the elevation of a brother who needed only a little assistance to cross the threshold of a brilliant career. And, then, Nellie Mulligan's "style" and "go" were qualities most needed in a politician's wife. What a swathe she would cut at Saratoga! He felt bitterly the indifference of his sisters to the realization of his ideal; but here was a sudden opportunity of teaching them that he could realize it without any help from them.

Some day they would regret their present attitude. Why didn't they get married, like other girls? Of course, he reflected, Mary would never marry; Esther would, if she had a chance. If Mary came to her senses about Nellie Mulligan, she should always have a home, and he would forgive and forget.

Nellie and he would be out a great deal, and it would be convenient to have somebody in the domestic circle who could be depended on to look after things. Oh, yes, he'd make Mary come around! But Esther should never enter his door unless she accepted Nellie at once.

Miles, to whom Bastien's words had been as the dawn of hope, laughed aloud when he thought how simple Bastien's trick about the letter had been. Of course John Longworthy's letter was forged,—and yet it had been well done, too; for it had nearly thrown him, the astute Miles, off the track. He wondered if Bastien had seen him, and he wished that he had not been in such a hurry to leave,—he might have heard something more; but he had heard enough. The question was, how to utilize it.

Miles trusted no one. He would put no detective on the track. He determined to use Bastien—who was evidently spending Longworthy's money recklessly—as a mine from which golden nuggets could be taken at will. What did he care whether Longworthy's murderer was brought to justice or not? Justice could look out for itself; he wanted money, and he saw it within his grasp. That sarcastic, patronizing, insolent Bastien was really in his power. And Miles, reaching home, threw himself down on the lounge in his room, with a plan in his mind for beginning his extortions at once.

The morning after the dance was not a happy one for the Lady Rosebuds. Most of them had reached home after sunrise, and they were obliged to be at work at seven o'clock. Nellie Mulligan, relying on the prestige given her by her engagement to a possible member of the Assembly—which she had announced in the domestic circle,—sent word to Lacy's that she was sick; and at eleven o'clock she went over to the O'Connors' rooms to ask after Rose.

Nellie was rather pale and faded, and a dragged wrapper and a dishevelled condition of hair did not improve her appearance. She had a headache, and her mother had said some sharp words concerning her absence from the store, which had not improved her temper. However, she thought of Rose, and also of the remains of her bouquet of the night before. She chose the flowers that were not hope-

lessly withered and climbed to the top of the house, heartily wishing that she had not torn one of Eliza Brown's shoes, that she had never danced in her life, that she was at the store, fresh and energetic,—that she was, in fact, somebody else.

The O'Connors lived near the roof. The passage which led to their three rooms was dark and evil-smelling. A sickly glow from a kerosene lamp was dimly projected from a dingy reflector as Nellie groped her way along this corridor. The girl, who liked to be sentimental when there was no practical question at issue, said to herself that her heart was sad because of Miles' unfeeling conduct in deserting her during the last part of the ball. She determined to tell Rose all about it, for lack of a better confidant.

Without knocking, she turned the greasy knob of the O'Connors' door and entered. The first room was lighted by a pane of glass set in the sloping roof. A parlor stove, a wash-tub, with some wet clothes hanging over the edge, a candlestick in a corner, encrusted with tallow, and a pile of sombre-looking quilts and blankets, were the only furniture. Nellie passed quickly through the middle apartment, which was so dark that she could not distinguish any object clearly, and entered the room where Rose and her sister Maggie slept, when the whole family was not living in it.

Here there were a big kitchen stove, several cooking utensils, and a shelf of dishes. The floor was uncarpeted, and dark from the ill usage of many occupants during many years. This room was lighted by a glass frame in the roof. At one end, where Rose lay on a lounge, the roof and the floor almost met.

Nellie was startled to see another person there,—a trim-looking, quick-moving person, who had just put several paper parcels on a chair beside Rose's resting-place. Nellie was even more startled at recognizing in this person Esther Galligan.

Esther had taken off her waterproof cloak, and she looked very comfortable and graceful in her tight little coat, white collar, and black frock. Nellie took this in at a glance, and would have backed out the door had not Rose called to her in her weak, treble voice:

"O Nellie, you must have looked *grand*

last night! And you did not let me see you before you went."

Nellie forgot her vanity in compunction.

"Oh, I forgot, Rose! A gentleman friend was waiting for me," she added, with a glance at Esther; "and I couldn't let him wait too long, you know. But I have brought you some flowers."

"Oh, how sweet!" cried Rose, her pale face flushing, as she eagerly took the flowers in her thin hand. "And see what this kind young lady has brought us!"

Several bunches of grapes, some oranges and lemons, and a beefsteak, on the chair, were evidently the occasion of this exclamation.

Nellie at once assumed her "best" manner, muttering to herself: "I'll soon teach this upstart that everybody that's poor and lives in The Anchor doesn't need cold victuals!"

"O Nellie," cried Rose, twisting her head uneasily, "I wish you'd give me the umbrella!"

Nellie did not seem to think that there was anything singular in this request. She pulled a neutral-tinted, flabby umbrella from under Rose's couch and raised it, firmly inserting the handle among the stuffing of the head of the lounge.

Esther watched this proceeding with a surprise she could not conceal. Just then she felt the thud of a drop of rain on her bonnet, and in an instant afterward she was obliged to wipe another from her forehead. The drops began to fall at intervals on various parts of Rose's shelter, as the sound of the rain on the roof rose from a patter to what seemed like a deluge.

"Maggie and I always put up the umbrella when it rains at night," Rose explained, very coolly. "She sleeps on the floor beside me; she lets me have the couch because I have not been well of late."

"My sister sent me here to be of use if I could," Esther said, turning to Nellie. "Where is her mother?"

"Garroting, of course," answered Nellie, with exasperation; but as she saw that Esther did not understand, she added, by way of explanation: "She's out among the neighbors, as she almost always is, talking and doing nothing else. The children are at work, and the old man—"

Here Nellie paused, and, out of regard for Rose's feelings, closed her hand and carried it to her lips as if she were drinking.

Esther felt a great pity, an aching pity, fill her heart. A quick knock, followed by a quicker footstep, was heard. Nellie called out, "Come in!" and Bastien entered. He paused on the threshold of the room, and the scene might well surprise him. Esther nodded her head slightly; then, moved by a sudden impulse, coming from her feeling of powerlessness and her indignation, she said bitterly, pointing to the fast-dampening umbrella:

"And these are the people you would reform by means of high-class music and æsthetics!"

Bastien's eyes fell before the flash in hers. He was not guilty of causing the squalor around him, and yet for a moment he felt as if he were.

XXV.—THE USE OF THE POKER.

Esther could not offer Bastien a chair, for the only available one was occupied by the eatables she had brought,—the other chair and the table being covered with piles of washed and unwashed clothes.

As Esther looked at Bastien, after she had made her abrupt speech, she felt a touch of compunction. Instead of retorting, as Miles would have done, he made no reply. There was no sarcastic twinkle in his eyes now; he looked around the room, and seemed abashed by its aspect. But the speech which had humbled the representative of arrogant Man aroused the indignation of the eternal Feminine.

"I'd like you to understand, Miss Galligan," Nellie Mulligan said, in an effort to show that Esther's trim coat and collar gave her no superiority, "that we are not savages here, if we *do* live in a tenement house. It's not long since your own father and mother lived in one."

Esther looked at her calmly.

"And if they lived in one now I should not be ashamed of it or of them; but they and I should be ashamed of such carelessness and heartlessness as are evident in this place. My father and mother might be here still if they had followed the example of most of the people around them."

"Nobody here asked you for broken vict-

uals!" exclaimed Nellie, with a gesture toward the benefactions on the chair.

"No," said Esther, gently; "but I am glad my sister sent them to this starving child."

"O Nellie," Rose cried out from her couch, "don't scold! Somebody's always scolding here. I wish I had a piece of steak. You might cook it for me!"

Rose had not yet seen Bastien, and she was too anxious to escape the scolding to pay much attention to anything but that fear and her hunger.

Nellie was red with indignation. The thought of her slovenly gown and her curl-papers, of the intrusion of Mr. Bastien, of Esther Galligan's apparent superiority, made her willing to grasp at any opportunity for reprisal. And Esther's look, which she interpreted as seconding Rose's request, she took as an additional cause for anger.

"No, thank you, Rose!" she said. "I'm not a cook. My mother never lets me do that sort of thing. When I want to live out and become a hired girl, I'll go into training for it."

She delivered this at Esther with a toss of her head.

Bastien felt very uncomfortable. He had heard that a little child was sick in *The Anchor*, and, anxious to find out whether Fitzgerald was right in his theories or not, he had made his way thither.

"I'm in the way," he said, hesitatingly. "Can I be of any use?"

"No," replied Esther, still determined to punish the selfishness of the male sex,—“not unless you can broil this steak. I was on my way to the rehearsal when I came in here, and I hope you'll excuse me until I help the young lady to make the poor child more comfortable. But allow me to say, Mr. Bastien, that, if I were you, I'd spend my money in keeping the rain from falling on beds of sickness like this, rather than in paying for Wagner and Liszt's music for the people."

Bastien could only bow and retire. After he had gone, Esther reflected that there was something pleasant about the man, after all. She went to the stove, and, taking off her gloves, prepared to brighten the hopeless-looking fire. Nellie watched her, with exaggerated contempt on her features; and she broke into a sarcastic laugh when Esther asked

if she would tell her where the gridiron was.

"There's a frying-pan, ma'am. Nobody ever heard of using such a thing in this country, though I've heard the old saying, 'Lend me the loan of a gridiron.'"

Esther was placid under this. She built her fire artistically, and, after using, to Rose's secret horror, nearly a bucketful of coals, succeeded in making a glowing bed. Having found a plate, which she warmed, to Nellie's manifest amusement, she put the meat on the coals, and in a few minutes had it done to her own satisfaction.

Rose watched this in open-eyed wonder. Her heart sank. Surely Miss Galligan's sister was spoiling good meat! But when she was made to sit up, and the knife and fork were put into her hand and she had begun to eat somewhat timidly, she felt that Miss Galligan's sister knew what she was about. Nevertheless, the coals used in the process lay heavy on the poor child's heart. Perhaps Esther guessed this. She had seen Bastien lay something on the table. She looked for it, and found that it was a ten-dollar bill. She put this into Rose's hand, as she said:

"Now, I'll make you some hot lemonade."

A soft color had come into the little girl's face. The food had done her good, and Esther forced her to take a few grapes. She looked wistfully at Nellie and the roses.

"O Nellie," she said, "do be friends with Miss Galligan's sister!"

"That's all right," answered Nellie, stiffly; "I'm friendly enough."

A step was heard on the stair,—an uncertain, trembling step. Rose caught the sound, and her eyes took a frightened look.

"Go!—go!" she cried, excitedly. "Oh, go! It's father coming!"

Esther looked at the child in astonishment. "Father coming" and such fear! Nellie got up, hardly less frightened than Rose.

"Oh, I wish mother was here!" moaned Rose. "When he has the fits on she can hold him. Nobody else can. And it makes him so mad to come home and find nothing ready to eat. Take this money, Miss Galligan, or he'll spend it—"

Just as Rose was about to make the transfer of the note to Esther an elderly man entered. Nellie whispered:

"Come, let's go. He's crazy when he is drunk—which is almost always. He'll kill you if you sass him or make him angry. But now that he has seen that money, he'll take it from the child and go off to drink it."

"No, he shall not," answered Esther. "And I will not leave that poor child alone with such a brute."

"You *must* come!" said Nellie, in genuine alarm. She could stay no longer; she rushed past the man, and her footsteps were heard rapidly descending the stairs.

Rose lay, white and speechless, under the umbrella. Her father had been a handsome man. His eyes were heavily browed, clear, intelligent, in spite of their restlessness. His face was ruddy and his figure still strong, though bent. He wore a battered Derby hat, and a long, threadbare frock-coat, which did not hide a pair of patched brown trousers, and big, wrinkled and worn-out boots.

Esther eyed him calmly. She took the frying-pan from its nail and put the larger portion of the steak into it; then she put the poker between the bars of the grate. Esther knew this type of man much better than she knew Bastien. He was a common type, constantly coming within her observation.

"Who are you?" demanded Rose's father, in a husky voice.

"It's Miss Galligan's sister!" cried Rose, shrilly, thrusting aside the umbrella. "She has been kind to me, father."

"Nobody has any business being kind to my children but myself," he answered. "Your mother's out, of course,—curse her!—she's always out. Here I've been looking for work since seven o'clock this morning. I went out with nothing to eat, and I come home to find nothing to eat. Curse her! It's her that's driven me to drink. Nothing to eat!" he continued, fiercely.

Esther saw that he had been drinking.

"There *is* something to eat," she said. "I'll give you this beefsteak in a moment. Take one of the chairs and wait. Or talk to Rose,—poor child!—she's been sick."

The man had caught sight of the bill in Rose's hand. Esther saw what he meant in his eyes. She pulled the poker out of the fire with her left hand, and with the right snatched the money before he could touch it.

"Sit down here," she said, in an earnest tone, "and eat your dinner." And she thrust the bill inside her cuff.

He made a spring toward her; she raised the poker, which was red-hot half way up. He looked at her and it, and sat down on the pile of clothes covering the nearest chair. Changing the poker from her left to her right hand, she emptied the frying-pan into a second plate. Rose jumped up with her knife and fork, which she timidly placed on the table, having pushed away some of the clothes and made a clear space. Esther, as she afterward expressed it, "toyed with the poker"; and John O'Connor, for the first time in his life, obeyed without a struggle. He plied the knife and fork vigorously.

"This money is for bread," Esther said. "I will go out to buy some now—I will spend it all,—and if you make any fuss until I come back, I'll have you put in jail."

"Oh, don't, father,—don't!" cried Rose. "She's one of them that mean what they say."

"Sure I believe she does," John O'Connor said, as he finished the remnant of the beef-steak, and took out his pipe. "And don't you go and aggravate her when she comes back; she's a terror, if there ever was one! She doesn't yelp and scream like your mother when I'm a little off; your mother would never have thought of a red-hot poker," he added, contemptuously. "We'll see what she brings back."

Esther met Bastien and Nellie Mulligan hurrying upstairs. Bastien's lips were closed tight and he looked anxious.

"Miss Mulligan has been frightening me," he said. "I expected to find that the brute had killed you. How did you subdue him?"

Esther smiled. "Oh, he was only a *man*, after all! I hummed a bar of Wagner," she answered, showing the poker.

"I call that *ladylike*!" murmured Nellie, who, now that all danger was past, looked on Esther with her usual disapprobation.

Bastien undertook to send a supply of groceries to the O'Connors; and Esther, just a little nervous, went on with the rehearsal of her music in the crimson and gold hall, whose roof did not leak, and where weary little children did not suffer from cold and hunger, while their mothers drank beer with the neighbors.

Bastien heard Esther's story of the scene in the O'Connors' room with interest.

"But what conclusion shall I draw from it all?" he asked.

"This," Esther answered. "That the law should be so enforced that the landlords of tenements should be obliged to keep them in decent repair. And this: that half the drunkenness of the men is due to the neglect of home duties by their wives. You can't help the latter, though; the wives have acquired shiftless habits; they have been brought up in them or taught them thoroughly. The only hope is in the children."

Bastien sighed. Where were the theorists now?

"The priest I met yesterday told me the same thing. Where are the theorists now?"

Esther thanked him for giving her the roll of music. He would have liked to ask her to let him accompany her part of the way homeward, to continue the discussion; but Arthur Fitzgerald came up, and she went away with him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Dream of Paradise.

BY HELEN MONTAGU STUART.

IN the mystic realm of slumber, in the quiet land of rest,
 Came to me a radiant vision of the Country of the Blest;
 Angels, through the silvery moonbeams gliding swiftly from the skies,
 Brought to me from Eden's Garden that fair dream of Paradise.
 Foremost in a long procession, in her shining raiment drest,
 Came the One who through all ages bears a name forever blest,—
 Queen of Heaven! Spotless Lily! walking in resplendent light
 Which no mortal eyes can fathom, in the boundless Infinite.
 Blessed Lady! Mother Glorious! dare I hope to see thy face
 In the land where none can enter save through His redeeming grace,—
 Who died that we might gain access into His holy place?

Those who in her steps had trodden, followed her,
 in robes of white;
 Palms within their hands were waving, they were
 crowned with gems of light.
 They were there, the martyr-maidens, who had
 conquered in the strife;
 They were there, the meek and patient, who had
 borne the cross through life;
 Ransomed from earth's tribulation,—safe forever
 in the Fold;
 Passing 'neath the pearly gateway, walking in the
 streets of gold.
 And I heard their thrilling anthem floating o'er
 the crystal sea:
 "Unto Him who hath redeemed us glory, praise,
 and honor be!"

But the dazzling vision faded—it was far too
 bright to stay;
 In the rosy tints of dawning vanished the celest-
 tial ray.
 Earthly chains are still around us, mortal prayers
 we still must pray;
 Pilgrims in the land of exile—waiting till the
 perfect day
 Dawns upon the distant mountains, and the
 shadows flee away.

Father Bernard, the Missionary of Mary.

I.

OF those special clients of the Mother of God whose hands touched ours, whose words sounded in our ears, there was no one who impressed more deeply the people who came within his influence than Father Bernard, missionary of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. His life seemed to be one clear flame, which turned upward toward the shrine of the Blessed among women, who, having held our Divine Lord on her knee, is the Seat of Wisdom; who was the Morning Star that shone with all the radiance of divine love on the glorious day of the Annunciation.

In June, 1832, the young Bernard Hafkenscheid was admitted into the small Congregation of the Redemptorists, and asked to begin his novitiate at Vienna. Father Bernard had been a priest for some months; he was looked on as promising to be as brilliant as well as a pious priest. He had made his studies in the Roman College, where in May, 1832, at the

age of twenty-four, he had been unanimously elected Roman Doctor.

In the first year of his studies he had taken the great silver medal for dogmatic theology. This was a notable event among the scholastics of the Society of Jesus, the students at the Roman College, and at the German College. It astonished them to see this student from Holland distancing even Vincent Pecci, now His Holiness Leo XIII. The first prize for the morning's class in theology was given to Vincent, while Bernard went back to the third rank; but in the evening class Bernard took the first, while Vincent had the second. The advantage would have rested with the future Pope had not Bernard triumphed in a dissertation, written without any helping book of reference, and with no assistance except his well-stored mind, pens, ink, and paper.

Bernard, being a native of Amsterdam, followed his studies in Rome under difficulties. The Dutch Government forbade the education of priests outside its jurisdiction, under the penalty of exclusion from public employment and from the exercises of all ecclesiastical functions within the boundaries of Holland. The Government was not satisfied with this: it aspired to educate priests. The Catholics of Holland refused to render to Cæsar the things that were God's. The story of this brave struggle against persecution is well told in the "Life of Father Bernard," by his nephew, Father Lans.

The group of Dutch students at Rome was a very happy one, although they were deprived of an ecclesiastical education at home and forbidden to secure it away from home. Cardinal Capellari, afterward Gregory XVI., took them under his protection. Rome respected their nationality, and they made a little clan, in which Bernard's triumphs were jubilantly celebrated. He was amiable and gentle, yet so fixed in his intentions that he led his young friends nearer and nearer to God. He had an exquisite voice; the Italians, hard to please, praised it enthusiastically.

On Thursdays, the day of recreation, he organized concerts in the house of a friend,—a prelate, whose *salon* and whose piano were always at his disposal. Haydn's "Creation" had a never-ending charm for him; the music in the church of the Roman College de-

lighted him. There, each day, he assisted at Mass, with the numerous students of that College, before the magnificent altar of St. Aloysius Gonzaga.

In the year 1832 the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer was not what it is to-day. St. Alphonsus had not been canonized; the Redemptorists possessed only a few houses in Europe. In the Roman States, the French Revolution had almost annihilated them; but they were recovering. Who can say why the heart of the wise and brilliant young scholastic was drawn toward the Order of St. Alphonsus? He knew—Father Passerat, the Provincial, left him in no doubt—that his way would be thorny. "Obedience first," Father Passerat wrote; and the word obedience with the Redemptorist means perfect indifference, whether one is a provincial or a sacristan; and even perfect indifference to all opinions that do not touch faith. Bernard knew, too, that his parents would be grief-stricken at his entrance into a community which was unknown to them, and which would be the means of separating him from them. After a great struggle he went across the Alps to Father Passerat, and there the rival of the future Pope, the youngest and brightest star of the Roman Doctorate, swept rooms and carried water as an humble disciple of St. Alphonsus. He was the first Redemptorist from Holland.

II.

The month of May was always a delight to Father Bernard. It is the month in which the little children make their First Communion, and in which all nature unites to honor the Immaculate Virgin. It was in that month, in 1865, that he finished his two hundred and eighty-fourth mission; and then his career as a missionary ended. This was death to him, though he actually lived until September. When he felt the agony that was to make the "*bellissima voce*" silent, which had been used so exclusively in the service of the Mother of God, he insisted on reciting his *Ave Marias*. It was on the last day of May, and after the little children had received their God, he went into the church to recite the Rosary, kneeling among them. His foot struck a little bench; he fell and broke the tendon of his knee.

In May, 1865, he had much to look back to. He had never forgotten the old days at

Rome,—the days of the "Creation" sung in the *salon* of the amiable prelate, the Thursday trips to Assisi, to Loreto, to a hundred shrines. He loved the Eternal City with all his heart; he would have liked to die there, but the accident to his knee kept him in Holland. He had preached the faith in Belgium, in Holland, in France, in England, in Ireland; but what he seemed to remember with the most tenderness and satisfaction when near his end was that he had preached the devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary in America. Probably one of the most severe trials of his life had been the necessity of preaching in a foreign tongue. "To do that," he was heard to say, "is one of the best exercises of the missionary; for he must renounce himself."

The Belgian and French papers criticised his faults of construction and pronunciation. He begged to be relieved of the task of preaching in French. But the "sweet and terrible" Father Passerat reminded him that he must be careful not to be the toy of self-love. He accepted the dictum as if it were the stroke of a spur; and his next sermon, born in the fire of humility, was fruitful in conversions.

Father Bernard visited the United States in 1845 as *socius*, and the four months he spent here filled him with amazement and sorrow,—amazement at so much faith in such temptations; sorrow at the dearth of priests and the increase of sects. He longed for America on his return; it was not until 1848 that he was sent hither as vice-provincial. In 1853 he went to Ireland, where his hearers responded to his burning words with cries and sighs and tears. The difficulties he had with English idioms seemed burned away by his love of souls; and, then, as an old Limerick woman said, "He had the heart of a saint and the voice of an angel."

In September, 1865—the time of his death,—Father Bernard had much to look back to: wonderful experiences, wonderful humiliations, wonderful triumphs; so wonderful that his name with us here in America has a mystic halo. But he remembered only one: that he had preached the glory of the Incarnation; and he hoped that 'Jesus, Chief of missionaries, would not reject him, for he had served His Mother humbly.'

Martyrs in March.

BY E. V. N.

THE martyrdom of St. Felicitas and her seven sons is one of the most touching in all the long annals of persecution. Felicitas was a Roman lady of high rank, living in the second century—at the time of Marcus Aurelius. Upon becoming a widow she took a vow to remain one, and resolved to devote herself to the pleasant duty of bringing up her children in the fear of God, and implanting in their tender minds and hearts the sublime maxims of Christianity. Her example was the means of drawing several pagans of note from their vile superstitions, and also of encouraging other Christians to show themselves worthy of their profession.

The champions of the pagan creed, enraged at the loss of certain distinguished followers, complained to the Emperor. Marcus Aurelius, that superstitious prince, lent a willing ear to the murmurs of these false priests, and delegated Publius, Prefect of Rome, to inquire into the matter. He began by requiring Felicitas to appear before him, when, by amiable words at first and then by threats of torture, he tried to induce her to offer sacrifice to the gods. But she would not.

"You can not influence me by bribes or threats," she said. "The Holy Spirit dwells in my soul, and will not let me be overcome by Satan. If I live I shall be victorious, and if I die my triumph will be eternal."

"Then," continued Publius, "if you deem it so sweet to die, at least show pity toward your sons."

Felicitas replied: "If my sons do not sacrifice to idols they will live; but if they commit so heinous a crime they will die in time and in eternity."

The next day Publius, seated in the Forum, ordered Felicitas and her sons to be brought before him.

"Have compassion, lady, upon these fine boys, who are in the prime of life," said he.

Felicitas answered: "Your mercy is impious and your exhortation cruel." Then, turning to her sons, she added: "Raise your eyes to heaven, beloved ones, and behold

Christ and His saints waiting to receive you. I beg you to be faithful to the love you have pledged to your Redeemer."

Upon hearing these words, Publius directed his men to strike Felicitas with clubs, saying to her: "Do you dare to advise your children in my presence to defy the orders of their rulers?"

Then the Prefect summoned Januarius, the eldest of her sons, and told him that if he would sacrifice to the idols his reward would be great, but if he refused great punishment awaited him.

"Your counsels," replied the youth, "are full of folly. God will help me to bear your tortures."

At this the judge gave orders that he should be scourged and taken back to prison.

Then the Prefect commanded Felix, the second son, to appear. As Publius exhorted him to yield, he replied courageously: "We worship only one God. You will never separate me or my brother from the love of Jesus Christ."

When Felix had been led away the judge said: "Let Philip, the third son, come here." And when the boy was brought to him he added: "Our Emperor commands you to adore the omnipotent gods."

"They are neither gods nor omnipotent," answered the lad: "they are senseless idols; and whoever adores them will incur the wrath of the one true God."

Philip having been escorted from the scene, Silvanus, the fourth son, was compelled to enter, and the Prefect thus addressed him: "You have all undoubtedly arranged with your unreasonable mother to disobey the orders of your princes and rush headlong to destruction."

To which Silvanus replied: "If in such a cause we avoided temporal death, we should incur one which is eternal. But, since we know what joys await the just and what terrible torments will be the fate of sinners, we cheerfully transgress the Roman law and obey the divine command. We will not sacrifice to idols."

Silvanus was hurried away, and Alexandrinus, the fifth son, was ushered in. The judge bade him remember his youth. "Be not rebellious, my son, but comply with the

wish of the Emperor and become his friend. Save your life and gain his favor."

Alexandrinus answered: "I am the servant of Jesus Christ. I confess Him with my mouth. I am devoted to Him in heart, and I praise and adore Him incessantly. I will never worship your gods."

He being led away, they sent for Vital, the sixth of the noble band.

"Would you not prefer life to death?" asked the Prefect, caressingly.

"Who prefers the better life—he who serves the true God or he who serves demons?" rejoined the boy.

"Who are demons?" inquired Publius.

"All your gods and those who serve them!" was the bold answer.

Then they obliged Vital to retire and give place to Martial, the seventh.

"You are your own worst enemies," said the judge, "since you insist upon despising our orders and rushing to destruction."

At this Martial rejoined: "Oh, if you poor misguided ones could only realize the punishment which is in store for those who reject God and adore false gods!"

Publius, seeing how vain his attempts had been, had the seven accused, and wrote a full account of their utterances to the Emperor.

The records state that the Emperor sent this noble band before different judges, in order to have them undergo varying tortures. But neither seductive promises nor horrible menaces could effect any change in Felicitas or her sons, and they died confessing their faith in Christ.

It was natural that in the confusion and excitement attending the burial of martyrs, in order to prevent the desecration of the remains, that each body should receive a separate inhumation. Therefore Januarius, who suffered alone, was buried alone in a cemetery upon the Appian Way. Felix and Philip, immolated together, were borne together into the Cemetery of Priscilla. Silvanus, who was martyred alone, was buried in the Cemetery of Maximus. The other three, dying together, sleep side by side. The mother, sacrificed alone, was laid near her fourth son, in the Cemetery of Maximus, which in succeeding years came to be known as the Cemetery of St. Felicitas.

It was in the beautiful church erected in this place in honor of the martyr-mother that St. Gregory the Great preached a homily on her feast-day.

"Felicitas," said he, "having seven sons, had more dread of leaving them on earth than other mothers have of surviving theirs. She was far more than a martyr, because she underwent a separate martyrdom in each one of her darlings. In their holy deaths she was the eighth in the order of time, but first in the anguish produced by those heart-rending spectacles. She began her martyrdom in the loss of her eldest born, and consummated it by her own agonized death; hence she received a crown for herself and one for each of her offspring. While seeing them tortured her constancy never wavered, although as a mother she endured all that nature feels in such dreadful circumstances; yet in her inmost heart she experienced the holy joy that is the daughter of celestial Hope!"

Leaves from the Diary of a Parish Priest.

I.

ANNE was the second daughter of a good Catholic family. At school she had been a docile pupil, studying her lessons with marked faithfulness. On the day of her First Communion all eyes were centred on her, everyone regarding her as an eminently pious child. "She will be a Sister," some had whispered. "She will at least prove a good and faithful maiden," remarked others.

Time passed, and Anne grew to be a bright and attractive young woman, honored and respected by all who knew her for her simple piety, devotion to her family, and unaffected modesty. Three of her classmates had chosen the religious life, and Anne also was getting ready to enter the convent; but when the young ladies left for their future home Anne was not with them. Something prevented her. "I will go later," she said.

Years went by. On one dismal November day a weeping mother brought her daughter, deeply veiled, to her pastor's study. "O Father!" cried the afflicted mother, "my daughter missed her vocation, and now—"

Her tears indicated the sad sequel. "Let us cast the mantle of charity over erring youth," said the priest. "God called you, my child, and you did not heed Him. He wanted you, and you would not go. What you have lost by not embracing the religious life you must now repair by becoming a true Magdalene, and leading a life of penance."

A few years after this a sad message reached Anne's afflicted yet deeply consoled parents. Their child was at the point of death. They hurried to her in time to hear her last words, which were a request that the decades of the Sorrowful Mysteries of the Rosary might be said. As the last *Ave* was finished her soul, purified through penance, went to its merciful Judge. Her career with the Sisters of the Good Shepherd had been worthy of all praise, and much was doubtless forgiven her.

If the lesson of that young person's life could be put into words they would read thus: Pray to know your vocation, and then follow God's call.

II.

"What is the meaning of that bell which rings morning, noon, and night?" asked Mr. Mc——, the "boss" carpenter, of the pastor of D., some twenty years ago. Mac, as he was called, was building the new school-house in the rear of the church.

"Why, that bell is called the Angelus!" answered the priest; "for it tells the world three times a day what the Angel (*Angelus*) announced to the Blessed Virgin more than eighteen hundred years ago. You can read all about it in St. Luke's Gospel. The redemption of mankind through Jesus Christ is the all-important fact to us, and we should never be allowed to forget it. Hence Holy Church—the Catholic Church, I mean,—reminds her faithful children three times a day of this mystery."

"Ah!" said Mac. "That is very beautiful and full of deep thought. I never knew there was so much good in your Church. I have been taught that it is Antichrist, and as such to hate it."

Years went by. Mac's business had vastly increased; but, busy as he always was, he never failed to hear the Angelus bell, which had rung in his ears since his talk with the pastor of D. That priest's house had become

a familiar place to him. He had made frequent visits there to gain information and procure books.

Meanwhile his office was a rendezvous for the ministers of the different *isms* of the town, who gathered in it to fortify one another, and combat Mac, who they feared was going in the wrong way. "It is too bad," they said to one another, "that such an intelligent man should be influenced by the pretensions of the superstitious Church of Rome."

Mac read and studied until the "tower of truth" was raised in his mind. "There can be but one true church," he said; "and that church must be the Catholic Church."

And now? Mac has embraced the Catholic religion, and through his efforts a large new bell, a memento of his baptism, announces three times a day to the inhabitants of D. the joyous news of the redemption of mankind. There is no sweeter music to him than the tones of that bell.

Would that in every heart the Angelus might be heard above the noise of earth!

O.

Readings from Remembered Books.

DEVOTION TO THE FOSTER-FATHER OF OUR LORD.

DEVOTION to St. Joseph lay, as it were, dormant in the Church. Not that there was anything new to be known about him, or any fresh revelation to be made of him, except in the way of private revelations to the saints. He belonged exclusively to the Sacred Infancy. The beginning of St. Matthew's Gospel contained him. By two Evangelists he had been left in complete silence, and the third had barely named him in the genealogy. Tradition held some scanty notices of him, but they had no light but what they borrowed from St. Matthew. All we have now of St. Joseph was there then, only the sense of the faithful had not taken it up; God's time was not yet come. The sense of the faithful was not like the complete science of the Apostles: it was not equal to it; it had to grow to it, to master it, to fill it out with devotions, to animate it with institutions, to submit to it as a perfectly administered hierarchy. But God's time came for this dear devotion; and it came, like all His gifts, when times were dark and calamities were rife.

Beautiful Provence! it rose up in the west from your delightful land, like the cloud of delicate

almond blossom that seems to float and shine between heaven and earth over your fields in spring. It rose from a confraternity in the white city of Avignon, and was cradled by the swift Rhone, that river of martyr memories, that runs by Lyons, Orange, Vienne, and Arles, and flows into the same sea that laves the shores of Palestine. The land which the contemplative Magdalen had consecrated by her hermit life, and where the songs of Martha's school of virgins had been heard praising God, and where Lazarus had worn a mitre instead of a grave-cloth,—it was there that he, who was so marvellously Mary and Martha combined, first received the glory of his devotion. Then it spread over the Church. Gerson was raised up to be its doctor and theologian, and St. Teresa to be its saint, and St. Francis of Sales to be its popular teacher and missionary. The houses of Carmel were like the holy house of Nazareth to it, and the colleges of the Jesuits its peaceful sojourns in dark Egypt.

The contemplative took it up and fed upon it; the active laid hold of it, and nursed the sick and fed the hungry in its name. The working people fastened on it; for both the saint and his devotion were of them. The young were drawn to it, and it made them pure; the aged rested on it, for it made them peaceful. St. Sulpice took it, and it became the spirit of the secular clergy; and when the great Society of Jesus had taken refuge in the Sacred Heart, and the Fathers of the Sacred Heart were keeping their lamps burning ready for the resurrection of the Society, devotion to St. Joseph was their stay and their consolation. So it gathered into itself orders and congregations, high and low, young and old, ecclesiastical and lay, schools and confraternities, hospitals, orphan asylums, and penitentiaries,—everywhere holding up Jesus, everywhere hand in hand with Mary, everywhere the refreshing shadow of the Eternal Father. Then, when it had filled Europe with its odor, it went over the Atlantic, plunged into the damp umbrage of the backwoods, embraced all Canada, became a mighty missionary power, and tens of thousands of savages filled the forests and the rolling prairies at sundown with hymns to St. Joseph, the praises of the foster-father of Our Lord. . . .

But the inventive genius of Christian art in its aptest and most-felicitous inspirations could find no picture of what we do with the Blessed Sacrament more accurate or more comprehensive than the mysteries of Joseph. Thus the devotion to the Blessed Sacrament meets and takes up the two great devotions to Mary and Joseph, in its connection with the Sacred Infancy to which they both belong. It was to be expected beforehand

from the nature of things that the Blessed Sacrament would be the universal devotion of the Church; and therefore we need not be surprised at these various traces of peculiar connection between it and the other devotions of the Church. They show us how far special devotions are from being mere prettinesses and ornaments of the Catholic system; and how irreverent it is in temper and untheological in mind to contrast them with other things, as if those only were solid and fruitful, these empty and merely odoriferous at the best. They all hang together. Orthodox doctrine is bound up with them, and the honor of Jesus implicated in them; and the mortification, which is anything better than the austerity of a stoic or a fakir, is that which comes from the loving imitation of Jesus, and from it alone.—*"The Blessed Sacrament," Frederick William Faber, D. D.*

A SPECIMEN OF CATHOLIC IGNORANCE.

On Thursday, July 17, I attended at the defence of his theses by an American student at the Urban College, generally known as that of the Propaganda. The number of young men in this institution is over one hundred. The process is generally as follows:

During the private examinations at the several periods of the year by the professors of the College itself, and also at that toward the end of the academical season by others as well as by the professors of the house, one or more of the best pupils are selected to defend the theses. A thesis, as the reader is aware, is a position or stated proposition; several of these are selected from the scientific course, which the student publishes, and declares that he will be ready, at a fixed time and place, to defend their truth against all opponents. The lists are regularly prepared for this scholastic knight, who appears duly sustained to exhibit his powers. Nor is this tournament a mere idle display in the rivalry of the schools: there are often formidable encounters and numerous spectators, and not unfrequently serious disasters. There is a formidable Jesuit here, who is a professor of dogmatic theology at the Roman College, who has lately swept, in a comparatively short encounter, half a dozen of those youthful aspirants from the field of fame; and their teachers were neither insensible nor inactive on and after the encounter. The effects of this carnage are not yet at an end: gauntlet after gauntlet is flung down, and the judges of such feats are in continual requisition.

On the present occasion John Martin Spalding, a Kentuckian and the senior student of the United States of North America, a pupil of the Ur-

ban College, wrote a respectful and manly Latin address to the Congregation of Cardinals presiding over the affairs of the Propaganda, in which, after wishing their Eminences happiness and health, he informs them of what he considers the blessings diffused by their institution, for which they deserve thanks; and as he has finished the usual course of studies, he has determined to express publicly his gratitude by sustaining his theses, expressing the doctrines which he shall endeavor to teach in those distant regions to which he is about to return. For this purpose he will appear, God willing, in the morning, in the great hall of the College, when and where it shall be lawful for any one who thinks proper to controvert what he undertakes to defend; and in the afternoon he will appear in the College chapel, where three select champions will successively make their assaults.

Then follows a list of two hundred and fifty-six propositions which he undertakes to defend; they are taken from the several treatises of theology and canon law; copies of this were sent to the other colleges, and special invitations were given to several individuals whose attendance was particularly desirable. . . .

At the farther extremity of the principal hall of the College, opposite the door, was a carpeted platform elevated two steps; upon this the young Kentuckian was seated, with a small table before him; having also seated by him, on one side, his professor of theology, a Roman, and on the other his professor of law, a Bavarian count, who is a priest and rector of the College. The renowned scholar, Angelo Mai, presided, being seated on your right as you entered the hall near this platform. A range of chairs extended on either side, leaving a passage of about ten feet wide in the centre, from the door to the platform. Those chairs were intended for cardinals, bishops, or other prelates and professors who might arrive. Ranges of benches parallel to these, on each side, behind, were pretty generally thronged by students of that and of other colleges, and by many strangers. No cardinal was present in the forenoon; the Bishop of Charleston was the only prelate of the episcopal order; but a number of others of various grades occupied most of the chairs. This room eighty feet in length by perhaps forty wide, and twenty in height, has its walls decorated with paintings of students of this College, under the inflictions of the deadly pain by which they were in remote regions martyred for their discharge of duty; thus exhibiting to the youth who are therein educated the constancy which the Church expects from them under similar circumstances.

The first argument had been concluded when I

arrived; it was conducted by an Italian secular priest, whose name I could not learn. The second was made by a Dominican friar, a man of very great talent and ingenuity; he also had nearly concluded. An infirmarian, or crutched friar, conducted the third with considerable spirit and ability. (By the by, you should in America say that what I call a crutched friar is in Italy called a *crucifero*, or "cross-bearer." He wears a red cross on the right breast of a black habit, and his obligation is to spend his time in attending the sick, especially in infirmaries. Hence I call him an infirmarian; this valuable order of devoted men was founded by St Camillo of Lellis.) Next succeeded an Irishman, a student of the Roman Seminary, who did argue most lustily against the Real Presence and the Sacrifice of the Mass. The next was a German Jesuit, well-known in the United States, Father Kohlman, who for nearly half an hour argued eloquently against the primacy of the Holy See. He was followed by Signor Rosa, one of the *minutanti* and a professor of theology, who argued against the power of remitting all sins in the Sacrament of Penance. Doctor Wiseman, rector of the English College, next argued for the figurative meaning of the words of our Saviour in the institution of the Eucharist, introducing various analogous passages from Persian, Arabic, and other Asiatic writers; some of which are pompously brought forward in the preface to ponderous tomes of polyglots, by an Oxford doctor of modern celebrity. The celebrated Monsignor Mezzofanti then followed up with considerable subtlety and acuteness, when the great bell announced midday.

The young American had now been upward of four hours sharply engaged in scholastic disputation, in the Latin language, with men of various nations and of no ordinary calibre, and had not failed or hesitated in a single answer.

To a stranger the style of this mode of disputation is altogether a novelty. You are carried back by the introduction of the argument to all the pompous style of ancient heraldry and regulated courtesy of disputation. The disputant generally commences by a high-wrought compliment to the institution, to its various officers, to the particular professor of the science in which he is to make his assault, to the genius and erudition of the defender; then speaks of his own defeats, how reluctant he is to couch a lance against so powerful an opponent; but if he makes a pass or two, it is not in the vain hope of a victory, for which there is no chance; but that, taught by the prowess he will elicit, he may improve. He then commences his attack and presses on, generally with great vigor. The defender, in

turn, professes the high estimation in which he holds his opponent; introducing in his description an enumeration of the offices he has held, the honors he has obtained, and the great qualities for which he is remarkable. Then he briefly recapitulates the argument, dissects it, and takes its separate parts for successive examination; and after having thus disposed of it, he says that he is inclined to think it not so strong as at first supposed.

There was a recess for rest, dinner, and preparation for the afternoon. But on this occasion the assembly was more solemn. The disposition of the church was similar to that of the hall. The dresses, however, at this exercise were, for cardinals, bishops, and other prelates, what were called robes of the second class,—the cardinals in red, the bishops in purple, and such of the other prelates as were entitled to it the same color. The cardinals, of whom only seven were present, sat on very rich chairs on the right side of the chapel,—you faced the door; those chairs were elevated one step above the level of the floor. Three chosen disputants occupied the first places on the opposite side, then the bishops, etc. The Swiss Guard formed at the door and lined the passage.

The exercises began with an exceedingly ingenious argument against the Primacy of St. Peter, made with great tact and skill by the prelate Rafaele Fornari, Canonist of the Penitentiary, former professor of theology in the Propaganda, and a man of the very first ability. This lasted nearly three-quarters of an hour. The second was on the subject of Grace, by Father Perrone, a Jesuit, professor of dogmatic theology in the Roman College; this is a man of the most profound research and great logical powers, with an admirable memory. This engagement lasted half an hour. Nearly as long again was occupied in an argument against the divine character of Christianity, by Father Modena, a Dominican friar. The cardinals rose and shook hands with the Kentuckian, who was carried away by his fellow-students in triumph.

Thus ended the public disputation at about eight o'clock. This is a specimen of Roman schools and monkish ignorance!—"Letters from Rome," the Rt. Rev. Dr. England.

OUR OWN PARTICULAR TEMPER.

A man in a bad humor will go out of his way to be rained upon and blown against by the weather. We would all like to change our surroundings with our moods,—to fill the world with sunshine when we are happy, and with clouds when we have stumbled in the labyrinths of life. Lovers wish that the whole earth might

be one garden, crossed and recrossed by silent moon-lit paths; and when love has taken the one and left the other, he who stays behind would have his garden changed to an angry ocean, and the sweet moss-banks to storm-beaten rocks, that he might drown in the depths, or be dashed to pieces by the waves, before he has had time to know all that he has lost.

As we grow older, life becomes the expression of a mood, according to the way we have lived. He who seeks peace will find that with advancing age the peaceful moment, that once came so seldom, returns more readily, and that at last the moments unite to make hours, and the hours to build up days and years. He who stoops to petty strife will find that the oft-recurring quarrel has power to perpetuate the discontented weakness out of which it springs, and that it can make all life a hell. He who rejoices in action will learn that activity becomes a habit, and at last excludes the possibility of rest, and the desire for it. And his lot is the best; for the momentary gladness in a great deed well done is worth a millennium of sinless, nerveless tranquillity. The positive good is as much better than the negative "non-bad" as it is better to save a life than not to destroy a life. But whatever temper of mind we choose will surely become chronic in time, and will be known to those among whom we live as our temper, our own particular temper, as distinguished from the tempers of other people.—"*Marzio's Crucifix*," F. Marion Crawford.

A PRETTY LEGEND.

There is a pretty legend told of Jesus and two or three of His disciples going down, one summer day, from Jerusalem to Jericho. Peter—the ardent and eager Peter—was as usual by the Master's side. On the road to Olivet lay a horseshoe, which the Master desired Peter to pick up, but which Peter let lie, as he did not think it worth the trouble of stooping for. The Master stooped for it, and exchanged it in the village for a measure of cherries. These cherries He carried (as men there now carry such things) in the bosom folds of His dress.

When they had to ascend the ridge, and the road lay between heated rocks, and over rugged stones and glaring white dust, Peter became tormented with heat and thirst, and fell behind. Then the Master dropped a ripe cherry at every few footsteps, and Peter eagerly stooped for it. When they were all gone, Jesus turned to him and said with a smile, "He who is above stooping to a small thing will have to bend his back to many lesser things."—"In a Club Corner," A. P. Russell.

Notes and Remarks.

The late Mrs. Donovan, of Baltimore, who endowed a chair of literature in John Hopkins' University, was not a Catholic, although she left Cardinal Gibbons a sum of money for the education of a priest. The story of this donation runs thus: It seems that ex-Mayor Latrobe, who was the lady's legal adviser, was called in some time before she made her will, to arrange about the legacies. Her husband, it appears, was a Catholic, and she was anxious to leave something to "one of the Christian churches," as she phrased it. She added that she did not know which church to choose, there were so many of them; and they came and went,—she did not know whether any of them would last. "That's true," Mr. Latrobe answered, "they *do* come and go; it seems to me that the Catholic Church *has* lasted the longest, and *will* probably last the longest." Mrs. Donovan was struck by this; she felt that a church that had lasted so long must have the element of permanence, and so the money went as we have stated.

Gabriel, the mission Indian, known as the oldest man on the Pacific coast, died recently at Salinas, Monterey Co., California. He remembered episodes in the history of the Franciscan missions which had been obliterated from the memory of man; for Gabriel was one hundred and fifty-one years old when he departed this life. He never ceased to regret the passing away of the good friars.

On the 4th inst. the Sacred Congregation of Rites held a preparatory session for the purpose of making the first inquiry into the heroic virtues of the servant of God, Angelus de Pas, a professed priest of the Order of Friars Minors. He was a contemporary of Sixtus V., who summoned him to Rome and commissioned him to write a commentary on the Gospels.

Marshal MacMahon is very proud of one of his names; for, according to the French fashion, he has several, and the name he holds in highest esteem is Patrick. He said, on the eve of St. Patrick's Day, that for many years one child of the MacMahon family had been put under the patronage of the Apostle of Ireland, and he considers himself fortunate in being one of these children. He remarked to the reporter of the *New York World* that all the principal events of his life had occurred in the month of St. Patrick.

"Thus it was," he continued, "on St. Patrick's

Day, in 1871, I returned to France after signing the peace between Germany and France. It was on St. Patrick's Day, 1825, that I heard of my nomination as cadet to the School of St. Cyr. Again, in 1845, it was on that auspicious day that I was told that my appointment as colonel had been decided upon. Ten years later, in 1855, it was on the morrow of St. Patrick's Day that I heard that I was to be recalled from Constantinople to France, where, the following August, I was appointed to the command of a division of infantry under Gen. Bosquet. Three years later, in 1859—that is to say, in the month of March,—it was proposed to me that I should take command of the Second Corps of the Alps Army. This post I did take in the following April. My attempt to found a kingdom in Algeria, strangely enough, was again on the Feast of St. Patrick. On two other occasions two more important events connected with my administration of that Province occurred on St. Patrick's Day. It was in 1873 that another incident connected with my career took place. It was on St. Patrick's Day on the afternoon of that day that I met De Fourton, who told me that my election as President of the Republic was assured. I did not thank him for the prophecy, because I never was a political man. I had no ambition in that direction. However, eight weeks later the prophecy was fully realized. Finally, it was on St. Patrick's Day, 1878, that I drafted the speech I read at the opening exhibition of that year. You see," said the Marshal, "that day which is dedicated to the Saint whose name I bear has been an eventful one in my life, which, on the whole, has been a happy one."

"Patrick," sweet as it is and reverent as it is, is not a Celtic name; it is time that the old Irish saints were remembered in the giving of names.

The Marquis of Ripon recently made a speech at Nottingham, in which he alluded to a touching episode of the London dock strikes. After telling how Cardinal Manning's patience, gentleness, and apostolic firmness had their effect, but were met at first by hostile words, the Marquis went on to say:

"It was late before Cardinal Manning summed up. In an address, which deeply moved his hearers, he reviewed the arguments on both sides. He himself was accountable to no human authority for standing there: he was responsible only to One above. Unaccustomed tears glistened in the eyes of his rough and work-stained hearers, as he raised his hand and solemnly urged them not to prolong one moment more than they could help the perilous uncertainty, and the suffering of their wives and children. Just

above his uplifted hand was a carved figure of the Madonna and Child, and some among the men tell how a sudden light seemed to swim around it as the speaker pleaded for the women and children. When he sat down all the room knew, in their own minds, that he had won the day, and that, so far as the councils were concerned, that was the end of the strike—the Cardinal's peace."

Monuments or memorials of Columbus, though plentiful in Italy, especially in Genoa, are few and far between in the United States; however, the celebration in 1892 will probably signalize the inauguration of innumerable monuments, statues, etc. Baltimore claims the distinction of being the first American city to do public honor to the discoverer. A column bearing his name was erected there as early as 1784, by the Consul-General of France. But the fact is, it was almost forgotten till the question of the World's Fair began to be agitated. Columbus, Ohio, of all our cities should have a monument to the great admiral. A few years ago a wealthy gentleman named Rickley volunteered a subscription of \$1,000 for this purpose. We are glad to see that Congress has passed a resolution for the erection of a colossal statue to Columbus in Washington. It will be of bronze, and the estimated cost is \$75,000. It will not be unveiled till the celebration in 1892. Although a bust of the discoverer of the New World is an ornament of the Pincio, it is proposed to erect a monument somewhere in the heart of Rome. The proposal, which has been received with much favor, was made by Father Angelucci, of the Servites of Mary.

The *Osservatore Romano* publishes a pontifical brief re-establishing the Festival of St. Joseph as a feast of obligation in Spain, in compliance with the urgent petition of the bishops, priests, and laity of that country. The Government has also officially recognized the festival as one of the national holidays.

Mr. Justin McCarthy's views on the religious novel are valuable. If the world of fiction, as well as the world of the theatre, is to be purified, it must be by the introduction of religion into the novel and the stage. Mr. McCarthy, in a recent "interview," said: "The religious novel justifies itself if well done. Mrs. Humphrey Ward's 'Robert Ellsmere' left untouched the whole field of religious feeling which is represented by the Catholic Church."

To the question, "What do you call this age?" Mr. McCarthy replied: "Emphatically it is an epoch of revolution. And I am glad of it."

"Which puzzles me to a certain extent," the interviewer replied; "for I always think politics, religion, and science go together; and how can a Catholic, whose Church is, as it were, a mediæval crystallization precipitated into the very heart of this epoch of revolution, rejoice in that very universal upsetting of the old, old ideas?"—"No, no: you are mistaken," was the emphatic reply. "Whatever changes take place *must* be changes which are directed by the Spirit that rules the universe; and the Catholic Church has no fear."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. John F. Coburn, of Newark, N. J., who passed away on the 13th inst., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. Thomas White, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a holy death on the 10th inst., at Ovid, N. Y.

Mrs. Alice Drew, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who went to receive the reward of her great charity on the 7th inst.

Mrs. Mary Hawkes, who peacefully yielded her soul to God on the 12th inst., at Nahant, Mass.

Mr. Thomas P. McEvoy, of Athens, Pa., who expired on the same day.

Miss Mary A. Rooney, whose edifying life closed in a happy death on the Feast of the Purification, at La Motte, Iowa.

Mr. John Lambert Fahy, of Frankfort, Ky., who died an edifying death on the 17th of January.

Mr. R. Prendergast, who piously breathed his last at Potosi, Mo., on the 18th ult.

Mr. John Corby, of Detroit, Mich., who died on the 2d inst., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Miss Nora A. Dee, a fervent Child of Mary, deceased in San Francisco, Cal., on the 16th inst.

Mr. John Murray, who departed this life on the 27th ult., at Neosho, Mo.

Mr. Patrick O'Leary, of New Haven, Conn., an exemplary Catholic gentleman, whose precious death took place on the 3d inst.

Mrs. Mary Moroney, who was called to the recompense of a good life on the 14th ult., at Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Anthony Bohan and Miss Minnie Bohan, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Walsh and Miss Teresa Mallowney, Holyrood, Newfoundland; Mrs. Edward Casey, Bertrand, Mich.; Mr. James Moran, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Edward Howley, Blue Earth City, Minn.; and Mrs. Ann Farren, Norway, Pa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



The Legend of the Passion-Flower.

(CONCLUSION.)

III.

Following the path where to-day rises the picturesque Convent of the Virgin of the Valley, and almost at a stone's-throw from the rock known in Toledo as the Moor's Head, might still be seen in those days the ruins of a Byzantine church, which existed before the conquest of the Moors. Thorny cactus and parasitic plants grew over the porch, under which several large stones lay scattered about. Here was to be seen the broken capital of a column, there the corner-stone of a window rudely carved, with twining wreaths, grotesque heads, and deformed human figures. Of the church itself but little remained, except the four walls and a few broken arches covered with ivy.

Oppressed by a vague presentiment of evil, Sara hesitated a few minutes when she reached the rock which had been pointed out to her by the boatman, uncertain which path she was to follow; but at last she turned with a firm and resolute step toward the abandoned ruins of the church.

Her instinct had not misled her. Daniel, morose and fierce-looking, stood inside the walls. He was no longer the weak and humble old man that he usually appeared, but was gesticulating violently to a crowd of Jews, by whom he was surrounded. He seemed to be inflamed by the demon of vengeance; his small, round eyes flashed fire; he was eager to vent his wrath upon some one particular enemy of his faith. He was everywhere at once, giving orders to some, exhorting others to work, arranging with his own hands the necessary implements for the carrying out of the fiendish revenge which he had been plotting for days while he hammered so patiently and untiringly in the dingy little workshop.

Sara, favored by the darkness, stood watching in the doorway of the temple, fascinated,

yet almost paralyzed. She could hardly restrain the cry of horror which rose to her lips at the sight before her. By the red glow from a forge, which lit up the walls of the church, she saw a heavy black cross being raised to its full height; on a stone near by were enormous iron nails, while a crown of cactus thorns lay beside them.

Horrible stories rose in her mind. She remembered how many times her unfortunate race had been accused of dark and mysterious crimes. She remembered vaguely having heard a story called the "Crucified Boy," which she had hitherto believed to be a hideous calumny invented by the Christians to cast more odium on her people. But now there was no longer room for doubt. There, under her very eyes, were those horrible instruments of martyrdom, and the executioners seemed only waiting for their victim.

Seized with a righteous indignation, and animated by that invincible faith in the true God which her lover had taught her, she could no longer contain herself at the spectacle before her. Rousing herself from her fears, she appeared suddenly in the midst of her people. On seeing her the Jews gave a cry of surprise, while Daniel, advancing a step nearer, seized his daughter in a firm grasp, and asked in a hoarse voice:

"What do you seek here, rash girl?"

"I have come to put a stop to your infamous work," Sara replied, in a firm, resolute voice. "I have come to tell you that you wait in vain for the victim for the sacrifice, unless you wreak your vengeance upon me; he whom you expect will not come, because I have warned him of your diabolical designs, and he is far away by this time."

"Sara!" exclaimed the Jew, beside himself with rage; "Sara! it is not true,—you can not have dared to reveal our secret! If it be true that you have done so, you are no longer my daughter—"

"No, I am not your daughter," interrupted Sara. "I have another Father,—a Father who is all love for His children,—a Father whom you nailed to the Cross, and who died on it to redeem us, thus opening to us for all eternity the gates of heaven. No, I am no longer your daughter; for I am a Christian and repudiate my people."

Upon hearing these words, which were pronounced with the ardor which Heaven alone places in the mouths of martyrs, Daniel, frenzied with rage, sprang upon the beautiful Jewess, threw her to the ground, and, seizing her by the hair, dragged her to the foot of the cross (the arms of which seemed to open wide to receive her), and shrieked to those surrounding him:

"I give her up to you. Let justice be done upon this infamous creature, who has sold her honor, her religion, and her people."

IV.

On the following day, when the bells of the Cathedral were already chiming the triumphal *Gloria*, Daniel Levi opened the door of his shop as usual, and with that everlasting smile upon his lips, saluted the passers-by, while hammering as persistently as ever with his iron hammer. But, sad to say, the blinds of the little Moorish windows of Sara's apartments were opened no more, and no one ever saw again the beautiful face, framed by the colored tiles of the little balcony.

Many years after a shepherd brought to the Archbishop a flower which had never been seen before, in which were all the symbols of the Passion of Our Lord,—a mysterious and strange flower, which had grown and covered the old ruined walls of the dilapidated church. Upon inquiring into the cause of this marvel, the skeleton of a woman was found, and buried beside her were sacred emblems like those contained in the flower.

Although no one could identify the body, it was preserved with great care and regarded with intense veneration for many years in the Convent of San Pedro el Verde; and the flower, which to-day has become so common among us, was called the "Rose of the Passion."

The Oak of the Wandering Jew.

In the folk-lore of Germany it is related that the Wandering Jew can rest only where he finds two oaks growing in the form of a cross. It is remarkable that in these forms of popular tradition stories regarding trees have a conspicuous place. There is hardly a species of tree in the forest that has not its own quaint legend.

A Year in Jeanie Reilly's Life.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

(CONTINUED.)

A kindly young mentor at my elbow tells me that if I devote so much time to the first week in Jeanie's year at St. Mary's, the story will be very long and perhaps tiresome. But I ease her mind by promising not to be so long-winded in future, and tell her I shall endeavor to make the remainder of my history as concise as possible. And so I crave my readers' patience also.

"I did not see Mrs. Brady at church yesterday," said Jeanie next morning at breakfast; "although she told me to look out for her."

"She was ill all day, in bed," said Father Eugene. "I called in last evening before tea. She speaks well of you, Miss Jeanie. Do not be surprised if she should change her mind as to the disposition of her property and make you her heiress."

"Stranger things have happened," remarked Miss Lacy. "Once I was in high favor with her, but times are changed."

"Poor old Mr. Downey! He came here one morning to see me," said Father Eugene, "and was taken suddenly ill. Aunt Betty waited on him with much kindness, and Mrs. Brady at once inferred that it was to be a match, sooner or later. Such a thought would never have entered the mind of any one else. But you know Mrs. Brady now. He is a foolish old man, in the neighborhood of eighty."

"I never hear of him or see him," said Miss Lacy, "without thinking of the *Dear Diana*."

"You forgot to tell me, Father," observed Jeanie, "how your boat came to be called by that odd name."

"So I did," said the priest. "I have always thought it ought to have been re-named, but it got to be known by that name, and I never changed it. A young fellow in the neighborhood, a nephew of Mr. Downey, wanted to marry a girl who was a Protestant. She had gone about so much with our Catholic girls that she was not only willing but anxious to become a Catholic. (No shrugging of shoulders now, Aunt Betty; it is not for us to inquire into motives.) Her name was Diana

Johnson, and her parents, heathens themselves, were furious at the idea of her wishing to join the Church. I endeavored to remonstrate with the old man, but to no purpose. Finally, he locked her up, and Tom came over to me to see what was to be done about it. Of course I was very reluctant to be mixed up in the matter, and told him so, bidding him have patience and all would be well.

"He left the house, as I thought, to go home. But it seems he strolled down to the water on his way, and a bright thought struck him. My boat was lying, newly painted, on the stream. It had been launched only a couple of days before, and Tom, having been present on the occasion, had ocular evidence that it was water-tight. He jumped in, rowed over to Johnson's landing and met Diana. They went down to the boat, got in, and he rowed her to Gallipouset,—*one hundred and ten miles!* What do you think of that, Miss Jeanie? There he got a license, and they were married by Father McGilroy, returning the way they went. The journey occupied two weeks. The moment the runaway was announced I knew what had become of my boat. Of course old Mr. Johnson forgave them, and so did I; and Tom insisted on calling the boat the *Dear Diana*, by which name it has ever since been known."

"What an interesting adventure!" said Jeanie. "Do they live here still?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Father Eugene. "They are excellent Catholics, and their little boy is named for me."

On Tuesday evening about dusk the various members of the choir began to arrive, Jem coming first, as usual; three girls and as many young men on horseback followed; then came Maggie McMurty and Allie Regan; lastly, Katie Punk and her brother Hiram. Jeanie went over several hymns with them; they knew the music very well, and they would have passed muster creditably had it not been for Miss Punk's high, shrill, unsympathetic voice.

"You sing pretty good yourself," she said to Jeanie; "but you're such a little thing you ain't got no strength to go loud. Now, I just holler with all my might, and it don't hurt me a particle. If you tried to do that way you'd soon bust a blood-vessel."

"Very likely," answered Jeanie; "but aren't you afraid of over-exerting yourself sometime? If you would not sing quite so loud you would save your voice."

"'Twasn't given me to save," said Miss Katie, with a sarcastic laugh. "It's for them that can't sing to save their voices; them that can ought to use 'em."

"I have always heard that too much straining injured the vocal chords," said Jeanie, wondering how she could manage to substitute Allie Regan for Katie in a trio she had chosen for the coming Sunday.

"I don't know nothin' about vokelcores, or what they're for," was the rejoinder; "but as long as there's breath in my body I'll put it into my singin'."

Nothing would induce Katie to give up her beloved *Salve*; and her brow darkened when Jeanie apportioned the parts in the trio to Allie, Jem, and herself.

"*She* can't learn that there!" she said, jerking her head disdainfully in Allie's direction. "Le' me sing it."

"Ain't you ashamed, Katie!" interposed her brother, in a loud whisper. "You want everything!"

"Well, we'll see," she continued. "Just you wait a few minutes."

To her surprise and evident discomfiture, the trio, being very simple and melodious, went very nicely, and was pronounced a success by the entire choir. A duet followed, in which Maggie McMurty sang with Hiram; and before Miss Katie knew it her throne had been quietly usurped; nor did she ever again occupy her former position, but was obliged to take her turn with the others. Still she clung to the *Salve*, and is probably singing it in some village choir to this day; for she has long since left the neighborhood of St. Mary's.

The days passed quickly and pleasantly. Jeanie made the acquaintance of many of the members of the congregation, and, as is the custom in most country places, often went to spend the day at different farm-houses, sometimes with Miss Lacy and sometimes alone. One of the girls of the family would come over early in the morning on horseback, leading an extra horse for Jeanie. Great preparations were always made for the visitor,—the house in order, the children in their best pin-

afores, the table groaning with its weight of substantial and even luxurious food.

She found the fathers and mothers of these amiable families, while in many cases outwardly insignificant-looking, to be of a superior order of intelligence as compared with the usual grade of people in their rank of life. She soon learned the reason of this. They had emigrated in a body from the city of P——, at a time when a financial panic had closed the mills and workshops, and when land was very cheap in the country. Hence there were artisans of all kinds in the settlement: carpenters, masons, painters, joiners, and one or two grandfathers, who had been school-teachers. Several good papers were taken, among them the best of our Catholic weeklies, and some monthly magazines.

Father Eugene had established a circulating library, to which old and young subscribed, and his excellent literary taste had here asserted itself. Novels there were in plenty, and stories for the young, but of the best kind; while he was very particular to see that none among his flock confined their reading to this class of literature. Well-chosen biographies, than which nothing is more fascinating; good historical works, with choice selections from the poets, and some controversial and pious books, made up a library of about two hundred volumes. Jeanie had not been long at St. Mary's before she resolved that some of these which, by reason of constant use, had outlived their best days, should be replaced in the near future. She knew that nothing would give her father greater pleasure than to add some volumes to the cherished store.

Father Eugene also had an excellent private library, to which, with some restrictions, Jeanie was admitted. Whether listening to him reading, in his low-toned but finely modulated voice, selections from the best English authors, or reading to herself under some old tree, she spent many delightful hours in converse with great and cultured minds; and not the least among her fond memories of St. Mary's in after years were those bright hours spent in the garden of literature.

Mary Lawton came to be recognized as her special friend. A week never passed that visits were not interchanged, and Mary and her brother, with Jem and Jeanie, had many

pleasant drives together. Father Eugene was frequently absent for several days at a time, as he had four missions in charge; and, although Jeanie missed him greatly on such occasions, she improved the opportunity in learning from Miss Lacy how to make various delicate and savory dishes; so that she soon excelled in cooking, as well as sewing and knitting, in all of which accomplishments Aunt Betty was proficient.

Much exercise, a good appetite, sound digestion, and ten hours' uninterrupted sleep, soon brought the promised roses to the little girl's cheeks; and cheerful words went home to her father and mother, who on their part were consoled for her absence by her contentment and the speedy confirmation of what Doctor Page had predicted.

Jeanie also became much attached to the Oldworthy family. The old lady could never satisfy her kind heart in trying to entertain her; the young man and his wife were equally kind, and better acquaintance with Jem increased her respect and admiration for his manliness and general good qualities.

On the second Sunday after Jeanie's arrival a remark of Katie Punk's caused her to look down into the aisle, where she saw Mrs. Brady sailing slowly up to the front pew, arrayed in a silk dress of peacock blue, made in the fashion of twenty years before, an enormous hoop and lengthy train serving to make it more conspicuous. Over this she wore a light red shawl of Canton crape, embroidered in various Oriental colors; the whole surmounted by a canary-colored silk bonnet, trimmed with pink and white ostrich plumes, which, being set straight up in front, bobbed hither and thither with every motion of the wearer. She carried a white *moire antique* parasol, trimmed with beaded lace, while light blue kid gloves and a mammoth feather fan of rainbow hue completed her gorgeous attire. Mass had not begun, and there were but few people in the church; but Mrs. Brady had evidently not dressed with a view to the admiration of the general public, otherwise she would have timed her entrance later.

After having made a solemn and reverential obeisance to the altar, she slowly turned and faced the choir, where Jeanie stood in front of the organ. Waving her hands aloft

in air and to either side of her, as well as fan and parasol would permit, she smiled, cast an admiring and comprehensive look over her costume as if to say, "Is this not splendid?" made a sweeping curtsy with her back to the altar, and entered the pew, where she attended with great devotion to the subsequent Mass and Benediction.

The girls in the organ-loft giggled, but Jeanie felt sorry; she had no inclination to laugh. Later, describing the scene to Father Eugene, she said she had no doubt now that Mrs. Brady was not in her right mind; to which he gravely replied:

"So you took no scandal? Poor woman! she meant to give none. There is certainly something wrong with her intellect, though in money matters she is very shrewd."

During the whole of Jeanie's stay Mrs. Brady remained her steadfast friend, making her many presents of cream and fruit, giving her quantities of light silk and velvet patches, of which she possessed a store; and even presenting her with some handsomely bound copies of the British poets, and an old-fashioned bracelet set with carbuncles.

Jeanie also became intimate in the "Dear Diana" family, who lived not far away. The heroine of the boat ride had developed into a sensible wife and mother; her husband was the best farmer among the young men of the neighborhood; and little Eugene grew very fond of Jeanie, who petted him to the content of a heart that had always vainly longed for a brother or sister to indulge and spoil.

Old Simon Leavy was her devoted slave. He had an ancient collection of Irish ghost and fairy tales, which he one day showed Jeanie, offering to lend her the book "if she could understand it." For answer, she read a couple of pages aloud, and so pleased the kind-hearted old man by her faithful rendition of the peculiar dialect in which the stories were given, that he expected her to read a portion of it whenever he came with the mail. Nothing loth to please the good old man, Jeanie always obliged him, the book being kept on a shelf in the kitchen, in order, to quote Simon, "that it be not mislaid, for it is of value."

So the long, sunny summer days went by, —happy days not soon to be forgotten; never

too short, for their duties were not perfunctory; never too long, for all the hours were filled; now and then varied by a thunder-storm, sudden and short, but grand and glorious while it lasted.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Shrine of Our Lady.

The old city of Lincoln in England was dedicated to, and under the protection of, our Blessed Lady, and a relic of the age of faith and the days when the country was Catholic is yet to be seen. Near the city gate called the Stanbow is a statue of Our Lady and of the Angel Gabriel. In one hand the Angel holds a palm branch, and in the other a scroll containing the first words of the Angelic Salutation.

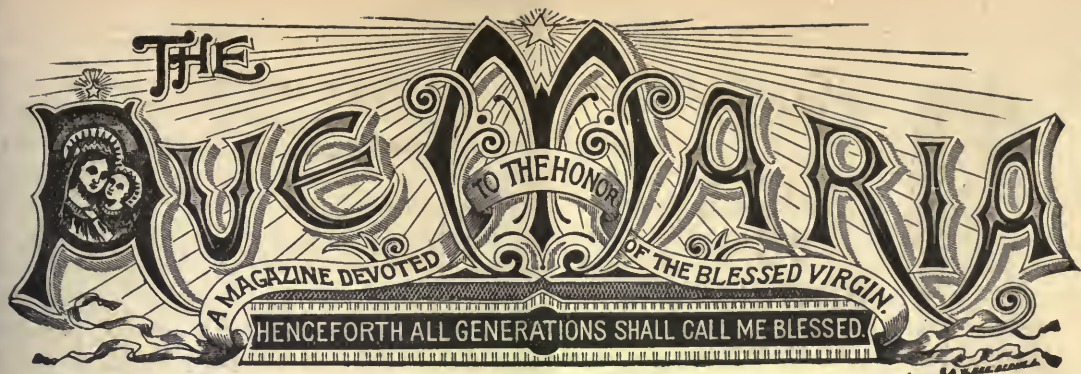
The Cathedral, inside the walls, was dedicated to Our Lady's Annunciation, and visitors to its shrines used to salute her statue at the gate as they entered the city. In the central tower of the Cathedral were six bells, called the Lady Bells. They were, in the iconoclastic madness which seized Great Britain, melted down to make the massive bell in London known as "Great Tom."

Henry VIII. once visited Lincoln, and while he was apparently engaged in his devotions, his covetous eyes were ranging about him, estimating the value of the treasures he said. The sequel of his visit was the spoliation of the Cathedral; and soon the desecration was complete, and another grievous insult added to the long list of those already offered to our Blessed Mother in "Merry" England.

A Philosopher's Saying.

Spinosza, the great philosopher, was a firm believer in work; and although he could have had a pension in his later years, he preferred to exercise his skill in making glasses for opticians, at which he is said to have been exceedingly expert.

The philosopher asked a man one day: "Of what disease did your brother die?"—"He died of having nothing to do," was the happy reply.—"Ah," said Spinosza, "I do not wonder he died! Idleness kills a great many people."



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The Apparition of Our Lord to His Mother after the Resurrection.

FROM THE SPANISH, BY MARY E. MANNIX.

SWEET Mother, sad no more, incline thy face,
 All radiant now, to thy dear Son's embrace,—
 Splendid, refulgent, glorious, divine,
 Triumphant God, and yet as wholly thine
 As when, like helpless bird in downy nest,
 He hid His baby forehead on thy breast.
 He stoops to kiss thy cheeks and eyelids fair,
 Touching with healed Hands thy dewy hair;
 Supreme love deep-lying in His eyes
 The while His Heart receives thy happy sighs.
 Lift from His brow the fragrant locks, to press
 Where thorns have pierced Love's seal of tenderness.

Gaze, smile, weep, tremble, hold Him to thy Heart;
 From thy fond clasp, oh, let Him not depart!—
 Ah, to have seen that happy Mother's face!
 Ah, to have shared that holiest embrace!

Mary in the Resurrection.

THE sorrow which oppressed the heart of Mary after the sufferings and death of her Divine Son was softened by the certainty that He would soon rise again, living and glorious, from the tomb. The Blessed Virgin could not for a moment have the least doubt in regard to this consoling fact. She knew the prophecies that had been made of old concerning the resurrection of the Saviour of the world. Besides, her Divine

Son Himself, during the three years of His evangelical ministry, had more than once foretold this glorious event, not only to His disciples but also to His enemies, at the same time announcing precisely the day upon which all would be accomplished. Moreover, she knew perfectly that divine justice follows a law of compensation from which it never deviates: that Almighty God exalts him that humbles himself, and humbles him that exalts himself. Mary herself had exclaimed in her sublime canticle: "He hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart. He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble." * Now, Christ humbled Himself even unto the death of the Cross, through love and obedience toward His Eternal Father; it was fitting, then, that He should be exalted by the glory of a triumphant resurrection. He Himself expressed this thought to His disciples after He had risen, saying, "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so to enter into His glory?" †

So, too, the measures taken by the enemies of Jesus did not in the least disturb the tranquil confidence of Mary. She beheld without emotion the care with which they sealed the tomb, and placed guards over it who would have to answer with their lives for the integrity of the seal. She knew of all their vain efforts to imprison the Lord more securely in the darkness of the tomb and to falsify His words, but she knew at the same time that all the precautions which they were taking were precisely such as would serve to estab-

* Luke, i, 32.

† Luke, xxiv, 26.

lish more convincingly the triumph of Jesus over death.

The perfect knowledge of this mystery was a soothing balm to the wounded heart of Mary. However, though hope, by its nature, gives strength and consolation to the suffering heart, inasmuch as it presents the thought of an end to pain, yet it does not bring with it a feeling of joy, still less is it joy itself,—it is but the presage of what is to come; and the longings of the soul become the more ardent and painful in proportion to the vividness with which the object of its desires is set before it. Such was the mental disposition of the afflicted Mother of Jesus immediately before His resurrection. She awaited that glorious event with the holy impatience of the most perfect love, and the strongest aspirations of her soul were directed toward the speedy realization of her desires. Her heart eagerly longed to see Him whom she had beheld dying upon the Cross restored to her glorious and triumphant.*

The moment so long expected at length arrived. The Lord of the Sabbath had slept the sleep of death on that great Sabbath Day, and the third day after the cruel crucifixion of Jesus had begun to dawn. At that moment the soul of the Redeemer, accompanied by the souls of the patriarchs and prophets, departed from Limbo and penetrated to the sepulchre of Calvary. There it was again united to that sacred body, which, disfigured by the bruises and wounds inflicted upon it, received a new beauty as life was restored to it. That Precious Blood which had been poured forth so abundantly again coursed through its veins, recalled, without the loss of a single drop, through the power of the Divinity. All the wounds were healed, save the marks of the nails in the hands and feet, and the opening made by the soldier's spear in the sacred side, which remained to add to the beauty of the glorified body of the Saviour of the world.†

After this wonderful restoration, Jesus threw aside the winding-sheet which had covered His body cold in death, and put on a garment like to the one He had hitherto worn, but of ravishing whiteness and brilliant with

the splendor of the Divinity.* Then, without removing or breaking the stone that closed the entrance to the tomb, He rises and issues forth, as the rays of the sun pass through the clearest crystal.

Alleluia! The Saviour of the world has risen! "Let now the heavenly troops of angels rejoice; let the divine mysteries be joyfully celebrated; and let a sacred trumpet proclaim the victory of so great a King. Let the earth also be filled with joy, being illuminated with such resplendent rays; and let it be sensible that the darkness which overspread the whole world is chased away by the splendor of our Eternal King. O truly blessed night, which now delivers, all over the world, those that believe in Christ from the vices of the world and darkness of sin, restores them to grace and clothes them with sanctity! O welcome night, in which Christ broke the chains of death, and ascended conqueror from hell!"† And thou, O Queen of Heaven, rejoice; for He whom thou didst merit to bear has risen as He said! Alleluia! What a day of joy for Mary!

The Gospels are silent in regard to the visit of Jesus to His Blessed Mother on the day of His resurrection. But this is not surprising; for the Evangelists, writing under the influence and guidance of the Holy Spirit, were careful to avoid any unnecessary detail, and have recorded only a number of instructive facts in reference to the Blessed Virgin, which otherwise would have remained unknown. However, those facts and testimonies necessary to confirm our faith have been recorded with the greatest diligence. At the same time it is certain, as St. Anselm says, that Jesus appeared first of all to His own Mother.‡ For "who could believe that Jesus, so full of love for His Mother—Jesus, the source of all consolation—could forget Mary, who drank with Him the bitter chalice of His sufferings?"§ And Suarez does not hesitate to teach that "the apparition of Jesus to His Blessed Mother is the professed belief of all theologians and ecclesiastical writers who

* Cornel. à Lapide, in Act i, 9

† Cant. Exultet, in bened. cerei pasc.

‡ Certissime tenendum est quod dulcissimus Filius ejus, primo et ante omnes, resurrectionis suæ gloriosæ lætitia consolatus est eam.

§ St. Bernardine of Sienna.

* "Marie, Mère de Jésus," par C. H. T. Jamar.

† S. Thom. Summa, par. 3, quæst. 54.

treat of this question. So that the opinion may be taken as the constant and general sentiment of the Church."

What a ravishing spectacle was presented to the heavenly hosts when the glorified Jesus, accompanied by the souls of the just of the Old Law, whom He had delivered from Limbo, directed His steps toward the abode whither Mary had retired! With what joy did those elect souls follow their Saviour! With what holy eagerness did they long to look upon that valiant Woman, promised thousands of years before in the Garden of Paradise,—the daughter of a long line of patriarchs and kings, the Virgin Mother foretold by the prophets!

Escorted by this happy throng, the Saviour of the world enters the house where His Mother dwells. It is no longer the "Man of Sorrows," covered with bleeding wounds. From all His body there issue forth floods of light with a splendor unknown to mortals—brighter than the rays of the sun, softer than the tender brilliancy of the moon. With what warm words of welcome does His joyful Mother receive Him! How different from her station at the foot of the Cross is her position now by the side of her own Son glorified and impassible! Human language is too weak to express the joy which fills her Immaculate Heart as she exclaims, in the chaste words of the spouse in the canticles: "I have found Him whom my soul loveth. I have held Him, and will not let Him go."*

The highest angel before the throne of God in heaven knew not the greatness of the love that burned within the heart of Mary; so, too, no created mind could conceive the depth of her sorrows nor the immensity of her joys. We read in the book of Tobias of the profound grief into which the mother of the young Tobias was plunged because of the prolonged absence of her son; how "she could by no means be comforted, but, daily running out, looked round about, and went into all the ways by which there seemed any hope he might return, that she might if possible see him coming afar off." And what sweet tears of joy she shed when at length it was given her to embrace her son and welcome him home!† We are told also of the transports of joy with which the Patriarch Jacob

was seized when he learned that Joseph, the child of his predilection, whom he believed hopelessly taken from him, was still alive. "He awaked, as it were, out of a deep sleep, . . . and he said: it is enough for me if Joseph my son be yet living." And his heart was filled with joy when, as he embraced his son, he exclaimed: "Now, shall I die with joy because I have seen thy face!"* But such joy was as nothing compared to the holy rapture of Mary, when, after having witnessed the tortures and outrages heaped upon her Divine Son during the time of His Passion, she beheld Him returning to her, living and glorious, triumphant over sin and death.

And this inexpressible happiness, caused by the triumph of her Son, was still further increased by the knowledge of the salutary fruits which His resurrection was to produce in countless numbers of souls. She knew, indeed, that faith in the divinity of Jesus would through all ages rest upon this great event as upon an indestructible foundation. It is true that the Saviour of mankind had, during the years of His teaching life, wrought miracles more than sufficient to establish the divinity of His mission; but the impression which they produced was, to some extent, effaced by the ignominy of the Cross. The glory of the resurrection came to renew and to confirm these wonders, and mark with the seal of eternal truth the line of separation between the Old and the New Law. Hence the great Apostle of the Gentiles does not hesitate to say: "If Christ be not risen again, then is our preaching vain and your faith is also vain."† Moreover, the resurrection of Christ was to encourage the hearts of men in the hope of their own future resurrection to a life of happiness; for it would be to them a means by which their souls would be purified from the stains of sin, and they would enter into a newness of life, inflamed with the fire of divine charity. As the Apostle says: "He was delivered up for our sins, and rose again for our justification."‡ And the manifestation of these wonderful effects of the divine power and goodness was a new source of ineffable joy to Mary.

* Gen., xlv, 26-28; xlvii, 30.

† I Cor., xv, 14.

‡ Rom., iv, 25.

* Cant., iii, 4.

† Tob., x, 7; xi, 11.

The Disappearance of John Longworthy.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXVI.—HE SPEAKS, BUT SAYS NOTHING.

ESTHER expected that Mary would hardly approve of her proceedings in the O'Connor household. But she had made a point from her earliest childhood of telling her sister everything, and she would have felt very guilty had she attempted to hide the episode of the poker.

Mary was in the act of ascending the sombre stone steps, which decorate the front of nearly all New York houses, when Esther and Arthur Fitzgerald arrived. Mary looked tired and worn; a morning's teaching in a public school is not the best refresher in the world. There was chalk dust on the sleeve of her coat, and she felt, as she neared the smiling duo, that the word "school-teacher" was written all over her. This consciousness was not exhilarating.

Fitzgerald and Esther seemed to be in the highest spirits; she was smiling at something he had said, and the sight of the two gave Mary a pang she had never felt before. She became conscious of the chalk mark; the dripping umbrella in her hand annoyed her; her impulse was to turn the knob of the door and escape, but that was impossible; so she had to wait until Fitzgerald and her sister ascended the stoop.

At sight of Mary Fitzgerald ceased to hear what Esther was saying. He had sufficient recollection of what was due to the amenities to close her umbrella; after that he forgot all about her. His heart went out to the pale, tired girl, who stood there waiting. How sweet, how gentle, how gracious, she seemed to him! And so, while Mary imagined he was thinking only of the chalk mark, he was utterly forgetful of all minor earthly details in the sight of her. He took her umbrella with a trembling hand, as if it were a sacred relic. What a crime it was, he reflected, that this exquisite creature should be compelled to face the wind and rain and the city dust every day of her life! If he only dared to ask

for the privilege of protecting her from the ills of life! He was almost impelled to say this as they entered the hall; but there was Esther, very pretty, very smiling, and very much in the way.

As usual—for often we take the sound of an angel's wings for the singing of gnats,—Mary interpreted Fitzgerald's evident embarrassment to mean that he wanted *her* out of the way. She looked at his pleasant, sincere face, his eyes in which the spirit of truth seemed to rest, and she said to herself that Esther was a happy girl.

At no time in her life had Esther been so desirous to get rid of anybody as she was at this moment to elude Fitzgerald. She was anxious to unburden her mind to Mary, and have the worst over. She had, perhaps, been unladylike in her manner and words to Bastien; and that business of the poker had been rather more dramatic than refined. She would know whether it was right or not in a moment—if Fitzgerald would only go! Mary opened the parlor door, and they entered that apartment, which is generally so sepulchral and terrible in the daytime.

A theatre in the glare of noon is a more impressive reminder of the nothingness of life than the skeleton of the Egyptian feast; but of all sad and tearful *momenti* the New York parlor—or drawing room they probably call it now—is the most sad and lachrymose. This one was dim and cold. Mary raised a blind, and revealed a view of mist and looming brown steps on the other side of the street. Fitzgerald was asked to sit down; he accepted the invitation by falling over a concealed footstool into a large arm-chair clothed in brown linen; other chairs in ghostly linen were ranged about him. Esther, who took a seat near the window, seemed to join in the silent voice of the chairs in asking him why he did not go.

Mary said to herself that she would leave the young people alone. Her brother had hinted to her how matters stood, and the change from smiles and chatter to gravity and silence on her appearance had confirmed his hint.

"Excuse me," she said. "I shall come back in a few minutes. I must see about the luncheon."

Fitzgerald, being a polite man, did not ask why Esther could not see about the luncheon; if he had been as uncivilized as the young men in Nellie Mulligan's set, he would have asked that question, and Mary would have been spared the heartache that accompanied her downstairs. Why was it, she asked herself as she entered the dining-room—which to-day was as gloomy as the parlor,—why was it that she should have to bear the burdens of life, to be old before her time, to spend her life in shielding others from the thorns and to have so few roses for herself?

Mary was not bitter in feeling; she did not demand the joys of life as a right, but she wished God would give them to her as privileges. She raised the blinds in the dining-room and revealed the iron bars that protected the windows. Outside everything was gloomy and desolate. Hurrying feet, mud-bespattered, passed before her; and the legs of a horse, also mud-bespattered, were just on a level with her eyes as she gazed out, in search, perhaps, of consolation. God *knew*, she said to herself; she would go on doing her best, and let Esther have the roses of life.

She turned from the window with a sigh, to notice that Miles had left a big coffee stain on the table-cloth. In the interest of effacing this before the object of her thoughts should come down to luncheon, she forgot herself for a moment. She put the only scarlet geranium in bloom in the centre of the table. At least—though he would never know it—she might make this voiceless and only sign of a regard for him which she dared not acknowledge to herself.

In the meantime Esther and Fitzgerald were having an unhappy quarter of an hour. Fitzgerald kept his eyes fixed on the door, in the hope that Mary would return. Esther looked impatiently in that direction, too, in the equally fervent hope that Fitzgerald would go.

"It is a wretched day," he said at last, remembering that he ought to say something.

"Yes," Esther answered.

There was silence then.

"Oh, dear!" Esther said to herself. "Mary will be off to school in three-quarters of an hour, and I shall have no chance to tell her until to night! Why doesn't he go?"

And, remembering that she, too, must be polite, she looked toward Fitzgerald and said:

"It is a wretched day!"

He, awakening from a brown-study, was bewildered for a moment.

"Oh, I forgot!—I beg pardon!—yes, it is a wretched day."

Then she drifted toward the piano and picked up at random a sheet of music; he followed her, and when Mary reached the door she saw them both looking at the same sheet of music, without in the least knowing what it was.

Mary came in at this auspicious moment. Fitzgerald started, and gladly accepted her invitation to take a cup of coffee. Having done so, with his eyes wandering constantly toward Mary, he took his leave.

Mary had only time enough to get ready and be off to school.

"O Esther," she said, kissing her sister, "and so he has spoken! I hope you will be happy."

And she ran down the steps, for fear that Esther would see her rapidly falling tears.

Esther, with her hand on the door-knob, looked after her, indignant and surprised. Who had spoken? Miles or John O'Connor or Mr. Bastien? And what had he spoken about?

XXVII.—MILES AND NELLIE.

As the day went on Esther thought less of her disappointment. After all, what was there to tell? If she had been rude to Mr. Bastien, she had only told the truth with her usual vehemence; and if she had threatened John O'Connor with a poker, who could blame her? A poker was the only argument John could understand. But she thought a great deal about Bastien. There was a mystery in all his ways that provoked her interest. There was no doubt that he meant well; and now she had come to the conclusion that he might reasonably cherish a grievance against her. Her grievances against him grew less; she even began to feel that she might be friendly to him, and give him more wholesome advice, if Mary approved of it. This was the frame of mind in which she went out for her lessons of the afternoon.

Miles passed her in the hall with a cool nod.

"Esther looks anxious already, and I guess

Mary is anxious enough to come round," he said. "I'll keep my distance for a while, and let them see I am not to be trifled with."

It never occurred to him that his sisters might have thoughts which did not circle around his imperial presence. Having shaved, and refreshed himself with a little whiskey, he went out to the hotel near by, where a knot of future constituents whiled away many of their afternoons when political work was slack.

Nellie Mulligan, as we have seen, had not spent a happy morning. She had gone back to the O'Connor apartment after Esther had left it, and she had found Rose asleep, while her father sat near her reading a sheet of newspaper, which had come as a cover with the provisions Esther had sent.

John O'Connor seemed peaceably disposed. He said that 'Rose was all right,' and that 'he'd see her through.' He further advised Nellie to spend less time in dancing and to learn how to cook.

"When a man has a square meal," he remarked, "he doesn't want to drink. That Miss Galligan gave me the first square meal I've had in a week; and if the old woman would attend to her business, I'd mind mine. She was just like you before she was married—dancing and trapesing about. You see what she's brought us to, and I hope you'll take warning."

Nellie was too greatly afraid of O'Connor to retort after her manner. She slammed the door and went down to her mother's rooms, avoiding that good lady, who had been complaining all the morning of Nellie's delinquencies. It must be confessed that Nellie, beautiful and graceful as she could be in halls of pleasure, was not a useful member of the domestic circle. She disdained to notice that there was a large washing in progress; that the clothes of several of her brothers might have been improved by a few judicious stitches, and that there were several other things she might have attended to with advantage. She would have been quick enough to condemn these inaccuracies in the conduct of life if she had observed them in other people. Like Miles, she had no sense of duty to her neighbor; and, like him, she had a well-developed belief in her duty to herself. But a woman can never

be as selfish as a man, and Nellie was not utterly wrapt up in herself: there was a loophole or two in her mental visor, through which she saw beyond.

Toward four o'clock in the afternoon the sun came out. Up to this time Nellie had divided her thoughts between a novel—"Wooded but Not Won; or, Irene's Baleful Triumph"—and the insult which she had been forced to endure from the Galligan girl. She paused in that thrilling chapter in which Lady Geraldine Mount-Joie bids the pale but soulful artist leave her and never again to enter her ancestral abode, because he is poor, though of a noble race.

"Esther Galligan's manner was just like that," Nellie reflected. "I never saw such impudence. I hate codfish aristocracy,—people that would if they could, but they can't, you know! Oh, I wish I had given her a piece of my mind! I'd like to know why I'm not good enough to marry Miley Galligan! He isn't a duke nor a baronet, nor yet a congressman. Mother says the Galligans were 'Far Downs,' any how!"

Here Nellie's eyes flashed as she remembered her draggled condition of the morning. To think that Esther had seen her, after a night of splendor, in such a condition of dishevelment! No doubt the Galligan girls and Miles had a good time about it; she could imagine Esther relating the episode when she reached home, and making Miles laugh in spite of himself.

She clenched her fist, dropped the novel, looked out of the window and saw the sloping sunlight reflected on the wet roofs of the houses. She went to the little glass that hung on the whitewashed wall, looked at her face for some time, and arrayed herself in her best garments, the chief of which was a hat adorned with a serpentine ostrich plume, and a long plush coat, which she had purchased on the instalment plan early in September, and which was not nearly paid for yet. She tenderly put two jingling bracelets on one wrist, and went forth, deigning to say nothing to her mother's urgent questions. She felt sure that she would retain a conqueror, having settled the question as to her marriage with Miles.

Nellie looked at herself in the shop windows with satisfaction. Her bracelets jingled in a

delightfully distinguished way; she enjoyed the novelty of being free to walk through the streets at this unusual hour; she rehearsed the scene, in which she expected to take a principal part, as she went along. She would ask if the Misses Galligan were at home. They would be at home at that hour, of course; for she had heard that they—poor things!—were nearly always at home. She felt certain that Mary would be haughty, Esther sarcastic. Mary would say that she would die rather than let her brother marry a shop-girl. Then Nellie would answer, in her sweetest manner, that a sales-lady was as good as a school-teacher any day. Esther would suddenly cry out that she did not want a sister-in-law from The Anchor. Nellie would, after she had listened politely, remind Esther *she* was a lady and despised vulgarity. Esther would, of course, observe the cut of her coat and the curl of her feathers, and be impressed in spite of herself; she would compare her own plain appearance with the "style" of which Nellie was such an example. This would make her angry, but Nellie would maintain an air of sweet superiority.

When the sisters would have said all the unpleasant things they could think of, Nellie would again remind them that she was a lady. Then would come her great speech; she would say simply that poverty was no disgrace; she would speak of Miles' prospects, and tell them of the number of votes her friends could influence in his district,—thereby showing her social standing. Finally, overawed by her dress and manner, they would ask her to be a sister to them. If they did not she would know the reason why!

By this time Nellie was in a complacent frame of mind. Her elegance of manner was exaggerated rather than subdued by reflections in the plate-glass windows she passed. When she reached the Galligans' home she was in a mood to see and to conquer.

The little servant saluted her respectfully, but nervously held the knob of the door, while Nellie asked if the Misses Galligan were at home.

"Oh, yes!" replied the girl. "They are always at home at this time."

"Pray, let me enter then," said Nellie, commandingly; "I find the stoop very damp

and dirty. I am not accustomed to this sort of thing."

"What name, ma'am?" demanded the little servant, saying to herself that this was the most haughty book agent she had ever seen.

"No name," answered Nellie, with a little giggle. "If things go all right they'll know my name as well as theirs soon enough. Just say 'a lady friend.'"

The servant carried the message as she was bidden to do, and in the interval Nellie walked softly around the room.

"Everything so old-fashioned!" she murmured, disdainfully. "What a carpet! I'll have a new one as sure as I'm alive. And *such* curtains!" (She deftly fingered one of them.) "Nottingham, at thirty cents a yard! Oh, my! And this is the way they live! I'll have a new velvet carpet and some *portières* the first thing. No wonder poor Miley wants to put some style into the house!"

She surveyed herself in the long, gilt-edged mirror between the windows, smiled several times in a superior manner, touched up her eyebrows with a few drops of cologne, which she poured out of a little bottle, lifted the brown linen cover of the sofa, dropped it with an expression of ineffable contempt, and, hearing a slight rustle, took her place in a graceful position in front of a large photograph of Miles which stood on the piano. It was in this attitude that Mary, who had just come from school, found her.

"Oh, how you startled me!" Nellie exclaimed, jingling her bracelets. "I quite forget everything when I see a picture like that. It is so like Miles—I mean Mr. Galligan—of course—but I suppose he has told you?"

"Yes," replied Mary, in a low voice; "yes, he has told us. Will you not take a chair?"

"I believe I shall," Nellie answered, spreading out her brilliant plumage. "And now," she added, quite forgetting her programme, "I want to know what you have got to say against me?"

At this moment Esther entered, humming a tune. It was not until she had passed the threshold that she found there was a third person in the room.

"Oh, come in!" Nellie said. "Don't go out because I am here. I came specially to see you, and to have my position understood. I

was just asking your sister why you objected to me. Ain't I good enough for your Miley?"

Esther's heart sank as she accepted Nellie's invitation and took a chair near the piano. There was no doubt in her mind that the young lady before her was, to say the least, quite good enough for Miles.

Mary's eyes were clear but sad. Her hands held nervously a piece of school MS. she had been correcting. She did not attempt to answer Nellie Mulligan; this was an ordeal for which she was not prepared.

Esther looked at her and forgot herself in Mary's evident distress. Oh, why could they not go away somewhere and leave the house to this awful girl? If Miles chose to drive them out, let him do it and make the best of his bargain. The old house was dear, but peace was dearer; and Mary must be spared a long, heart-rending discussion with this insolent creature.

Nellie Mulligan, with rising color, repeated her question.

"Yes," Mary said, in her soft, low voice.

"Then why don't you accept the situation, and advise him to marry me as soon as he can? I am sure he is more willing than I am," added Nellie, with a giggle.

"Let us end this scene at once," Esther said. "You and Miles may marry as soon as you like, but when you enter this house we shall leave it."

"I'm sure I'm agreeable!" cried Nellie, her voice losing its softness and becoming shrill. "I'm not anxious for your company—why, there is Miles himself!"

Miles lounged into the room, with his pipe in his mouth. At sight of Nellie he uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"Protect me, Miley!" she cried out. "Oh, protect me!" And then she put her handkerchief to her eyes.

Miles scowled at his sisters.

"I don't want any nonsense, girls," he said. "Nellie Mulligan is a lady, and don't you forget it!"

Nellie clung to his arm, as a frightened bird might cling,—if frightened birds were in the habit of clinging. Miles took his pipe from his mouth and scowled again.

"I want you to know that this young lady is my intended wife."

"I have said, Miles, that the house is at your service; but when you marry this young lady and enter it as your dwelling, we, your sisters, will go elsewhere."

Esther spoke with a touch of scorn in her voice; Mary made no sign of dissent.

Miles looked from one to the other in astonishment.

"Why, you know you can't leave," he said. "If you go away what on earth shall I live on till things come right? And with a wife to support, too! If Nellie marries me she can't go on working at Lacy's; it wouldn't look well; my political enemies would catch on to it and make things hot for me."

Nellie dropped the handkerchief from her eyes, which were not at all tearful. She felt that it was her turn to speak.

"You are not thinking that I'd live on the earnings of your sisters, Miley?" she asked. "Are you?"

"What else? I'll make it up to them when I strike luck." Miles put his pipe back into his mouth. "Come, be friends, act like sisters," he added, with a laugh.

Nellie pushed him away from her.

"You're a mean-spirited coward, Miles Galligan," she said, "to think of such a thing! And if I had known it I'd never have treated you like a gentleman."

Miles turned fiercely toward Nellie, but lowered his eyes; for she had raised her hand in a manner that showed resolution.

"To ask a girl to come to his house as if she were a beggar! While I can earn my own living I'll not be dependent on anybody. I wouldn't have you if you were Tammany Hall itself!"

Nellie went toward the door; she turned, however, as she reached it.

"I hope, ladies," she said, "that you don't consider your brother too good for me now."

The sisters did not answer. The bitterness of her words lay in the fact that they could not resent them.

As Nellie was going out, with her head high in the air, a messenger boy ran up the steps. She heard him say:

"Mr. Bastien asks the young ladies to come to The Anchor at once. A little girl named O'Connor is dying."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Old English Catholic Mansion.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

NORFOLK is one of the most aristocratic of English counties. The clearances which have made Sutherland and Glenbeigh names of horror were emulated here in the safe, un-newspaper-lit darkness of the last century, and were carried out with a thoroughness characteristic of the time when the Reformation had killed out chivalry, and the tender-heartedness of the nineteenth century had not been born. The laborers, poor as poverty, huddle in picturesque villages, work as long as there is work, and in a bad-weather spell half exist on the doles of the vicarage and the charity of the squire—if he happen to be charitable. The farmers are big beyond what we dream of in Ireland; they farm two thousand acres or so, and ride from one knot of laborers to another, because distances put walking out of the question. There is no industry except that most poverty-stricken one of agricultural labor. And half the county is under pheasants, which run about one's feet as one walks, and which are far better preserved than the poor thing humanity has come to be here.

Norfolk is also the most be-churched country,—pre-Reformation churches every one of them, and marking, each one, the steps of the pilgrims to Our Lady of Walsingham. It is a pretty country, without hills, but with here and there wide, sandy downs, illimitable, with nothing to break the wall of sky; for the trees and the farmsteads, and the church towers even, lie below the level of those high downs, and the great houses are within their woods. There is a warm, beautiful color of bracken far and near—for this makes the most excellent cover for game,—and the woods, unlike what we know in Ireland, withdraw themselves behind no walls. Indeed, Norfolk is very free from barriers. The woods run down to the wheat-fields, and they, in their turn, unprotected by fence or hedge-row, to the green grass-roads, which sufficed of old for the peddler with his pack, or the pilgrim a-foot to Walsingham.

The villages are so pretty! It is a thousand pities to think they are so poor and so forlorn

in many ways. How charming are the red roofs in a landscape! And, coming nearer, one finds the cottage gardens sweet with roses and mignonette and gillyflowers; while vines and Virginia creepers veil the grey walls, whence a diamond paned window looks out. Within, too, there will be a pleasant prospect for one used to the cabins of the poor in Ireland. Spotlessly clean one will find them, with papered walls, and a few pieces of mahogany furniture, and even a book-shelf for the Bible and a little album. Yet they are abjectly poor, and as for the poor souls—well, we didn't need Dr. Jessop's "Arcady" to tell us that the East-Anglian has least of the spiritual man and most of the animal of all English folk. And Dr. Jessop is far too pleasant and well-bred to touch on the ugliest spots in such a pitiful Arcady.

Far different must it have been in the Ages of Faith. Protestantism is least of all a religion of the poor, who would need to be other-worldly in compensation for this world. Then it is so difficult for them to grasp an abstract idea. Put a crucifix in their hands, or point to an image of Our Lady crowned with stars, and you will bring more near to them the vastness of love and sacrifice, and the splendor of a compensating heaven, than all the talk of the parson, with its lack of warmth and its lack of simplicity. It is no wonder that if they are religiously minded they go off to the Methodists, or somewhere where images of death and hell, of righteousness and heaven, will be presented to them with life and vividness.

Here and there in Norfolk still lingers a relic of the old dominion, whether carven in stone or wrought out of that spiritual material which God finds to His hand when He creates a soul. When many were found to betray Christ from fear or interest; when even the Black Canons at Walsingham shamefully delivered over their trust into the hands of the Reformers; when all around shrines were falling and churches were desecrated, and men, leaving the most precious part of them, fled in the confusion for life's sake, the great family of the Bedingfelds of Oxburgh remained staunch. As a rule, it was not the aristocrats who were found faithful: the common people fought fiercely for their churches

and their shrines, in pathetic, unequal combat, where the weakest—and the poor in those days were weak as children, and treated as children,—went speedily to the wall. But the Bedingfelds, being a great and powerful family, were able to protect the little knot of poor Catholics whose cottages clustered in shelter of Oxburgh walls. And so it has come to pass that in this waste of Protestantism the light of Catholic faith has been kept burning, though in all the country round Bluebeard Harry and Cranmer had blown it out.

Oxburgh is a very stately house—England can have few statelier,—a great red-brick palace stained to harmonies of color by wind and weather, with its feet set in a moat 270 feet long by 52 broad, and enclosing a courtyard of noble dimensions. The Bedingfelds could stand a siege here any day if they willed, though they have taken up the drawbridge that told of warlike things, and built solidly in its stead. The moat is filled with pure, running water from an adjoining stream, and can be raised to a height of ten feet, or emptied at pleasure. The gateway across the bridge is, as Blomefield, the Norfolk historian, calls it, “a majestic R tower,” with its arch 22 feet long and 13 broad, and its four corner turrets 80 feet in air.

Those great English houses have an incomparable stateliness, being simple and splendid at the one time. I saw Oxburgh last on a wet August evening, when the Architectural Society overran it, and was received with courteous and kindly hospitality by Sir Henry and Lady Bedingfeld. The skies had broken up, as they will in a rainy sunset, into fine wild streamers of gold and fire; and the wide ribbon of the moat flashed back at the western sky, and all the blinking windows overhanging it on the west side were like great eyes of topaz. Sir Edmund Bedingfeld built this house by royal patent from King Edward IV. in 1482. I love the red brick, which age only makes beautiful and warm. Now the grey stone of the Oxford colleges has gathered soot and many defilements, till, despite all the glamour of the place, one finds the color ugly. Oxford walls need the undergraduates' window-boxes, which, when I was there last June, made the old walls look as if they had broken out in blue and scarlet.

There used to be a wonderful Hall of Oxburgh, over against the great gateway, fashioned like Westminster Hall, with oak ceilings, equal in height to the fifty-four feet of its length, and with beautiful oriel-windows like those one knows at Oxford and Cambridge, having shields of color set in among the diamond panes. Alas! a misguided Bedingfeld took it down half a century ago, and now there only remain the traditions of its glory.

Here at Oxburgh Queen Elizabeth was kept prisoner by Sir Henry Bedingfeld, Governor of the Tower, to her sister, Mary Tudor. His picture is over one of the mantelpieces in the house,—a stern old greybeard, and the likeliest of jailers for this very slippery captive. Up the winding staircase in the great Tower we went to see her room, built in the solid stone, with stone window-seats beneath the narrow slits through which her eyes must often have gazed with fierce impatience out over green and lonely Oxburgh Park. There was a bed in the room, with a Stuart relic of widely different interest—a quilt of green silk worked by Mary Stuart and the Countess of Shrewsbury. It had just returned from the Stuart Exhibition in London, to which it had been loaned. The room seemed hewn out of the solid rock, so thick were the walls, and ancient and faded tapestries were everywhere, even on the floor. In one of the window-seats lay a quaint embroidery frame. The captive of this dungeon one can not imagine plying embroidery with her long fingers. However, the place seemed full of her, pacing up and down, as a lion will behind the bars of his cage.

Up another winding stairs, and one turned aside to a strange hiding-hole,—not built to shelter a priest from death and persecution, for its date is far too early; but used for such a purpose when the persecutions came, as one can well imagine. Out in the grounds is the little chapel built by Pugin, with its triptych, all in gold and colors like a Florentine picture, enclosing the altar. When I first visited Oxburgh in a keen March, the snowdrops grew up to the very threshold, gleaming and dazzling like those patches of belated snow which lay yonder in the dark shrubbery.

The people of the little Catholic colony come here to Mass. Oxburgh church is hideous and Protestantized—which are synon-

ymous terms,—with whitewash laid over the delicate stucco work of the altar screen, and the *Requiescat* of the knightly brasses well-nigh defaced, and the glare of daylight on the white walls rendering the place as little reverent as the ward of a workhouse. There are few things more pitiful than those pre-Reformation churches, which were built for such different uses,—with their odor of musty pew-cushions, and the atmosphere of a place shut up from Sunday to Sunday, instead of the odor of incense; with those glaring walls instead of gold and colors, those naked panes for the jewelled windows the iconoclasts broke in pieces. One does not resent so the places which were built for their purpose; but *this* where once there was golden dusk, and an altar-lamp throbbing like a heart, and a Presence on the altar, for whose sake all day the great door swung wide to admit the many who came with their separate loves and cares to the Throne's foot!

Oxburgh church has a lugubrious kind of wall-decoration in the shape of white and slaty-grey tablets to the memories of two departed rectors—Parkin, "*Vigilantissimus in errores Papisticos*"; and Meridon, 1707, who waged a like war against "*errores Romanos fraudesque*." It was curious to read them coming straight from the splendor and hospitality of Oxburgh Hall; but no doubt those Bedingfelds were a thorn in the flesh to the worthy parsons, whose *pseudo*-flock turned from such comfortable shepherds to follow a mere Mass-priest, one who lived only by favor of Oxburgh Hall. So why not, even from the grave, take a fling at the powerful enemy?

Oxburgh village and church stand in a pleasant green place, with green roads stretching away in many directions, and the woods making a rear horizon. I wish I could have seen something of those Catholic peasant-folk. An English Catholic peasant is, alas, so rare a thing! I wonder whether to the English qualities of thrift and cleanliness they would add something of that spirituality and purity which God permits love of His Mother to confer most of all, and whether cleanliness and brightness in the home would go side by side with that heart-cleanliness which our Irish peasants have? That would be indeed a rare and beautiful combination.

Dolores de San Francisco.

A LEGEND.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

OUT o' the past there came to me
Such a tale of mystery:
I have rhymed it as I could.
Listen to a history
Of a holy brotherhood,
And their life-work vast and good.

Founding missions down the coast,
Named for saints they sought the most,—
San Diego and Carmel,
Luis Obispo, Gabriel;
San Antonio, loved so well—
Junipero* the friar, by,
Begged of Galvez to reply,
Whether out of all begun
They should grant St. Francis one.

Galvez, looking grave and vexed,
Muttered: "He shall name the next.
Let him lead us where he will
Till this purpose we fulfil!"

Then a daily Mass was sung;
Matins rang the hills among;
And at eve the vesper bell
By the still sea rose and fell.
Thrice they knelt at Angelus,
And the days were happy thus;
Peace was o'er them like a spell.
But not long so tranquilly
Dwelt they by Pacific Sea.

Forth again upon the waste
The friars sailed in reverent haste.
Weary was a voyage, and slow,
A century and more ago:
Yet their bark inspired, indeed,
Ploughed among the lace-like weed;
E'en the keen breath of the gale
Nestled in their hallowed sail,
And every current lent them speed.

Whither were they borne away?
What cloud-pillar, day by day—
What bright star set in their night
Allured them with enticing light?

I see the picture clearly now:—
A pilgrim band in solemn vow,

* Pronounced Wha-nepy-ro.

With folded hands upon their breast,
 • Silent, upon a holy quest:
 A trustful bark with full sail set
 Upon a sea of violet.
 Though ominous seabirds rise and float
 Above the cold sea-rim remote,
 Through silent dusks, more silent yet,
 They pass, by every wave caressed.
 Nor long their portion was delayed,—
 St. Francis all provision made.

The sea is crossed; the port is reached;
 The sail is furled; the boat is beached;
 The longed-for Bethlehem is there!
 With Mass and hymn and vesper prayer,
 Te Deums chanted with a will,
 And incense breathing on the air—
 They plant the Cross upon a hill
 And found a city unaware!

Theirs the burden and the pain,
 The fainting hope, the lurking fear,
 The lone life of the pioneer.
 They bore it bravely, fell amain,
 And theirs the toil, and ours the gain.
 They do not heed our worldly praise:
 They loved to labor and to plod;
 They did their duty, went their ways,
 And left us in the hands of God.

The Truth about Pope Alexander VI.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

ACCORDING to the majority of authors, Pope Alexander VI. had neither the virtues which befit the Supreme Pontificate of Christendom, nor those of any ordinary man. His name appears synonymous with simony, treachery, cruelty, lust, avarice, and sacrilege. Other memories, long contemned and even accursed, have been rehabilitated; but that of Alexander VI. remains, to most men, foul and detestable. Are we, therefore, to take for granted all that has been alleged against this Pontiff? Even Roscoe contends that "what ever have been his crimes, there can be no doubt but they have been highly overcharged. . . . The vices of Alexander were accompanied, although not compensated, by many great qualities which, in the consideration of his character, ought not to be passed over in silence. Nor, if this were not the fact,

would it be possible to account for the peculiar good fortune which attended him to the latest period of his life; or for the singular circumstance recorded of him: that during the whole term of his pontificate no popular tumult ever endangered his authority or disturbed his repose?"

To Burkhard, master of ceremonies in the court of Alexander VI., we are indebted for most of the information which blackens the character of the Pontiff. But, granting that we possess the authentic work of Burkhard, which is very uncertain,* of what weight is his authority? A master of ceremonies in a royal court does not fill a position which would of itself imply a possession of accurate knowledge of the court's secrets. He may, at times, come into some kind of contact with great personages. His master, with that shadow of intimacy often affected with a superior servant, may condescend, now and then, to display good-humor in his presence. A foreign ambassador, during the intervals of a tedious levee, may deign to gossip with him about unimportant matters. He may even be a great dignitary in the eyes of the lackeys on the staircase, or in the estimation of the dawdlers in the antechamber, and thus he may pick up a deal of tavern statecraft. His authority may be overwhelming when he decides on the proper color of a ribband, or even in a question of precedence. But his "Diary" can scarcely be regarded as testimony concerning the secrets of the court.

* Until 1696 the "Diary" was known only by a fragment given by Godfroy, in his "History of Charles VIII.," published in 1684; and by some vague citations of Rinaldi in his continuation of Bonio. But in 1696 Leibnitz published at Hanover a quarto volume entitled "A Specimen of Secret History; or, Anecdotes of the Life of Alexander VI.; Extracts from the Diary of John Burkhard." In his preface Leibnitz regrets that he could not find the text of Burkhard; but a few years afterward he thought that he had found the true text in a MS given him by Lacroze and would have published it had not death intervened. Eccard published the "Diary" at Leipzig in 1732, in his "Writers of the Middle Age," following a Berlin MS., which may have been the one handed by Lacroze to Leibnitz. According to Eccard's own admission this MS was very defective, and the editor had frequent recourse to the extract of Leibnitz that order might be established. In Leibnitz there are articles which are wanting in Eccard, and toward the end the two become so dis-

Gregorovius,* the latest Protestant historian to attack the memory of Alexander VI., has the assurance to say that the "Diary" of Burkhard "is, with the exception of the journal of Infessura, which ends at the commencement of 1494; the only work concerning the court of Alexander composed at Rome; and it has even an official (!) character. . . . *He never repeats mere rumors.*" The "Diary" is before us, and there is scarcely a page where we do not read: "If I remember aright (*si recte memini*)"; or "If the truth has been told me (*si vera sunt mihi relata*)"; or "It is said (*fertur*)."[†] Gregorovius opines that the apologists of the Holy See would feel less contempt for Burkhard if they would consult the "Relations" of the Venetian ambassadors to their government.[†] He presents the "Relation" of Polo Capello (ambassador at Rome from April, 1499, to September, 1500) as manifesting "the intrigues of the court of Alexander VI., the long series of crimes perpetrated therein, its exactions, the traffic in cardinals' hats, etc."[†] But, setting aside the numerous inexactnesses of this "Relation" of Capello,

* "Lucretia Borgia, according to Original Documents and Contemporary Correspondence," 1876.

[†] Pasquale Villari, an editor of these "Relations," is not such an apologist, and yet he says: "Doubts have been raised as to the authenticity of the 'Diary' of Burkhard. New publications have lessened, but have not put an end to, these doubts." See Villari's "Dispatches of Giustiniani," vol. i, in preface. Florence, 1876.

[†] *Loc. cit.*, vol. i, p. 326.

similar as to appear utterly different works. Eccard wished that some one would discover a good copy of the "Diary"; and finally Lacurne de Sainte-Palaye found in the library of Prince Chigi at Rome a MS. in five quarto volumes, which seemed to contain the entire work,—beginning December 1, 1483 (the date of Burkhard's appointment as master of ceremonies), and ending May 31, 1506, a year after his death,—which fact demonstrates that the diarist had a continuator. In our day a third editor has appeared. Achille Gennarelli (Florence, 1855) has thought to produce the true text by uniting the dubious ones of Leibnitz and Eccard, and some other MSS. He admits, and most ingenuously, that he has filled up hiatuses with quotations from Summonte, Infessura, etc., etc. It is the opinion of the Abbé Clement (de Verbrun) that all the weight of erudition displayed by Gennarelli does not add one particle more of authenticity to the "Diary." See "Les Borgia," Paris, 1882.

and not a few gross errors,* we must regard it as of little value in the premises; since it was written, not by Capello, but by the Senator Marino Sanuto,[†] who, while often furnishing us valuable historical documents, causes one to smile at his frequent credulity, and to hesitate to accept him as an authority.[‡]

After Burkhard, the great historian Guicciardini is the chief source of the accusations against Alexander VI.; Guicciardini, of whom even the arch-sceptic Bayle says that "he merits hatred" because of his partiality,— "a fault of gazetteers," but one "inexcusable in a historian"; whom even Voltaire regards as mendacious; and whose own conscience caused him, when asked on his death bed what disposition should be made of his

* For instance, it gives to Alexander a brother named Louis del Mila, while no such brother, but a cousin—John del Mila,—existed. It narrates that Capello, before his departure from Rome on September 19, 1500, went to the Vatican to inform the Pontiff of the surrender of Rimini and Faenza; but Rimini did not fall until the end of October, while Faenza held out until the following April. It makes Sanseverino, instead of Ascanio Sforza, vice-chancellor of the Roman Church.

[†] An old law of Venice had obliged her ambassadors, after their term of office, to deposit a "Relation" of all they had learned in the Venetian chancery; but toward the end of the fifteenth century this law was almost entirely ignored, and was enforced again only in 1538. Marino Sanuto, in his "Diaries" embracing the period from 1496 to 1533, filled the hiatuses.

[‡] The Venetian Senator Malipiero, in his "Chronicle," tells us that Sanuto informed the Venetian Senate of the finding in the Tiber, in January, 1496, of a monstrosity having the head of an ass, a right arm like an elephant's trunk, a left arm like that of a man, one foot like that of an ox, the other like that of a griffin, a woman's bosom, and the lower part of the body like that of a dragon. The creature emitted fire from its mouth. The Abbé Clement thinks that these details came direct from Germany, where, in 1524, Luther published his caricature of the "Pope-Ass." Rawdon Brown, in his "Information on the Life and Works of Marino Sanuto," Venice, 1837, says that it would seem that such tales "were written for the Lutherans; but for historians, they failed in their object." Nevertheless, says Clement, "certain candid minds believe the narrations of these pamphletary chroniclers; just as in Germany some persons, full of faith in Luther and his works believe in the finding of the Pope-Ass in the Tiber. But one would suppose that Sanuto would not be so excessively credulous. Read the 'Diaries' now made public, and you will find the contrary."

"History," then still in manuscript, to reply: "Burn it." Cantù says of this author: "He regards the success, not the justice, of a cause. . . . He not only examines and judges the Pontiffs as he does other rulers, but he always finds them in the wrong."* Capefigue† regards Guicciardini as "an impassioned colorist," who ever "breathes hatred of the Pope, the French, the Milanese, and Sforza. Florence, a city of pleasure, of libels, and of dissipation, loved the licentious tales of Boccaccio, the policy of Machiavelli, and the stories of poison and treason unfolded in the books of Guicciardini." This historian was devoted to the Colonna and the Orsini families, and was also a partisan of Savonarola; quite naturally, therefore, he was a foe to the Borgias. Add to this that his hatred served his interests; for by exercising it he pleased the Florentines, the Venetians, and all who were then in opposition to the court of Rome.

The authority of Paul Jovius, Bishop of Nocera, is of much less value than that of Guicciardini; for, being most venal, he is always either panegyriizing or calumniating. One day he was reproved for having narrated falsely, and he rejoined: "No matter; three hundred years hence it will be true."‡ Cantù styles Jovius the "lying gazetteer of that epoch."§ Audin says that no historian ever "cared so little for his reputation as Paul Jovius. He represents himself as languishing with inertness, because no one comes to purchase him."|| Jerome Muzio asserted that Jovius showed diligence "only in obtaining the favors of the great, and he who gave the most was the principal hero of his works."¶ Vossius says that "for money Jovius would furnish posterity with a good character for any child of earth, but that he would calumniate all who did not pay for his services."**

Very little need be said of Tomaso Tomasi, another of the sources used by the defamers of Alexander VI. In his "Life" of Cæsar

Borgia he had two objects in view: one was the favor of a princess of the Rovere family, which favor he thought to secure by decrying the Pontiff whom the Cardinal of St. Peter's *ad Vincula*, her brother, had antagonized; the other was to exhibit in Cæsar a type of monstrosity which would exceed the efforts of the most rampant imagination. Even Gordon, to whom Roscoe attributes the reduction of history to below the level of romance, distrusts the authority of Tomasi.

As for the manuscript notices upon which many modern authors rely, they are of little or no value. Very few of them bear the names of their authors, and therefore they are unguaranteed. Most of them are diatribes, not narratives. They are positive where matters are at least doubtful, and carefully avoid everything creditable to our Pontiff. Many of them are needlessly prodigal with their venom. Casting aside, therefore, all such alleged authorities, and recurring only to facts and acts, we find that Alexander VI. had many virtues of a Pope and a sovereign; that, especially as king, he was more than ordinarily active and prudent, and nearly always successful in his enterprises; that his people loved him, and his reign was profoundly tranquil. One great fault he had, and perhaps this one was the source of all the others: he was passionately attached to the children—four sons and a daughter—who are generally supposed to have been born to him, but before he received Holy Orders;* and to aggrandize his family he made too much use of his son Cæsar; and thus, in the eyes of posterity, he has shared the odium of that son's crimes.

* While yet following the profession of arms, according to most authorities, he fell in love with a girl whom some call Catharine, others Rose, but who is generally known as Vanozza. Tomasi says that Roderick "regarded her as a legitimate wife"; but if any espousals were effected—which seems probable from the fact of her being identified by Ribadeneira ("Life of F. Francis Borgia," Madrid, 1605) as a Princess Farnese, one of a family not likely to brook an insult even from a Borgia,—they were certainly kept secret. In 1880 Leonetti, a religious of the Pious Schools, published at Bologna an exhaustive work, highly commended by Leo XIII., contending that Cæsar, Lucretia, etc., were not children of Cardinal Roderick Borgia, but either of some Borgia especially loved by him, or of a brother who remained in Spain, or of a son of his brother, the Prefect of Rome.

* "Heretics of Italy," Discourse IX. Turin, 1865.

† "History of the Church during the Last Four Centuries." Paris, 1855.

‡ The Emperor Charles V. used to call Jovius and Sleidan "his two liars," one of whom spoke too well of him, and the other too ill.

§ *Loc. cit.*, Discourse XIII.

|| "Leo X."

¶ Tiraboschi, "Ital. Lit.," vol. vii, p. 2.

** "Art of History," c. 9.

Roderick Llançol was born on January 1, 1431, at Xàtiva in the Diocese of Valencia, in Spain. When his maternal uncle, Alfonso Borgia, was elevated to the papacy under the name of Calixtus III. in 1455, the Llançol family assumed the name and arms of the Borgias, and only as such are they known in history. The young Roderick was noted for talent, and his first choice of profession was the bar, but he soon entered on the career of arms. Called to Rome by his uncle, and having evinced great aptitude for the business of a court, Roderick accepted offers of preferment, and was made successively commendatory Archbishop of Valencia, Cardinal-Deacon, and Vice-Chancellor of the Roman Church. At this period, at least, his conduct must have been exemplary; for a contemporary writes that his fellow cardinals were "much pleased to have in their midst one who surpassed all in an abundance of gifts."* And Duboulai, who says that "if the memory of Borgia had perished we would not know how corrupt a man can be," admits that during his long cardinalate of thirty-five years Roderick never gave any public scandal.† The rigid Sixtus IV. (1471-84) appointed him legate in Spain and Portugal; and the Cardinal of Pavia, a man of recognized sanctity, wrote to him during this legation: "I advise you to return... your influence here is sovereign... by your persuasion and wise opposition you can render great service to the Holy See." This same Cardinal of Pavia slightly blamed Roderick for his ambition and a love of pomp, but he predicted that he would become Pope.‡

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

* "MS. Life of Roderick Borgia, under the Name of Alexander VI.," in the Casanatensian (Minerva) Library at Rome.

† "Life of Alexander VI."

‡ Epist. 514, 670, 678, and in "Additions to Aldoin."

When their father had died, and Vanozza had remarried, these children were cared for by Roderick. The arguments of Leonetti seem to us irrefutable. Certainly, the only plausible contradiction he experienced—that of M. de l'Épinois, in the *Revue des Etudes Historiques* for April, 1881,—was triumphantly rebutted by the Canon J. Morel, in the *Univers* of July 14, 1881. One thing, at any rate, is certain: no proof can be given that Vanozza ever appeared in Rome during Roderick's career there, whether as Cardinal or as Pope.

A Word for the Convent School.

THE genial autocrat at the tea-table—as we suppose he may be called for a change—has lately had a hit, kindly but keen, at those schools for young ladies where bewildering branches of knowledge are taught, and where, as certain credulous people believe, a race of learned and studious women is being formed. We supposed everyone knew as well as Dr. Holmes that these institutions, at least most of them, are very much "in the air," as the saying is. They might be compared to that wondrous performance in millinery, the fashionable bonnet. There are birds and beads and ribbons and bows and lace and spangles, and only a lady can know what else, but very little bonnet. How this headgear is put on and how it is kept on is a wonder to the unfair sex. All sorts of things are taught, or taught at, in the fashionable academy and the *high* high school; and the pupils, if life were long enough and all had the brains of Albertus Magnus, might become prodigies of erudition. But this is sarcastic, perhaps. How can the young girls who attend these schools, even of ordinary minds, fail to be very learned since so many learned things are taught in them?

But great and glorious as the fashionable school and its curriculum are, many sensible parents prefer a course of instruction for their daughters less general and more thorough, more practical and less pretentious. One of the most popular, as it is one of the most excellent, schools for young ladies in the country is that presided over by Miss Judkins in Philadelphia. It is patronized by some of the best non-Catholic families in the country for the very reasons that so many Protestant parents send their daughters to convent schools.

The convent school just now is the subject of unwise criticism—not to say fault-finding—on the part of those who ought to appreciate it most thoroughly. English-speaking Catholics can be trusted to be severely critical of themselves and of all that belongs to them. It is the old story of despising a fair field of wheat because of a little cockle. Our higher schools for girls certainly can be improved,

but would that all else was not farther from perfection! Not a little of what is said in disparagement of them is untrue, much is true only in part, and what is said of all applies only to some. Our academies for young ladies—many of them—are incomparably superior, in most respects, to the high schools and the annexes it has become the fashion to laud. The faults that characterize them may safely be left for correction to those who conduct them, who know the needs and the drawbacks better, and who are doing more for the perfection of these institutions than outsiders seem to be aware of.

We are acquainted with a young lady who reads Virgil for recreation, who has mastered Euclid, and knows more than a little Greek. She did not acquire this knowledge in a convent school; but had she been educated in one she might have learned what would now be of very great service to her, whereas her Latin and Greek and higher mathematics are of no use at all. A graduate at one of our convent schools last year or the year before is now the chief book-keeper of a prominent firm in a Western city, and earning a salary large enough to support herself and also pay the way of her brother, who is a candidate for the priesthood. This same young girl was formerly typewriter and short-hand reporter for a larger firm at a somewhat smaller salary. Her letters are models of the business style. We forgot to say that this brave bread-winner manages to send a little money home to Ireland occasionally. We repeat, she was educated in a convent school. Her heart's desire, after seeing her brother in a seminary, is to join a sisterhood—It occurred to us to add something here, but a word to the generously disposed is sufficient.

There is no doubt that music is well taught in convent schools. We are assured by those who ought to know that technique is as carefully considered as at the best conservatories in Europe. But the work is done quietly and without ostentatious puffing. As to instruction in painting, it at least keeps pace in many convent schools with the highest demands of our comparatively new country. Emphatically, both in what the critics call "higher education," and in that lower education which enables the student to earn her

living at once, the convent school need not fear comparison.

Our convent schools are condemned because they do not give girls what is called the highest education; because their course of studies does not embrace all that the course in certain fashionable and some of the higher secular schools includes. It is for this they are rather to be praised,—for this we praise them. Let them have the training of the girls who are to become Christian wives and mothers—such as may have to be single-handed bread-winners will be found capable for work suited to their sex,—and let us leave to the secular schools the young creature who is ambitious to lecture, to vote, to practise law, to go about reporting for the newspapers, etc., etc.; and who would possess all knowledge—know everything under the sun, in the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth.

The Legend of the Blue Rose.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

A GARDENER strolled among his flowers and did not see their beauty. Roses unfolded their perfumed petals, but he had no eye for them; and at last, from want of care, they perished. Only one little plant was left; it grew beside his door and was called a weed. Once he started to pull it from the earth, but it seemed to look at him as if it were alive, and he stayed his hand. He spared it, perhaps, because no other plant was left. Although he could not love it, he would not pluck it; and the sun shone on the little weed and the rain fell upon it, and it grew and grew, and tried its best to be lovely and make its master happy.

But he was not happy. He had many things to make him so, but he lacked one: a rose whose petals should be, not white, nor red, nor like the edge of a sunset cloud, but blue—the color of the sky. And this is why the gardener let his beautiful roses die, and sat despairing by the door where the weed, unheeded, grew.

Then he said: "I will search through the world for the flower that I love. It must be near or far. I will hunt long and patiently,

and having found it shall gladly die, the blue rose in my hand."

So he, a strong man then, set forth. He went to foreign lands, asking strange people if they knew a rose whose petals were the color which made one think of heaven; but they laughed at him and drove him away. He wandered where the sun was fierce, and where it hardly shone, but he never found the rose. Years passed, and he became old; the best of life was gone. He could not walk without a staff. He had given up all other joys that he might seek his treasure, and yet it was not his. At last there seemed but few left of his weary days, and he turned his feeble steps toward home. It was unchanged. The gate creaked on its hinges as of old, and his faithful dog, grown feeble too, knew him and licked his hand. The old man tottered to the door. The faces of his beloved ones, older, perhaps, but still beautiful, greeted him with a smile.

"Have you found it?" they cried, in breathless expectation.

"I have not found it, and I will search no more," he said; and then he looked, and lo! upon the little weed which grew beside the door a delicate blue rose was swaying in the breeze. It had been there all the while, and he had vainly gone to the end of the world to seek it.

And then the old man died a happy man at last, and the blue rose was laid upon his grave. No human eye can see it, but the birds love it, and the winds caress it, and its perfume is carried afar into the lives of all who, unquestioning, try to do God's will. And the name of the blue rose is Peace.

I BELIEVE the first test of a truly great man is humility. I do not mean by humility doubt of his power. . . . Great men do not expect their fellow men to fall down and worship them; they have a curious sense of powerlessness, feeling that their greatness is not in them but *through* them,—that they could not do or be anything else than God made them; and they see something divine and God-made in every other man they meet, and they are endlessly, foolishly, incredibly merciful.—*Ruskin*.

Notes and Remarks.

Hare, in his interesting "Cities of Southern Italy and Sicily," describes the "Easter Ceremonies" in Capri as most curious and unlike any others in Italy. "In Holy Week no bell rings, and silence prevails so far as possible. A grand procession on Good Friday is followed by a solemn service on Easter eve, when even the priests lie prostrate on the floor as they chaunt, till the Resurrection moment arrives. Then the doors are suddenly flung open; all the bells clang out in unison; numbers of little guns and crackers are let off in the church itself; and so many persons give freedom to a little bird, which they have thitherto concealed in a handkerchief (emblem of the freed soul), that the air is filled with the tiny winged songsters."

The Sala Ducale in the Vatican is the great hall next to the Sistine Chapel. It is the vantage-ground for seeing processions after great functions. It was here that Buffalo Bill and his Indians, most of whom are Catholics, saw the Holy Father pass from the Sistine the other day. They were very effusive in their gestures and prostrations. As the *London Globe* remarks, "the Pope is a phrase to conjure with in all parts of the globe, suggesting the most notable personality of all those who fill the imaginations of men. There are many ruling potentates, but only one who dominates the spiritual world." The report, however, that Buffalo Bill and his circus were received formally by the Pope is without foundation.

Mr. Gladstone again, in a letter to the Rev. R. W. Dobie, of Glasgow, accentuates his late testimony to the allegiance of Catholics to the civil government, and again asserts that the reason for his "Vatican" pamphlets of '74 has passed away, and that the responses to them on the part of Catholics were thoroughly satisfactory:

Prof. Huxley has been taken to task many a time for misstatements, misquotations, and misconceptions of the spirit of documents he cites in support of his theories. In an article on "The Natural Inequality of Man," published in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*, he asks, referring to the American Declaration of Independence:

"What is the meaning of the famous phrase that 'all men are born free and equal'—which gallicized Americans, who were as much *philosophes* as their inherited common-sense and their practical acquaintance with men and with affairs would let them be;—

put forth as the foundation of the Declaration of Independence?"

Unfortunately for Mr. Huxley, the phrase does not occur in the document, although he makes it the text for several pages of satirical comment. We subjoin the words of the Declaration:

"When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation. We hold these truths to be self-evident: *that all men are created equal*; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness "

If the truth were known in every case, it would be found that Mr. Huxley is no more worthy of his fame as a scientist than Mr. Froude is to rank as an historian. Both of these gentlemen write "without restriction."

Unlike many of his fellows, the English Catholics, Sir Henry Bedingfeld, of Oxburgh, is an ardent Home Ruler, active as well as sympathetic. Our present number contains a beautiful description of this nobleman's historic mansion from the pen of Katharine Tynan. In pre-Reformation times pilgrims to Our Lady of Walsingham used to pass through the grounds; and when the storm of persecution was fiercest the Bedingfelds, who were a great and powerful family, protected the little knot of Catholics who gathered at Oxburgh, defying the wrath of Henry and Cranmer. Sir Henry and Lady Bedingfeld are worthily sustaining the honorable traditions of their house.

Messages of congratulation were sent to the Holy Father from all parts of the world on the anniversary of his coronation. There were thousands of them, and the well-wishers included infidels and non-Catholics of every form of religious belief. As usual on such occasions, His Holiness made a princely offering in behalf of the poor of Rome.

The recent death of Sister Mary Rose, of the Blessed Virgin, recalls the self-sacrifice of the noble women who came to this country in 1833 from Ireland with Mother Mary Frances Clarke. They first settled at Philadelphia, strangers and penniless. It seems that when they neared the shores of New York Bay all their money—contained in a purse held by Miss Katharine Kelly—dropped, in some unaccountable way, into the

ocean. In their perplexity, they went to the first church they heard of—the historic St. Michael's. There, by accident, they met the wife of Commodore McDonough. Father Donaghoe became interested in the young missionaries and gave them work in his parish schools. They organized with other devout ladies a branch of the Sisters of Charity, and distinguished themselves during the cholera epidemic by their self-sacrifice for people of all creeds and races. But the open gratitude they earned from the Mayor and the leading inhabitants of Philadelphia excited the ire of the Know-nothings. This bitter bigotry culminated in the burning of St. Michael's Church and Convent. The Sisters accepted an invitation from Bishop Loras, and joined some of their number who had gone to Dubuque in 1837. The Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin, as they are called, now number about eight hundred, and they have made the prairies "blossom like a rose."

It seems that the opponents of parochial schools in Boston have adopted a new policy in reference to Catholics. They are no longer to be attacked as enemies to the public schools, but are to be approached as friends, in a spirit of conciliation; Catholic teachers are not to be excluded from the public schools; the schools themselves are to be made more and more attractive; and the Catholic laity are to be persuaded that it will be a great deal more advantageous, in a worldly point of view, for their children to be educated in the public schools than in their own Catholic parish schools. The misfortune is, that great encouragement is taken by our Protestant friends in adopting this new policy, from the fact that there are a number of lukewarm Catholics who do not realize the importance of a thorough Christian training for their children, and still continue to send them to the public schools, in spite of the laws of our religion and the fact that by so doing they are playing into the hands of the enemies of the Church. Those enemies should not take too much encouragement from these recalcitrant members; the law of the Church can not be changed to suit them.

The Most Rev. Michael Heiss, Archbishop of Milwaukee, who died on Wednesday, March 26, was born in Pfahldorf, Bavaria, April 12, 1818, and was graduated with distinction from the Gymnasium of Neiburg in 1835. He studied law, but, hearing the choosing voice of God, entered the University of Munich, where he studied under Görres, Möhler, and Döllinger. In 1843 he came to the United States, and was appointed to the Church of the Mother of God, Covington, Ky.

He founded St. Mary's Church in 1846, and two years later became president of the Salesianum, founded by his predecessor in the See of Milwaukee, Archbishop Henni. Dr. Heiss was consecrated Bishop of La Crosse in 1868. In 1880 he was made Titular Bishop of Adrianople and coadjutor to Archbishop Henni, whom he succeeded as Archbishop of Milwaukee. His conduct during his fruitful life needs no praise; his works speak for him. May he rest in peace!

The Holy Father has sent his Apostolic Benediction to all "who in any way whatever contribute to the organizing and carrying into effect the centenary celebration of the birth of Father Mathew." It is expected that the event will give an impetus to the temperance movement everywhere.

To a correspondent who inquired if the society known as the Knights of Pythias is forbidden to Catholics, the editor of the *Western Watchman* said in reply: "The Knights of Pythias have a ritual. A good advice to Catholics is not to join in any prayer that is not begun with the Sign of the Cross."

The colonies of Great Britain are progressing—if one may use that term to express deplorable retrogression—in making divorce easy. In Victoria the legislature now permits unlimited divorce for such causes as three years' desertion, habitual drunkenness, or conviction of crime.

The state-prison where the French Government has confined the young Duc d'Orleans is the once famous Abbey of Clairvaux. It was the abode of St. Bernard. Clairvaux was made a state-prison in the last century. Nearly two thousand criminals are confined there.

It is announced that the Father Mathew Memorial Church in Cork will be finished for the celebration of the centenary.

The great are commonly the humblest. It is not the full ear of corn, or the thickest bunch of grapes, that holds itself aloft. Vanity is a vice of common men, who imagine themselves great if they happen to hold any important position. But if really distinguished people were not humble they would often be humbled, if they could hear what is said of them sometimes. We have all heard the remark of one of Darwin's dependents: "The master's health would be better, sir, if only he had something to occupy his mind with"; and of that smithy who said of his bishop, "What

a grand blacksmith he would have made!" "Alas for the glory of this world!" exclaims the *Indo-European Correspondence*, by way of introduction to this anecdote about Tennyson:

"A would-be biographer of the Laureate once travelled down to Lincolnshire, and in the poet's very birthplace was told by the proverbial oldest inhabitant that a young Mr. Tennyson had once existed in those parts, but that he was even then plainly a man of no account, in that he lay on his back on the grass, muttering to himself like a madman. At Haslemere, among the guileless villagers made famous in melodrama, Tennyson's reputation is based rather on the fact that he is a peer and a landed proprietor than on all the poems in dialect put together. 'Lard Tennyson'e be one o' the old-fashioned sart,' said a village dame, when asked about the great man and his comings and goings. 'Ye know'e do wear an' at big enough for onythin'. Ye moight drive a gig and pair round the brim! But, then, 'e's a lard, and may do as a loikes!'"

And we are told that "Rooskin" does not fare much better near Conistone. "Even at Oxford scouts were forthcoming who simply regarded him as the 'old gent wot teaches drawing at the Taylorian.'"

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xlii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. John F. Coburn, of Newark, N. J., who passed away on the 13th ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. John B. Pratt, who peacefully departed this life on the 20th ult., at Albany, N. Y.

Mrs. P. Hamil, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a precious death on the Feast of the Annunciation, in Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Joseph F. Anthony, whose death occurred at Harrisburg, Pa., on the 22d ult.

Miss Mary R. Pigott, a fervent Child of Mary; Mrs. Catherine Ward and Mrs. John Bowler, noble Christian mothers, deceased last month at Cohoes, N. Y.

Miss Mary F. Bartlett, of Peabody, Mass., who piously yielded her soul to God on the 24th of January.

Mrs. P. O'Connor, who died on the 2d ult., at Los Osos, Cal., after receiving the last Sacraments.

Miss Lina Harrington, of Sag Harbor, N. Y., who was called to the reward of a good life last month.

Mr. Richard Turbitt, Mrs. Catherine and Miss Catherine Turbitt, of Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Thomas Layton, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Anna Murphy, Potosi, Mo.; Patrick Fay, Superior, Wis.; and Mrs. Margaret Kelly, Cambridge, Mass.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



The Last Martyr of the Coliseum.

In every town built by the Romans there are still to be seen, when there are any ruins at all left, the remains of amphitheatres where public sports or games were held. They usually consisted of long rows of seats encircling the arena, which took its name from the white sand with which it was strewn, arena being the Latin equivalent of sand. To-day we would call the arena a ring, and the amphitheatre a circus.

The largest and best known of all these buildings was the celebrated Coliseum, with which we have been made familiar by numberless pictures. It was built in the reign of Vespasian, and many captive Jews passed the long days of their exile in toil upon its noble walls. The work was wonderfully well done, and the Coliseum is one of the best preserved ruins in the world. Its extent was enormous, about five acres being enclosed; and so much stone and marble was employed in its construction that several entire palaces in Rome have been built from its fragments without apparently diminishing their extent.

Writers disagree in their estimate of the number of persons who could be accommodated on the seats of this gigantic structure, but it is safe to say that they would easily hold ninety thousand. The Coliseum, like other Roman amphitheatres, had no roof; but when it was necessary beautiful awnings of silk could be unfurled above the spectators to protect them from the sun or rain.

At the time when eager crowds poured into that great enclosure, the fashionable hours differed from those of to-day. The common people went at an early hour in the morning, the dignitaries, arriving later, being saluted with shouts. Usually these were cries of welcome, but sometimes they were the reverse; for there were favorites among the rulers then as now, and the populace did not hesitate to hoot or deride an unpopular senator who ventured to show his robes in public.

The appearance of the emperor was always the signal for the sports to begin. These games were often harmless, but sometimes the savage temper of the people was aroused, and they grew tired of looking at such tame sights as dancing bears or rope-walking elephants. So animals were set to fight one another; and then, as the taste for blood became stronger, men were brought in and made to defend themselves against wild beasts. This last was a favorite way of disposing of captives taken in war; and, as time went on, certain slaves were trained to be gladiators, or professional fighters of one another. When one was wounded, the victor would glance up to where the noble ladies sat to see what the verdict was. If the dainty thumbs were turned down it meant "Fight to the death"; and at that sign the victorious gladiator would soon put an end to his victim.

After the introduction into Rome of the religion of our Blessed Lord, Christian martyrs were employed to feed with their own bodies the savage beasts of the arena, and this continued until the Emperor Constantine embraced the Catholic faith. It was determined then to stop this sacrifice of human lives; but the lust for blood was in the veins of the semi-barbaric people, and if a man wished to be elected to a high office his quickest way to gain influence was to treat the multitude to some wild, horrible spectacle in the Coliseum. The emperors were called to Constantinople or elsewhere, and so it often came about that the old sports were re-enacted.

It was the beginning of the fifth century. Honorius, a feeble boy, was emperor. The fierce Gothic hordes had been driven back by the brave General Stilicho, and Rome was saved. Many Goths were taken prisoner, and in the excitement of the moment a grand combat was arranged to commemorate the victory. The beauty and bravery of Rome gathered in the Coliseum to celebrate the escape from the dreaded enemy. At first the sports were innocent enough, but after a while the Gothic slaves were brought to be slain by wild beasts; and then the gladiators, as in old heathen times, began to slay one another.

Suddenly the slender form of an unknown man was seen upon the sand of the arena. His feet were bare and his garb was humble. He

held up a warning arm, and called to the combatants, in the name of God, to desist. The crowds screamed: "Back, old man!" But he did not falter. They cried to the gladiators to cut him down, but he stood there firmly, still calling upon the others to cease from committing murder. At that moment a shower of stones rained upon him, and the sharp swords of the gladiators soon felled him to the earth.

But who was he, this humble man in rough garments? He was a holy hermit from the desert, Telemachus by name, and had come to spend his Christmas in the City of Peter.

And so this martyr died, but not in vain. A great revulsion of feeling set in, and from that day to this no human blood has stained the silver sand of the Coliseum. Harmless lizards sun themselves where once the voices of victims ascended; little flowers peep out of the crannies of the old wall, and all is peace and beauty; but the thoughtful still remember the holy man who laid down his life when Rome was young, the hermit Telemachus.

FRANCESCA.

A Year in Jeanie Reilly's Life.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

(CONTINUED.)

Summer waned; the first week of September ushered in the beginning of autumn. Though the days were still warm, the rapidly falling leaves and the changing foliage betokened cooler weather in the near future.

St. Mary's annual picnic had been arranged for the 8th of September, and every one in the parish was looking forward to the great event of the year. After the Fourth of July celebration, there was nothing so important as the picnic. New gowns and hats were in order, and in every household the older members were busily preparing for the frolic.

One morning as our friend Jeanie toiled slowly up the path from Mrs. Brady's, where she had been on her usual errand of fetching the cream for breakfast, she saw Father Eugene coming toward her with an open letter in his hand.

"This is somewhat provoking," he said; "but I suppose it can't be helped."

"Is there any bad news?" asked Jeanie, observing the perplexed expression of his brows and the tightness with which he set his lips together,—a way with him when worried or annoyed.

"Not bad news exactly," he replied; "but not pleasant by any means. You know by this time, no doubt, that I am a selfish man?"

Jeanie shook her head in a very positive manner.

"At any rate, you will admit that I don't care to be disturbed and put out of my ordinary routine?"

"I haven't noticed it, Father," was the laughing reply. "Indeed, I think you are very amiable."

"Well, that last remark shows that you don't know me at all," said the priest. "I am going to prove to you that you have formed an erroneous opinion of me. This letter is from Chili Furnace, from a man at whose house I always stop when I go down to say Mass, and who now writes that, having heard of the forthcoming picnic, his two daughters, named respectively 'Lizabeth and Moll, will do us the honor of visiting our humble abode in order to assist thereat, and that they will expect a conveyance to meet them at Flintville on the afternoon of the 7th. That part of it will be easy enough, as Jem will be going for groceries."

"Why don't you want to have them, Father?" asked Jeanie. "Aren't they nice, or do you object to visitors on principle?"

"Well said, you little rogue!" answered the priest. "No doubt you think me a bear, and it does seem rude thus to grudge hospitality. But they really are not nice, though their parents are good people. Very tiresome, silly girls, and all that. But I have been treated so well at their house that I shall have to do my best for their entertainment, I suppose."

"What is there so very dreadful about it?" said Jeanie. "They can't expect *you* to entertain them, and Miss Lacy and I may be able to make it pleasant for them. We can try, at least."

Aunt Betty was waiting on the back piazza, ready to put breakfast on the table. She had already heard the news, and did not seem to relish it any better than Father Eugene.

"Such a clatter as they will make!" she said; "and in our way at every step! I've seen the elder one, 'Lizabeth,—you remember, Father, when I went down to the Confirmation. And how funny they do pronounce her name! Just as if you'd say 'Lie,' then stop a minute and finish with 'z'beth.' What troubles me some besides is, that either you or I, Jeanie, will have to give up our bedroom."

Father Eugene laughed. "What with my complaining and yours, Aunt Betty," he said, "Miss Jeanie will indeed think we are selfish."

"Wait till she sees the folks and maybe she won't," was the reply. "There are visitors and visitors, and she knows well enough we don't measure her by them."

"I consider myself one of the family," said Jeanie; "and on that account I mean to bear my share of whatever inconvenience there may be. Let me give them my room, Miss Lacy. We can bring down a cot from the loft, or two for that matter,—one for your room also. I can sleep on it while they stay."

"Very well, dear," said the old lady, evidently relieved at the proposal. "They may be here a week, goodness knows. If we treat them real well they'll be sure to stay. Folks like them are awfully glad to visit about."

"I haven't seen much of the girls," said Father Eugene; "but what I have seen has not impressed me favorably. However, they may improve on acquaintance; and, in any case, we must try to be hospitable—ah, here comes Jem! I have much to say to him this morning. I hope he has brought his team."

Jem's face lengthened when he heard that he was expected to play cavalier to the coming guests. The young ladies of the Braley family seemed to be at a discount at St. Mary's.

"I'm not goin' alone, that's sure! I'm goin' to get Charlie Mahaffey to go along; he's better at entertainin' than I am, anyhow; an' I'll have enough to do lookin' after the fixin's. They'll be glad enough if they get a place to sit down, the wagon's goin' to be loaded up so."

Father Eugene laughed heartily at Jem's temerity and precaution. They walked off together, while Jeanie went to the kitchen to help Aunt Betty beat eggs and stone raisins for the coming festivities.

The eventful day arrived; Jem and Charlie Mahaffey were on hand early with the two-horse wagon, which they expected to bring home laden with delicacies for the picnic.

Charlie was a handsome, curly-haired youth, who in another sphere would probably have been called a "dude," so particular was he about the decoration of the outward man.

"I've got a hard job before me to day, Miss Lacy," he said. "I hear them Braley girls is so jealous of each other that a fellow dasn't say one word more to Moll than to Lize, and the other way accordin'. But I'll try to be imparshul, and I can't do no more than that, can I?"

"Be off with you, Charlie Mahaffey!" exclaimed Aunt Betty. "You know that kind of talk makes Father Eugene just sick. Why can't you be like Jem there?"

Charlie rolled his eyes, folded his arms, and sat demurely in the wagon after this admonition—that is, until Miss Lacy's back was turned when he burst into an uproarious laugh, waving his hand gallantly, as they rode away, to the little group watching their departure.

The shadows of evening were lengthening in the west when, from their station on the piazza, Father Eugene and Jeanie heard the sound of approaching wheels. The wagon soon came in sight, loaded with baskets and bundles; while seated in their midst, like Peggy on the low-backed car among her chickens, but minus her attractiveness, sat the Misses Braley, in all the gorgeousness of new summer attire. Not like the lily were they clothed, but it seemed to Jeanie in every color of the rainbow. They were large, coarse-featured girls; and, though it might have been the result of the long and tiresome ride, Jeanie thought their faces sour and forbidding.

"Come out with me, dear," said Father Eugene. "We may help carry in some of the luggage."

Jeanie followed him to the gate. When they reached it the young men were in the act of helping the girls to the ground, which they did silently, as might have become mourners at a funeral.

"Welcome to St. Mary's!" observed Father Eugene, in his usual cordial manner, extending his hand.

"You'd never have got *me* here if I'd a

known it was sich a terrible hilly, bumpy road. Every bone in my body's broke, I guess," was the rejoinder to this friendly salutation from the elder of the two, whom Jeanie afterward learned was 'Lizabeth.

"Nor me neither," said the other, with even more discourtesy. "Why didn't you send a light wagon or a buggy, Father, less your idee was to lame us for life? We won't be worth a cent for dancin' to morrow."

"I am sorry you have suffered such inconvenience," answered Father Eugene; "but light wagons and buggies could never stand these roads. We sent the best we had; although at another time, if the boys were not obliged to bring supplies, it might have been arranged so that you could have come on horseback."

"Snooks! You couldn't get me on a horse's back, nor Moll neither," said Miss 'Lizabeth. "We'd both rather take Shank's mare any day. All our family from pa down is skeered of horses more or less. Here, little gal, take this umberel and that there small basket. Don't put nothin' on top of it, for it's got our artifshuls in."

"Hope you didn't forget to put in the blondine veils?" added Miss Moll, as Jeanie, wondering what the "artifshuls" were, and what use the veils were expected to serve, humbly and obediently did as she was bid.

Jem started forward to relieve her, but Father Eugene, with a humorous smile, held him back, and the party walked up to the house, Jeanie leading the way.

"Who is that gal?" asked Miss Braley the elder of Father Eugene.

"Miss Jeanie Reilly, from ——," the priest replied.

"Been here long?"

"Nearly four months," was the answer.

"Guess that old housekeeper of yourn's pretty near played out. Time she had some one to help her, but that gal don't look as if she could chase a fly."

Jem was about to interpose once more, but Father Eugene signed to him to keep silence.

"She is very useful," said the priest, quietly. "One can not always judge by looks." Then, wishing to change the conversation, he added: "How are your father and mother?"

"Oh, pa, he's spry enough! He cleared five

hundred on a lot of cattle last week, or he wouldn't have let us bought a new rig to come up here. He's so awful close! But ma, she's grumblin' as usual. She's always complainin',—you know that yourself."

Miss Lacy awaited them at the door, but neither of the girls took her extended hand, evidently considering her a menial beneath their friendly notice.

Father Eugene had some difficulty in persuading the young men to remain to supper; the girls had made a very unfavorable impression on them, and they had no desire to spend any more time in their company. Being finally induced to stay, they all gathered round the hospitable board, well spread with substantial food as well as delicacies; but nothing seemed to please the fastidious palates of the young ladies from the classic neighborhood of Chili Furnace. The butter was not salt enough, the chicken too well done, the preserves too sweet, and the cake too plain. Jim and Charlie came in for a share of their criticism, both girls declaring they had never been in company with "such close-mouthed critters" before.

When all had risen from the table, Jeanie, fully alive to the ludicrousness of the situation, which impressed her even more than their rudeness, asked them if they would not like to sit a while on the piazza; but her offer to accompany them was curtly declined.

"You'd better stay and help the old woman red up them dishes," answered Miss Moll; "there's an awful sight of 'em to do. We're old enough to find our own way about the house, I reckon."

Jem and Charlie strode indignantly from the room, and Miss Lacy was about to speak; but Father Eugene checked her by a warning finger, casting meanwhile a comical glance at Jeanie, who stood, almost convulsed with repressed laughter, behind the door.

"They think I'm the small servant, Father," she whispered as he passed. "Do let them,—it will be such fun!"

And Father Eugene smiled and nodded.

As the dining-room door closed after them Miss Lacy's subdued wrath broke forth:

"Did you ever hear or dream of such impertinence?" she exclaimed. "Finding fault with our lovely supper, when I don't believe they

ever had so good in their lives! They're nothing like St. Mary's people; they're just half savages. Do you suppose they ever saw a napkin before in all their days? I was afraid you'd leave the table. And, then, to think how they dared order you round, and speak to you like that! Father Eugene need not make signs to me,—I'll give them girls a piece of my mind before they go, as sure as my name is Aunt Betty Lacy!"

"They think I'm your little serving-maid, Aunt Betty," said Jeanie, much amused; "that is why they speak so to me. Please let them think so while they are here. I sha'n't mind it a bit,—though of course it wasn't nice for them to find fault with the lovely supper you prepared."

"Think you're a servant-girl!" exclaimed Aunt Betty, dropping the dish-towel and lifting her hands in horror. "Well, I never! They've done the hardest kind of field-work all their days. They're strong as oxen; and just hear how they ordered you to carry their traps! Jem told me about it, dearie, when he came in. If you ain't the best-natured little piece I ever saw!"

Jeanie saw that it was useless to try to make Miss Lacy see the amusing side of the affair, and wisely held her peace, knowing that the good lady was too kind at heart to commit any offence against hospitality unless still more deeply and constantly provoked.

As it was late, Father Eugene announced night prayers, in which the Misses Braley shared—at least to the extent of sitting on their heels, after the fashion of Indian squaws, and yawning aloud at irregular intervals.

Jeanie accompanied them to their chamber, on hospitable thoughts intent; though I can not truthfully say that the spirit of mischief was absent from her mind as she walked in advance of her captious and critical guests.

After obeying sundry behests—such as providing them with drinking water and tightly shutting the windows,—she was about to retire, with the hope that they would enjoy a good night's rest, when Miss 'Lizabeth coolly informed her 'she didn't expect to, the beds was so narrow.'

"I'd a thought you uns would have given the best bed and the best room to company," added Miss Moll.

Jeanie tried to explain that theirs was considered the choice room, but Miss 'Lizabeth abruptly told her she was "nearly dead with sleep," and so saying rudely closed the door in her face.

Even this did not disturb Jeanie's equanimity. She tiptoed gently past Father Eugene's door, and, softly entering Miss Lacy's room, went quietly to bed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Easter Eggs.

From the earliest times the egg has been considered a symbol of hope, plenty, the resurrection, etc.; and the Christians of the first ages were accustomed to make gifts of eggs at Easter in honor of Our Lord's resurrection. They were often, as now, dyed red in remembrance of the Precious Blood shed for man's redemption on Calvary, or decorated with Christian symbols. Cards suggesting thoughts appropriate to the great feast we are now celebrating have taken the place, to some extent, of the ancient symbol; but in Catholic countries the egg rightly retains its popularity.

There is a form in the Roman Ritual for the blessing of eggs especially at Easter. It may be translated as follows:

- V. Our help is in the name of the Lord.
- R. Who created the heaven and the earth.
- V. The Lord be with you.
- R. And with thy spirit.

LET US PRAY.

We beseech Thee, O Lord, to bestow the grace of Thy blessing on these eggs, that they may be salutary food for the faithful, who with a thankful heart partake of them in memory of the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, who with Thee liveth and reigneth eternally. Amen.

Easter Fire.

Quaint old customs still prevail in Bavaria. It is there customary to light the Easter Saturday fire in the churchyard with flint and steel; and in its flame are partially burned many walnut twigs,—the part unconsumed being carried home and laid upon the hearth in every storm as a protection from lightning.

THE AVE MARIA

TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

VOL. XXX.

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Resurrection.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

HEAVERY the eclipse of the three days' grave
Hiding Thee from the earth, Thou holy One!
Heavy the silence, with no voice to save;
Heavy the stone.

Yet with but one transparent finger's touch
The night was rent, the stone in distance hurled;
Lo! now our Day that tarriest overmuch,
Sun of the world!

Greater than angels! roll me off this stone
That seals in darkness to the grave and shroud,
One soul for whom Thy death of love makes moan,
Crying aloud!

With but one motion of Thy finger-tip
That poises earth and heaven and sky and sea,
Rend, Thou this dark, that lifting, shall let slip
Thyself, the Image of Thee!

The Blessed Virgin's Letter to the Messinese.

I.

IF the hundreds of cities that claim
Our Lady as their patroness, few have
so strong reasons for confiding in
her special protection as the Sicilian seaport,
Messina. The Messinese glory in the peculiar
favor accorded to them of having received
from the Blessed Virgin, after the Ascension
of Our Lord, a letter in which she promised to
be their perpetual protectress. The authentic-

ity of this letter has been valiantly sustained
by Fathers Melchior Inchoffer and Paul Belli,
—the former a German Jesuit, the latter a
Sicilian member of the same Order. Readers
of their writings will admit that at least the
credibility of the tradition can scarcely be
gainsaid. The writings in question shall be
our guides in this article.

Before the Apostles carried the glad tidings
of the New Dispensation to the various coun-
tries which Providence assigned to their zeal,
their footsteps had been preceded by the name
of Jesus Christ, which, like the first flush of
dawning day, diffused through these coun-
tries a mild light, precursory to the full splen-
dor of the Gospel. The star which greeted
the Messiah's birth, the oracles that had
announced Him the Wise Men of the East
transformed into pilgrims to Bethlehem,—
these were, to the world beyond Judea, so
many heralds of the name of Jesus.

The subsequent massacre of the Innocents
and the miserable death of Herod, the miracles
wrought by Christ during His life, and the
prodigy of darkened sun and rocking earth
that signalized His death, were occurrences
too remarkable to remain unknown in any
country having communication with Pales-
tine. Pilate's report to Tiberius, in which
special mention was made of Our Lord and
His Blessed Mother, had been made public;
and, moreover, belief in a Virgin Mother was
universal.

Messina, whose port was open to all vessels
from the Orient, could less than any other
city be kept in ignorance of all these marvels.
For it is scarcely credible that among the

fifteen thousand Jews converted by the preaching of the Apostles, and banished by imperial edict to different parts of Asia and Europe, none would be found sojourning at Messina; especially as five hundred of them, going from Cyprus to Carthagera, Spain, were compelled to stop at the Sicilian seaport. Need we mention the Synagogue of Libertines, composed of Sicilian youth whom love of study had led to Jerusalem? And did not the Cummæan Sibyl hear her famous oracles, relative to the Messiah and His Mother, chanted by the Messinese?

These considerations point to the conclusion that Sicily must, assuredly, have known of the great events of which Jerusalem had lately been the doleful theatre.

II.

The Messinese heard one day of St. Paul's arrival at Reggio, in Calabria. The incidents of his shipwreck, his conversion of Publius, Governor of Malta, and the eminent virtues of the Apostle, had already rendered his name celebrated, and in their blind enthusiasm the people looked upon him as a god. On receipt of this news, the citizens of Messina, desirous of listening to an authentic narrative of what they had heard recounted concerning Jesus Christ and His Holy Mother, sent word to St. Paul, begging him to extend his voyage to them. Their request was granted. Let us remark, incidentally, that St. John Chrysostom, in his second homily on the Epistle to the Romans, confirms this tradition by informing us that St. Paul went to Sicily three times.

Appearing before a very large auditory, the great Apostle began to speak of Jesus Christ the Saviour, of His life, His sufferings, and His death. The eloquence of his discourse, and the wondrous occurrences to which he bore testimony, profoundly moved his hearers, and all manifested an ardent desire to learn where dwelt the Mother of this God whom the Apostle preached. Informed by St. Paul that she was living in Jerusalem, they sent thither a large delegation to seek the Blessed Virgin, and implore her to become the mistress of their city.

Mary received them with maternal kindness. The Messinese deputies threw themselves at her feet, offered her the respectful homage of their city, and besought her to

grant the petition which, in the name of all dwellers in Messina, they presented—that she would receive them under her powerful protection. In order to answer the written address which they had brought to her, and to give them a pledge that should gratify the whole city (to which she sent her blessing with the promise of her patronage), Mary wrote in their presence, in the Hebrew language, the short and venerated letter which the Messinese have always religiously preserved.

We here subjoin an English translation from the Latin of this celebrated epistle:

“Mary Virgin, daughter of Joachim, Mother of Jesus Christ Crucified, of the tribe of Juda, of the House of David: To all the people of Messina health and the benediction of God the Omnipotent Father.

“It is known to us through a public document that you all, with great faith, have sent to us legates and ambassadors. You confess that our Son, begotten of God, is both God and Man; and that after His resurrection He ascended into heaven; it is through the preaching of Paul, the chosen Apostle, that you have learned the way of life. For which reason we bless you,—you and your city, of which it will please us to be the perpetual protectress.

“The forty-second year of our Son; first indiction; third day of the nones of July; twenty-sixth moon; Thursday; from Jerusalem.

“Mary Virgin confirms with her own hand what is above and the present signature.”

Before continuing, let us acknowledge—and it is simply justice to do so—that the foregoing narrative, on the face of it, appears probable enough. Nothing could be more natural than the desire of the Messinese and their embassy, especially when account is taken of the frequent intercourse of their vessels with the coasts of Syria. Nothing, too, more likely than their prayer to Mary, and her kindness in giving them a letter which would be a proof at once of the accomplishment of their mission, and a pledge of her promise to be their protectress. Moreover, the sending of a letter, even in the Blessed Virgin's time, was not at all an extraordinary occurrence; since in all epochs of the civilized world epistolary correspondence has figured as one of the means of

promoting the various relations of social life.

Messina has remained unswervingly faithful to the patroness of her choice, and on her part the Immaculate Virgin has never belied her promise. To this day the Sicilian city honors our Blessed Lady with an unrivalled *cultus*. Messina is pre-eminently the City of Mary, and no Catholic visitor who walks its streets can fail to be edified at the ever-recurring evidences of devotion to our Queen. Her picture is found painted even on the commonest wagons. The great church of the city is known by the title it has always borne, "Our Lady of the Letter." It contains a painting of the Blessed Virgin, said to be the work of St. Luke, which bears the Greek motto, "Prompt to grant."

It is thought that this sacred edifice was erected in honor of the Assumption, and that festival is accordingly celebrated with all possible pomp and grandeur. One feature of the celebration is a species of religious drama. A statue of the Virgin, ascending to heaven and blessing the city, is borne on an immense triumphal car, the ingenious mechanism of which affords incessant pleasure to southern temperaments. At the base of a pyramid, composed of wheels revolving in every direction, are represented the Apostles surrounding the Virgin's sepulchre, and chanting in appropriate hymns the glories of her tomb. Higher up is an escort of angelic hosts attending the Queen of Heaven in her triumph, to the accompaniment of exulting pæans and strains of sweetest melody. One hundred and fifty white-robed personages take part in the representation, and two hundred others are employed in keeping the mechanism in motion. The figure of Mary, arrived at the summit of the immense pyramid, seems to take leave of her children with a blessing bestowed on the multitude below.

In addition to this solemnity, and to that of June 8 (the date of the sending of the precious letter), there are daily recited, in all the churches of Messina, prayers commemorating the great event, in which prayers reference is made both to the promise of Mary and to the letter which she sent.

As some extracts from the Messinese liturgy may prove interesting, we transcribe them here:

ANTIPHON I.

Remember, O Queen, thy promise made of old to all the Messinese, when, with thine own hand, thou didst write that letter full of tenderness, containing these words, sweeter than honey, etc. [The regular text follows.]

ANTIPHON II.

Therefore, we fly to thy patronage, O Holy Mother of God. . . . We rejoice in the patronage and in the blessing of Her from whom we have received the assurance of perpetual protection. Suppliantly we implore thy mercy; despise not our petitions in our necessities, but deliver us from all dangers, O glorious and Blessed Virgin!

V. Pray for us, Holy Mary, advocate of the people of Messina.

R. That we may be worthy of thy blessing and of the promises of Christ.

PRAYER.

O God, we beseech Thee, by the intercession of Blessed Mary, ever Virgin, preserve from all adversity this city, which Thou hast deigned to direct in the way of truth by the preaching of the Apostle Paul, to confirm in the faith received by the authority of blessed Peter, and to preserve by the benediction and perpetual protection of the Mother of Thy Son. Be propitious to us humbly prostrate before Thee; in Thy clemency protect us from the snares of our enemies; and grant that as our patroness, inspired by Thee, wrote to us on earth, we may, through her powerful intercession, merit to have our names inscribed in the Book of Life.

Copies of the letter are distributed on solemn festivals, and on one occasion a citizen experienced the miraculous efficacy of this object of devotion. His little daughter, eight years old, was dangerously ill with the quinsy. During some days the progress of the malady had been rapid and violent. The child could neither eat nor drink. Given up by the doctors and despaired of by her own family, she saw her father one morning draw near her bed and fall upon his knees. In a voice broken by sobs he recommended his child to Her who so justly bears the title "Health of the Weak," and then laid upon the ailing throat a copy of the Holy Letter. The little girl was at once completely cured.

As may be imagined, the recital of this prodigy did not lessen the devotion of the Messinese. Queen Anne of Spain, consort of Philip II., was so convinced of the salutary effects of this precious letter as a protection in dangers that she caused it to be engraved on a plate of gold, which she wore as a jewel suspended from her neck. Her court followed the example of their Queen.

III.

Like most traditions upon whose truth the Church has not authoritatively pronounced, this of the Holy Letter has given rise to many and animated discussions. There has been no lack of critics to assail its authenticity with all the energetic zeal of a "devil's advocate" in a process of canonization. It may be well, then, to reproduce the objections frequently offered, and to accord to each, in a few words, such answer as may appear satisfactory.

And first, is it true, as has been asserted, that the name "Messina," found in the text of the Holy Letter, was unknown in the Blessed Virgin's day, and was given to the city only at a much later period? No statement could be more inexact. Coins, struck at a date anterior to the date of the letter, bear the name.

The formula employed by Our Lady to indicate the date on which the letter was written would suffice to make us reject the tradition, did we not know that the letter, written in Hebrew, was translated into Greek by the Apostle St. Paul, and into Latin by Constantine Lascaris. This latter, quite naturally, wrote in idiomatic Latin; and the words "indiction," "nones," etc., are not a literal translation, but simply the Latin equivalent of the terms employed in the Hebrew and Greek texts.

If the preamble of the letter, setting forth the titles of our Blessed Lady, prove a stumbling-block to some, we answer that while, taken in its true sense, it offers nothing reprehensible, we may abandon the preamble altogether,—many writers maintaining that it was simply prefixed to the letter proper by the translator.

The most serious objection is grounded on the absence of the original document. There exist only translations. It is certainly difficult,

to contend the critics, to reconcile the loss of so important a manuscript with the vigilant veneration of which it would naturally be the object. Here we shall allow Holy Scripture to answer in our stead. St. Jude* cites the "Book of the Prophecies of Enoch"; Josue,† the "Book of the Wars of God"; Solomon,‡ the "Book of Words and of Days," those of the prophets Samuel, Matthan, and Gad. That these books existed is certain; we possess, however, neither originals nor copies. The Apostles wrote more epistles than are to be found in the canonical books; the greater number of them were destroyed in the fires lighted by the incendiary torch of persecutors, to destroy the monuments of the Christian faith. The historian Eusebius assures us of this. Messina has had her day of persecution and her incendiary torches; the letter of the Queen of the Apostles may, then, have shared the same fate.

If the Messinese can not count Baronius, Suarez, Mabillon, and Tillemont among the adherents of their tradition, they do not at least number them among its adversaries. The writers named, to use the expression employed by Benedict XIV., *doubt*, and nothing more. Canisius, on the other hand, was a zealous upholder of the letter to the Messinese; and by his side we find battling for the same cause Sixtus of Sienna, St. Bernard, Denis le Chartreux, Locrius, Stengelius, Jerome of Ferrara, and many others.

To conclude, let us cite the opinion of the learned theologian, Cardinal de Lugo: "I have had occasion to peruse the book written [by Father Paul Belli] in defence of the Blessed Virgin's letter to the city of Messina. Whoever reads this work dispassionately will acknowledge that the tradition remains probable, and that there are others regarded as such which have neither so many nor so good titles to credit, and which are much more strongly opposed. For my part, I know not why such warmth should be displayed in combating a pious and devout opinion, which can effect much good and no evil. *Quæ potest prodesse et non obesse.*"

* Epist. Cath., xiv.

† Josue, c. x, 13; Num., xxi, 14.

‡ III. Reg., xi, 41.

The Disappearance of John Longworthy.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXVIII.—BASTIEN'S PRAYER.

NELLIE MULLIGAN forgot Miles and her rage against him in an instant,—she forgot herself, in fact, and hastened homeward as quickly as she could go.

Mary did not delay long; she followed soon after with Esther, leaving Miles, without a thought of the state of mind in which he must be. He went back to his den for a while, and grumbled at the utter selfishness of all concerned. Then he made up his mind to punish his sisters with all his power. He found this easy; an hour later he sat in a corner of the tavern near by, mingling his tears with the fumes of hot Scotch whiskey. When in affliction Miles always drank alone; between each potation he reflected on the pathos of his position, and on the pain his sisters would feel when he reeled into the house at a late hour, and they saw the result of their work.

Mary and Esther hurried toward The Anchor. Mary had paused only to give a few instructions to the little servant about Miles' dinner. Esther, who had hitherto looked on the O'Connors as merely obstacles to Mary's peace of mind, was now intensely interested in them. As they hastened along Esther might easily have spoken of her adventure of the morning, but the scene with Miles had entirely driven it out of her head; and, besides, she felt strangely anxious to see Bastien again. Perhaps she could explain her apparent rudeness to him, and then there would be no need of speaking to Mary about it.

Mary seemed worried.

"I am afraid," she said, "we have helped to spoil that girl's happiness for life. I am sure she loved Miles—I am sure she loves him still,—but after her outburst a while ago there is hardly any hope of their ever meeting again."

Esther almost paused in her rapid pace.

"And isn't that what we wanted?" she asked, in astonishment. "The girl has a great

deal more character than Miles, and she is well rid of him."

"Blood is thicker than water," Mary answered, somewhat feebly. "And I can't help thinking that Miles might look back and feel that we have helped to blight his life. Perhaps it would have been better to have encouraged them to marry and have done the best we could for them. Do you remember Maud Muller, and how she looked back and thought and thought—"

Esther did stop this time to take her sister by the shoulder and give her an indignant shake in the middle of the sidewalk.

"Maud Muller was a fool, and, really, Mary, if you go on this way, I shall begin to think—don't you see that Miles is impossible? Sacrifices for his selfishness only confirm him in it. Suppose Nellie Mulligan had been willing to marry him after the wretched, shameful speech he made, what would our lives be with such a couple on our hands? And how could we conscientiously undertake such a responsibility? It is much better as it is. I have washed my hands of Miles!"

"O Esther, remember what a lovely baby he was! And—"

"I don't remember anything about it; I have heard dear mother say so, but I always thought it was merely an hallucination,—there now!"

Mary sighed. It was hard to let the idealized Miles of her infancy go out of her life. He had been her sole object of sacrifice for so many years. A pang darted through her heart at Esther's hard words, because she felt that the spirit of them was the spirit of common-sense. And then she began to feel keenly the sense of that other loss,—the loss of a hope that Arthur Fitzgerald might have thought kindly of her. Ah, well! The love that poor Miles had held so lightly Esther would cherish; she, at least, was worthy that the precious box of ointment should be broken over her head.

The sisters did not speak again until they reached The Anchor. On the stairs they met a young priest hurrying down. Mary greeted him. He smiled gravely, turned back and went before them to the next landing. He was young, yet in any garb he chose to wear one would know him to be a priest.

"I know you are anxious about little Rose," he said, addressing Mary. "You have no need to be: I have just anointed her; she is going fast."

Tears sprang to Mary's eyes. A step sounded above, and Mr. Bastien joined them.

"Is it so bad as that, Father?" he asked, descending the steps. "The doctor gave us a little hope."

"I know the signs too well," the priest answered. "She will hardly live through the night."

"It is too bad, too bad!" said Bastien, with a touch of such deep feeling that Esther raised her eyes in sympathy; and, as they met his, she dropped them, knowing not why.

"It is not bad: it is good," replied the priest. "Who can tell, except the angels, what that little child has suffered? You all know what her home is: a drunken father, a selfish and scarcely less drunken mother, a brother depraved by the associations of this place—listen to that!"

A volley of oaths, followed by shrieks, expostulations, and more oaths, came from the room nearest them. The priest, slight and almost boyish as he seemed to be, had a dignity, a manner that surprised Bastien into a strangely reverential attitude. The oaths and cries were succeeded by a heavy fall and the weeping of children.

The priest walked along the corridor to the door of the room from which the sounds came. He knocked twice, but those within did not hear him, owing to the confusion of sounds. He opened the door. The group without could not hear what he said, but when he ceased there was silence; even the children had suppressed their cries. His face was pale when he came back to the landing.

"And so," he said to Bastien, "you would keep little children in a place like this, and regret their taking off?"

Bastien did not answer.

"They are like lilies here, and many of them grow up pure as the lilies. Their perfume sweetens the life around them; but when God takes them early in their youth they are blessed. This little Rose," he continued, turning to Mary, "is the victim of—an accident. Her father stayed at home with her to-day; her mother came home late, and there

was a quarrel. It seems that the woman threw a flat-iron at her husband; it missed him and struck Rose in the temple. There are two Sisters with the little girl; her brother is away, her sister Maggie is in service somewhere out of town, and the rest of the family scattered. It would be well, perhaps, if you would stay a while in the room. The poor child may regain consciousness, and she often spoke affectionately of you, Miss Galligan."

The priest went away with Bastien, who promised to come back, and Mary and Esther ascended to the O'Connors' rooms.

The lamp was lit, and the room was neater than in the morning. In the yellow light, which struggled with the twilight, two Sisters of Charity knelt at the foot of the lounge where little Rose lay. She was very still; a slight, sighing breath at times betokened life. One of the Sisters took the lamp, and, shading it with her hand, held it near the child. Mary and Esther saw the dark spot on the white temple, like a bruise on the petal of a lily. Mary was as quiet as the Sister, but a lump rose in Esther's throat; she could not keep back the tears. And surely it was a place for tears.

The father and mother of this dying child—her protectors and guardians—were in prison; justice had led them thither to await a hearing. She was alone,—a feeble bird, her wings beating against the cage of life, which a stronger force than hers was soon to open. Where was the motherly care, the due of all little children? Where the father's love, which supports them and makes even their death a passing from one father's arms to those of another? Below was the sound of rattling dice, audible in the sudden lull of other sounds, broken by an occasional oath; outside was heard the sudden rush of the elevated railroad trains, and when they passed The Anchor shook. There in the dim light lay the slender figure, decently covered with white by the kind Sisters, deserted by those who should have cherished it,—a victim to their selfishness and to the un-Christianity of a world which calls itself Christian.

The only glimpses of a purer life that this little child had, had come to her before the lighted altar in the church. The only mother-face she had known had been the benignant

face of the Mother of God softly smiling from her shrine; for she had seldom heard her own mother speak without harshness, or gaze at her without a scowl. The little red gown and white apron, the symbols of her daily work, lay on the chair beside the lounge; and her shoes, piteously worn and shaped to the small feet, were on the floor below the chair. It was the sight of these that made Esther burst into sobs.

"Oh, let me go,—let me go!" she said. "I *must* go or my heart will break!"

There was a tear on the eyelashes of the Sister as she lowered the lamp. Esther opened the door and went out into the corridor, in which a light shone. She shook with sobs; she could not repress them. As Bastien came up the stairs again, she turned to him, forgetting all except the scene within.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "surely *you*, with all your power, can temper this wretchedness! Do it,—save some of them,—or my heart will break!"

He looked at her streaming eyes, like violets in the rain, and the sweetness and gentleness, the earnestness and the self-forgetfulness of her face, struck responsive chords in his heart.

"Esther," he said, "I can not do it; for money and power can do nothing without that love which made your Christ—as the priest has just said—come down and die for such as the little child within. I am blind; I am helpless; I am almost hopeless. Will you help me? Will you teach me?"

Sudden as his words were, Esther looked into his face—in which she, in a flash, recognized a face she had seen before,—and understood him. And so at that moment, in the unearthly halo of the suffering of a little child, their two hearts became as one. She, with her tears still falling, put her hand in his, without a question, without a doubt.

"But *my* Christ must be your Christ," she said.

He bowed his head, answering, "I will try."

They entered the room where Rose lay; and, while the Sisters and Mary and Esther said the prayers for the dying, Bastien murmured softly to himself:

"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom;
Lead thou me on!"

And when, after he had gone out and come back again, the little child's soul was lifted in the arms of her Guardian Angel to the mercy-seat of God, as the dawn struck the window, he heard Esther's clear voice say, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us, sinners, now, and at the hour of our death." Bastien answered, "Amen!" and felt a new peace in his heart.

XXIX.—MILES WEEPS.

The longer Miles thought of his desolate condition—deserted, as it were, by his own blood; cast off, as he said to himself when he had finished his fourth glass of mildly diluted Scotch whiskey,—the more indignant he became, and the more resolved he was to strike his heartless sisters the deadliest blow in his power, and to bring them to repentance by the rudest shock he could devise. This would be, as Miles well knew, to go home hopelessly intoxicated.

It would cut Mary to the heart; it would cover Esther with shame; it would forever dim all the hopes Mary had founded on the virtuous lemonade. He would have preferred to go home drunk in the daylight, in face of all the old neighbors; but, then, that might injure his political chances; for the neighbors had a great respect for the Galligan girls. As to Esther, he felt that, after Mary was subdued, he could bring her to her knees by putting the thumb-screws on Arthur Fitzgerald as a man having guilty knowledge of the murder of John Longworthy.

By and by he would go home and lie prone on the steps until Mary and Esther, returning from the O'Connors, should find him in that condition, which Mary feared more than death itself. And to-morrow afternoon he would force Bastien to confess the murder; he would name his price, and go in for hard, earnest political work. He chuckled to himself as he thought of it all: Nellie Mulligan would drop down from her high horse, too, when she found there was money in it; and if she hesitated there were plenty of girls in the world,—and any girl would think twice before she refused him.

With his back turned to the incomers and outcomers, he thus pursued mentally, as it were, the primrose path of dalliance. He was not disturbed; for the bar-tender and his

friends knew that Miles was indulging in one of his solitary "sprees." But to-night his mind was unusually active; hot Scotch had not its usual charms; he let a glass stand before him until it grew cold, and he was only roused from his long reverie by the striking of a clock and an altercation between the bar-tender and a wretched-looking woman, who, coming in search of her husband, had seized a handful of sandwiches from the counter, with an oath and a threat.

Miles was drowsy, and it was midnight. Perhaps Mary and Esther were home by this time. If not, they would soon be home now. He walked in the direction of the house,—very erect as regarded his body, very shaky as regarded his legs. A light, shaded and low, always burned in the front room when his sisters were at home. It was out; he lay down on the bristle of the door-mat and went to sleep, gladdened by the thought that when he awakened he would see two pallid, tear-stained faces bending over him.

At one o'clock he opened his eyes with a shiver; it was cold,—an eager and biting air blew from the East River; he sneezed and sneezed again. Why did they not come? It was a pretty time for girls to be out! He was almost sober now, and very uncomfortable. If they did not come soon he should have to go in, and the whole effect of his scene, so carefully worked up, would be lost.

He cursed the deterioration of Scotch whiskey and the activity of his own brain; another blast from the river, another sneeze, and he arose and kicked at the door. After some delay the little servant, rubbing her eyes, came and let him in. He went sullenly up to his den, defeated but not conquered. About four hours later he was awakened by footsteps and voices in the hall. He did not recognize them, but they were those of Bastien and Esther.

When little Rose O'Connor had gone home, Mary and the Sisters seemed to feel that Esther had endured enough. Nellie Mulligan came into the room, with her hand clasped in that of Lize Brown, who had forgiven the injury done to her shoes. They wept and wailed together, reproached themselves, and called down maledictions on everybody who had ever spoken an unkind word to little Rose.

Finally, Bastien, who stood quietly near the foot of the lounge, trying to keep a blessed candle alight—the draughts at this hour were very noticeable in the room,—was obliged to ask them to leave.

He looked at Esther's pale face and reddened eyelids, but he did not dare to ask to see her to her house. Mary, however, was anxious about Esther; and, after some hesitation, she herself requested him to take her sister away. The Sisters, too, declared that her presence was not necessary; and, seeming in a dream, Esther found herself walking slowly over the muddy sidewalks with her arm in Bastien's. The dawn was in the east; the rattle of wagons had already begun. Bastien carefully helped her across a yawning sewer, and Esther felt a new delight in being taken care of.

At first little was said. Bastien, however, could not keep long from speaking of what was uppermost in his mind.

"You need not be afraid, Esther," he said, using the name as if it were familiar with him, and it did not sound singular to her. "You have brought me nearer to your God. I have needed Him long, but He seemed so far away! You are the human link that binds me to Him."

"No," she said gently, forgetting her weariness; "there is His Son. You have never understood His love, to which the topmost round in the golden ladder is His Mother."

Bastien was struck, as if with the light that flashed on St. Paul, with the fitness of this for the need he had felt.

"I once loved a woman" (Esther started); "her name was Bianca Rinaldi—I was young then,—but we parted because I could not accept her faith. She was true and gentle and sweet; she has since married. But we parted because I could not understand why she should cling to an outworn creed."

"Do you think it still outworn?" she asked, earnestly.

"My God, *no!*" he answered. "It is the most vital thing on earth."

Esther looked up at him, with entire trust in her eyes; his vehemence pleased her.

"You need tell me nothing more," she began. "I understand. If you are first true to God and His inspirations I need never fear."

Then an awful sense of the boldness of her words seemed to stop her heart. His face glowed with an inward light as he turned it toward her.

"Esther!" he murmured. And at that moment Bastien was happy. "But I must tell you something; it is a long story. Let us walk slowly."

He spoke rapidly after this, and Esther listened attentively, sometimes with a grave look, at others with a smile. When they reached the house there were tears in her eyes. She gave Bastien her hand, and said, in her low tones:

"Will you read the last stanza of Adelaide Procter's 'A Woman's Question'? It is my answer. Good-bye!" And the door closed.

Miles, hearing the sound, swaggered down the hall stairs, a frowzy and dilapidated object, with bleared eyes, and an unbrushed overcoat over a rudimentary toilet. He frowned at Esther, whose gaze met his serenely.

"It's the last time you'll come into this house, if you keep hours like this, young woman! Either you or I will have to leave—that's all!"

Esther did not answer until she had reached the head of the stairs. He repeated his speech then, with an oath that struck her heart like a bullet.

"You shall leave this house, and Mary, too!" he roared. "I've got my hands on your dude of a Fitzgerald's throat, and I'll teach you to defy me!"

This stung Esther, and she forgot the bullet wound.

"You are welcome to the house, Miles," she said, looking down at him over the baluster. "I shall go and Mary with me. I am engaged to be married to Mr. John Longworthy."

"It's a lie!" Miles growled. "He's dead—" "He is alive: I saw him to-night."

Miles sat down in the hall chair and wept aloud. The hot Scotch was having its revenge.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It is not as far from the heart to the mouth as it is from the mouth to the hand.—*Roux.*

We thrive on evil for a time, in order that it may the more surely ruin us in the end.—*Id.*

A Picture of St. Francis of Assisi.

BY CONSTANTINA E. BROOKS.

MY beautiful St. Francis!
Seraph with the kindling eyes
Ever upward to the skies
Rapt in beatific trances!
The far vistas of unbounded
Paradise unfold before thee,
And angelic songs unsounded
In this air of earth sweep o'er thee.

Shall I venture to upraise
To thy heights sublime my gaze?
I whose feet so often stumble
In the rugged ways of life;
I who in the stormy strife—
Where the crown is to the humble,
Where the patient earn acclaim—
Often gather but disgrace,
And fall down before thy face
In the agony of shame?

Seraph Saint, who wert so swift
In thy love to run, to lift
The downfallen and dismayed,—
Ever wert so swift to fly
Whereso'er was heard a cry
For compassion or for aid!
Heart of sweetness, warm and tender,
Turn from the celestial splendor,—
From thy children throned and glorious,
Saints with palms and crowns victorious,—
Turn to me, thy erring child,
With the dust of earth defiled;
Listen to my only plea:
I have greatest need of thee.

Forgotten Heroines.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

I.

DURING the last quarter of a century much fresh light has been thrown on the sufferings of our forefathers during the penal laws in the British possessions. The records of their faith and their courage now shine like beacon stars before our eyes, encouraging us, whose lines have fallen in far easier times, to bear the small trials that beset us as Catholics. And while considering the heroic endurance of our confessors and martyrs in Great

Britain, Ireland, and America, we can also find consolation in the records of the brave testimony for the faith borne in another land. It is true the rack and the gibbet were not used in Germany—the civil power was not so strong as under the despotic government of England, but that the persecution was sharp and cruel to the full the following pages will show.

In the Middle Ages various convents of women gathered round the town of Strasburg. They generally began by a small number of pious ladies banding together to lead a life of prayer and penance. As time went on it was necessary to adopt a rule, and the preference seems to have been given to the rule of St. Dominic. This may probably have arisen from the fact that the Dominican Fathers flourished at Strasburg. No less than four convents adopted the rule of St. Dominic, and were incorporated into what is called the Second Order. St. Dominic himself had founded the First Order for men and the Second for women; the latter was strictly cloistered.

The nuns naturally sought a quiet place, far from the tumult of the town, and where they could have large grounds. As Germany was always more or less convulsed by war, it was thought advisable to bring the religious within the shelter of the city walls; hence in 1270 the community of St. Margaret, which had been founded forty years before at Eckolsheim, were obliged to move into the town, where a beautiful convent and church were erected for them. The Sisters brought with them to their new home an image of Our Lady of Sorrows, which was even then considered miraculous, and which the religious regarded with the greatest veneration.

In 1476 the Senate of the town of Strasburg declared it was necessary that all the convents and monasteries outside the town should be destroyed, and the religious must come inside the walls. Strasburg was one of the Free Cities of the imperial diet, and was governed by its Senate. These men further declared that there was not room in the town for more than one other Dominican convent,—there were already within the walls those of St. Margaret and St. Nicholas. It was ordained that the nuns of St. Mark and St. John should form one community, while the nuns of St. Agnes were to be incorporated with

those of St. Margaret. This was, of course, a great blow to the nuns, and their cause was carried to the Holy See. The decision was given in favor of the Senate. Let us, for the present, follow exclusively the fate of the nuns of St. Agnes and St. Margaret.

As soon as the papal decree was made known to the nuns of St. Agnes, the Mother Prioress, Anne de Zorn, assembled her community, and announced that, the will of God having now been made known, they had only to submit. The departure from St. Agnes took place on the Feast of St. Lucy, December 13, 1475. The nuns knelt together before the altar of their beloved chapel for the last time, chanting, as well as their tears would permit, the twenty-fourth Psalm, the *De Profundis*, the *Salve Regina*, and the invocation to St. Agnes. The procession then set forth. The Blessed Sacrament went first, followed by the nuns, closely veiled and carrying lighted tapers; then came the Senate and an immense crowd.

The prioress of St. Margaret, Catherine de Kagenack, had struggled for the rights of her religious as long as she believed it her duty to do so, but the papal decree satisfied her also. When the nuns of St. Agnes were close to her doors, she assembled her community and said to them: "We can not understand the ways of God's Providence. The religious of St. Agnes have yielded only to necessity in seeking a refuge with us. It is our duty to give them a warm welcome. But, my dear children, I am old and infirm, and not able to govern so large a community as ours will now be,—for those who are coming to us are far more numerous than ourselves. I therefore resign my charge. Let the superior of St. Agnes be your head now; she will, I am sure, be a tender mother to you."

The nuns with many tears protested against this resolution, but they could not move the prioress. She then went, followed by the nuns, to welcome with kind embraces the religious of St. Agnes. Mother Anne de Zorn, however, absolutely refused to accept the office of prioress, and Mother Catherine as positively refused to retain it. The matter was settled by an election, in which Mother Anne was chosen prioress, and Mother Gertrude, sub-prioress of St. Margaret, was re-elected. Shortly after this Mother Catherine died, and the convent

was henceforth known as that of St. Margaret and St. Agnes.

It soon became distinguished for the sanctity and learning of its members. Nearly all the nuns of St. Margaret spoke Latin fluently and wrote it with elegance, while painting and music were much cultivated. Letters are extant which show that many of the community must have been women of high cultivation. They divided their time between the education of young girls and the care of the poor and sick. In times of scarcity they were distinguished for their kindness to other religious houses, and they were ever ready to give noble hospitality to guests in the out quarters of the convent.

The convent received many marks of favor from succeeding Popes. In 1502 the cardinal legate visited the house; he was so charmed with the beautiful religious spirit of its inmates that he went often to say Mass in the church, and procured for the nuns various precious indulgences, among others, that of the Seven Basilicas of Rome.

Mother Anne died in 1511. The annals thus speak of her: "We can never record all that this holy prioress did for the community which she governed for thirty-three years, having previously governed for seven years that of St. Agnes. She was a model of every virtue, rich in merits and ripe for heaven, when the Lord called her to Himself."

She had a worthy successor in Mother Agnes de Müllenheim, "a woman of prayer, full of generosity, and totally self-forgetting." Mother Agnes had a singular love of silence; she used to say: "Silence is the way that leads to perfection; it is the teacher of saints, the wisdom of the just, and the flower of chastity. It is a mirror for sinners and a warning for penitents; it destroys worldliness, leads to the knowledge of God, and teaches us how to subdue the flesh, that the spirit of God may reign within us."

In 1520 a remarkable proof was given of the way in which the Sisters of St. Margaret practised the counsels of their superior. A large fire broke out in the neighborhood of the convent, placing it in the greatest danger. The bailiff directed the nuns to form a chain and hand him out buckets of water, that he might keep the fire at bay. They eagerly

complied and worked with all their strength; but during the whole time of confusion and alarm not one single word was spoken. The aged Sisters, too weak to help, went into the church to pray. But all efforts seemed in vain, —the fire advanced. Suddenly the sky, which had been quite clear, was covered with thick clouds; the rain fell in torrents; the convent and the neighborhood were saved.

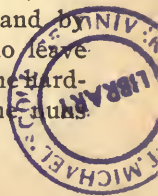
Mother Agnes died in 1521, and was succeeded by Mother Ursula de Bock. Little did those who assisted at this election dream what was in store for this prioress. The annals of the religious of St. Margaret, so peaceful for nearly three hundred years, were to become rather a martyrology than a chronicle.

II.

Our history now leads us to treat of the saddest subject on which the pen of a Catholic can be employed. The uprising of the Protestant heresy brought in its train many sad apostasies. "Stars fell from heaven." What can be sadder than to write of those "who were once illuminated, tasted the good word of God and the powers of the world to come, and are fallen away"?* Among this unfortunate number many religious were found. And when the monk and the nun who had once been faithful became corrupt, their chief desire seemed to be to drag others to the like ruin.

This fatal heresy made great progress in Strasburg; it gained a majority of the Senate, and soon became the established religion of the town. The Protestants then proceeded to deprive those who differed with them of all liberty, and instituted an odious persecution against the Church. The Senate named eight men as commissioners, who were invested with despotic power over convents. Three of these individuals visited St. Margaret's in 1524, and insisted upon the community coming before them. They informed the nuns that they had come out of kindness, in order to mitigate the austerity of their rule. They then saw the religious in private, one by one; and everything was done, by entreaties and by threats, to induce the Sisters either to leave the convent or at least to complain of the hardship of their life. But all in vain: the nuns

* Hebrews, vi.



declared they were perfectly happy and contented, and only wished to be left to follow their vocation in peace.

The next step of the members of the Senate was to send an order to the confessor of St. Margaret's that he was no longer to preach the ancient faith to the religious, but to make known to them "the pure word of God," otherwise he would be dismissed from his office. Father Lobenber assembled the nuns and said to them: "My dear Sisters, our Lord Jesus Christ has told us that the way to heaven is hard and thorny, and the gate thereof narrow." He then, in brief but trenchant words, pointed out the utter discrepancy between the teaching of the apostates and that of the Gospel, and concluded by saying, "I doubt not, dear Sisters, that when your Spouse cometh He will find you with your lamps ready. Persevere; evil days are upon us. I fear I shall soon be taken from you; they will give you a hireling, who will try to lead you into the ways of perdition. Day and night will I cry out to God that His mercy may keep you safe."

The religious were weeping bitterly, and they entreated their spiritual Father not to leave his house, in order that the persecutors, not seeing him about, might forget him. But, alas! in a few days Father Lobenber was seized and exiled from the town; he was not even allowed to take leave of the nuns. The religious soon after received an order that they were not to admit any Catholic priest into their house, even for an hour.

On Lætare Sunday, 1525, the commissioners again visited St. Margaret's, and promulgated the following articles ordained by the Senate: "No Masses are to be celebrated. No Office is to be chanted in choir. All rites of the Catholic religion are abolished. Confession is forbidden under the severest penalties. No Hosts are to be preserved in the tabernacles; no Sacraments are to be administered, not even to the sick or dying. Enclosure is abolished; people may come in and out of convents just as they like. All religious are dispensed from their vows; they may, if they wish, take off the habit, return to the world, and embrace the holy state of matrimony." Having read this infamous document, the commissioners again insisted upon seeing the

nuns in private, and again all their menaces and entreaties were in vain.

A few days afterward the commissioners returned, bringing with them Gaspard Hédio, preacher of the Cathedral. The community were told it was the will of the Senate that they should listen to this illustrious doctor, who would preach to them "the pure word of God"; so the nuns were obliged to listen to him for an hour, and twice afterward they had to endure the same torture. Their disgust was so evident, that Hédio declared he would go no more,—he would not "cast pearls before swine."

After this came the sheriffs, who declared to the Mother Prioress that the Senate had appointed two celebrated preachers to instruct the nuns. "They are," said the sheriffs, "men so learned and so versed in Holy Writ that in one day they brought to the true light thirty theologians and several hundred citizens; the Senate, therefore, hope that the religious of St. Margaret will not be so obstinate as to stand out against the arguments of such superior men."

Poor Mother Prioress was getting more anxious day by day. She called her Sisters round her and said: "Alas! dear Sisters, two preachers are coming regularly to address us; but you know that they only come to teach error, and that their doctrine is contrary to that of the infallible Church of Jesus Christ. It is, then, our duty not to listen to their poisoned words; for the Eternal Truth assures us that 'he that loveth danger shall perish in it.' Do not let us forget that these infamous wretches are apostates, who have broken their vows in the most scandalous manner, and trodden under foot the rules of the religious orders of which they were members. In their discourses they exalt sensuality and pride. I beg of you, my beloved Sisters, to resist all these snares as becomes the disciples of a crucified God."

The religious replied with one voice that they wished in all things to follow the advice of their prioress. Mother Ursula then made known to them a plan which had occurred to her as a means of avoiding the danger with which they were threatened. The sermons were to be delivered from the pulpit in the exterior church, in order that seculars might

be present at these precious discourses; the Sisters were to be behind the *grille*. Mother Ursula proposed that they should manufacture enormous dolls, dress them in habits and veils, and place them in the stalls. Among these there should be mixed a certain number of aged Sisters, who were more or less deaf; the rest of the community could then absent themselves. The proposition was received with amused favor, and with great alacrity the Sisters set about preparing the decoys.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Truth about Pope Alexander VI.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE manners of Borgia were grand and fascinating,* and even Guicciardini credits him with rare powers of penetration, great tact and diplomatic talent. Raphael and James of Volterra, and Peter Martyr of Anghari,† waste no praise on Roderick, but they find in him vast genius and profundity of thought. Egidius of Viterbo admires his eloquence as natural and irresistible, his activity as indefatigable, and his sobriety as exemplary.‡ Tomasi declares that whoever observed the Cardinal could see that his genius marked him for empire. In 1476, having been appointed Cardinal-Bishop of Albano, Roderick received Holy Orders.

And here we must observe that if the reader has imagined that the offspring born to Roderick before this date (and there was none after it) was necessarily sacrilegious, he has been deceived by the title of cardinal, which the Pope now confers, in accordance with the present discipline of the Church, only upon persons in at least deacon's orders. At the time of which we are treating the cardinalial scarlet did not always presuppose

sacred orders; Mazarin and many other cardinals never received them. Nor did Roderick's archiepiscopate of Valencia, conferred on him in his youth, entail upon him the necessity of taking orders. His prelacy was merely "commendatory,"—that is, according to a detestable custom of the day, he enjoyed the emoluments of the benefice.*

After the obsequies of Pope Innocent VIII. twenty-three cardinals entered into conclave, and after five days of deliberation raised Roderick Borgia to the Chair of Peter, on August 11, 1492. As the foes of Borgia have tried to fasten the stigma of simony on this conclave, it is well to note its members. The cardinal-bishops were: Roderick Borgia, then Bishop of Porto; Oliver Caraffa, Archbishop of Naples, whom even Roscoe styles a man of great integrity; Julian della Rovere, the future "Moses of Italy" as Julius II.; Baptist Zeno, Bishop of Tusculum, whose piety and independence, according to Ciacconius, were remarkable; John Michiele, Bishop of Palestrina and Verona, who, says the Cardinal of Pavia, was learned, pious, and the friend of the poor; George d'Acosta, Archbishop of Lisbon, and therefore, by national rivalry, a political enemy of Borgia. The cardinal-priests were: John dei Conti, venerated by all Rome;† Paul Fregoso, Archbishop of Genoa, and thrice doge; Lawrence Cibo and Anthony Pallavicini, Genoese; Scalefetano, Bishop of Parma; Ardicino della Porta, whose virtues even Infessura praises; Gherardo, Patriarch of Venice,—a holy Camaldolese monk, who died at Terni on his way home, but whom Infessura represents as having sold his vote to Borgia for 5,000 ducats, and as therefore deprived, on his return to Venice, of all his benefices. The cardinal-deacons were: Francis Piccolomini, afterward Pope Pius III., lauded by Roscoe; Raphael

* Philip of Bergamo says that in him "there was a celestial appearance very becoming to his name and office."

† Not to be confounded with Peter Martyr (Vermiglio) of Lucca, the Augustinian apostate who lectured at Oxford, 1547-53.

‡ This sobriety is admitted by Roscoe, *loc. cit.* See also Paris, "Diary," at year 1506.

* The acting beneficiary was supposed, of course, to be above reproach; the commendatory, especially in cases of royal patronage, was too often a scandal. The title of abbé, abbate, now given on the European Continent to all secular priests, was in those days adopted by a horde of perfumed gallants, who hung around the court in the enjoyment or expectancy of some abbacy "*in commendam*." One must therefore be careful not to credit the priesthood with every curled darling of an abbé of whom he reads in works of that time.

† Garimbertus, b. iv, ch. 3.

Riario, leader of the Rovere party; Ascanio Sforza, brother of the *Moro*, Duke of Milan, and excessively praised by Paul Jovius; Frederick da San Severino; Colonna; Orsini; Savelli, and John dei Medici, afterward Pope Leo X.

The new Pontiff assumed the name of Alexander VI.,—a name famous, thought Roscoe, as "a scourge of Christendom, and the opprobrium of the human race." Probably no new Pontiff ever received so much flattery as that accorded to Alexander VI. at his coronation; probably such wonderful deeds were never expected from any Pope as those princes and peoples awaited from him. The orators of the Italian States all vied in their congratulations with Tigrini of Lucca, who said that Christendom had a guarantee of its hopes in the Pontiff's many virtues and profound learning; and Nardi, a famous Florentine historian, wrote shortly afterward that everywhere it was thought "that God had chosen this prince as His peculiar instrument to effect something wonderful in His Church, so great were the expectations universally conceived." And yet Roscoe asserts that "when the intelligence of this event was dispersed through Italy, where the character of Roderick Borgia was well known, a general dissatisfaction took place."

We can not enter into the details of this eventful pontificate, but we shall touch briefly on the reputed simoniacal nature of Roderick's election, and on the charge that he met his death by poison—his own weapon turned by Providence against himself. Rinaldi, the continuator of Baronio, is chiefly responsible for the opinion prevalent, until very recent times, concerning the purity of the conclave of 1492. If, instead of blindly relying on Infessura and his copyist Mariana, this annalist had consulted contemporary testimony less suspicious than that of Infessura, he would have been less severe toward this conclave. Michael Fernus, whom Gregorovius calls "by no means a fanatical Papist," says that "in electing this Pontiff the cardinals showed that they had realized the appropriateness of the advice given them by Leonetti" in his funeral sermon on Innocent VIII.* It was Borgia's

merit, therefore, and not simoniacal practices, that procured, thought Fernus, his elevation.

Sigismund dei Conti di Foligno tells us that "the qualities of Cardinal Roderick caused his brethren to esteem him as worthy of the Supreme Pontificate" Hartmann Schedel, author of the "Nuremberg Chronicle," published in 1493, ascribes the election of Roderick to his "learning, excellent conduct, and great piety." Porcius, a contemporary Auditor of the Rota, says: "He was unanimously elected, unanimously confirmed. Concerning this election I shall say only this: its principal authors were those same cardinals who had hitherto resisted all of Roderick's undertakings, both public and private."* Some of these cardinals were devoted to Julian della Rovere, Roderick's competitor in the conclave; others were on the brink of the grave; but, with the exception of five—who, according to Burkhard, had declared that "votes should not be purchased,"—none denounced the alleged simony. And even these five voted for Borgia. But Infessura tells us that "it is said" that, in order to secure the votes of Ascanio Sforza and his friends, Roderick sent, during the conclave, four mules laden with treasure to Sforza's palace. It is strange, remarks Clement, that the indiscretion which revealed this transaction did not betray it to the brigands who were, just then, in possession of the streets of Rome. But Manfredo Manfredi, ambassador of Ferrara to the court of Florence, writes to the Duchess Eleonora that it can not be supposed that Cardinals Colonna, Savelli, and Orsini, would have voted for Borgia unless seduced by money; and Manfredi supports his charge by detailing the benefices given to these cardinals by Alexander the very moment of his enthronization.

* "Commentary of Jerome Porcius, Roman Patriarch and Auditor of the Rota," Rome, 1493.

* Leonetti, Bishop of Concordia, had thus counselled the Sacred College: "As yet we know not whom God calls to succeed Innocent VIII.; what

man is destined to avert the dangers menacing us. . . . Elect a man whose past life is a guarantee; one who, according to the advice of St. Leo, has spent his days in the practice of virtue, and who merits the elevation because of his labors and the integrity of his morals; one without ambition, wise and holy; in a word, one worthy of being the Vicar of Jesus Christ." If it was following this advice to elect Borgia, then the Borgia whom Fernus knew was not the acquaintance of Roscoe, Gregorovius, etc.

But where is the indication of simony in these appointments? The positions were necessarily to be filled. The chancery, the abbey of Subiaco, given respectively to Sforza and Colonna, had lost, the first its titular, the second its commendatory; and we do not hear that the other benefices and fiefs were not vacant. Before dismissing this charge of simony we must allude to a discovery made by some Protestant polemics, and lately revived by a ministerial ranter of some notoriety, to the effect that since the death of Innocent VIII. there have been no legitimate Popes, even according to Roman principles. A papal decree nullifies any election procured by simony; therefore, all appointments of cardinals made by a simoniacal Pope are null; therefore, there has been no legitimate conclave since Alexander's delinquency. A mare's-nest indeed; for the adduced decree was issued by Julius II. on January 19, 1505, thirteen years after Alexander's alleged simony.

It has been asserted that both Alexander VI. and Cæsar Borgia were poisoned, the former fatally; that, through either error or treachery, they partook of a deadly drug, which they had prepared for certain cardinals who were hostile to their projects. Ranke, whom it is the fashion to praise as a wise investigator, gives credence to this fable; Roscoe rejects it. Now, in the Ducal Library of Ferrara there is a manuscript history by Sardi, a contemporary of Guicciardini and Paul Jovius, wherein the author speaks of ten letters written by their agents to Duke Hercules of Ferrara and the Cardinal d'Este, in which it is shown that our Pontiff died of tertian fever, then rampant in Rome. "Attacked by this fever on August 10 [1503], he was relieved neither by bleeding nor by the use of manna, and he expired on the night we mentioned [August 18]. After death the body became swollen and blackened, owing to the putrefaction of the blood; and hence there originated, among such as knew not the cause of these appearances, a rumor that the Pope had been poisoned."

In a manuscript "Diary" of Burkhard, preserved in the Corsini Library, may be read the following: "On Saturday, August 12, 1503, the Pope felt ill; and in the evening, about the twenty-first or twenty-second hour, there came a fever which continually remained. On

Tuesday, August 15, thirteen ounces of blood were drawn from him, and there supervened a tertian fever. On Thursday, August 17, at the twelfth hour, he took some medicine; and on Friday, August 18, he confessed to the Lord Peter, Bishop of Culm, who then celebrated Mass in his presence, and after his own Communion gave the Holy Eucharist to the Pope, who sat up in bed. There were present five cardinals. . . . At the vesper hour, having received Extreme Unction from the Bishop of Culm, he expired."

And, strange to say, Voltaire is very firm in ascribing Alexander's death to natural causes. Speaking of the report of poison,* the cynic says: "All the enemies of the Holy See have believed this horrible tale; I do not, and my chief reason is that it is not at all probable. The Pope and his son may have been wicked, but they were not fools. It is certain that the poisoning of a dozen cardinals would have rendered father and son so execrable that nothing could have saved them from the fury of the Romans and all Italy. The crime, too, was directly contrary to the views of Cæsar. The Pope was on the verge of the grave, and Borgia could cause the election of one of his own creatures; would he gain the Sacred College by murdering a dozen of its members?"

Again, contends Voltaire—on whom, for rarity's sake, it is a pleasure to rely,—if after Alexander's death the cause of the catastrophe had transpired, surely it would have been learned by those whom he had tried to murder. Would they have allowed Cæsar to enter peaceably into possession of his father's wealth? And how could Cæsar, almost dying, according to the story, go to the Vatican to secure the hundred thousand ducats? They say that Cæsar, after the accident, shut himself in the stomach of a mule; for what poison is that a remedy? Finally, Pope Julius II., an unrelenting foe of the Borgias, held Cæsar in his power for a long time, and he never charged him with the supposed crime. Well, therefore, did Voltaire exclaim: "I dare to say to Guicciardini: Europe has been deceived

* "Complete Works," vol. xx ("Hist. Miscel.," vol. i), p. 241; edit. Paris, 1818.—"Customs and Spirit of Nations," *ib.*, p. 445.—"Dissertation on the Death of Henry IV."

by you, as you were deceived by your passion. You were an enemy of the Pope, and you believed your hatred too readily."

And now a word on Alexander VI. as Pontiff. The assassination of the Duke of Gandia (1497) produced a profoundly religious impression on his mind; he even thought of abdicating the Pontificate in order to conciliate the divine mercy. Deterred by Ferdinand the Catholic, he resolved to become a more worthy Pope, and as a first step he began to correct many abuses which had crept into the ecclesiastical administration. Among the abuses brought to light by an apposite commission was a systematic series of forgeries, or rather of supposititious issue of dispensations in which rascality the chief offender was found to have been the Archbishop of Cosenza, Bartholomew Florida, the Secretary of Briefs.* Much good was effected by this commission, as Paul III. afterward indicated. Upon one point the zeal of Alexander was worthy of his position. As a defender of the faith, he was never remiss. One of his first efforts was for the pacification of Bohemia, then ravaged by the Hussites; and it was owing to the kindness which he substituted for the harshness of his predecessors that soon the scourge vanished.

In 1501 Alexander issued his Bull, "Inter Multiplices," against the printing and reading of bad books. One of the most important Bulls issued by this Pontiff was the "Inter Cætera" in 1493, whereby he drew a line of demarcation, which was to form, from pole to pole, the limit of the Spanish and Portuguese possessions in the lately discovered New World. It required no small amount of daring to proclaim, as he thereby equivalently did, the rotundity of the earth,—a truth which then, and for centuries afterward, no scientific academy would have unhesitatingly patronized. The enemies of the Holy See have affected to regard this partition as a crime; indeed, Marmontel termed it "the greatest of all the crimes of Borgia." But Alexander simply exercised that right of arbitration which at that time all Christendom admitted as resident in the incumbent of the papal throne.

* Florida confessed his guilt, was deposed, degraded, and imprisoned for life, on a diet of bread and water, in Castel San Angelo.

Notes and Remarks.

Few people feel the responsibility attached to the office of expounding and defending Catholic truth, and many a one rushes in where theologians and skilled publicists would be cautious. It is not enough to have truth on one's side when one enters the arena of argumentation. It is one thing to have the Faith, to cherish it and be willing to die for it; quite another to defend it. An eminent professor of theology lately remarked that he would be sorry to be called upon to maintain against a clear-sighted opponent many of the unconsidered arguments advanced by Catholic writers and speakers. And he says well, furthermore, that, "next to convincing proof that he is right, nothing is more calculated to strengthen a man's faith in the soundness of his position than a weak argument that he is wrong."

The *Holy Family*, a Catholic paper of New Orleans, edited by the Hon. Frank McGloin, has come out boldly against the "devil fish" of this country, which, after the curse of drink, involves more families in destruction than almost any other evil social power. After showing how the Louisiana Lottery Co. realizes at a rate of a trifle less than 47 per cent., and refunds in prizes a trifle over 53 per cent., and after calling for a legislative inquiry into its doings, Judge McGloin closes with these brave words, which we are glad to repeat with emphasis,—they are especially timely in view of the fact that the company have been making persistent efforts to capture the legislature and government of the new State of North Dakota:

"But if such committee can possibly find out these things, it can never get the facts and figures touching the poverty and crime this institution has occasioned,—embezzlements, starvation of families, suicides; the degradation it has wrought among many, by converting them from honest and industrious people into gamblers; the shame with which it has covered the fair name of Louisiana at home and abroad."

An interesting story is told of the conversion of Mr. F. C. Burnand, the editor of London *Punch*. Mr. Burnand was without religion; according to his own account, he had never given the subject serious thought. What he did give serious thought to, however, was his humorous work in *Punch*. He was always on the lookout for "material." One day he found the "Confessions of St. Augustine" on a book-stall; he bought it, and took it to the *Punch* office in the hope of finding

a joke in it. There an Anglican bishop, who came to visit the facetious editor, saw it. He concluded that Mr. Burnand was on the way to Rome, or why should he read St. Augustine? "Have you really considered the step you are about to take?" he asked, solemnly. "Very carefully," answered the professional joker, fancying the bishop was alluding to his projected irreverence. "Well," said the bishop, "come to me to-morrow and I will show you reasons against it." Burnand went, and the bishop explained the Anglican attitude to him. "I shall now show you how weak the Roman position is," added the prelate. Burnand thanked him, but said he thought he had better go to Cardinal Newman for the "Roman position." He saw the Cardinal for the first time, and this was the beginning of his conversion.

The Sovereign Pontiff has decided upon the establishment of a Catholic hierarchy in Japan. Tokio will be made a metropolitan see with four suffragan bishops. We lately gave some interesting statistics of Northern Japan, the district presided over by Mgr. Osouf. In Southern Japan there are at present 25,000 Catholics and sixty churches and chapels. The seminary, now attended by sixty students, has already given eight priests to the Church, and within a year eight others will be ordained.

We direct attention to the Rev. Dr. Parsons' able article on Pope Alexander VI., the conclusion of which is given in our present number. Intelligent readers will notice that it throws new light on a subject almost universally misunderstood. Even Catholic historians have misrepresented Alexander VI. Contemporary research, however, has cleared up some of the most serious charges against him. The article is one that few besides Dr. Parsons could have written, and represents deep study, wide reading, and painstaking research on his part.

The Paris correspondent of the *Boston Transcript* writes as follows concerning the prison of La Grande Roquette:

"At the end of one of the long corridors is the narrow prison which served as a place of confinement for Mgr. Darboy, the Archbishop of Paris, who was shot with the rest of the hostages by the Communists in 1871. Since that august prisoner was enclosed within the four narrow walls the cell has never been entered by any criminal. It has remained intact. The bed is just as it was when the great prelate was called to meet his fate. The same sheets have been left, and the iron cross which closes the spy-hole of the cell is still surmounted by the Latin words, "*Vite robur, mentis salus*," written in pencil by the Archbishop,

who occupied some of his weary moments in sketching on the door of his prison the instruments of the Passion. The winding staircase may still be seen by which the hostages went down when they were summoned to meet the firing party in the yard of La Grande Roquette, where the feeble old prelate, who had overtaxed his strength, was compelled to cling to the arm of a companion to avoid falling. The exact spot is still pointed out where the five hostages fell, and where Mgr. Darboy fervently called down forgiveness for his murderers. The mark of the bullets can still be seen round the white marble slab which records one of the most sanguinary acts of the Paris rabble, and evergreens mark the place where the men fell who died victims of its blind fury."

We are in receipt of offerings in behalf of the wretched lepers in Northern Japan, as follows:

Vincent Lieb, \$3; H. M. G., Chicago, Ill., \$20.

For the needy missions of the Passionist Fathers in South America:

Mrs. James Delay, \$1; J. H. McF., in honor of St. Joseph, \$1; M. H., in behalf of the souls in purgatory, \$1; A Friend, Marysville, Cal., \$5.

A well-known clergyman in Baltimore sends \$1, received from J. R., to assist in defraying the expenses necessarily connected with advancing the cause of the Curé d'Ars. We shall be pleased to take charge of offerings for this purpose. Many who may wish to contribute would doubtless find it inconvenient to send their offering to the promoter in Rome or the parish priest of Ars.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister Mary Francis, Visitandine, Marysville, Ky., who was called to the reward of her self-sacrificing life on the 30th ult.

Mrs. Catherine Ford, whose happy death occurred on the 23d of January, at Sydney, N. S. W.

Mrs. Bridget A. McCarthy, who peacefully departed this life at Avoca, Iowa, on the 18th ult.

David Gibbons, John Shields, and Mrs. Margaret Gallery, of Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Margaret Lester, Penn's Grove, Cal.; Michael Quinn and Rose Daly, Philadelphia, Pa.; Patrick McGrath, New York; Mrs. Mary Flanigan, Dorchester, Mass.; Mary Paterson, John Kane, and Margaret Cary, Avoca, Iowa; Mrs. T. J. Loughlin, Helena, Mont.; Philip McGinnis, Co. Fermanagh, Neil Gibbons, Co. Donegal, and Ann Mulholland, Bracka, Co. Derry, Ireland; also Mrs. Rachel Durbin, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Like as a Father.

OVER the stony places,
With loving and watchful care,
The father guides his little one,
Lest she stumble unaware.

Over the muddy crossings
That span the city street,
He bears aloft the child of his love,
Lest the mire should touch her feet.

When she grieves in childish sorrow
O'er a slight mishap at play,
He folds her close to his pitying heart,
While he kisses her tears away.

And this is an earthly father,
Whose tender, unwearied care
But faintly reflects the all-perfect love
Of the Father we reach by prayer!

ADELE.

"Apples, Ripe and Rosy, Sir!"

A STORY OF BOYS.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.

What a month of March it was! And after an unusually mild season too. Old Winter seemed to have hoarded up all his stock of snow and cold weather, and left it as an inheritance to his wild and rollicking heir, that was expending it with lavish extravagance.

March was a jolly good fellow though, in spite of his bluster and boisterous ways. There was a wealth of sunshine in his honest heart, and he evidently wanted to render everybody happy. He appeared to have entered into a compact with Santa Claus to make it his business to see that the boys and girls should not, in the end, be deprived of their fair share of the season's merrymaking; that innumerable sleds and toboggans and skates, which had laid idle since Christmas, and been the

objects of much sad contemplation, should have their day, after all.

And he was not really inconsiderate of the poor either; for though, very frequently, in a spirit of mischief, he and his chum Jack Frost drew caricatures of spring flowers on their window-panes, knocked at their doors only to run away in a trice, and played other pranks upon them, they did not feel the same dread of all this that they would have felt in December. He would make up for it by being on his best and balmiest behavior for some days following; would promise that milder weather, when the need and the price of coal would be less, was surely coming; and that both the wild blossoms of the country fields, and the stray dandelions which struggle into bloom in city yards, would be on time, as usual.

On the special day with which we have to do, however, March was not in "a melting mood." On the contrary, the temperature was sharp and frosty, the ground white, the clouds heavy with snow. The storm of the night before had only ceased temporarily; it would begin again soon,—indeed a few flakes were already floating in the air. At four o'clock in the afternoon the children commenced to troop out of the schools. How pleasant to watch them!—to see the great doors swing open and emit, now a throng of bright-eyed, chattering little girls, in gay cloaks and hoods and mittens; or again a crowd of sturdy boys,—a few vociferating and disputing, others trudging along discussing games and sports, and others again indulging in a little random snowballing of their comrades, by the way. Half an hour later the snow was falling thick and fast. The boys were in their element. A number of them had gathered in one of the parks or squares for which the garden-like city of E— is noted, and were busy completing a snow-fort. The jingle of sleigh-bells became less frequent, however; people hurried home; it was sure to be a disagreeable evening.

These indications were dolefully noted by one person in particular, to whom they meant more than to others in general. This was the good old Irish woman who kept the apple and peanut stand at the street corner, and was the centre of attraction to the children on their way to and from school.

"Wisha, this is goin' to be a wild night, I'm thinkin'!" sighed she, wrapping a faded and much-worn "broshay" shawl more securely about her, and striving to protect both herself and her wares beneath the shelter of a dilapidated umbrella, one of the ribs of which had parted company with the cotton covering,—escaped from its moorings, as it were, and stood out independently. "Glory be to God, but what bad luck I've had the day!" she continued under her breath, from habit still scanning the faces of the passers-by, though she had now faint hope that any would pause to purchase. "An' it's a bigger lot than usual I laid in, too. The peanuts is extry size; an' them Baldwins look so fine and rosy, I thought it ud make anybody's mouth water to see them. I counted upon the school-b'ys to buy them up in a twinklin', by reason of me markin' them down to two for a cent. An' so they would, but they're so taken up with sportin' in the snow that they can think of nothin' else. An' now that it's turned so raw, sure I'm afraid it's cold comfort any one but a lad would think it, settin' his teeth on edge tryin' to eat them. I'll tarry a bit longer; an' then, if no better fortune comes, I'll take meself to me little room, even though I'll have to drink me tea without a tint of milk or a dust of sugar the night, and be thankful for that same."

Patiently she waited. The clock struck five. As no other customers appeared, the old woman, who was known as Widow Barry, concluded that she would be moving. "Though it is too bad," she murmured; "an' this the best stand anywhere hereabouts."

In reality, the stand consisted of a large basket, a camp-seat, the tiresome privilege of leaning against two feet of stone-wall, and the aforesaid umbrella, which was intended to afford, not only a roof, but an air of dignity to the concern, and was therefore always open, rain or shine.

To "shut up shop," though it meant simply to lower the umbrella, gather up the goods and depart, was to the apple-vender a momentous affair. Every merchant who attempts, as the saying is, to carry his establishment, finds it no easy task; yet this is what the widow was obliged literally to do. To make her way, thus laden, in the midst of a driving

snowstorm was indeed a difficult matter. Half a dozen times she faltered in discouragement. The street led over a steep hill; how was she to reach the top? She struggled along; the wind blew through her thin garments and drove her back; the umbrella bobbed wildly about; her hands grew numb; now the basket, again the camp-seat, kept slipping from her grasp. Several persons passed, but no one seemed to think of stopping to assist her. A party of well-dressed boys were coasting down the middle of the street; what cared they for the storm? Several, who were standing awaiting their turn, glanced idly at the grotesque figure.

"What a guy!" cried Ed Brown, with a laugh, sending a well-aimed snowball straight against the umbrella, which it shook with a thud. He was on the point of following up with another.

"Oh, come!" protested a carelessly good-natured companion. "That's no fun. But here—look out for the other double-runner! Now we go, hurray!"

And, presto, they whizzed by, without another thought of the aged creature toiling up the ascent. No one appeared to have time to help her.

Presently, however, she heard a firm, light step behind her. The next moment a pair of merry brown eyes peered under the umbrella; a face as round and ruddy as one of her best Baldwins beamed upon her with the smile of old friendship, and a gay, youthful voice cried out:

"Good-afternoon, Missis Barry! It's hard work getting on to-day, isn't it?"

A singularly gentle expression lighted up the apple-woman's weather-beaten features as she recognized the little fellow in the handsome overcoat, who was evidently returning from an errand, as he carried a milk can in one hand while drawing a sled with the other.

"Indade an' it is, Masther Tom!" she replied, pausing a second.

"Let us see if we can't manage differently," he went on, taking her burden and setting it upon the sled. "There, that is better. Now give me your hand."

She had watched him mechanically, but, thus recalled to herself, she answered hastily:

"Oh, thank ye kindly, sir! It's too much

for ye to be takin' this trouble; but I ca get along very well now, with only the um-brelly to carry."

"No trouble at all," said he. "Look, then,—follow me; I'll pick out the best places for you to walk in,—the snow is drifting so!"

He trudged on ahead, glancing back occasionally to see if the basket and camp seat were safe, or to direct her steps,—as if all this were the most natural thing in the world for him to do, as in truth it was; for, though he thought it a great joke that she should call him "sir," will not any one admit that he deserved the title which belongs to a gentleman? He and Widow Barry had been good friends for some time.

"Sure, an' didn't he buy out me whole supply one day this last January?" she would say. "His birthday it was, and the dear creature was eleven year old. He spent the big silver dollar his grandfather gave him like a prince, a treatin' all the b'ys of the neighborhood to apples an' peanuts, an' sendin' me home to take me comfort."

Tom, moreover, was a regular patron of "the stand." He always declared that 'she knew what suited him to a T.' During the selection, he was accustomed to discuss with her many weighty questions, especially Irish politics, in which they both took a deep if not very well-informed interest.

"Guess I'll have that dark-red one over there. Don't you think Mr. Gladstone is the greatest statesman of the age, Missis Barry?—what? That other one is bigger? Well!—And your father knew Daniel O'Connell you say?—ah, I tell you that's a fine fellow!"

Whether he meant the patriot or the pippin it might be difficult to determine. This, however, is but a specimen of their conversation. Then in the end she would produce the ripest and rosier of her stock—which she had been keeping for him all the while,—and, leaving a penny in her palm, he would hurry away in order to reach St. Francis' School before the bell rang.

This particular afternoon, when he had helped her over the worst part of the way, she glanced uneasily at the can which he carried, and said:

"Faith, Masther Tom, it's afraid I am that they'll be waitin' at home for the milk ye

were sent for. Sure I wouldn't want ye to be blamed for not makin' haste, avick! An' all because of yer doin' a kindly turn for a poor old woman."

"No fear of that, ma'am," answered Tom, confidently. "There is no hurry; the milk won't be needed till supper time."

Then, noticing that she was tired and panting for breath, he took out the stopper and held the can toward her, saying impulsively,

"Have a drink, Missis Barry,—yes, it will do you good."

A suspicious moisture dimmed the widow's faded eyes for a moment, and her heart gave a throb of grateful surprise at the child's ingenuous friendliness; but she drew back with a deprecating gesture, saying,

"Well, well, Masther Tom, ye're the thoughtfulest young gentleman that ever I see! An' I'm sure I thank ye kindly. It isn't for the likes of me to be tellin' ye what is right an' proper, but what would yer mother say to yer not bringin' the milk home just as ye got it from the store, an' to ye givin' a poor creature like me a drink out of the can?"

"Oh, she wouldn't care!" replied Tom. "Didn't she say you were welcome at the house any time, to have a cup of tea and get warm by the kitchen fire? Do you think she'd grudge you a sup of milk?"

"It isn't that, for I know she wouldn't, God bless her!" said the apple-woman, heartily. "Still, asthore, take heed of what I say. Never meddle with what's trusted to ye, but carry it safe an' whole to the person it's meant for, or the place ye are told to fetch it to. It's the best plan, dear."

"I suppose it is, Missis Barry, generally," agreed Tom. "I remember once Ed Brown and I made away with half of a big package of raisins that mother sent me for, and she scolded me about it. But that was different, you know. Pshaw! I didn't mean to tell you it was Ed. Here we are at your door, ma'am. I'll put your things inside—oh, no! Never mind. I was glad to come. Really I oughtn't to take it. Well, thank you. Good-bye!"

And Tom scampered off with an especially toothsome-looking apple, which the woman forced into his hand.

"Ah, but he's the dear, blithe, generous-hearted b'y!" she exclaimed, with a warmth of

affectionate admiration, as she stood looking after him. "There's not a bit of worldly pride or meanness about him. May the Lord keep him so! The only thing I'd be afraid of is that, like many such, he'd be easily led. There's that Ed Brown now,—Heaven forgive me, but somehow I don't like that lad. Though he's the son of the richest man in the neighborhood, an' his people live in grand style, he's no fit companion for Masther Tom Norris I'm thinkin'."

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

A Year in Jeanie Reilly's Life.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

(CONTINUED.)

The next morning the family at the church house were up betimes; for there was much to be done before midday, when they proposed setting out for the woods,—Father Eugene wisely thinking that half a day's dissipation, mild as it was, would be enough for his charge.

Miss Lacy was anxious to have breakfast dispatched quickly, and had intimated as much the night before, hoping that the guests would be obliging enough to fall in with her plans. But in this she was destined to be disappointed. Although Aunt Betty rang the Angelus louder and longer than usual, and even went so far as to call to Jeanie from the back piazza, telling her that Mass was about to begin, the Misses Braley slumbered serenely on, regardless of time or circumstance.

When breakfast was announced she bade Jeanie knock at their door and tell them it was past seven o'clock; which Jeanie did, though somewhat reluctantly, as they had already shown that they thought her officious. After knocking timidly several times, she ventured to open the door; whereupon 'Lizabeth sat up in bed and said, with indignation in her voice:

"Go'way this minnet, little gal! We git up at daylight every mornin' in the year, 'an we're not goin' to be cheated out er a good nap when we go visitin'. You ain't got no manners, neither has that old Aunt Betty. Go'way and shut that door! We'll git up when we feel like it."

Jeanie returned to the dining-room, where she found Father Eugene waiting to say grace. Without repeating what had taken place, she said she thought the girls were too tired to get up just yet, and perhaps it would be as well to put away some breakfast for them, to which Father Eugene agreed.

"You know, Aunt Betty," he said, "they will not stay long; and although they are 'altogether unlovely,' to use an expression of Ruskin, it is as well not to retaliate in kind to their vagaries. I am indebted to their parents for hospitality, and shall be again; so it behooves me, from a selfish point of view, to treat the girls well."

"I pity the hospitality that kind of people offer to any one!" said Aunt Betty, scornfully, pouring out the coffee. "You'll never sit there, Father, and tell me a man and woman that can raise such a pair of daughters as them two know how to be hospitable."

Father Eugene smiled. "They do the best they can, the best they know, Aunt Betty," he replied, after a moment's silence.

Breakfast was nearly over when the Misses Braley entered the dining-room.

"Good-morning!" said the priest. "I hope you both slept well."

"Well enough, all we got to sleep," said Miss Moll. "But there was such a ringin' of church-bells, and screamin' and runnin' round that we've been awake nigh upon a couple of hours."

"We was so awful tired after that joltin' we got yisterday, we was calculatin' on an extra nap this mornin', so we'd be spry for the picnic. But that little gal of yourn come a callin' and knockin' so that we just got up," continued the fair 'Lizabeth, between whom and her sister, in their Mother Hubbard gowns of gay calico and heads bristling with curl-papers, there seemed to be a rivalry as to which could look the least attractive.

Jeanie blushed at the lack of refinement, even modesty, which could allow young girls to present themselves at table in such attire; the contemptuous curl of Miss Lacy's lip indicated her sentiments; but Father Eugene did not seem to notice anything out of the way.

"Guess we'll git along one more night, though," added Moll; "that's all we've got to stay; for we wouldn't miss the dance at

Chili Saturday night for all out-of-doors."

"How did you reckon on getting to the station?" asked Miss Lacy, dryly. "Jem will not go to town again before Monday, and it may be hard to engage a team. Folks will be tired after the picnic."

"Don't you fret about our gettin' to Flintville. The young fellers will be quarrelin' to take us over."

"That will be fortunate," replied Miss Lacy, with dignity. "But maybe you're reckoning without your host."

"Oh, no fear of that!" said Miss 'Lizabeth, rising from the table. "That coffee's kind of weak, and I don't think them eggs was overly fresh. I guess I'll save my appetite till dinner time."

"You are mistaken about the eggs, at least," said Jeanie, her cheeks ablaze. "They were laid yesterday. I got them while they were still warm."

But the Misses Braley had disappeared. Nothing more was seen of them till half-past eleven, when they came forth from their room radiant in white muslin, sprigged with light yellow and trimmed with scarlet bows; while loosely laid upon their short, tight curls—still redolent of the curling-tongs, or its substitute, a broken poker, as Jeanie afterward discovered,—were floating veils of white tulle, surmounted by wreaths of artificial flowers, also tied with scarlet ribbon.

"Goodness' sake!" exclaimed Miss Lacy, in a low voice to Jeanie, as they sailed down the passage way to the front door. "I'm just going in this moment and speak to Father. He sha'n't have any such capers coming out from under his roof so long as I know what propriety means."

In a little while Miss Lacy returned to the kitchen, complacently nodding her head; and almost at the same moment Father Eugene stepped out on the piazza, where the expectant belles sat side by side. Surveying them quickly, he said:

"Young ladies, I am sorry to be obliged to find fault with your attire, but I must advise you to remove those veils. They are entirely out of place at a picnic, and will only excite ridicule."

"Take off our veils! What for, Father?" exclaimed the indignant maidens.

"Because, as I said before, they are not suitable for the occasion. Moreover, as my guests, I do not wish you to be objects of ill-natured or critical remarks."

"Well, I do say!" cried Miss 'Lizabeth. "They're the prettiest things, and won't be of no use to us if we can't wear 'em. Why, you folks are miles too slow! White floatin' veils is all the style in C—; cousin Mag told us so, an' she's just come from there. She lived a year in Preacher Banks' family, an' his daughter wore one when she was married that reached down to her heels."

"No doubt they are very appropriate for brides or in tableaux, when the necessities of the case require them," was the reply. "But our girls dress simply here, and would not know what to make of such adornments."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Miss Moll, rising from her chair. "We'll just look like frights, that's all! Think of having to put on hats over these curls! The veils fit so loose they made 'em show through real pritty."

"Wish we hadn't come!" muttered her sister. "We hain't had a bit of fun since we left home. Mebbe we kin make bonnets out of 'em. They ought to trim up real sweet with the wreaths."

"No doubt you will be able to make some use of them," said the priest. "Go now, please, and put on your hats. I believe we are all ready to start, and Jem will soon be here with the wagon."

Crestfallen and sullen, the would-be leaders of fashion retired to their chamber, whence they soon emerged, however, in better humor; for, while discarding the veils, they had compromised with the emergency of the situation by replacing the gaudy-looking wreaths on top of their mountains of curls. But when Father Eugene also objected to this, insisting that they should wear hats, they grew angry and declared they would remain at home.

Jeanie felt some sympathy for them, as the hats did look very shabby contrasted with the smartness of their frocks. She had two very pretty hats, which she would have offered to lend them; but this Miss Lacy would not permit.

The sight of Jem's wagon and the anticipation of an afternoon's pleasure soon modified their discontent; and, after telling Miss Lacy

and Jeanie to sit behind in the straw (which they preferred), the gaily-dressed damsels mounted the broad seat beside Jem, much to his discomfiture, as he pictured to himself the jokes of his companions when he entered the picnic grounds in such conspicuous company. Father Eugene followed on horseback.

Jeanie found the picnic very enjoyable, although she did not share in any of the numerous sports in which the young people engaged. After dinner, which they took with the Lawtons, she sat watching the dancing, wrestling, and running matches. As the demand for lemonade and ice-cream increased, she offered her services to Miss Lacy and several matrons, who were dispensing it; but they graciously declined her assistance, feeling her in some way to be the honored guest of the occasion, and anxious that she should be treated accordingly.

The Misses Braley made the most of their opportunities, going boldly about, seizing by the arm whoever took their fancy for the giddy mazes of the dance. They finally became so boisterous that Miss Lacy, not very ceremoniously, told them to behave and follow the example of St. Mary's girls, whom, in reply, Miss 'Lizabeth scornfully pronounced "a lot of cabbage heads." This remark, heard by some of the young men and duly circulated, caused them to be shunned for the short time that remained before the conclusion of the festivities.

Only to Mary Lawton did Jeanie express her disgust at their conduct, which she no longer found amusing; but Mary, who had been well grounded in the truest principles of charity by her gentle mother, replied that she thought them more to be pitied than blamed. Their associations, she had heard, were unrefined and ignorant.

"I should think so!" exclaimed Miss Lacy. "And, if you want to know my opinion, I'll just tell you that I think it is no manner of use for Father Eugene to go eighteen miles on horseback every month to say Mass for such savages. Better leave 'em alone, and neither he nor they will be so responsible. I mean to tell him so, and to give him a piece of my mind, the very first chance I get."

They drove home in the twilight,—the Misses Braley mildly sarcastic with Miss Lacy,

whom they had not forgiven for her reproof; but very affable and complimentary to Jem, on whom they depended as an escort on the morrow.

Jem said little; he was evidently pondering. To Jeanie, who also kept a discreet silence, Miss 'Lizabeth said as they neared home:

"What makes you so still? Don't you feel well?"

"Guess she's a mite peaked because she didn't have much of a time," said Miss Moll.

"That's so," continued her sister. "Why, she didn't git to dance at all!"

"No," replied Jeanie, with head downcast and eyes full of latent mischief.

"That's because you act so kind of dumb," observed Miss Moll.

Miss Lacy, busy with the baskets, did not hear this; but Jem would have made a sharp reply if it had not been for Jeanie's laughing face and warning finger.

On the following day, though called repeatedly, the visitors did not rise till ten o'clock, and then only in response to a peremptory message from Father Eugene, announcing that the wagon was waiting for them. They lingered over their breakfast, after which they went back to their rooms to get their things together. They were much displeased on hearing that "Young Simon Leavy"—thus designated to distinguish him from his father—was to be their escort instead of Jem, or "that Charley with the curly hair," whom they would have preferred even to Jem. "Young Simon" was at least sixty years of age, and a very reticent, not to say morose, man, who signified his impatience by stamping up and down the piazza, with sundry exclamations of "Hurry up! hurry up!"

Miss Lacy, whose kind heart and tender conscience had both been disturbed by what she feared at the last moment might have been chary hospitality, put on her most pleasant smile as she offered to help them pack the huge, black, covered basket in which they had brought their finery. But her good intention was immediately dissipated when Miss Moll rudely called out to Jeanie:

"Little gal, run to the orchard and get a hankercherful of them beautiful red apples! And be quick about it now,—if ye know how to be quick!"

"Miss Braley," said Aunt Betty, drawing herself to her full height, which was not insignificant, "do you know who you are speaking to?"

"Course I do," was the reply. "I was speakin' to the little gal, who is kind of slow at times."

"And *who* and *what* do you suppose she is? Your manner toward her since your arrival has been such as you would scarcely use to a negro slave, if by some impossible chance; seeing that slavery is done away with, you came to own one."

"Don't get so huffy, old lady!" interposed 'Lizabeth. "You act more like the boss of the house than the priest does."

"None of your rude expressions to me, please," rejoined Miss Lacy, with unusual earnestness.

"What a fuss for nothin'!" said Miss Moll. "You're just spoilin' that gal. She won't be of any use to you after a while, when you need her."

"She isn't here to be of use to me," was the reply. "She's a little lady and a kind-hearted angel, else she wouldn't have run around waiting on you, giving up her room and all that, when you haven't got manners enough to thank her. Her father's a friend of Father Eugene, and she's here visiting him, not to wait on me. Her father is a gentleman: he is Mr. Maurice Reilly, of ——. Your cousin Bill knows him; he worked in one of his factories."

"Mercy me!" exclaimed Miss Moll. "Is that so? Well, if my father was as rich as hers, and I couldn't put on more style than that I'd shoot myself! If that ain't a surprise I do n't know what is!"

"She that rich Mr. Reilly's girl and so dumb?" said the other. "Well, I never! It's her own fault if she's not able to hold her head up straight."

Miss Lacy waited to hear no more; she was too full for utterance. Without taking further notice of Jeanie, who stood meekly by the bedside, the valiant young women sallied forth, each holding a handle of the black basket.

"Good-bye, Father!" shouted Miss 'Lizabeth from the wagon; but Miss Moll made no sign of adieu.

And so, with the consciousness of superiority still upon them clear and convincing as the day they came, the haughty belles of Chili Furnace left the dulness of St. Mary's behind them; and, needless to say, none mourned at their departure.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"At the Sign of Our Lady."

Inns in England were, in the old days, frequently named for the Blessed Virgin and put under her protection. Her picture adorned the sign-board, and one spoke of the Sign of the Virgin, or of stopping at Our Lady's Inn, or at the Inn of Our Lady of Pity, as the case might be. Sometimes on the sign there was a Salutation, or Annunciation, with Gabriel addressing Our Lady.

Frequently the Puritans, too parsimonious to destroy, would disfigure these signs, and call the inn the "Soldier" and "Citizen," or similar names. After the Reformation they had a fashion also of painting out the picture of the Blessed Virgin, leaving only St. Gabriel with his scroll in his hand, on which was inscribed the Angelic Salutation.

Christian Heroes.

While the terrible war between the French and Prussians was in progress the Christian Brothers lost nineteen members; yet so great was the heroism of the people of France that applicants were always begging to be taken in place of those who had fallen.

One day a Brother who had been a teacher in St. Nicholas' School was struck by a Prussian musket ball, and died in a short time. As soon as he was buried a fine young man presented himself to the superior. "Will you," he asked, "take me in place of my brother, who has just been buried?"—"Oh," replied the superior, "what would your family say? You might be killed like your brother."—"My father and mother gave me their blessing and sent me here," answered the young man. And so the superior at once admitted the fervent candidate into the thinned ranks of his community.

THE AVE MARIA

TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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The House of Loreto.

LOW nestled in the heart of Galilee
Lay Nazareth, in days of old when came
Archangel messenger, in God's own name
Saluting Her who would the mother be
Of the Emmanuel; and unto thee,
O blessed house—whose walls, the very same
That now do make Loreto's holy fame,—
Was borne that *Ave* sweet and heavenly!
The Saviour's feet, His deeds and words divine,
Have sanctified thee, humble place of rest!
To Galilee the pilgrim goes no more,
For Mary's home is now Loreto's shrine;
And lo! "*Hic Verbum caro factum est*,"
O'er portal writ, says, "Kneel and here adore."

T. A. M.

The Good Shepherd.

IT would seem a universal instinct of the heart which makes ever welcome the representation of Our Lord as the Good Shepherd. A quiet, pastoral tone pervades the earliest pictures found in the Catacombs, and is remarkable as manifesting the peaceful spirit of the Church in an age when she suffered persecution unto the martyrdom of many of her children. It was through symbolic signs and certain monogram inscriptions on walls, sarcophagi, and eucharistic vessels—and not only thus written, but expressed in the shapes of various sacred utensils,—that early Christian art felt its way up to a delineation which at first was general and typical, and often was so rendered as to

have a double meaning. A story of our childhood it may be, that a figure which to the pagan eye reproduced the old Arcadian legend of Orpheus charming the wild beasts with his lyre, or which showed Mercury bearing a ram on his shoulders, brought before the Christian the gentle Shepherd in whom centres a divine allegory.

A notable instance of this twofold rendering exists in that great underground chamber of St. Calixtus, built of the second-century brickwork, and lavishly decorated with classical designs, and rediscovered through the Chevalier de Rossi. The representation becomes more and more a definite characterization of the Christian, so that early in the third century Tertullian writes of the figure of the Good Shepherd as engraved on seals, and gems, and lamps, and on the sacramental vessels.

An old Spanish hymn, which if familiar is not the less precious, portrays the Shepherd of the Cross:

Shepherd,

That mad'st Thy crook from the accursed tree
On which Thy powerful arms were stretched so long!

Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;
For Thou my Shepherd, guard and guide shalt be:
I will obey Thy voice, and wait to see

Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.

Hear, Shepherd, Thou who for Thy flock art dying!

O wash away those scarlet sins; for Thou
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow!

O wait! To Thee my weary soul is crying,—
Wait for me! Yet why ask it, when I see,
With feet nailed to the Cross, Thou'rt waiting still
for me?

Art has depicted the Good Shepherd in various attitudes, and in one instance, on an ancient sarcophagus, the story from the two

Scripture parables is given in a series of three dramatic compositions. A beautiful work by Murillo, in the Madrid Gallery, shows the Christ-Child with sheep about Him, and is entitled the Good Shepherd; and many will recall a design by Steinle—the Good Shepherd saving the strayed sheep.

So, too, Our Lady has been portrayed as the Heavenly Shepherdess, and with crook in hand she is in the celestial meadow feeding her flock with mystical roses. It was early in the eighteenth century, in a painting intended for a Franciscan church, that Mary was thus represented; but afterward the picture was placed in the Madrid Gallery. The work of Alonzo Miguel de Tobar, it is remarkably poetic, and the expression of the Virgin's head very beautiful, so that the whole has been accounted worthy of Murillo. A graceful composition, and one that is familiar to many, shows not only sheep under Our Lady's care, but that a goat, as standing for sinners, has taken refuge among the folds of her outspread mantle.

The second Sunday after Easter is known as "Good Shepherd Sunday," because in the Mass is read the Gospel of St. John in which our Blessed Lord calls Himself by this name. These words occur in the Epistle from St. Peter: "For you were as sheep going astray, but you are now converted to the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls." Never more softly fall the tenderly prolonged accents of the Cross than on this day of the Easter-tide. Dearly may we love the day which in the Gospel has its own mystic pictures of the one Fold, and of the Good Shepherd who knows and who is known; who seeks after the sheep that are strayed, who gives His life for them; whose footsteps we daily endeavor to follow, that finally we may enter into the "whithersoever" of His eternal pastures.

The Bible has no more oft-recurring or more deeply impressive portraiture of our Saviour than that in which we see Him the Good Shepherd. In types, in prophecy, and in parable, He is thus presented. It comes to us under the inspired touch of Isaiah: "He shall gather together the lambs with His arm, and shall take them up in His bosom." Or it is the inspiration of Ezekiel—his exquisite pastoral, picturing the dark and cloudy day

and the scattered sheep; and how the Divine Shepherd will seek His own out of all places, and will deliver them.

Again, it may be the royal poet, who well might draw his figures from the shepherd life which had been his own. And here are more definite lines, and from a point of view which makes them more personal: "He hath set me in a place of pasture. He hath brought me up on the water of refreshment." Our Lord's own words represent Him as leaving the blessed company in the heavenly pasture land, that He, the Lord of Angels, might go after the lost sheep, and, laying it upon His shoulders, bear it home rejoicing.

A typical portraiture of our Divine Lord in His pastoral office comes to us in three of His favored servants, Jacob, Moses, and David, who from being shepherds were highly exalted of God. But the same shepherding care which continuing to us through past ages shall endure for all time to come has its embodiment in Peter. How beautiful the paraphrase which shows Christ the Shepherd-King! And His name, says the Shulamitess, who represents the faithful soul, "is as oil poured out." It is to her He comes "leaping over the mountains, skipping over the hills."

As looking toward a glorious resurrection, yet knowing we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves, perhaps no other, among all the sacred texts which picture our Good Shepherd, may be more truly a stay to the penitent soul than the apostolic words of blessing which invoke "the God of peace, who brought again from the dead the great Pastor of the sheep, our Lord Jesus Christ, in the Blood of the everlasting covenant." So may we pray with the devout Dom Guéranger:

"Divine Shepherd of our souls, how great is Thy love for Thy sheep! Thou givest even Thy life to save them. The fury of wolves does not make Thee flee from us; Thou becomest their prey that we may escape. Thou didst die in our stead, because Thou wert our Shepherd. We are not surprised at Thy requiring from Peter a greater love than Thou didst require from his brother Apostles: Thou didst will to make him their and our shepherd. Peter answered Thee, without hesitation, that he loved Thee; and Thou didst confer upon him Thine own name, together with the re-

ality of Thy office, in order that he might supply Thy place after Thy departure from this world. Be Thou forever blessed, O Eternal Shepherd, for having thus provided for the necessities of Thy flock, which could not be one were it to have many shepherds without one supreme Shepherd.

"In obedience to Thy command, O Divine Saviour, we bow down before Peter, with love and submission; we respectfully kiss his sacred feet; for it is by him that we are united to Thee; it is by him that we are Thy sheep. Preserve us, O Jesus, in the Fold of Peter, which is Thine. Keep far from us the hireling, who usurps the place and rights of the shepherd. He has intruded himself, or been intruded by violence, into the fold, and would have us take him as the master; but he knows not the sheep, and the sheep do not know him. Led, not by zeal, but by avarice and ambition, he flieth at the approach of danger. He that governs through worldly motives is not a man to lay down his life for others. The schismatic pastor loves himself; he does not love Thy sheep; how could he give his life for them? Protect us, O Jesus, from this hireling! He would separate us from Thee by separating us from Peter, whom Thou hast appointed Thy vicar; and we are determined to recognize no other. Anathema to him who would command us in Thy name, and yet not be sent by Peter! Such a pastor could be but an impostor; he would not rest on the foundation; he would not have the keys of the kingdom of heaven; to follow him would be our ruin. Grant, then, Good Shepherd Jesus, that we may ever keep close to Thee and to Peter; that, as he rests upon Thee, we may rest upon him, and thus we may defy every tempest; for Thou, dear Lord, hast said: 'A wise man built his house upon a rock; and the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and they beat upon that house, and it fell not; for it was founded on a rock.'"

E. O. P.

JUST as the withered and unsightly leaves trodden into the soil help to form new beauty in the coming spring, so even the past that we regret may, if used aright, help to form a better and a fairer record in the future.

The Disappearance of John Longworthy.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXX.—THE STATE OF MIND OF JOHN LONGWORTHY.

BASTIEN had told Esther a story which did not seem wonderful to her, spoken in the weird light of the new day. At another time the shock of finding that there was no Bastien at all in America, and that Mr. von Bastien was far away, following his business in Cuba, would have been very great. But after the discovery she had made—that her heart was given to this man, no matter what his name might be,—all other things seemed usual and in the common way.

It must be remembered that Esther had thought very little of love or marriage; she had read few novels, and these of the old-fashioned kind; she knew Walter Scott and Miss Austen by heart. Love, in her eyes, was a spiritual and sacred thing, and also a romantic thing, untouched by those practical considerations of which the modern novel is full. It can be no longer said that the fashionable novelist encourages romance; for his pessimism has killed both sentiment and sentimentalism—the wheat and the tare.

John Longworthy had given her his heart, and she had given him hers. When he had told her the truth about himself she almost wondered why he thought it necessary to do so. Adelaide Procter's words had run through her mind before he spoke:

"Nay, answer *not*—I dare not hear;
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So comfort thee, my Fate.
Whatever on my heart may fall,—
Remember I *would* risk it all."

Nevertheless, John Longworthy had gone on with his story; and as he continued it Esther recognized more and more the face whose photograph she had seen in Miles' room. There was the high, broad forehead, the kind blue eyes,—the long beard and mustache were gone. John Longworthy, without his beard and mustache, and with his hair somewhat closely cropped, was not a hand-

some man, but he looked like one who might be trusted. There was a gleam of humor in his eyes occasionally, and he laughed a little now and then, as some of the thoughts suggested by his story rose in his mind. The low hat he wore and the rough sack coat disguised him even more than the cutting off of his beard; he ceased to trill his *r*'s as he spoke to Esther, and listening to him as they walked along, with her fingers just touching his arm, she wondered how she could ever have disliked him. It was remarkable, too, that, anxious as she was to have Mary's opinion on all subjects interesting to her, she did not think of Mary at this epoch in her life.

John Longworthy hurried through his story, determined to be done with it as soon as possible. He did not doubt Esther's sympathy with what the world would call an unparalleled eccentricity. It did not occur to her or to him that he had done a foolish thing; indeed, ever afterward they both considered it the wisest thing he had ever done.

Longworthy had, it might be said, been born an orphan. His father and mother had quarrelled shortly after he came into the world; his father had left Florence, where he was living, and started for America. The ship had been wrecked on the way, and the elder John Longworthy had gone down with it. His mother, who bitterly repented her part in the quarrel the moment after her husband had gone, died of the shock of the news of his death, and the rich little orphan was left to the care of his uncle in Liverpool. The uncle sent him to Munich, and then alternately to Florence, and New Haven, in Connecticut, for his education, which was singularly diversified. He learned German and Italian well, and, having a certain fastidiousness, which he had inherited from his New England parents, he avoided the grosser temptations of life. He had acquired a hobby, which is a great safeguard for a young man; and he observed and wrote a great deal.

This hobby was the solution of those social questions which seem to demand immediate answers,—of how to adjust the relations between the rich and the poor. But riches and leisure are not conducive to hard work. He knew Italy well, and he lounged within its fascinating precincts for several years. He

fell in love with Bianca Rinaldi; but he would not accept her faith, and she would not marry a Protestant. After that he had a slight Byronic attack; he read "Locksley Hall" and "Maud," and fancied that he was done with the world. And yet the world interested him, and the time came when it grew so interesting that he sought earnestly for some means of accounting for its existence. But, above all, the miseries of the poor—growing more and more intolerable in Italy, the country which he knew best,—oppressed and tortured him. He had come long ago to know that Virgil's prediction of the new era to follow the birth of Our Lord did not mean that the poor were to have all the luxuries typified by the Syrian roses on every bush. And, very hastily, he set down Christianity as a failure. But if Christianity had failed to make the poor rich, he saw that no other power on earth had done anything for them.

He turned in a kind of despair from one philosophy to another,—he found all inadequate; and he found them so, not because he was very logical or profoundly philosophical himself, but because he led a pure life, and he had got into the habit of comparing theories with their effect on life. He early found out that no religion was possible for him but the Christian religion. He had been born, as it were, a New England Congregationalist; he was logical enough to see that, though part of this opinion touched on the mainland of Christianity, there were other parts which were only quicksands over the very soft clay of Unitarianism.

He found no rest, and as he verged toward forty he did some hard thinking and some fair literary work. He returned to New York, feeling like a stranger; he began to regret that he had ever gone abroad. His long sojourn among foreigners had made him a foreigner in his own country and perverted his point of view. He saw in New York more chances for the study of social questions than in any city of Europe; he saw in that wonderful city a microcosm, full of the warring elements he wanted to study; he found, too, that he could not study them through microscopes focused for other people. Talk and written words in the clubs and in the reviews seemed only to puzzle him. He often

asked himself why he should not go and be poor himself,—live in a tenement house, and get near to the hearts of those whose hearts and minds he wanted most to understand.

The discussions at the clubs had only blinded him more and more; the more he thought, the more puzzled he became. Since the poor themselves stood almost as much in the way of their own elevation as the rich, it was clear to him that only by entering into the life of the poor could he understand them. The priest who spoke at the Twilight Club on the night he disappeared had said that the poor could only be saved by their acceptance of the practices of Christianity. He remarked, too, that the same thing must be applied to the rich; and since careful plumbing, sanitation of all kinds, fresh air, good food, did not prevent crimes among the rich, why should they be expected to make angels of the poor?

When John Longworthy entered the *coupé* on the night of the 1st of December he was utterly dissatisfied. What was there in life? Clubs and dinner parties, fads and frivolities! The priest's words rang in his ears; that priest, who lived and worked among the poor, seemed to be full of hope and energy, though he saw the seamy side of life every day. John Longworthy looked out at the misty lights on Broadway, and cried out, with Maurice de Guérin: "Oh, where are the secrets of the beginning of things hidden?"

Suddenly the *coupé* stopped. A circus procession was passing on its way to one of the ferries. He yawned and sank back in his seat; he grew more impatient and looked out again. Two men were standing on the street corner,—men with tin dinner-kettles in their hands. They turned and walked out of the circle of light into Canal Street. They were of the poor, evidently; they were going to their homes. Why should he not follow them, and find out for himself more than he could ever know from books or the talk of the theorists? Here was a chance to slip out of his artificial life,—out of his life of over-civilization into a new existence; and, impulsively, he took it. He laid more than the fare on the seat, and while Barnum's triumphal chariot, lit by electricity, charmed the eyes of the driver, Longworthy slipped out of

the carriage and followed the two men along Canal Street.

They entered a barber-shop, and he followed. It was a small place, plastered with pictures from illustrated papers, highly heated by a big stove, and scented with the heavy odor of bergamot. One of the men, who was evidently drunk, put himself into one of the crimson-covered chairs; the other, after a vain attempt to get the barber to shave him for five cents, departed, indignant.

Longworthy, after a moment's fastidious hesitation, hoisted himself into the other chair, and requested the barber to trim his beard. The other man had gone to sleep, so the amiable artist kindly announced that he would take care of Longworthy first, although the sleeping man had prepared himself for the operation of having his hair cut by taking off his coat—which was of thick, rough, blue cloth—and his cap; they hung on a hook under a bust of General Grant which projected from a background of gilded wall-paper. The artist—he was described as a tonsorial artist on the front window-pane—heard the distant boom of the circus band. He paused, listened, dropped the shears and went to the door. He was young; a graceful and highly perfumed half-moon of greasy hair was combed over a retreating forehead; he was susceptible to the charms of music.

"Just mind this place a minute!" he called out to the only conscious occupant of his employer's shop; and away he sped like the wind toward Broadway.

John Longworthy, who had begun to regret that he had placed himself in the power of the artistic barber, looked at his snoring companion. His face had been good once, but hard drinking and hard work had pinched it in some places and bloated it in others.

"If I could only get into that man's brain and know his thoughts," Longworthy said to himself, "I should begin to know what I want to know. I *will* understand these people!" he continued, half aloud. "I will live among them; I will be one of them."

He took off his coat and hung it on the nail where his tall hat already hung. Looking at himself, half-humorously, half-hesitatingly, in the mahogany-framed looking-glass, he got himself into the blue jacket of the sleeping

man, took his cap and went into the street.

After a short time the barber returned, and a little later his customer, freshly shaven, staggered into the darkness, unconscious that he had on much better clothes than he had ever worn in his life. The hat he lost; the coat was sold the following day to a Jewish clothes-dealer by his wife, and so it found its way to the shop of the Zcayskis. From thence it was taken, for a consideration, by Miles Galligan.

John Longworthy saw many horrors that night in the cheap lodging-house to which he drifted. On the next day he purchased a photographer's place in the Bowery, installing the former proprietor as assistant. From this point of observation he proposed to study life. He read the papers with some amusement. What a fuss people were making about him! He had his mustache and beard cut off, and, with the name of "Rudolf Bastien," he assumed a slight German accent. Nobody knew him; for nobody that Longworthy had known intimately came to his place in the Bowery. He did not think much about this; he began at once to make a reality of his plan for the elevation of the poor by means of good music,—he gave the neighborhood of The Anchor a new concert hall.

His Cuban agent, Mr. Rudolf von Bastien, had lately sold one of his plantations in that island; he was a man whom Longworthy could trust, and in borrowing his name he took that of the most discreet man of his acquaintance. The real Bastien was in New York; Longworthy sent for him and arranged for the transmission of money to his new address. The letter, dated December 22, which Longworthy had shown Miles, was written on the eve of the real Bastien's departure for his home in Havana.

The real Bastien, who had known John Longworthy's father, held that eccentricities were part of the family inheritance. He held his tongue—by which he lost nothing,—and permitted his client to borrow his name. But before he went he introduced the new Bastien to Arthur Fitzgerald, of whose honesty and ability he had formed a high opinion during some business transactions in New York.

Arthur was drawn toward Longworthy by the sympathy that often flashes into being

between two pure-minded men whose pursuits are in some sense congenial. He helped Longworthy's plans along without altogether believing in them. He admired Longworthy's disinterestedness and energy, though he was puzzled and almost made suspicious at times by the mysteries that veiled his new friend; for from the first Fitzgerald was treated in a half-fatherly, half-friendly manner.

It was plain to Fitzgerald that Longworthy was concealing something. What, he did not know at first; later, helped somewhat by Miles' hints, he began to connect him with the disappearance of John Longworthy. The fear that he might discover some secret crime in the life of his new friend, whose unerring sense of rectitude and purity of intention he had come greatly to admire, was a nightmare to him. And as the days went on any allusion to the Longworthy episode made the blood rush to his heart as if he had a secret of guilt to hide. He had heard Longworthy's cool admission of his supposed crime, given with astonishing heartlessness, to Miles at Vespucci's. The audacity of it had sent the color from even Miles' cheek. It was all horrible, and yet Fitzgerald was almost satisfied by Longworthy's promise to explain everything when the time should come.

Longworthy enjoyed studying Fitzgerald, for there was nothing in the world he liked so much as the vivisection of his acquaintances. If he had had less heart he would have been a dangerous man; for, in other ways, he would often have performed over again the tragedy of the Greek sculptor and the tortured slave who died for art.

He had a kindly, if keen, pleasure in the study of this true and ingenuous young man; and he felt that if in a pessimistic world he could find one being who could be true to him, in spite even of his own admission of guiltiness, life might begin to be worth living. But he learned another thing: Arthur Fitzgerald's religion was not on his sleeve, worn for daws to peck at. The Jesuits had done their work well, in a way for which the world does not usually give them credit. They had kept this young man unspoiled, though they had not left him ignorant of the means of combating evil. He was unaffectedly religious, without foolish scruples or timorous narrowness.

Longworthy, with his faculty for analysis, soon recognized that the difference between Arthur and most of the young men he knew was in Arthur's favor, and that this balance was due to religion. To his surprise, Longworthy saw the vital influence of the Church on the development of character. It did more for him than all the grand functions he saw at Rome and Florence, at Madrid and Vienna.

Longworthy had no scruple in his vivisection of Miles, which he hoped to conclude with satisfaction in time. He had a cruel pleasure in misleading Miles when he discovered that he was on the track of the Longworthy "murderer." And when he found that his envelopes with his favorite mark were useful in leading Miles on, he took the greatest pleasure in using them. The losing of the five hundred dollars in the Galligans' parlor by Fitzgerald was an accident. Longworthy had given it to him to pay some bills, because he could not sign cheques with his own name, and Mr. von Bastien—amiable as he had shown himself to be in permitting his employer the use of his name—might have drawn the line at cheque-signing.

Longworthy would have enjoyed his self-effacement if, even within the short space of a month, he had not seen how powerless mere wealth was to help the people around him. The key of the social problem was as far from his grasp as ever. Then he met Esther, who seemed to him to have all the goodness of Fitzgerald, with a thousand more goodnesses added. The artificialities dropped from his eyes; he saw her in a crystalline atmosphere. It is easier for a man of forty to make up his mind to act than for a man of twenty-five. He respected her from the moment he saw her; and suddenly the death of poor little Rose came, with the beauty and horror that touched his heart and Esther's, and melted them into one. He made no plans for the future. Esther would help him to make them by and by, and they would find a way of saving with their love the people she knew so well.

When he left Esther at her own door in the morning light there was one weight on his mind. What should he do with Miles? He was not anxious to have him as a member of his household,—but what *could* he do with his future brother-in-law? It suddenly struck

him that Miles might be sent to the Assembly, pledged to expedite tenement-house reform. Longworthy breathed freely, for he knew it could be done. A man, under our admirable political system, must indeed be useless if he can not be made to serve his country in some capacity or other.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

By the Sea.

ONCE I stood at sunrise
By the summer sea,—
Crimson sky and water,
Billows heaving free;
Briny winds swift blowing,
Sands all crisp and white;
Spectre ships far distant,
Melting out of sight.

Solitude delicious,
Peopled with my dreams,—
Faces softly rising
Venus-like in gleams
'Mid the crested waters,
Touched with lines of gold,
Draped with misty fingers,
Beauty manifold!

Booming in the distance
Came the breakers' roar,
Sighing like a love-song
As it neared the shore;
While the azure heaven,
Bending toward the west,
Held a single planet,
Fading, on its breast.

Then my dream-land faces—
Dearer then, I ween,—
Rose and smiled upon me
Part of that fair scene!
How the soul expandeth
At a time like this!
What a power it holdeth
To enhance earth's bliss!

Peace with softest pinions
Held me while I dreamed,
While my bursting spirit
In a rapture seemed.
So, I thought, in heaven
Human hearts repressed,
Bursting into freedom,
Find their sweetest rest!

MERCEDES.

Forgotten Heroines.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

III.

IT was no wonder that Mother Ursula's heart sank within her. The preacher who was about to be sent to the convent was a man of no ordinary power, though of obscure origin. Martin Butzer had been a distinguished Dominican, but had fallen from his high estate and contracted a so-called marriage with an apostate nun. He was learned, extremely eloquent, with great power of repartee, and an intense pride. He had already wrought fatal damage in three convents in the town of Strasburg, one of these being the Convent of St. Mark. It was true that these houses were all more or less relaxed: the rule had not been faithfully kept, little things had been neglected, and all was ready for a fall. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the Senate concluded Butzer would soon work his will with the nuns of St. Margaret.

He made his first appearance there on Palm Sunday, 1525. The religious, however, passed Holy Week in peace, for Butzer was preaching only to the dolls; but, alas! this clever invention was in time discovered, and the Senate insisted that the nuns should in future hear the sermons in the exterior church. The preacher began by painting the delights of a life in the world, where fasting, solitude, and penance were unknown. But he soon understood that he had no longer to deal with relaxed nuns, but with those who knew well by experience the joys that attend even in this life the way of the Cross. So he changed his tone,—showered down the most violent abuse upon the Church and the religious orders, and threatened the nuns that if they did not apostatize their convent should be destroyed. The dangerous point of his discourses lay in his oft-repeated assertion that austerities were absolutely displeasing to Our Lord, and that the end of an austere life would be perdition.

After about three months of these discourses the agonized Mother Ursula thought she perceived a difference in some of the younger Sisters,—there seemed to be a diminution in their fervor. She spoke to each of

them in private with the greatest tenderness and wisdom, while day and night she poured out her tears before the Lord. She also wrote to the Emperor and to the Father General of the Dominicans, entreating help.

On the Feast of St. John the Baptist, after the sermon, Butzer declared that he wished to speak to the community in the refectory. When the whole forty-six religious were assembled, he asked them why they so obstinately resisted his teaching, and considered themselves wiser than the many learned persons who had embraced the new doctrine.

Mother Ursula answered: "The example of learned persons can not influence us; for knowledge without humility is dangerous, and Our Lord has declared that the poor in spirit are blessed. We will remain faithful to the teaching of our holy mother Church, which has been handed down to us from generation to generation. It is useless for you to continue preaching in this house."

Butzer was in a terrible rage. "Blinded women," he exclaimed, "do not listen to this insolent creature! I will have her kicked out,—I have the power to do it,"

"Your threats do not terrify me," replied the prioress. "You have no authority over us, for you are not a teacher of the truth. You pervert convents, and instead of being a good shepherd you are but a hireling and a robber, and drag souls to their ruin. Alas! I weep to think of the fate that awaits you if you persevere in this way."

The fury of the apostate was redoubled. "Accursed one!" cried he, "I do not need your pity. Your wickedness prevents you from seeing the benefits which I shall bestow on you and these poor women, in delivering you from heavy and useless burdens."

The prioress replied: "The vows which bind us to Jesus are not heavy, and we know that if we persevere to the end we shall obtain the crown of life." And all the nuns eagerly declared that they agreed with their superior.

"You are mad and deaf!" exclaimed Butzer. "I have taught you by my sermons that the religious state is not a holy one. I order you all to come to St. Mark's to-morrow; there you shall have a good dinner, after which I shall prove to you from Scripture that God intends every one to marry."

The community cried out with one voice that they would not go to St. Mark's, and that they wished to hear nothing about marriage.

"Ha!" said Butzer, "it is that old witch who renders you disobedient; I saw her give you a sign. In future you shall have no prioress,—you shall all be equal; each one of you shall do as she likes. I forbid you to speak a word to that wicked woman. She has paid no attention to my exhortations, and she is excommunicated."

"By whose sentence?" asked the prioress.

"By mine!" shouted Butzer. "It is my right and my duty, because you despise the word of God."

"I do no such thing," replied Mother Ursula. "I respect the word of God and the tradition of the Church, as they have come down to us from the writings of the Fathers and the Doctors; but I despise your words, your teaching, and those of all your apostate brethren. It is all a tissue of errors and lies."

Butzer, finding words of no avail, rushed forward, and would have struck Mother Ursula had not the nuns formed a rampart round her. Then he shook his fist at her, and said: "Wait a while, wait a while, you insolent nun! I will go to the Senate; they hold me in high esteem, and they shall chastise your pride and presumption."

"Pardon me if I have offended you," answered the prioress. "I have only done my duty in speaking harsh truths. It is deplorable to see a man of your learning led astray by error, and dragging others after you. It is evident that you are not guided by the Holy Spirit; for your teaching gives rein to human passions, and those who follow your counsel rush to perdition."

By this time Mother Ursula was so overcome that she was carried, fainting, from the room. The sub-prioress had sent a message to the chaplain of the Knights of St. John and the Curé of St. Peter's, who soon made their appearance. "I will be even with this she-devil!" cried Butzer to them. "She has grossly insulted me, but I swear I will make her repent." The priests tried to calm him, but in vain. At last he left the convent, muttering to himself, "These detestable nuns shall be turned out, if the devil himself has to make them go."

IV.

Notwithstanding the persecution, the Catholic religion had not died out in Strasburg. One Low Mass was permitted to be said daily in the Cathedral and in three other churches. It was the great effort of Butzer and his party to have these Masses abolished, and they continued to incense the people until they brought about their wicked design. On February 20, 1529, the last public Mass was celebrated in Strasburg for many years to come.

For some time after the scenes recorded above, the Convent of St. Margaret enjoyed a certain measure of tranquillity; but Butzer had not forgotten his resolve for revenge, and fresh attacks were made upon the nuns. Eight commissioners were named by the Senate to "reform the Convent of St. Margaret." Their first step was to demolish all the altars, pictures, and statues in the church. Many of these were of rare excellence, but all fell before the hammer of the iconoclasts. This task fulfilled, the commissioners assembled the community to communicate the latest orders of the Senate, which were: "The town having taken the Margaret House under its protection, the women living therein are to recognize no other authority than that of the Senate. In future they are to have no prioress,—all are to be equal. The Senate again releases them from their vows and gives them leave to return to the world. They are forbidden under pain of imprisonment to admit a priest into the house, to hear Mass, sing in choir, to say their office, or ring a bell."

After reading this infamous document the commissioners again forced the religious to appear one by one in their presence, and exhorted them to disobey their prioress, assuring them that the joys of married life were equal to those of Paradise. The nuns all answered with one voice that they loved their superior and Sisters; that they had no desire to make trial of the proposed paradise; that they desired only to be left in peace in their convent, there to live and die faithful to their holy vocation. The commissioners were very angry, and departed after showering down threats and menaces on the heads of the religious.

And now the life of the nuns of St. Margaret began to resemble closely that of the early Christians in the catacombs of Rome. Their

altars were destroyed, their church was a ruin. They erected portable altars in the cellars and in hidden corners, where they gathered together to recite their office and the Rosary. They lived in perpetual fear of being discovered; for those rough men had taken away all the keys of the house, even those of the cells. They were continually bursting in upon the nuns, in hope of finding them in the act of disobeying the orders of the Senate. But the greatest grief of the religious arose from the loss of the Sacraments. Day and night they wept and prayed before Our Lord that a priest might be sent to them. At last Mother Ursula resolved to apply to the Knights of St. John for one of their chaplains.

This community was divided into three classes: the knights (always of noble birth), the chaplains, and the brother servants in arms. Up to this time the Knights of St. John were powerful enough to hold their own,—the Senate having decided that they were to remain unmolested, on condition that they should in no way interfere with the religious affairs of the town. Mass was celebrated in their church when it was forbidden elsewhere, but the doors of the edifice were not open. To assist the nuns of St. Margaret would be, of course, an infringement of their agreement with the Senate, and consequently a danger. Mother Ursula did not appeal to them till all other hope of help had failed her. Christian chivalry burned brightly amidst the Knights of St. John, and they determined to run the risk. The convent grounds were large, and, as enclosure was done away with, the presence of a peasant or a workman sauntering about at early dawn was not remarkable. One of the priests, attired as a peasant, made his way to the cellar, where, under the shadow of an old wine-barrel, he heard the confessions of the religious, then offered the Holy Sacrifice, and distributed the Bread of Life to these loving and courageous souls.

V.

Thus strengthened by the Sacraments, the nuns awaited new trials. In the summer of 1529 the commissioners again visited the convent, with fresh threats. "If you do not leave this convent of your own free-will," they said, "you shall be forcibly expelled. The Senate is determined that your nunnery shall no

longer exist; we have orders to raze it to the ground. Now take time to reflect; we shall come back for your answer." In a few days they returned, but now their language was changed: they were full of kindness, full of paternal solicitude. There was great excitement, they said, amongst the people; the mob would rise; the convent was no longer safe; the Senate wished to protect the nuns. Those who had families in the town really must go to them; provisions would be made for those that had none. All was in vain; some of the religious sobbed and wept, but would not yield; others calmly said they were ready for martyrdom, but would never consent to quit their convent or to break their vows.

The commissioners retired, but Mother Ursula knew well that when words were exhausted deeds would follow. She called the nuns around her, and, while the tears flowed from her eyes, she said: "Dear Sisters, it may soon happen that by violence they will separate me from you; they may even force you to take off your habit. If this misfortune comes upon us do you always wear that dear habit in your heart; be faithful unto death. Never do anything contrary to the rule of your Order and the vows that you have made. Be faithful in all things; never neglect your spiritual exercises or prayers. You may be publicly mocked at and ridiculed; bear it all for the love of Our Lord; never forget that He willingly bore the insults of Jews and Gentiles and the torments of the Cross to save you. In all your troubles and tribulations have recourse to Jesus and His Blessed Mother; they will never forsake you." The religious, also in tears, promised that they would not forget the counsels of their superior.

Mother Ursula was determined to leave no stone unturned to save her beloved children. She made an appeal to the Senate: "We supplicate your lordships to consider that for long years we have lived together in community, and that peace, union, and charity reign in our house. Some of us have been professed for fifty or even sixty years; our most ardent wish is to pass together the years that remain to us on earth. Deign, my lords, to grant our petition and be merciful toward us. We are more than forty in number; some of our Sisters are aged and infirm,—they have need of

much care. Many have no friends or relatives in Strasburg. Let us remain together to the end of our days. If, indeed, you must destroy this convent, give us some humble dwelling, where we can live and die in community and keep the rules of our Order."

There was neither mercy nor justice to be found among the members of the Senate. And now a cunning idea occurred to them. They informed the relatives of the nuns that the revenues of the convent would be divided, and that each religious would receive back her dowry; and, moreover, that the town would help the families who had any of these nuns dwelling with them. They were to live in grand style and have all sorts of amusements. Many of the relatives of the nuns had become Protestants; others were afraid of the Senate and tempted by the money.

On the 24th of June—four years to the day from that on which Butzer had sworn vengeance—the commissioners and a large party of the nuns' relatives arrived at the convent. The latter had brought with them servants, horses, and carriages. Mother Ursula appeared at the door and spoke through the grating. "I protest with all my power against this act," said she; "the Senate must answer for it before God." The commissioners laughed at her. "Oh, we'll take the responsibility! Be calm, Madame Ursula. Open the door: we are in a hurry." As she would not open, they broke in. The party entered, followed by an immense crowd. Ten of the novices and twenty-four of the professed Sisters were carried off, in spite of their resistance, their cries, and their tears. Their sorrow only seemed to give joy to their brutal persecutors.

Ursula was left with eleven of her nuns. Then followed the division of the property; the house was stripped, every bed was taken. They thought this would tend to drive out the heroic band, but they were disappointed: the nuns slept on the ground. Her hard bed seemed to give Mother Ursula fresh courage; she took to threatening in her turn. "I will not leave this house," said she to the commissioners. "When I made my profession I gave myself up entirely to the service of Our Lord; I will do my duty to the end, even if it cost me my life. But be sure of this: if any further violence is done to my Sisters or my-

self I will carry my complaint to the Emperor. There are still Christian princes who will defend weak women shamefully persecuted."

Her words had their effect. The Senate at that moment did not wish to come into collision with Charles V.; they determined to leave Mother Ursula and her nuns in their convent, and to try what they could do by petty persecutions to induce them to yield.

VI.

The prioress of St. Margaret's had sent in her petition to the Emperor, but as the means of communication were slow and perilous in those days it took some time before she received an answer. In the meanwhile all the religious who had been torn away from the convent had been incessantly begging and praying to return. Although the Sisters were not allowed to speak to their former companions, neither separation nor preaching, nor all the amusements of the world had any effect upon them; they passed their days and nights in tears, and before a year had elapsed four had died, worn out with grief.

And now at last came an imperial decree in favor of the nuns, and the Senate was compelled to allow those who wished to return to their convent to do so. In one day thirteen professed and three novices entered St. Margaret's; others were detained for a time by their families, but soon came back. Two years after their expulsion all the nuns had returned but twelve; of these nine were dead, and three, sad to say, had apostatized!

Of the many sorrows which had fallen on Mother Ursula this last was the most painful. Day and night she begged Almighty God to have mercy on these unfortunate children, to consider the greatness of their temptations, and to give them the grace of repentance. She ordained that for fifty years to come a special prayer should be made for this intention. But the blow had broken her heart. And when, a little later, she lay dying, she was not left in peace. One of the commissioners stood beside her. "You know," said he, "that all the members of your noble family except your youngest brother have embraced the pure doctrine. They are all here, with a learned theologian, hoping to bring you to the true faith."—"Let the dead bury their dead," answered Mother Ursula; "I will be faithful

to the Church and to my vows to the end."

The commissioner withdrew, and the dying nun, turning to the sub-prioress, said in broken accents: "Never, without a special assistance from God, could I have endured the many sorrows and the bitter anguish which this frightful heresy has caused me. He alone knows all I have suffered for this house and for my beloved children. May the Lord have pity on them, and on my poor soul when it shall appear before Him! I hope that I shall soon be delivered from this sorrowful life; for my soul pines after its true country, and my body needs the rest of the tomb. For a long time past my life has been a continual martyrdom, but I have been sustained by my Divine Saviour. May His name be forever blessed!" She united all her sufferings with those of Our Lord on the Cross, and continued to the end to pray for the perseverance of her children. The persecutors did not return to trouble her, and her beautiful soul took its flight on November 13, 1532. The annals speak of her as a woman of extraordinary faith and great strength of character. In answer to her prayers God often wrought positive miracles.

On the death of Mother Ursula the nuns elected as superior Anastasia Mucg, a woman of great faith and piety, who proved equal to the severe trials and sorrows of that critical period. After his first interview with her Butzer was heard to say: "She is the Pope's sister; she is like a bar of iron, and has so bewitched and rooted the nuns in the superstitions of the cloister that there is no hope of convincing them and bringing them to the true Gospel."

As this is the last time that Butzer's name will occur in this narrative, it may not be amiss to cast a glance at his future history. He was for many years in correspondence with that pillar of the Church of England, Archbishop Cranmer. He was consulted by Henry VIII. in his "scruples of conscience," and always gave advice in accordance with the King's inclinations. In 1530 he did all in his power to bring about the apostasy of the King and the nation. Several years later we find him at the head of one of the Protestant parties in Strasburg; he strove for ascendancy over the Senate, and was banished from the city. He betook himself to England, where he was

received with high honors by Cranmer. The latter was then engaged in thoroughly Protestantizing the Church of England, and the apostate friar was of great service to him in carrying out his plans.

Butzer was named professor of theology at Cambridge, received the doctor's cap and enjoyed handsome revenues. But he was discontented. Not knowing English, he was unable to incense the people, and he constantly regretted Strasburg. He had formed a plan for returning thither, but death put an end to his projects, and he expired suddenly on February 28, 1551. Cambridge gave him a splendid funeral, and he was greatly praised in the pulpits of the Established Church. In his triumphant days at Strasburg he had induced the mob to insult the holy body of St. Aurelia, the virgin martyr, and had caused her relics to be burned before the people. In the reign of Queen Mary the bones of Butzer were dug up at Cambridge and publicly burned.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

Luis de Granada.

TWELVE years before the birth of Luis, Granada—the last stronghold of the Moors, the glorious city of "running rivers and fountains,"—had surrendered, after a long siege, to the Catholic sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella. Boabdil, El Zogobi (the luckless one), the last Moorish king, with his band of warriors, left the city through the gateway of Los Siete Suelos* as distant shouts of triumph announced that the Christian hosts had entered the Alhambra by the grand gateway of the Torre de Justicia.

An inscription on the highest tower of the citadel marks the date of this event—January 2, 1492. On the morning of that day Mendoza, the Cardinal Primate of Spain, followed by a glittering train of knights, ascended to the Torre de la Vela and planted upon its battlements a silver cross, in token that Granada was now a Christian city, and that the infidel power in Spain was forever overthrown.

* This gateway of Los Siete Suelos, or the Seven Stories, has been closed ever since.

As the symbol of Christian faith rose to view, gleaming in the cloudless sky, the whole Spanish army, encamped in the plains below, bent the knee before the sacred emblem, and with one voice chanted the solemn anthem, *Te Deum Laudamus*. Among those who watched that silver cross as it slowly rose above the towers of the Alhambra was Christopher Columbus, who before another year had passed gave a new world to Castile and Leon.

In this fair city of Granada Luis, the great Dominican preacher, was born. His family name was Sarras, but he adopted in its stead that of his birthplace, by which he is commonly known. He is described by Ticknor as among the most prominent of the Spanish mystics. His father died when Luis was five years old, leaving his widow in great poverty. She earned a scanty living as laundress to a Dominican convent; but her means often failed, and she had to depend upon the alms given her by the friars.

Luis was sent to school at an early age, and in the courts of the beautiful Alhambra he and his school-fellows were wont to play. On one occasion their sport ended in rude, rough blows, and the shouts of the boy combatants reached the ears of the Spanish Governor, the Count de Tendilla, the first alcalde of the Alhambra, who sharply rebuked them for their noisy violence. Luis, however, came boldly forward to justify his conduct, and defended himself with so much ability that the Count de Tendilla, struck with the boy's language and manner, ordered that inquiries should be made as to his history, and finally appointed him page to his young son, with whom he was henceforth educated. His natural eloquence, fostered by instruction, quickly developed into great oratorical powers.

Theology was his favorite study, and it is said that when a mere lad he would gather the youth of Granada together and preach to them in the open air. The daily services of the Church were his delight. He resolved to dedicate himself wholly to God, and at the age of nineteen he entered the Dominican convent of Santa Cruz. The thought of his mother was ever present to him, and he asked permission from his superior to share with her the portion of food allotted to himself. His

request was granted, and his mother was given the half of the daily meal of her son, without ever knowing to whom she owed it. Throughout his life his filial love and veneration remained unchanged.

From Santa Cruz, Luis was admitted to the College of San Gregorio, at Valladolid, where his talents had procured him a fellowship. On his return to Granada he began his duties as a preacher. He diligently prepared himself by prayer and the study of the Scriptures; he also made numerous extracts from the writings of the Fathers of the Church and from classical authors, whose words he frequently quoted in his discourses. Crowds thronged to listen to him, and so powerfully were the consciences of his hearers affected that we are told "those who came to hear went home to pray."

He was appointed by the General of the Dominicans prior of the Convent of Scala Coeli, a deserted building high up in the rugged mountains above Cordova and supposed to be haunted by evil spirits. Nothing could exceed the dreariness and loneliness of the place, but Granada was in no way discouraged. To restore a convent once renowned for its sanctity was a task worthy of his zeal. He chose for his fellow-workers men earnest as himself, and animated with the same desire of re-establishing this decayed monastery, and bringing glory to God by preaching the Gospel to the mountaineers dwelling in the wild region around. Success crowned their efforts, and the fame of Scala Coeli revived.

Luis de Granada at times descended to Cordova, preaching in the wondrous mosque, which had now become a Christian sanctuary. On one of these occasions he became known to Juan de Avila, whose opinion was asked respecting the sermon delivered by Granada. For some time Father Avila made no reply. At length he spoke: "No sermon contents me in which Christ crucified is not preached. Stint thyself." Granada did not understand what these latter words implied, and asked for further explanation. Avila replied: "Hunger and thirst *only* for the conversion of souls; let there be no hungering for the praise of men. Let self-love be starved, then will God give thee plenteous result." The words made a deep impression on Granada, and from that

day forth he chose Avila as his spiritual director and guide. Some years afterward Granada said to Avila, before many witnesses: "I owe more to you and to your counsel than to years of study; and therefore I acknowledge you before all men to be my master." Avila stopped him. "The true master is God," he answered, "unto whom all honor is due."

After eight years spent at Scala Coeli, Granada was removed to Badajoz to assist in the foundation of a Dominican convent; and here he composed his "Sinners' Guide,"—a work which he wrote after perusing St. Peter of Alcantara's "Golden Book." The "Sinners' Guide" soon made its way throughout Spain, and was translated into every European language.

After some time the saintly Granada was appointed superior of the Dominican Order in Portugal, where he enjoyed the protection and friendship of Queen Catherine, sister of the Emperor Charles V., who made him her confessor. She was most desirous of conferring upon him the archbishopric of Braga, but Luis steadily refused the offer. The latter part of his life was spent at Lisbon, in the Convent of St. Dominic, devoting himself to the reformation of his Order, with occasional visits to a lonely monastery, where he retired for solitude and meditation.

When at Lisbon he preached frequently before the court. He was ready at all times to receive those who came to him for comfort or for counsel, but other visitors were courteously dismissed. His practice was to rise at four in the morning, and devote two hours to mental prayer. He never missed the daily Sacrifice, and enjoined this rule upon others as the greatest spiritual help and sustenance. His whole life may be said to have been one long prayer, so constant was his converse with his Lord and Master in the midst of his varied occupations. His sight had always been weak, and, after a night spent in the preparation of a sermon to be preached on the following day, he suddenly became blind of one eye. He preached, notwithstanding, with his usual unction as though nothing had occurred to disturb him.

When he felt that his end was near, he begged to be left entirely alone for a while. He afterward desired that the Passion of Our

Lord should be read to him before receiving the last Sacraments. He died in the same year as St. Teresa.

The first Spanish translation of "The Imitation of Christ" was made by Luis de Granada, and his "Meditation on Prayer" was a favorite book of Charles V. at Yuste.

THOUGHTS.

It is impossible that the love of God should grow in us without an evident increase of love toward our neighbor, as both are from the same source, and are like two branches growing out of the same trunk.

As fire removed from the furnace immediately goeth out, except care be taken to feed and maintain it by oftentimes adding wood, even so hath the fire of love to God the like need of fuel to nourish it in a world where it is, as it were, a stranger and a pilgrim. And the fuel wherewith this holy love must be kept alive is meditation,—meditation on the benefits and blessings bestowed on us by Almighty God and on His perfections; for to meditate on any one of these things acts even as a fagot or firebrand, kindling the fire of love, and causing this holy flame to blaze up brightly within our hearts. Let us therefore be watchful in maintaining this fire, according to the word of Almighty God: "Upon Mine altar" (which is the heart of the just man) "the fire shall ever be burning" (Lev., vi, 12).

"Keep thine heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." As the intemperateness of the air doth put a lute or a harp out of tune, much more, without doubt, is the tenderness and sensitiveness of man's heart troubled for lesser cause. Even as the sight of the eyes is hurt by a small thing entering in, and the brightness of a mirror is dimmed and obscured by a little breath, so a much less hurt and a much lighter cause is sufficient to dim and dull the brightness of our heart, to darken the eyes of our soul, and to disturb, together with our devotion, all our good affections. Therefore we must endeavor with great diligence, and with all our strength, to keep carefully and safely a treasure so precious and which is so easily lost.

"I have lost," thou sayest, "a son, a brother, a husband,—the partner of my solitude, the

staff of my old age, the comfort of my widowhood, my all! Without him I am as one at sea without a compass; and who can help me in this my sore distress, bereft of all?"—If thou hast confidence in thy Lord, if thou dost cling to Him, if thou dost implore His help, putting thy trust in Him, He will be to thee a father, a brother, a sister, a husband. If Elkanah could say to Hannah, his wife, "Hannah, why weepest thou? Why is thy heart grieved? Am I not better to thee than ten sons?" (I Sam., i, 8), with how much greater reason may not the Lord hold this language to the faithful, loving soul? For what may we not expect from Him who is the source of all blessings, the refuge not only of widows, but of all the desolate, all the unhappy, all that walk in darkness and have no light?

If at any time thou dost stumble and fall, and through weakness dost faint, do not discourage thyself, nor cast away thy hope; but albeit thou fall a thousand times in a day, rise again, and be renewed a thousand times in a day; and in what place thy thread was broken, knit it together again, and go not back to the beginning.

Learn from the mystery of the Pool of Bethesda that as only he who arose and went in speedily after the moving of the water received the blessing, so should those who have tasted the sweetness of divine things, whenever inwardly moved toward a spiritual colloquy, at once respond to the call of the heavenly Bridegroom; otherwise, by negligence and delay, they may altogether lose the proffered grace of a divine visitation. This we learn also from the Canticles; for when the bride, after long delay, at length opened to the Bridegroom, who had knocked in vain at her door, she found Him not,—she had opened to Him too late.

God manifested to man His great love, not only under the law of grace and mercy, but also under the Mosaic law, at a time when love had less rule than fear. In proof of this, remember the name which He gives to that place which He chose as His dwelling. He called it not by the name of tribunal nor of palace nor of throne; He called it the mercy-seat, as if to take away from us all fear, and to draw us near to Him by the hope of mercy and pardon.

Honor to the Khedive.

IN a mention some weeks ago of the appointment of General Butler to a command at Alexandria, we spoke of the Egyptians 'as racked by their own ruler,' having in mind the deposed Khedive. A subscriber in Cairo, who is in a high official position, writes that the remark does injustice to the present ruler, who, far from racking his people, has made great sacrifices in their interest. We are happy to correct our misstatement, and to publish all our esteemed correspondent has to say, as follows, in praise of the excellent viceroy of Egypt:

"To lighten the burdens of his subjects, he gave up all the palaces he received from his father, with their costly contents, except what was indispensable, and turned them over to the Finance Administration for sale. He voluntarily surrendered for the same purpose, three years ago, out of the sum set apart for his civil list and the support of his family, \$50,000 a year. When, in 1888, an unusual Nile flood inundated vast sections of the country, he not only organized and subscribed most liberally to a national fund to relieve the distressed, but spent weeks in visiting personally the devastated district, that he might see to the proper distribution of relief.

"Every work of charity, whether in the interest of his Moslem or his Christian subjects, is sure of his encouragement and of his pecuniary help. His presence and his purse are constantly appealed to, and never in vain; and I know personally of several large contributions he has made during this single winter to Christian—mainly Catholic—benevolent objects. In a word, he is a generous, just and enlightened prince,—the superior, morally, of nine-tenths of the rulers of the world, who is discharging the duties of a most difficult position with a diligence, a dignity, and a lofty sense of justice meriting the most exalted praise. This is not eulogium, save as the simple and admitted truth is the eulogium of his Highness Mehemet Tewfik."

Our esteemed correspondent informs us further that General (the Hon. Sir James) Dornier, who has been for more than two years in command in Egypt, is, like General Butler, a devout and consistent Catholic.

Notes and Remarks.

In the course of a thoughtful article published in a recent issue of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, under the title "Honor the Past," the writer remarks: "It is out of the germs of good, however weak, that exist in every individual that stronger and firmer characters may be developed. Too often do we neglect this in our efforts to reform or to improve our fellow-men. We attack the evil that we deplore and wonder at our many failures, when did we but try to strengthen the good that exists, and work from that point upward and onward, our influence would be greater and our efforts would win more success. Often has the quickening of the emotions of gratitude or love, or the kindling of a faint spark of honor, been successful in subduing vice and conquering selfish indulgence, when all direct antagonism or rebuke or advice has been futile. Would we help an erring fellow-man, let us discover, not so much what there is to destroy, as what there is to build upon."

This is sensible, but most reformers fail to see any good at all in what is not perfect. There are would-be reformers amongst us who are doing anything but strengthening the good that exists. It is profitable to consider failings betimes, and those who point them out are to be thanked; but the man who examines with reference only to defects does not deserve the name of critic. Such a one is rather a pessimist, and pessimism is utterly without profit.

A journal of education published in Chicago has the following advertisement:

"Any one can become so thoroughly posted in three weeks, reviewing with the Common School Question Book, as to successfully pass the most difficult and technical legal examinations for teachers' certificates."

A teacher in three weeks! Admirable training! And yet the public school teacher receives unqualified praise from certain Catholic writers at the expense of those who conduct our convent and parochial schools. It is only what is not our own that we value, and the cow at a distance is sure to be the one with the longest horns.

The Most Rev. T. W. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, has addressed a letter to the Gaelic Association, in which he writes some impressive words on the evils of strong drink. "The excessive use of strong drink, everywhere hurtful, and unhappily on the increase, is, and has been, simply ruinous in Ireland. What need is there to recall

or enumerate to you its hideous and horrifying results? It has made countless homes desolate. It has given victims without number to the grave, to the jail, to the work-house, to the ocean. It stains shamefully our otherwise blameless and even brilliant record. It has cast a stigma on our name and nation. For centuries it has largely contributed toward making us slaves and keeping us so; and to this very day it is constantly flung in our face, both at home and abroad, even by those who indulge in alcoholic excesses to a far greater extent than we do. Banish drunkenness from Ireland, and she would be, I believe, not alone the fairest, but the happiest, the most flourishing, and least sinful nation on the face of the earth. *Such is my case.* Would you, as a body, join in a holy crusade against drink? This is the favor I now solicit at your hands."

The words of the Archbishop come from the heart of one who loves Ireland and the Irish as well as any living man; he has been foremost in the national movement, and only a loyal friend like him would dare to say emphatically, "Banish drunkenness from Ireland, and she would be, I believe, not alone the fairest, but the happiest, the most flourishing, and least sinful nation on the face of the earth."

The official programme of the lectures for the summer months at the newly founded Catholic University of Fribourg, in Switzerland, is comprehensive and appetizing. Father Weiss, O. P., for instance, will lecture on "Society during the Middle Ages," in German; Bédier takes the "History of French Literature under Henry IV.," and reads "Li Roman de la Rose"; while Rabiet gives three hours to "Historical Grammar of the French Language," and reads the "Chanson de Roland." Each course of lectures will be delivered in the language named in the official programme. The final announcement is *Pretium pro lectionibus non exigitur*. The Swiss Catholics are solving the problem of higher education, not talking nonsense about it.

The Roman correspondent of the *Pilot* cites an interesting item, published in the *Diario Ordinario* of June 16, 1725, to illustrate how the Church has always regarded slavery, and what efforts were made two centuries ago for the redemption of slaves in Africa. The *Diario* was the newspaper of the period, and was published at Cracus. The extract is as follows:

"The Fathers of Our Most Blessed Lady della Mercede, of the Redemption of Slaves, in St. Adrian at the Roman Forum, and of St. Giovannino in the Campus Martius, with other associations, on Sunday last brought in procession the number of 370 male

and female slaves, redeemed in the city of Tunis in Barbary, at the price of 90,122 *scudi*, or crowns (probably, considering the past and present values of money, as much as twice the same number of dollars). They brought these redeemed slaves to the Vatican Basilica to gain the indulgence granted by the Sovereign Pontiff (Benedict XIII.) of being enabled by a single visit to St. Peter's to gain the Jubilee, as if they had visited the four Basilicas appointed for such visits. The religious reception accorded to the slaves by confraternities and clergy was indescribable. The slaves surrounded the image of the Blessed Virgin, which was borne in procession, and which was brought forth from the Church of St. Adrian for the first time on this occasion."

Père Didon is spoken of as the one most likely to succeed Père Monsabré in the pulpit of Notre Dame. The appointment, of course, rests with the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, and his choice will not be announced till next year. Père Didon is renowned as an orator and writer. His latest work, already several times mentioned in these pages, is in refutation of Renan's blasphemous "Life of Jesus." Père Didon is a son of St. Dominic. The eminent Dominican who has just retired from what has been called the first pulpit in Christendom occupied it eighteen years. His deep learning, apostolic zeal, and fervent piety entitle him to rank with the illustrious Lacordaire.

Some of our foreign exchanges give prominence to the announcement that the Empress of Austria has caused her wedding-dress to be cut up and made into a set of vestments for the Church of St. Matthew, in Pesth. The dress, it is stated, was of white brocade with silver threads, embroidered all over with garlands of roses in silver. We could never understand the appropriateness of the custom of making sacred vestments out of wedding and ball-dresses, and it is one that we hope will never find favor with Catholic ladies in this country. It is not necessary that the material for vestments should be of the most costly kind, but reverence would seem to require that it should not have been previously used for secular apparel.

The death of Mr. J. R. Herbert takes from the roll of English artists a painter of high merit and serious aims. Mr. Herbert, who was a retired Royal Academician, became a Catholic during the Tractarian movement. He was a close friend of the elder Pugin. After his conversion he left trivial Byronic subjects, and adopted the high tone in art which made him so generally admired by unperturbed critics. Some of his best known pictures are "Christ and the Woman of Samaria"

(1843), "Sir Thomas More and his Daughter Witnessing Four Monks Going to Execution" (1845), and "St. Gregory Teaching the Roman Boys the Chant." *R. I. P.*

At Canterbury Castle a discovery of great interest was recently made. It was the body of an old Archbishop, who lay in his coffin with a beautiful chalice and paten, a gold ring with an engraved emerald, a pastoral staff of cedar, and some fine specimens of ecclesiastical embroidery. The body is either that of Hubert Walter, who died in 1205, or Cardinal Stephen Langton. The Rev. J. Morris, S. J., in a letter to the *London Times*, inclines toward the belief that the body is that of the great Archbishop who assisted the barons in gaining Magna Charta.

New Publications.

LIFE OF FATHER CHARLES SIRE, OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS. A simple biography, compiled from his writings and the testimony of those who have known him best. By his brother, the Rev. Vital Sire, Professor of Moral Theology at the Theological Seminary of Toulouse. Translated from the French. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers, printers to the Holy Apostolic See. 1890.

The edifying Life of this good priest, coming as it does endorsed by high ecclesiastical authority, can not do otherwise than meet with our approbation. If we may express a wish in regard to it, however, it would be that the biographer had not been connected by so close a relationship with his subject, and that the strength of family feeling did not crop out so frequently in sentences like this: "On this day the Church honors St. Dominic, principal patron of one of Father Charles' brothers, and of two of his uncles, who were priests; also *secondary* patron of three of his other brothers, besides being, this year, monthly patron for a fourth brother not bearing the Saint's name." Fraternal affections are beautiful and desirable things to cultivate, no doubt. Perhaps if we had more of them in America it would be better for us; but we doubt if, on this side of the Atlantic, such a public parade of them will ever be considered as in good taste. And now we have really said all that we can against this attractive little volume. Its fault, if it be a fault, belongs to the customs prevalent in the land where it was written.

If Father Charles is finally canonized, as his admirers expect, the mode of his burial will console many for what seems to them now a grievous misfortune. Those who die at sea will no longer

shrink with such dismay from the idea of being committed to a watery grave. If a saint has gone that way to heaven they will be better satisfied to follow him.

THE MYTHS AND FOLK-LORE OF IRELAND. By Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

This book is exquisite in form and is prefaced by one of the loveliest etchings we have ever seen. Mr. Curtin has done his work very sympathetically, and, what is more, very correctly. He supplements the labors of Dr. Joyce, and throws additional light on Lady Wilde's researches. All the dear old legends are here in a casket which befits such jewels. The Feni start from their fastnesses again, and the story of Tir-na-oge is whispered as it has been for centuries by the cottage fire. It is a pity that these Irish fairy tales are not free from coarseness, otherwise they might take the place of Grimm's blood-thirsty *märchen*; they are more poetic, more interesting, more novel than Grimm's lurid phantasmagoria. The folklore of Ireland has permeated more languages than the careless reader would imagine. There are traces of it in Spanish and Portuguese, and even in German itself.

Mr. Curtin whets the appetite of his reader by one of those unusual things—a preface that must be read. It is original and interesting. One can draw only one conclusion from it: that the myths—which are found in all countries—are not the fables of false religions, but vague reminiscences of that “golden age” existing before Eve sinned, colored perhaps by false religions. Mr. Curtin calls attention to the myths of the North American Indians, and observes that they breathe vaguely of a time when men and animals lived together, innocent and free, with no thought of harm. The myth, in fact, is the pathetic music of the sea-shell, longing for the ocean from whence it came. Mr. Curtin has produced a scholarly, interesting, beautiful and unique volume.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF OLD ENGLISH THOUGHT.

By Brother Azarias, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

To say that the work before us is on a level with the previous productions of Brother Azarias in the same field is unnecessary. The issue of a third edition is sufficient to prove that the high place taken by this distinguished writer in American literature is assured. His writings are sure to become part of the permanent literature of the country. Indeed, in the line of research to which he has principally devoted himself he is in many respects without a rival; he excels particularly in rendering studies attractive, and even fascinating, that would easily become arid

and uninviting under the pen of a less trained master of the resources of English prose. We have here the same facile utterance of a style at once simple, nervous, luminous, animated and brilliant when the subject finds its natural expression in warmth and color, but always marked by the restraint of the true literary artist. The ease and pleasure with which one reads “The Development of Old English Thought” is calculated to make him forget the vast erudition that lays hold of every slender and obscure detail of the political and religious history and ethnological relation of a period little known to bring it into relief. To give tone and coloring to the vivid picture, Brother Azarias has laid under contribution antiquated law codes, decrees of councils, lives of saints, dry land-grants,—in fact, every available source of information. Nothing has been too high or too low for his zealous and intelligent researches, and the result is a revelation of the thoughts, habits, aspirations, politics, science, and industry of the English people before the Norman Conquest, which we believe to be unique in English literature.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister Mary Louis, S. N. D., Cincinnati, Ohio, and Sister Ellen O'Connor, R. S. H., who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. William Harper, of Brooklyn, N. Y., whose holy death occurred on the 2d inst.

Mr. Philip Schwarz, who departed this life on the 28th ult., at Columbus, Ohio, after receiving the last Sacraments.

Mrs. John Kelly, of Cambridgeport, Mass., who died a happy death on the 21st ult.

Mrs. Mary Sheffield, whose fervent Christian life was crowned with a holy death on the 27th of January.

Mr. Matthew Ayling, whose exemplary life closed in a happy death on the 7th inst.

Mrs. John Flavin, of Ivesdale, Ill., who peacefully breathed her last on the 31st ult.

Mrs. Joanna Murphy, who passed away on the 11th ult., at Brooklyn, N. Y., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. Richard Havers, of Cavendish Lodge, Sutton, Surrey, England; Mr. Luke O'Reilly and Mrs. Catherine Wosser, Albany, N. Y.; Miss Emma F. Fitzpatrick, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Ellen Condon, Morrisonville, Ill.; and Mrs. — Walsh, Maghera-felt, Ireland.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



"Apples, Ripe and Rosy, Sir!"

A STORY OF BOYS.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

Tom lost no time now in getting home. A little later he had entered a spacious brick house on Florence Street, deposited the milk can on the kitchen table, set the cook a laughing by some droll speech, and, passing on, sought his mother in her cheerful sitting-room.

"Why, my son, what delayed you so long?" she inquired, folding away her sewing, for it was becoming too dark to work.

"Oh, I went home with Missis Barry!" he answered, with the matter-of-fact air with which he might have said that he had been escorting some particular friend of the family.

Mrs. Norris smiled and drew nearer to the bright fire which burned in the grate. Tom slipped into a seat beside her upon the wide, old-fashioned sofa, which was just the place for one of those cosy twilight chats with mother, which boys especially love so much, and the memory of which gleams, star-like, through the mists of years, exerting even far greater influence than she dreams of upon their lives. Tom considered this quiet half hour the pleasantest of the day. Mrs. Norris, with a gentle wisdom worthy of wider imitation, encouraged him to talk to her about whatever interested him. She was seldom too tired or too preoccupied at this time to hear of the mechanism of the steam-engine, the mysteries of the printing-press, or the feats that may be performed with the bicycle,—of which "taking a header," or the method by which the rider learns to fly off the machine head foremost into a ditch with impunity, appeared to be the most desirable. Her patience in this respect was rewarded by that most precious possession to a mother, a son's confidence.

Tom liked to tell her of various things that happened during the day; to compare notes, and get her opinions of matters in general; at the same time giving his own, which were often quaint and entertaining.

"Really, mother, Missis Barry knows a lot!" he now exclaimed, abruptly, clasping his knee and staring at the fire in a meditative manner.

Mrs. Norris looked amused, but she did not venture to question the apple-vender's wisdom. One or two kindly inquiries about the old woman, however, prompted him to speak of her further,—of his meeting her as she struggled along with her burden, his drawing it on the sled, and last of her refusal of the drink he offered.

"You would not have minded, would you, mother?" he asked.

"No, not for the sake of the milk, certainly," responded Mrs. Norris, laughing; "but—" then she hesitated. How could she hamper the mind of this ingenuous little lad of hers with false and finical ideas of refinement and delicacy! Why should she suggest to him that it is at least not customary to go about giving the poor to drink out of our own especial milk cans? There came to her mind the noble lines which but frame as with jewels the simple Christian precept,—the words spoken to Sir Launfal when, weary, poverty-stricken, and disheartened, the knight returns from his fruitless search for the Holy Grail; when humbly he shares his cup and crust with the leper at the gate,—the leper who straightway stands before him glorified, a vision of Our Lord, and tells him that true love of our neighbor consists in,

"Not what we give, but what we share;

For the gift without the giver is bare."

And then the mother's hands rested lovingly a moment upon Tom's head, as again she repeated more softly: "No, certainly."

As Widow Barry had surmised, the keynote of Tom's nature was that he was easily led, and therein rested the possibilities of great good or evil. The little confidential chats with his mother were a strong safeguard to him, and laid the foundation of the true principles by which he should be guided; but, as he mingled more with other boys, he was not always steadfast in acting up to

his knowledge of what was right, and was apt to be more influenced by his companions than his best friends cared to see him. At present he was inclined to make a chum of Ed Brown, who, though only a year older, was so precociously shrewd, and what the world calls "smart," that, according to good Widow Barry's opinion, "he could buy and sell Masther Tom any day."

The old woman had, indeed, many opportunities for observation; for is not sometimes so simple a transaction as the buying of an apple a real test of character? If a boy or man is tricky or mean or unjust in his business dealings, is it likely that we shall find him upright and honorable in other things? Though Mrs. Norris was not as well posted as the apple-vender, one or two occurrences had caused her to positively forbid Tom to have any more to do with Ed,—a command which he grumbled a good deal about, and, alas! occasionally disobeyed.

But to continue our story. The following Saturday morning the skies were blue, the sun shone bright, the gladness of spring was in the air,—all promised a long, pleasant holiday. The apple stand at the corner had a prosperous aspect. The umbrella, though shabbier and more rakish-looking than ever, wore a cheery, hail-fellow-well-met appearance. Widow Barry had, as she told a neighbor, "spruced up her old bonnet a bit,"—an evidence of the approach of spring, which the boys recognized and appreciated. Now she was engaged in polishing up her apples, and arranging the peanuts as invitingly as possible; a number of pennies already jingled in the small bag attached to her apron-string, in which she kept her money.

"Ah, here comes Masther Tom!" she exclaimed, presently. "An' right glad I am; for he always brings me a good hansom."

"Hello, Missis Barry!" cried he. "How's trade to-day? Too early to tell yet? Well, see if I can't boom it a little. Give me a dozen apples, and one—yes, two quarts of nuts."

Pleased and flustered at this stroke of fortune, she busied herself in getting out two of the largest of her paper bags, and filling the munificent order. But Tom was not like himself this morning. He had plenty to say, to be sure, but he talked away with a kind of

reckless gaiety that appeared a trifle forced, and he was eager to be off.

The old woman paused a second, as if suddenly impressed by the difference in his manner; then, by a shake of the head, she strove to banish the thought, which she reproached herself for as an unworthy suspicion, and smiled as if to reassure herself. With a pleasant word she put the well-filled bags into Tom's hands and received the silver he offered in payment—three bright new dimes. At that moment she caught a glimpse of Ed Brown lurking in the area way of a house at the other end of the block. The sight filled her with a vague misgiving which she could not have explained. She glanced again at Tom; he was nervous and excited.

"Wait a bit," said she, laying a restraining hand upon his arm.

"What is the matter? Didn't I give you just the price?" he inquired, somewhat impatiently.

The old woman bent forward and peered anxiously into his face; her kind but searching eyes seemed to look down into his very soul, as, in a voice trembling with emotion, she replied: "Yes: but tell me, asthore, where did ye get the money?"

Tom's countenance changed; he tried to put her off, saying, "Pshaw! Why do you want to ask a fellow such a question? Haven't I bought more than this of you before?"

"Troth an' ye have, dear; but not in this way, I'm thinkin'," she answered.

"It's all right. Do let me go, Missis Barry!" cried he, vexed and beginning to feel decidedly frightened.

"Hi, Tom, come on!" called Ed Brown, emerging from the area.

"Look here, Masther Tom, darlin'! You'll not move a step with them things, an' I'll not put up that money till I know where it came from."

"Well, then," said Tom, doggedly, seeing that escape was impossible, "I got it at home, off the mantel in the sitting-room."

"Oh, yes!" ejaculated Mrs. Barry, raising her eyes toward heaven, as if praying for the pardon of the offence.

"Why, that's nothing!" he went on. "Ed Brown says lots of boys do it. Some take the change out of their father's pockets even, if

they get a chance. His father don't mind a bit. He always has plenty of cash, Ed has."

"Ah, yes, that ne'er-do-well, Ed Brown!" said the old woman, shaking her fist at the distant Ed, who, realizing that Tom had got into trouble, disappeared in a twinkling.

"An' his father don't mind! Then it's because he knows nothin' about it. They'll come a day of reckonin' for him. An' you—"

"Oh, the folks at home won't care!" persisted Tom, thoroughly ashamed, but still anxious to excuse himself. "Mother always says that everything in the house is for the use of the family. If we children should make a raid on the pantry, and carry off a pie or cake, she might punish us for the disobedience, but she wouldn't call it stealing." He blushed as he uttered the ugly word.

"Yes, but to take money is different, ye know," continued his relentless mentor, whose heart, however, was sorrowing over him with the tenderness of a mother for her child.

Tom was silent; he did know, had really known from the first, though now his fault stood before him in its unsightliness; all the pretexts by which he had attempted to palliate it fell from it like a veil, and showed the hateful thing it was. He could not bring himself to acknowledge it, however. Sullenly he set down the apples and peanuts, murmuring, "I never did it before, anyhow!"

"No, nor never will again, I'm sure, avick! This'll be a life-long lesson to ye," returned the old woman, with agitation, as she put the dimes back into his hand. "Go right home with them now, an' tell yer father all about it."

"My father!" faltered Tom, doubtful of the consequences of such a confession.

"Well, yer mother, then. She'll be gentle with ye, never fear, if ye are really sorry."

"Indeed I am, Missis Barry," declared Tom, quite breaking down at last.

"I'm certain ye are, ashore!" continued the good creature, heartily. "An', whisper, when ye get home go to yer own little room, an' there on yer bended knees ask God to forgive ye. Make up yer mind to shun bad company for the future; an' never, from this hour, will we speak another word about this—either ye to me or I to ye,—save an' except ye may come an' say: 'I've done as ye bid me, Missis Barry. It's all hunkey dory!'"

The old woman smiled with grim humor as she found herself quoting the boy's favorite slang expression.

Tom laughed in spite of himself, so droll did it sound from her lips; but at the same time he drew his jacket sleeve across his eyes, which had grown strangely dim, and said:

"I will, Missis Barry. You may trust me: I will."

And Tom did. From that day he and the honest old apple-woman were better friends than ever. Meanwhile her trade improved so much that before long she was able to set up a more pretentious establishment,—a genuine stand, with an awning to replace the faithful umbrella, which was forthwith honorably retired from service. Here she carried on a thriving business for several years. Tom, though now a student at St. Jerome's College, often bought apples and peanuts of her.

"You see that old woman?" said he to a comrade one day. "Don't look much like an angel, does she?"

His friend, glancing at the queer figure and plain, ordinary features, was amused at the comparison.

"And yet," continued Tom, earnestly, "she proved a second Guardian Angel to me once, and I'll bless her all my life for it."

A Year in Jeanie Reilly's Life.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

(CONTINUED.)

With the cooler weather Jeanie had begun to devote two or three hours a day to study. She made rapid progress in Latin and French, and wrote home that she was learning far more than if she had been at school, in half the time and with less labor. She and Mary Lawton were much together; she could not have had a more desirable friend. She had also become deeply interested in the girl everyone called "poor Allie Regan," because she had an unkind step-mother, who would not go to church herself, and made it very unpleasant for her step-daughter, who would not be turned aside from the duties of religion either by gibes or threats.

Jeanie devoted many hours to training Allie's voice, in as far as she was able to do so. The girl sang sweetly, but was so timid and modest that few suspected the quality of her voice. Later on the instruction received from Jeanie encouraged her to new efforts, and after the death of her step-mother she went to reside in C——, where she soon became proficient in music and singing. She is now a valued teacher in Our Lady's academy in a Southern city.

The choir did so well that Jeanie sent privately for a simple Mass, which she felt confident they could learn without difficulty. The rehearsals took place in the afternoon now, as the weather was colder and the nights dark; but as the church was on the other side of the house from Father Eugene's room, he could not hear them practising. She wished to have the Mass ready for Christmas, and on that account postponed the learning of the psalms for Vespers, which she had intended to begin in the autumn.

Jeanie was surprised to find herself taking so much genuine interest in the work, and often wondered what her former music-teacher at the convent would say if she could see her in her new occupation. Her pupils showed a rare good-will. Katie Punk astonished every one by the amiability with which she accepted the distribution of solos, duos, and so on, seldom objecting to suggestion or correction from Jeanie. She was really beginning to use her voice properly, and it sounded much softer and sweeter, now that its strident quality was not so pronounced.

Jeanie had written for a copy of an old "Pastores" sung at the convent on Christmas morning. When it came she found the choir succeeded admirably with it, and she was quite enthusiastic over the promise for Christmas music. Weather permitting, they were to have Midnight Mass; the moon would be full, and all things seemed favorable. She had also sent for various little presents, which she intended to distribute among her choir friends, as well as others, more valuable and substantial, for Father Eugene and Miss Lacy.

About this time the priest and Aunt Betty began to hold mysterious conferences, of which Jeanie vaguely felt herself to be the object; and Father Eugene would now and then re-

mark that he hoped for once they would have a "green Christmas," because of a little plan, the success of which depended on the state of the roads and weather.

"We rarely have very bad weather before the middle of December," he said on one occasion; "but we are always prudent enough to anticipate it by having all we need for the holidays safely housed by that time. But this year there is to be something else,—that is, I have a project—I have written—I have not yet received an answer, but I am expecting one every day."

"Father, there is a good fire in your room, if you wish to retire there for a while," said Miss Lacy. "You are so enthusiastic over that 'plan' that you'll let the cat out of the bag altogether. Talk of women not being able to keep secrets! Why, they're not a circumstance to men for telling what they oughtn't to. The next thing Jeanie will know all about it."

After this Father Eugene was forced to beat a retreat; but that evening, on coming in from choir practice, Jeanie found him talking to Miss Lacy, with a letter in his hand. Both seemed to be much pleased, from which Jeanie inferred that his project was likely to be fulfilled. There were letters for her also from both father and mother; her Christmas gifts would all be attended to and sent in time. As the day approached she felt many a pang of homesickness, which occasionally found relief in tears, though these were always reserved for the solitude of darkness and her own little room. But she was busy and time passed quickly.

At last it was Christmas Eve. The day before, during the absence of Father Eugene on a sick call, they had had a grand final practice. Everything went off beautifully. Hiram Punk had suggested a violin accompaniment to the melodeon, which, after some misgivings on Jeanie's part, had been introduced. Hiram was a born musician, and it proved a great feature. There was to be Midnight Mass, which Father Eugene expected to be attended by the larger portion of the congregation, although for some it would involve a dark ride of several miles.

The morning of Christmas Eve was spent by Jeanie and several of the girls, who were near neighbors, in decorating the altar and the

walls of the church with evergreens, which the young men had brought in large quantities from the mountains. They also proved of great assistance in tying festoons, hanging wreaths, etc. Jem had gone to Flintville early in the morning to make purchases and await the train. Charlie Mahaffey accompanied him; but Jeanie could not understand why Miss Lacy had loaded them down with rugs and blankets, and given Charlie a small foot-stove, which she had strictly enjoined him to make use of.

"Isn't Charlie well?" she inquired. "If he is not, wouldn't it be better to send some one in his place?"

"He's well enough," was the reply. "But his family's inclined to consumption; and if it should turn out to rain, or get real cold, as it sometimes does this time of year, it will be best to be on the safe side."

But Aunt Betty's eyes twinkled so mysteriously, and she strove so hard to repress a smile, that Jeanie felt all had not been told.

Mrs. Fogarty, from Pittonville, a famous cook and general helper, had been summoned to assist Miss Lacy for the holidays; so that Jeanie felt herself at liberty to devote all her attention to the church preparations. By noon everything was in order, and Father Eugene observed that the altar had never looked so beautiful. After luncheon he said:

"My dear, you are to lie down here, on the dining-room lounge—not too close to the window nor too near the stove; and, after Miss Lacy has wrapped you up warmly, you are to turn your face to the wall, and fall fast asleep. When you have had a nap of a couple of hours—don't look that way; you need it, and it will do you good,—you are to put on that crimson dress trimmed with fur, and we will go for a walk."

It was with some reluctance that Jeanie assented to this programme, feeling sure that she could not go to sleep, and disclaiming all symptoms of fatigue. But Father Eugene knew best, as he always did; and, as she was tired, it was not very long before her eyes closed and she sank into a gentle slumber. Then he rose softly, drew down the curtain and left the room, stopping in the kitchen to ask Miss Lacy and her assistant to be as quiet as possible for a while.

Twilight was falling when Jeanie awoke.

She had had a long, refreshing sleep; but her first thought was, "We will be too late for a walk, and Father will miss his daily exercise." But when she learned that he had been for some time in the confessional, and could not have gone in any event, her conscience smote her less, and she hastened to don the pretty crimson dress. As she stood before the mirror, brushing her wavy chestnut hair, her eyes full of light and happiness, her cheeks roseate and glowing, one could scarcely believe her to be the same girl who had come to St. Mary's but a few months before.

While thus engaged she heard the sound of wheels and the rumble of the heavy wagon, then Jem's merry laugh and cheery "Here at last, without any broken bones!" She ran to the door, opened it, and sped like lightning down the path to the gate; for she remembered that there were sundry packages in that wagon that neither Father Eugene nor Miss Lacy must see that night.

Charlie had already begun to unload, and she saw he had an extra wagon, and Jem was busy at the horses' heads. But there were others in the wagon. Surely those odious Braleys could not have come to spend Christmas, and Father Eugene had been expecting no one! For one brief moment her heart felt a selfish hope that their dear, quiet Christmas might not be disturbed by strangers; the next she uttered a loud cry of joy,—for she was clasped in her mother's arms, while father and mother were both kissing her on forehead, cheeks, and lips.

"Father! mother!" she said at last. "How did you do it? Oh, I am so glad, so glad! I never knew what it was to be perfectly happy until now."

Then appeared Aunt Betty, quickly followed by Father Eugene.

"This was *my* secret, Miss Jeanie," said the good priest. "And you may thank the angel of fair weather that it has succeeded so well. What do you think of it?"

"Oh, dear Father Eugene, I can't say anything,—I can *only* think," answered Jeanie, wiping the tears from her soft brown eyes.

"There is my own Jeanie," said her father. "She hasn't changed a bit. That is always her way when anything touches or pleases her: she can only think. What do you say,

Fanny,—is not our little daughter the picture of health?"

"I can not take my eyes off her," was the reply. "I never could have believed it. Such rosy cheeks as you have, my dear! And that dress was in folds on you last winter; it will soon be tight for you."

"I can just button it now," replied Jeanie, whose hands had not been idle a moment. Already her mother's bonnet and shawl lay on the couch beside her; she had helped her father with his great coat, and ran from one to the other like a happy, playful kitten.

"At first," said Mr. Reilly, in answer to her inquiry as to how it all came about, "mother feared the plan could not be thought of, but I was for it all the time. To tell the truth, pet, we could not have spent Christmas without you. Father Eugene was so persistent, and the weather so favorable, that I finally telegraphed him we would come, and packed mother up at a day's notice. You are not sorry you came, Fanny?"

For answer the pale little mother drew her girl closer to her, and looked up at her husband with supreme content in her eyes.

It was only after supper that Jeanie remembered the packages about which she had been so anxious. They were all there, and many more, provided by her thoughtful parents. A fine new cassock and beretta for Father Eugene, who was "going about quite threadbare and scandalous in his oldest one," because his best had been mysteriously lost, otherwise pilfered for a pattern by Miss Lacy when Jeanie suggested the gift. "Faultlessly becoming," he pronounced them to be the next day when he came forth from his room to dinner arrayed in all their bravery.

There was a lovely cashmere with several pretty knickknacks and handkerchiefs for Miss Lacy; souvenirs for Jem and Charlie and all the choir girls, and a Russia leather portfolio, well stocked with stationery, for Mary Lawton. A picture of St. Margaret, the Roman martyr, and another of St. Michael, for Mrs. Lawton and her husband, showed that Jeanie had remembered their patrons, and were long cherished as mementos in that happy family.

There were vases for the altar, a dozen new corporals made by the nuns, and a chime of

bells to replace the cracked apology that did duty during Mass and Benediction,—the like of which St. Mary's had never before seen or heard. I am afraid they were a cause of distraction to the younger portion of the congregation at the Midnight Mass, where they were used for the first time.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

A Noble Man.

There are no nobler men than many in the medical profession, who do good oftentimes without hope of reward, at least in this world. About twenty years ago there died in France a doctor whom his grateful patients always spoke of as Father Babie. He was a second Vincent de Paul in charity, and never stopped for rain or cold, sleet or snow; but was seen night and day on his sturdy little horse going about to visit his poor patients, from many of whom he never received, nor indeed expected, a cent in return for his services.

He had three kinds of patients: those who paid, those who did not pay, and those to whom he made presents upon leaving. He always said that the first sort were most generous with him, and the second would probably have paid him if they could; of the third class he never spoke. When he was dying he asked for all the bills drawn up against his patients, and threw them into the fire.

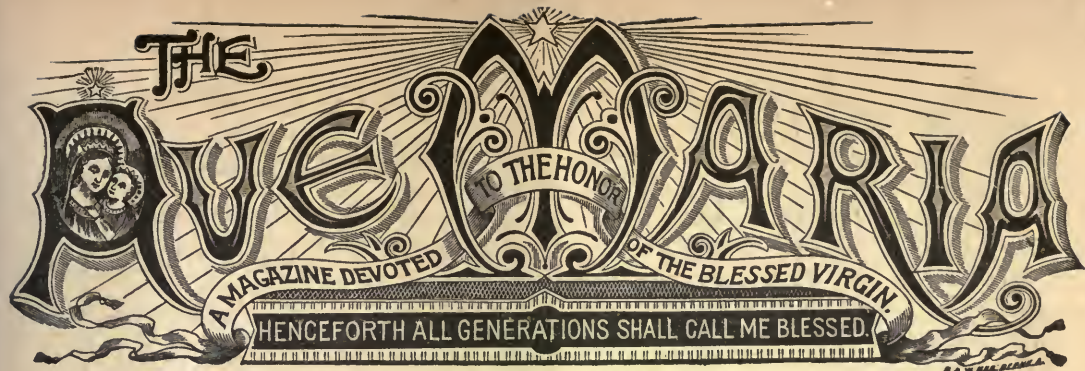
Shortly after his death all the people of the city put on their gayest clothing and went to the town-hall, where a statue of the good Father Babie was unveiled, having been procured by the subscriptions of his friends.

The world is always ready to erect monuments to heroes, but it is not often that it so honors a good man, who never sought to destroy life, but lived to prolong it and to make his brethren happier.

A Thought for April.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

You may drop a toy and find it
Some other day at play,
But the day that you lose in April
Will never be found in May.



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The Hope of To-Day.

BY MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

O CHRIST, the sweep of nigh two thousand years

Has made our duty other than it was
When John the Pure beheld the Love that draws
All sweetness from the heart of Pain, and clears
An upward way for Sorrow, through her tears!
No more a brutal multitude's applause
Rings 'round the martyr to imperial laws,
Nor bars Thy progress with barbarian spears:

The burden that to day upon us falls
Is that we prove disciples true to Thee;
That when lost Doubt in sore confusion calls,
"Bring proof of Christ, if any such there be!"
It may be said, nor bring Thee into shame,
"Look, such as these are gathered in His name!"

The Church in Japan.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

THE announcement that the Pope will shortly establish a Japanese hierarchy, Tokio to be the archiepiscopal see, with four suffragan dioceses, is a modern illustration of the truth of the saying that the blood of Christ's martyrs is the seed of His Church. For the flourishing condition of Catholicity in Japan, which this announcement sufficiently demonstrates, is unquestionably one of the fruits of the many heroic sacrifices which the early Japanese Catholics

made for their faith in those trying days that followed the partial conversion of their country to Christianity, in the latter half of the sixteenth century, when it was estimated that there were in the Empire no less than 400,000 converts, and over 250 Catholic churches.

It was on the Feast of the Assumption, 1549, that St. Francis Xavier, whom Pope Paul III. had, nine years previously, commissioned apostolic nuncio to the East, with full powers and authority, landed at Cangozima, in the Japanese Empire (going thither from Goa, where he had been staying for some time), and began his wonderful mission among the Japanese people. After spending twelve months at Cangozima, where he made many converts, the Saint visited several other localities, winning souls to the true faith wherever he went, and preaching with such success that when he returned to India, after a stay of a year and a half in Japan, the number of Christians in the islands was great enough to warrant the sending thither of three Jesuit missionaries; others soon followed.

Kings and princes, as well as their subjects, embraced the new faith; and in 1582 the rulers of the provinces of Omuro, Bungo and Arima sent an embassy to Rome to assure the reigning Pope, Gregory XIII., of the loyalty of the Japanese Catholics to the Holy See. This embassy, which was conducted by one of the Jesuit missionaries in Japan, was received with great honors in the Catholic cities of Europe through which it passed, and was especially welcomed at Rome, where the marvellous progress of the Church in Japan was a source of great joy to the papal court.

At the moment, though, when it actually seemed as if the whole land was on the verge of renouncing heathenism and embracing Christianity, the death of the ruling Emperor, who had looked favorably on the labors of the Jesuit and Franciscan missionaries, and the accession to the throne of a usurper, changed the whole aspect of affairs, and led to a cruel prosecution of the Japanese Catholics and a rigorous proscription of their religion. In the year 1590 fully 20,000 Christians were put to death by the order of this tyrant, and the lists of the martyrs lengthened with every subsequent year of his reign. His successors, furthermore, imitated his policy to such an extent that in 1638 the Christians, unable any longer to submissively witness the massacre of their brethren, rose in rebellion, and for a time prevailed against the imperial forces. Their triumph was short-lived, however, and their uprising caused the Emperor to persecute the survivors with such savagery that in 1650 very few Christians were left alive in the whole country.

To such lengths did imperial hatred of the new religion go that the inhabitants of whole provinces were commanded to trample in turn on the crucifix, and whoever refused to do so was at once subjected to the direst torture and death. As early as 1588 the missionaries were ordered to leave the islands; but many remained despite the edicts, and in 1597 three Jesuits and six Franciscans were apprehended and crucified on the hill at Nagasaki. With these nine missionaries were also crucified twenty-six native converts. They were solemnly canonized by Pius IX., who fixed February 5 as the day on which they are honored by the Church. In the years that immediately followed, Nagasaki witnessed the execution and martyrdom of many other confessors of the faith, the most illustrious of whom was the Jesuit, Father Charles Spinola, a nephew of Cardinal Spinola, who, with several other priests and a number of Japanese converts, was burned at the stake September 2, 1622.

The failure of the uprising of 1638, and the reign of terror which ensued, very nearly extinguished Christianity in Japan. All foreigners were forbidden under penalty of death to enter the country; and whenever a Christian was discovered, avowal of his faith meant the

sacrifice of his life. In vain did zealous missionaries, covetous of the crown of martyrdom, seek admission to the islands: all ports were closed; and in 1642 five Jesuits, who had managed to enter the Empire secretly, were apprehended, cruelly tortured and executed; while a Sicilian priest, Father Sidotti, who succeeded in reaching Nagasaki in 1709, was never afterward heard from, doubtless because he was discovered and slain.

With the sole exception of Dutch traders, who were permitted, under the strictest supervision, to enter one port only, outside intercourse with the Japanese remained impossible up to 1854, when, in consequence of the treaty which resulted from Commodore Perry's expedition of that year, the islands were opened to certain nations. Still, it was not until 1869 that these outside powers secured full commercial privileges, or that Japan began to take her place among the civilized countries of the world.

Eight years before the latter date, however, Mgr. Petitjean, a zealous French missionary, who had been engaged for some time in apostolic labors in the Liu-Chou Islands, went thence to Nagasaki, where, by virtue of a treaty between France and Japan, a Catholic chapel had been reopened in 1858. A similar concession had been granted at Yokohama, and the chapels at these two places were the only edifices of Catholic worship throughout the Empire up to 1865, when a new church, in honor of St Peter Baptist, the superior of the Franciscans who were crucified at Nagasaki in 1597, was dedicated at that place by Mgr. Girard, then the apostolic pro-vicar of Japan, who was assisted in the ceremony by the Rev. Fathers Petitjean and Laucaigne. Until 1865 the sole worshippers in the chapels at Yokohama and Nagasaki were visiting European Catholics, and it was not until March 18 of that year that the good missionaries had the happiness of discovering that, despite the centuries which had elapsed since the proscription of the Catholic religion in Japan, the faith that St. Francis Xavier brought to the islands in 1549 still counted its adherents in the Empire.

Mgr. Petitjean was the favored missionary for whom it was reserved to make this discovery, and the manner in which he did so is

told in a letter written by him on March 18, 1865, to Mgr. Girard, then stopping at Yokohama. In this letter the overjoyed missionary informs his superior that as he was praying before the altar of the chapel at Nagasaki he was interrupted by a Japanese woman, who, approaching him, remarked, pointing at the same time to some twelve or fifteen other Japanese near at hand: "The hearts of all of us who are here do not differ from yours." Surprised and greatly delighted at this information, the good missionary was still more pleased when his interlocutor told him that in the village where they lived nearly all the inhabitants were Christians; and, hastening thither a few days afterward, he found that the woman's words were true, as nearly 2,500 native Catholics came to welcome him, while a native catechist assured him that there were numbers of others scattered all over the Empire. This statement was fully verified subsequently, when the missionaries discovered that there were no less than 15,000 Catholics living in Japan, notwithstanding that for over two centuries and a half no priest had been able to visit the islands.

In order that a proper supervision might be exercised over the Japanese missions, and to foster their growth, the Holy See, in 1866, appointed Mgr. Petitjean Bishop of Myriofiti, *in partibus*, and named him vicar-apostolic of all Japan. However, hardly had the devoted vicar, after his consecration, taken up his residence at Nagasaki than a persecution broke out there, and compelled him to retire to Yokohama. In 1873 he was able to return to the former city, from which place he administered his trust up to 1877, when Japan was divided into two vicariates,—Mgr. Petitjean being assigned to the southern vicariate, while Northern Japan was confided to the apostolic care of the Right Rev. Peter Marie Osouf, who still presides over that district, and who visited this country some four or five years ago in the interests of his vicariate. Still another vicariate has since been created in the islands, that of Central Japan, which is in charge of Mgr. Midon.

Mgr. Petitjean, the first vicar of Southern Japan, was called to the reward of his self-sacrificing labors on the 7th of October, 1884. His death occurred at Nagasaki, the place

where he had the happiness of learning, in 1865, that savage persecution, followed by over two hundred and fifty years of rigorous isolation, had not availed to eradicate from Japan that faith for which so many of the islanders shed their blood at the close of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century.

Unlike his persecuting predecessors, the present Mikado, who has already consented to the creation of a Japanese hierarchy, has in many ways facilitated, instead of opposing, the labors of the Catholic missionaries. So solicitous, in fact, has the Emperor shown himself for the moral advancement of his people, that Pope Leo, in a letter dated May 12, 1885, expressed his great satisfaction with the imperial zeal in this matter, saying,

"By the testimony of our missionaries we have been made acquainted with your grace and goodness to both priests and laymen. Nothing, truly, in your power could be more praiseworthy as a matter of justice, or more beneficent to the common weal; inasmuch as you will find the Catholic religion a powerful auxiliary in maintaining the stability of your Empire. All dominion is founded on justice, and of justice there is not a principle which is not laid down in the precepts of Christianity. And thus all who bear the name of Christian are above all enjoined, not through fear of punishments, but by the voice of religion, to reverence the kingly sway, to obey the laws, and not to seek for aught in public affairs save that which is peaceful and upright. We most earnestly beseech you, therefore, to grant the utmost freedom in your power to all Christians, and to deign, as heretofore, to protect their institutions with your patronage and favor. We, on our part, shall suppliantly beseech God, the Author of all good, that He may grant your beneficial undertakings their wished-for outcome, and may bestow on your Majesty and the whole realm of Japan blessings and favors increasing day by day."

The reception of this letter is said to have highly pleased the Mikado, and to have led to still greater favors than had beforehand been granted to the missionaries.

In the initial year of his pontificate the present Pope, at his first consistory, expressed

to the assembled cardinals the great consolation he had enjoyed in issuing, a few days previously, the apostolic bulls which restored her ancient hierarchy and her former privileges to the Scottish Church; and a similar joy to what he experienced on that occasion will the venerable Pontiff assuredly feel when he creates an episcopacy for Japan, and thus bestows the benefits of that divinely-established institution on a land whose soil was once hallowed by the feet of a Xavier, on a Church whose annals are glorious with the records of her missionaries and her martyrs, and on a people whose preservation of the faith is one of the marvels of modern times.

The Daughter of an Irish Patriot.

FOYNES is a pretty village by the Shannon. When one drops from the railway carriage, one sees a number of low slate cottages, with a profusion of flowers in the windows. On the island in the river is the residence of an Irish literary man, Sir Stephen de Vere, well known among scholars for his beautiful translation of Horace. An amphitheatre of hills stands around, sloping away to the south and west toward the sky. Part of this semicircle is covered with a luxuriant grass, so velvety green in color that you are at once reminded of the name given to Ireland, the Emerald Isle; and part covered with a rich, overhanging wood, which in the summer days casts such a deep shadow that the whole place seems cooled by its presence.

On a high cone at the southern side, balanced between you and the heavens, stands the graveyard of Knockpatrick. One discerns the upright tombstones between him and the azure of the sky. From this hill St. Patrick is said to have blessed the lands of Clare; and from this graveyard popular belief holds that a soul enters into heaven every first Saturday of the month, in honor of the Holy Mother of God, to whom the Irish since the days of St. Patrick have been so devout. On a lower peak to the west stands a fine old Irish cross, erected to the memory of the first Lord Monteagle, whose grandson's estates are situated all around, and whose family have lived

for hundreds of years in the greatest harmony with their tenants and dependents.

In a cleft of the rocks, just around the corner of that huge boulder opposite to you, and a little to the west of this cross, stands the house of Miss Charlotte Grace O'Brien, daughter of William Smith O'Brien, the Irish patriot of '48. Miss O'Brien has been long and well known for her love of country and her great kindness to the poor, and the memory of her father's heroism and sacrifices lends a halo to all her good works.

Holy Thursday, April 3, is a bright and happy day at Foynes. There is rejoicing in the hearts of the people. They crowd toward the little Catholic church, which seems, in its structure and taste, so well in keeping with the tasteful but not ambitious buildings round. That church was built by the subscriptions which Sir Stephen de Vere himself gathered through the country. What is going on in the little church?

The parish priest—a tall, silent, mild-looking man, gentle among his people, and whom his people seem to love and revere,—enters the church. Others are there too, whose names are to remain hidden. The poor are there, and there is many a "Thanks be to God!" and "Glory be to God that we lived to see this day!" Miss O'Brien is there, the central figure of that little gathering, the observed of all observers. She is going to be received into the Catholic Church, and Mr. Aubrey de Vere is to be one of the sponsors.

Miss O'Brien is tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed. Her face has singular expressive power. She is all but completely deaf. Those who were near her spoke to her on their fingers, and you see the pleasant smile that mantles over her face as she expresses assent. Oh, but if her heart could be seen as you could see her face, what a marvel of goodness would be shown to the world!

She was born two or three years before her father unfurled Ireland's flag in magnificent Tipperary. She did not know what it was to lose a father at the time that that father was sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered,—the relics of mediæval butchery.

Her family were Protestant since the days when her ancestor of Quinn Castle, in Clare, earned the name of "Morrough the Burner,"

in the time of Elizabeth, for burning down homesteads and altars with the same pity and the same mercy. To this day the old nurses in the counties of Limerick and Clare will frighten the noisy baby with "Here is Morrough!" Miss O'Brien's father was a Protestant. In his early days he was brought up in the strictest tenets of Calvin, but in his later years he greatly inclined toward Catholicity. It was rumored about the time of his death that he died a Catholic, but that was not true.

All Miss O'Brien's immediate relatives to this day are Protestants, or nominally so. In her own young days she tells of a governess who kept them within the strictest letter of the law. It was even a transgression to call *Father* so-and-so to the old parish priest who lived near Cahirmoyle, and who was a great friend of her father. The governess issued the injunction that he was to be spoken of as *Mr.* so-and-so. But Miss Charlotte rebelled. She would call him *Father*, and she continued to do so.

She no sooner got into the world than her strong grasp of mind, and her utter contempt of frivolities and nonsense, set her to literature. Books, flowers, and dogs are her pets; but her goodness embraces everything in need of pity. Her little dove-cot in the cleft of the rock, from which you get an extensive view right along the river Shannon, and away to the Cratloe, Killaloe, and Tipperary mountains (a distance of nearly thirty miles), is in the interior one endless book-shelf. Every side wall and nook and cranny has its store of "inked rags," as Davis calls books. They are indeed of various kinds. Some are poetry, some are novels, but always of a pure and healthy class; some are works that have come down through the family; some are her own, and many are gifts "with the author's compliments"; all are serious and of a high order.

Her little world outside the house is, as they say here in Ireland, "a show." The whole place has been grubbed and reclaimed from a stubborn furze covered hill, and needs constant labor and care to preserve it from running back to its natural wildness. This she has made a garden of roses, and has laid it out in beds and parterres in such order and taste that the eye, on looking up at the horse-shoe in the hills, is fixed and fascinated.

From within you hear her Irish terriers. Miss O'Brien is the owner of one curious dog, which Mr. Darwin would like to come across. This animal has actually been taught to discern numbers up to 10. Its mistress calls, for instance, on the number 7. The dog will count with its nose along the tops of her fingers, and will stop at 7. If she calls 5, the dog will stop at the small finger of the right hand; 9, it will go on till the fingers of both hands are counted all but one. Her deafness brings an isolation about Miss O'Brien, and these are some of the efforts to which she has had recourse to while the tedium of a long evening.

Her first literary work of note was a strong Irish tale, dealing especially with the land question, and cast in the Fenian times of '67. This story is called "Light and Shade," and for those who wish to understand the Irish Question, which is as yet unsettled, it is one of the best works they can turn to. But this has not been her only literary production: she has published a volume of lyrics and a drama, and quite recently a small volume of poems entitled "Cahirmoyle." Cahirmoyle, as most Irishmen know, is the place where her father lived, and where she herself was born and spent a large portion of her life. It is presently in the possession of her eldest brother; but, unlike his father and his sister, he has grown tired of Ireland, and has gone across to England to live. Poetry rather than prose is her way of speaking her thoughts to the public. Her political pieces appear in the columns of *United Ireland*, and her literary ones (the sonnet being a prime favorite) are published in the *Irish Monthly*.

Miss O'Brien was from childhood an ardent lover of that land and its interests for which her father risked his life. It was only at the beginning of the Land League movement, however, in '79 and '80, that she gave public pronouncements to her views. This shocked her friends; they did not wish it. But she was so true and good-natured, so sincere and unselfish, that, while they looked upon her as misguided, they could not find it in their hearts to live estranged from her. She subscribed to the Land League movement, and when it was publicly attacked by some of her friends, she publicly defended it. When Mr. Foster, who was a personal friend of hers,

seized on the leaders of the Irish movement and imprisoned them, she heartily and generously supported the fund that the country subscribed to sustain them.

It was at this period, when famine was over Ireland, that the exodus of the Irish poor for a second time began. The numbers surpassed all former times; the figures were actually startling. Those who had read John Francis Maguire's work, "The Irish in America," written in '56, remembered what the Irish suffered in the emigrant vessels, and began to fear that a renewal of such scenes might take place. From letters received, it became painfully apparent that a great deal had to be done to reform the ocean passage. But who was to do it, and how was it to be done? The problem did not escape Miss O'Brien's busy and sympathetic brain. It was a big question. There were faults at the port of embarkation, there were faults on the ocean voyage, and there were faults appalling and dangerous at the port where they disembarked. She took these in turn.

She went down to Queenstown, the port of embarkation in Ireland for America, and took a large house. Immediately the lodging-house keepers there saw what was up, and at once banded themselves against her. Tell it not in Gath—in an Irish town the daughter of William Smith O'Brien was boycotted! The butchers, at the entreaties of their friends the lodging-house keepers, refused her meat; the bakers, bread. She had to get both from Cork city, about twelve miles distant. But Dr. McCarthy, the patriotic Bishop of Cloyne, whose residence is in Queenstown, saw the purity of her motives and the decided advantage of the exertions she was making. Canon Keller, too, the present parish priest of Youghal, who has so ably and so prudently defended the poor tenantry on the Ponsonby estate, was at the time Administrator in Queenstown, and he stood by her with all his well-deserved influence.

At the same time she invoked the influence of the Lodging-House Act. The lodging-house keepers, in order to bring greater numbers to their houses, had in many cases fiddlers and music and dancing all night, and then sent the poor unfortunate creatures, sick from sorrow and want of sleep and rest, away next

morning, in a most unfit state to meet sea-sickness and the toils of the ocean voyage. Here Miss O'Brien saw the advantages of the Lodging-House Act, which forbids that persons should be kept unless a certain number of cubic feet of air were secured. The police were put on the *qui vive*, and the lodging-house keepers soon became very tame, and their houses much better conducted.

At some of these times Miss O'Brien would have two and three hundred in her house of a night. She had a little compartment for herself, which was something nautical in its proportions; she had a matron, a staff of servants, and a servant-man; and she herself saw to everything. The determination of her character, and the support of the Catholic clergy of the place, soon silenced all opposition to her, though it was occasionally whispered that she was a "souper" in disguise. This, unquestionably, is the greatest work of Miss O'Brien's life. But so severe was the strain of all she underwent at that time that her previous life seems to her a blank—wiped out, as it were, by the labors and hardships and persecutions of that period.

In her encounter with the companies owning the vessels she relied on their sense of justice and fair play, and she was not deceived. She had decided, however, that she would, if necessary, make use of their rivalry with one another; that she would call on the assistance of the Board of Trade; and, all failing, Parliament and the public press should in the last instance be appealed to. It was only in one or two cases that the supervision of the Board of Trade had to be invoked. It is just possible that they took care to put "their houses in order" when they knew that there was "a chiel among them takin' notes."

Then, again, the emigrants were requested—those emigrants whose characters were well known and whose statements could be relied upon—to send a true account of certain things on the voyage across. These things were specified, and she left a good deal of this business to a friend of hers, a priest,—knowing well that our people would have implicit reliance on the priest; that what they stated in their letter would not in any way be used against themselves or their friends; and that, moreover, they would have the courage to tell him.

the truth. When the emigrants complained of ill-treatment, bad food, or questionable conduct on the part of the crew, their letters were at once forwarded to the chairman of the company, and immediately secured reform.

Two things she had foremost in her mind with regard to the passage across. One was that an order of "ocean nuns" should be established, whose sole business it would be to accompany, console, nurse, and if need be protect, the poor people, especially females, on the voyage. "If I were a Catholic," she used to say, "I'd at once found such an order." The second thing was that a priest ought at least to be in every vessel. "Is he not as much wanting as the doctor? And is he not of far more use in the way of keeping the people peaceful?"

She wrote letters on letters across to the public men of America, cleric and lay, urging the necessity of appointing a priest at Castle Garden. She had already arranged in her own mind what such a priest could do, and had even drawn out on paper a scheme of questions that were to be put and answered by the emigrants; as, for instance, Where do you come from? Show your parish priest's letter. Where are you going? Who is to meet you there? etc., etc.

While the emigration was at its height she went across to America, to see for herself how things stood, and to get in touch with the leaders beyond, and if possible press her ideas on them. She was greatly delighted with this visit. On her return she spoke with enthusiasm of the men and women she had met. Because of the scope of this paper it will be necessary to mention only one, an ecclesiastic—Mgr. Ireland, of St. Paul. "I saw an apostle," was her expression, "when I saw that man." And she would laughingly add: "I was staying for three weeks in the convent where his sister is Rev. Mother,—a charming woman; and they thought, I suppose, that they *had* me." That interview with Dr. Ireland had no little influence in bringing her toward the Church.

Miss O'Brien had come to Catholicity from a far different standpoint from that of Cardinal Newman and the Tractarians. They were all High Church. She could never understand the position of the High Churchmen. The Bible,

and the Bible alone, pure and simple, was her guide and her stay. The High Church, in her opinion, had one hand on the Bible, but the other on the skirts of the Fathers, who assuredly in their time preached and practised Roman Catholic doctrines. She would say: "Either go and be what the Fathers were, or else have nothing to do with them."

From the other side, however, her own position did not seem, even to herself, to be a bit too secure. The Bible, and the Bible alone, led many whom she knew and loved into simple infidelity. Little by little this began to dawn on her. Catholics, Catholic books, and Catholic objects of devotion became quite familiar to her. But the Bible and "The Imitation of Christ" were still the two golden books of her life, and the receiving of "the Sacrament" the one great devotional act of her existence. She believed that she was really and truly receiving what the Apostles received from the hands of our Divine Lord. Her whole soul hung upon this one act. She would give up everything, she would forego everything, she would make any sacrifice, to go and receive as her Bible told her. And the Divine Saviour would not have His poor human creature cheated of His real Flesh and Blood.

God alone knows how He brought this struggling soul to Himself; but if it may be permitted human eyes to calculate, and human hearts to guess, it would run: First, the great goodness and sincerity of her own life; secondly, the example of Catholic bishops, priests, and laity; thirdly, the prayers of the emigrant girls; and, lastly and beyond all others, the infinite mercy of God.

An incident took place in her neighborhood which brought matters to a crisis. A little girl had been struck senseless by some stones that were being blasted. Nobody was in fault. Miss O'Brien was the first to take the child in her lap, "and if she were the child's mother she could not have nursed it more tenderly," said an eye-witness. The girl was dying. Priest or doctor could not overtake her. "A young Irishwoman read the service of the dying," Miss O'Brien said when relating it; "the people all knelt round. The child was suffocating from its own blood. My clothes were saturated through and through. She died in my arms. Oh, it was pitiable! That night I wrote

to Mr. Aubrey de Vere to send me some books, that I wished to judge for myself about Catholicity."

When approaching to Catholicity—singular—she found the Blessed Virgin to stand in her way and bar her progress. The Bible told her nothing of intercession,—so at least she read it. And here were Catholics placing almost unlimited power in the Mother of God! One night as she had retired to rest, and was thinking not at all of the Blessed Virgin or religion, but about some alterations she intended making in her garden, suddenly a burning light seemed to stand high up against the wall. It came from a metal framework, and burned brighter than any light she had ever seen. In front, with the back turned to her, was a figure kneeling in an attitude of intense supplication. "No words could describe," she said, "the appearance of intense supplication that seemed to be expressed in the attitude of that kneeling figure." She *felt* it was the Blessed Virgin; perhaps the burning light was intended to represent the Tabernacle, where dwells "the true Light that enlighteneth every man." She experienced no trouble in understanding the power of Holy Mary's intercession after that.

She had been for six months or more attending Mass, although still a Protestant; the one constant regret was that she could not receive the divine Flesh and Blood. Her conversion might, perhaps, have been longer delayed, but that she could not understand the passing of an Easter without receiving Holy Communion; and so on Holy Thursday she was admitted into the bosom of that Church whose Life and Love the Holy and Divine Sacrament is. May the good God of the Eucharist grant her peace of mind, happiness of heart, and the grace of perseverance!

R. O. K.

THOSE who love most suffer most, and to such the cross is often sent through the affections. Well for them if, casting aside the dross of human passion, they are made to discern the false from the true, the wise from the unwise, the dangerous from the secure; for the heart of man is never safe in its attachments unless it leans, like the Beloved Disciple, upon the Heart of Jesus Christ.

The Disappearance of John Longworthy.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXXI.—MARY AND ESTHER.

WHEN Mary reached home Esther had gone out to give her music lessons. Miles' snores resounded through the house, which, as she entered it, seemed, for the first time, lonely and forsaken. All the joys of Mary's life were centred there,—all the hopes, all the fears; outside of it there was little consolation for her. She had seldom come home without pleasure in the thought that it was *home*.

But this morning there was a heavy weight on her heart and a strange mist before her eyes. She felt as if she had suddenly awakened from a foolish dream. She dared not think of Miles, and she knew that she was about to lose Esther. As she took her cup of coffee and tried to eat the piece of toast brought to her, she said to herself that it was hard to be alone. As Arthur Fitzgerald's wife, Esther might love her still, but not in the old way. And Arthur!—and then she admitted the truth to herself, that he was as near to her heart as Esther was. It was a bitter admission for her to make, and she drove a dagger into herself by dwelling on it. Surely nobody was so utterly forsaken as she was. Miles—she dared not think of *him*! Her sister wrapt up in the love of another, and that other the only man in the world whom it would be possible to trust and admire unreservedly!

The sunshine lying against the bars of the dining-room window had a sickening glare; she longed to go away forever from the sound of the noises in the street. It was after eight o'clock; she must start for school. The thought of the duties of the day came to her. How she hated the routine of the headless and heartless system, in which she was a mere bit of machinery! Her mind went forward to the long six hours before her,—six hours during which she would occupy the post of drill-mistress to fifty little beings, and try to make them small bits of machinery, too.

Mary rose from the table and looked at the little glass over the chimney-piece. She was

hollow-eyed, sallow; there was a sign of a wrinkle here and there. She forgot that the freshest face, after it has looked in wakefulness on the hours of the night, loses much of its youthfulness.

She went back in imagination to her entrance to the normal school, after she had left the Sisters. She had studied very hard,—at a time, too, when nature demands that young girls shall have rest, and see, like the roses in June, the sunlight of life. There had been little brightness in all these years of application. She had stored her memory with facts,—or what the text-books said were facts. Examination had succeeded examination, until Mary's head was like a Chinese puzzle: full of little compartments, each representing facts, packed carefully into the smallest space.

So far as she had been permitted to go in the science of mathematics, she had attained perfection, according to the standard of the public schools. Her knowledge of history and literature, so far as her school training went, would have consisted in knowing how, in a text-book and parrot-like way, to repeat certain fixed formulas, and to analyze grammatically the "selections" put into a book by some compiler. All this drill, which was well adapted to take the freshness, all the plasticity of mind, all individuality from a young girl, did not injure Mary as much as it might have done, because she had the resource of a home in which music and the love for good books had been cultivated.

There was danger that Mary might in time become a rather prim old maid,—all the more angular for having been put through this normal-school training, and for the disheartening monotony of her work. She knew that most of the teachers of her age looked forward to an escape from drudgery by marriage. She had no such hope; others, too, were often disappointed. Some were all the more disappointed because they married; for, while they were instructed, not educated, in order that they might earn their living, the young men of their circle were generally much inferior to them in intellectual acquirements,—or at least *they* thought so.

It was only in the last month that Mary had begun to think of these disheartening things. Possibly, if Arthur Fitzgerald had

never entered the house she might not have thought of them at all, but have gone on drifting toward old maidenhood, and gradually becoming a little more "fixed," but none the less kind in her ways, as the years went by. If Esther had no chance of marrying it would have given her a terrible pang, although she would have hated to have her sister love anybody else. She had often had moments of pathetic thought over Esther's possibly lonely condition, if she, Mary, should be snatched away by death. She thought now, with a certain grimness, that she might have spared herself those tears.

Weary, and with an incipient headache, she made her preparations for the day's work, and walked out into the sunshine. She passed along with her usual quick step, pausing a moment as she turned the corner, because she thought she heard her name called. She turned, to see Esther, radiant and rosy, almost running toward her.

"O Mary," she said, "I was half-way to the convent when I resolved to turn back; for I couldn't wait to tell you! I'm a little late, but Sister Euphrosyne will forgive me this once. Just let me whisper something. Oh, my dear, I am so happy!"

Esther put her blooming cheek close to her sister's face and was about to speak. Mary felt that she could not bear to hear the words.

"I know—I know it all, Esther!" she said, hastily. "I hope you will be happy."

She turned away abruptly. Looking back, she saw Esther standing still. She kissed her hand, with a great feeling of tenderness for her sister and a greater pity for herself.

XXXII.—ARTHUR FITZGERALD'S STATE OF MIND.

Men of other races may glide or walk, or go by some manner of mathematical progression, into that No-Man's Land,—into that state which Shakespeare typifies by the forest of Arden, and Ariosto by the atmosphere in which Orlando and the Paladins lived,—the fairy lake called Love; but a man of Irish blood falls, plunges, shoots into it, with a great heaving and splashing of the waters.

Ever since the evening Arthur Fitzgerald had seen Mary in church he had been tormented with doubts and fears. Her image

had been before him whenever he was not too much occupied with his business, his dinner or his newspaper; these important things occasionally drove her picture from his mind. In every moment of leisure he thought of her, and the more he thought of her the more he idealized her.

Nobody who met the quiet young lawyer on Chambers Street or about City Hall imagined that he was alternately in an epic or an idyllic state of mind. If he forgot the lady of his thoughts in his newspaper until struck by one of those tender lyrics dropped into the mass of print specially designed for his state of mind, or over his luncheon in brisk talk, he never forgot her in his prayers.

If it would have amused the cynic to observe him pause at the end of the stock-market report, as his eyes fell on "Violets in Spring," or some other rondel dropped there by the printer to fill space, and sigh long and deeply, there was honesty and sincerity in the feeling that inspired the sigh. He worshipped Mary from afar. He knew that he was unworthy to touch the hem of her garment; and, as the days went by, he felt that he must tell somebody about it. It occurred to him, then, that he might as well open his heart to the young lady herself. But how and when? He dared not go to the Galligan house for fear of meeting that dreadful Miles, whose presence affected him like a nightmare. He determined that, instead of lunching at twelve o'clock on Friday, he would go toward the school-house, where the best part of Mary's days were spent, and speak to her. Perhaps he might say something important, perhaps not; it would depend on circumstances.

He appeared at the office that day in unwonted splendor. The gloss of his tall hat and the neatness of his frock-coat amazed the other men there. At a quarter to twelve he called a boot-black, brushed his lavender-colored trousers carefully, sent for a button-hole of violets, drew on new gloves, and, with a doubtful heart, wandered forth.

If he had known what was good for him he would have made himself less splendid. Mary caught sight of him as she followed a group of urchins into the street, and never had she been so utterly borne down by a sense of her own dusty, dilapidated, and weary

case. She drew back inside the iron gate of the school-yard; but he had seen her. He came forward and took her hand, in a glove white at the fingers, in his own faultlessly gloved. Mary would have given almost anything to have escaped at that moment, but she could not; she was silent, repressed and repressive.

"May I walk with you a little?" he asked, very timidly.

"Certainly," she answered.

The sun went down for him at once. The blackness of a passing coal cart seemed to diffuse itself through the street. The scent of the violets in his button-hole seemed to mock him. How cold, how indifferent she was,—but, oh, how gentle and lovely!

Poor Mary was wondering whether he noticed how ugly her rainy-day bonnet was, and wishing she could put a touch of blacking on the tips of her rainy-day shoes. Ah! well, what difference did it make?

They walked along, over the damp sidewalk and under the sunshine, in silence; they neared the Galligan house. Arthur was growing anxious, almost desperate. His opportunity had come, and yet he feared to use it. Her face was sweet and kind, and as beautiful as usual in his eyes, though a trifle paler; but there was no encouragement there. And how was he to speak? He could not go down on his knees in the street without, perhaps, attracting attention, and not without spoiling his lavender-colored trousers. Perhaps there was no use in speaking at all; perhaps she liked somebody else better. He would put it to the test, however.

"I have something to say to you," he began,—*"something very important to me,—something that may give you pain or—"*

"Oh, no," said Mary, quickly, *"it will not give me pain,—it has not given me pain; for I know it already!"*

He stopped short and looked into her face; her eyes were cast down and her lips a little drawn.

"Then," he said, in a low voice, *"I may hope?"*

Mary raised her eyes suddenly in surprise.

"I really don't know, Mr. Fitzgerald," she answered. *"You ought to be the best judge of that yourself."*

He walked on in silence. Her tone was

cold, but her words were somewhat encouraging. Nevertheless, he felt as if somebody had dropped a piece of ice down his back. He was silent, for the simple reason that he did not know what to say.

"I shall be always glad to have you as a brother," she added, a little tremulously. "I know you will be kind to Esther."

What did she mean? He thought it best to say something; but, ready as he was at times, he found himself deficient now. They turned back and reached the stoop of the Galligan house.

"I will always be kind to Esther," he answered at last; "but I do not want to be *your* brother,—I want to be *her* brother."

He felt it was a wretchedly stupid speech, but it was the best he could make. Mary raised her eyes and met his, with a startled look. Esther opened the door with an exclamation, not seeing him, and pulled her sister in. Mary gave him her hand for a moment, then, going up the steps, she looked back at him. The door closed, and he raised his hat and went away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For One Grace.

BY MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

THOU to whom the way is known
Through which our footsteps must be led,
For Thou didst make it once Thine own,—
Thereon Thy feet have bled;—

Thou who hast known the troubled days,
The sleepless nights with anguish wrung;
Hast trodden lonely desert ways,
And heard the tempter's tongue;—

Thou who hast knelt in sweat of blood,
As fain Thy cup should pass away;
Bound by our human brotherhood,
Hast faltered, like our clay;—

Lean Thou from out the heavenly dome
Unto earth's incense-cloud of prayer,
Which struggling souls waft to Thy home,
Where love dwells everywhere.

Our faith was sealed with holy Chrism,
Our weak hearts Thine for many a year,—
Renew, O Lord, our soul's baptism
In this one grace—to persevere!

Forgotten Heroines.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

(CONCLUSION.)

VII.

MOTHER ANASTASIA died in 1544, and was succeeded by Mother Elizabeth d'Endingen. Her family was one of the wealthiest and most influential in Strasburg. The Senate immediately sent her a polite message, and begged her to take care of her health and to relax the severity of the rule. Mother Elizabeth refused, and the battle went on. It was continued by Mother Anne de Zorn, who succeeded in 1546. At one time the Senate forbade the nuns to receive novices; an appeal was then made to the Emperor. Again they ordered that no postulants should be received but those born at Strasburg. Mother Anne was inflexible, and showed such firmness in resisting their orders that they were dismayed, and fell back on their usual protestations of friendship to the convent.

In the year 1550 came the Interim, and the religious were permitted to have Mass celebrated again publicly in their church. The Interim was a sort of religious truce promulgated by Charles V. in 1548. The Senate of Strasburg at first absolutely refused to accept it, but was finally forced to do so, and on the 1st of February, 1550, the Cathedral was given back to the Bishop. At Whitsuntide two other churches were also opened, and Mass was permitted to be said in the three convents of the town; but, as regarded all other matters, the persecution went on as before. Mother Anne died in 1551, and was succeeded by Mother Agnes Baerr.

The Senate now resolved to starve the nuns to death. The house was stripped of every article of furniture and every morsel of food; locks were put on the doors and a guard set, that no one might bring food from without; and the chains and buckets of the well were carried away. The poor religious were now prisoners indeed; but they hoped in the Lord, and He did not fail them. All the servants of the convent had apostatized but one. This brave girl determined to help the nuns, and induced a few Catholic women to assist her.

Some of these kept watch while others threw crusts of bread over the walls. The Sisters found a rope, which they tied to a holy-water stoup, and so drew up water from the well.

Many days passed away, and it was thought that the nuns must all be dead now. One of the senators entered the convent, and was met by a young, bright-looking Sister, who led him to the refectory, where the nuns were at dinner. The repast consisted of a crust of bread each and a small quantity of water. In the middle stood a nun, who, in a clear, strong voice, was reading aloud. All seemed to be in perfect health, and their faces shone with joy. The senator was conquered; even *his* heart was melted. "I recognize now," said he, in a broken voice, "that God is with you. I will take your part in the Senate. You shall be left in peace and free to follow the rules of your Order." He kept his word, and furniture and food were restored to the nuns. But, though they never again suffered from starvation, they had many privations to endure.

Mother Agnes died in 1555. She was the last of the forty-five companions of Mother Ursula de Bock.

VIII.

The Interim was abolished in Strasburg in 1559, but Mass still continued to be said in the Priory of St. John. Germany at this period was in a disturbed state, and the religious dissensions brought about by the Reformation had further convulsed the Empire. The preachers were firebrands, and cared very little whether they involved the city in war so long as their blind hatred against the Church was satisfied. The emperors were always on the side of the Catholics, and their influence prevented the use of the torture and the gallows. But they dared not interfere with the rights of the Free Cities, and hence it was that the nuns were more or less persecuted, according to the mind of the Senate, while specious stories against them were carried to the Emperor.

While we have been recording the history of St. Margaret's, the nuns of St. Nicholas' Convent were also suffering persecution; but in 1592 terrible trials were at hand for the inmates of this house. All the noble band whose sorrows we have related might be called heroines, but two of their number stand out as

special objects of the favor of Heaven and of the hatred of evil men. The first of these was Mother Ursula de Bock; the other now comes before us in the person of Mother Susanna Brünn, prioress of St. Nicholas'; her sister Catherine was also a professed member of the house. Some of their apostate relatives urged them to leave the convent. Both refused, but Catherine was carried off by force.

Mother Susanna's trials, however, were only beginning. There was a Judas in the convent, who carried on a secret correspondence with the bailiff, and soon won over a number of Sisters to her way of thinking. The prioress saw that something was wrong; she redoubled her prayers, and had processions made in the cloister to implore the mercy of God. When the plot had come to maturity the bailiff appeared and announced to the community that the Convent of St. Nicholas was to be suppressed, and the nuns transferred to that of St. Margaret. If any of the Sisters did not wish to go they might return to the world, and would be well provided for. Mother Susanna's entreaties were useless: the bailiff silenced her, and eight of the religious left the convent with him. A few hours later a covered vehicle came to convey the nuns to St. Margaret's. Mother Susanna and six of her companions departed. The religious of St. Margaret's came forward to meet them with lighted tapers. The prioress clasped Mother Susanna in her arms, saying, "Welcome to our humble dwelling, dear Sister in Jesus Christ! May you find peace here, and be assured we will do all in our power to comfort you in your sorrows."

But Mother Susanna was not permitted to remain in peace at St. Margaret's. In the first place, the apostate nuns hated her whom they had deceived, and began to calumniate her. Then the Senate, always in fear of the Emperor, wished to have some pretence of legality in their proceeding. They wanted Mother Susanna, as prioress, to formally resign the Convent of St. Nicholas into their hands. As she refused to do this, they dragged her from the convent, stripped off her habit, clothed her in some dirty rags, and cast her into a dungeon in the public prison. No communication with her friends was allowed. The prioress of St. Margaret's used every

effort to obtain the freedom of her unfortunate companion. Some months later Susanna was released from her dungeon, and assigned as servant to the jailer's wife.

After four years of hard labor and much suffering Mother Susanna fell dangerously ill, and the jailer's wife declared she must be removed. Then the Senate thought the time for victory had come. A deputation stood round the bed of the venerable religious; they spoke in honeyed tones: "We are sorry to see you in this state! Now give up to the town, formally, your Convent of St. Nicholas, and you shall immediately return to your friends at St. Margaret's, and be left in peace." The weak and suffering woman raised her head. "Do with me what you please," she said; "you can let me moulder away in prison, if you wish, but be sure that I will have no share in your iniquities. The Convent of St. Nicholas is not mine: it belongs to the Order of which I am an unworthy member. I will not appear before my Judge with a sacrilegious robbery on my conscience." The deputation loaded her with curses, and took their departure.

Mother Susanna was now carried to the "hospital for the unfortunate" and placed in one of the common wards. Here she remained for six months, in great bodily suffering. The patient, however, never complained. She suffered in silence, praying for her persecutors. Finally, when her last moment seemed to have come, she was taken to St. Margaret's to die. But the joy of finding herself once more under a convent roof, of receiving the Sacraments, together with the care lavished on her by the nuns, brought her back to life, and after a time she rose from her bed and was able to follow the community life.

Mother Susanna died in 1602. Many years later her tomb was opened, and there came forth an odor of the sweetest balsam, which perfumed the convent for several days.

IX.

For thirty years after the death of Mother Susanna the Convent of St. Margaret enjoyed a comparative peace. Not only had the professed religious been faithful to the end, but heroic souls had entered the noviceship, and cast their lot with those who, they knew, were called upon to lead a life of suffering

and persecution. But now, alas! fresh trials were in store for them.

On the 28th of January, 1633, Sister Agnes Gezzler was in fervent prayer before a miraculous image of Our Lady of Sorrows, already alluded to. Suddenly she saw the Blessed Virgin's eyes move and fix themselves upon her with a look of exceeding sadness, while tears ran down her cheeks. The terrified Sister called her companions, who were all witnesses of the extraordinary occurrence, and were filled with apprehension. It was indeed Our Lady's warning that a bitter cross was at hand. A few hours later a deputation from the Senate arrived, with a decree stating that the existence of the Convent of St. Margaret had become a danger to the town during the time of war, because of its close proximity to the walls; consequently the religious were to leave the house and go to the Convent of St. Magdalen, while that of St. Margaret would be razed to the ground.

The anguish of the nuns baffled description; they knew that there was not a word of truth in the assertion, and the prioress protested with all her strength against the sacrilege; but the Senate had taken their measures. Half an hour only was allowed to the nuns for preparation, then they were forced to enter the open wagons provided for them.

X.

The Order of St. Magdalen in Germany was of very ancient origin: it must have existed before the Council of Lateran in 1215, as Pope Gregory XIV. gave the nuns privileges at that time; and in 1229 Cardinal Otto Tulliano, Legate Apostolic in Germany, wrote a letter, in which he proclaimed a plenary indulgence, with the usual conditions, to those who would contribute by their alms to the maintenance of the Sisters of St. Magdalen in that country, because they were in great poverty and had no revenues for their support.

The nuns received into their houses fallen women who were desirous to lead a life of penance; hence the convent was called in common parlance that of the Repenties; the religious were also called the Dames Blanches, on account of their habit, which was entirely white; they followed the rule of the barefooted Augustinians. They had endured their share of persecution, and had equalled the Sisters of

St. Margaret in their courageous resistance.

In the archives of the city of Strasburg may be found a "supplication addressed to the Emperor by the religious of St. Magdalen, on the subject of the injuries by which they were overwhelmed by the Senate." It bears date 1629. In this document the nuns declare: "We are reduced to utter misery; we are obliged to borrow wine in order that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass may be offered up. On the 9th of April, 1598, the Senate invaded our house, followed by a crowd of people; they broke open all our boxes, carried away all our money and flour. Some of our number unhappily apostatized; our revenues were taken from us for their support. In order to induce us to leave our dear convent they terrified us, in 1604, by putting seven tons of gunpowder into our courtyard. During the persecution four of our prioresses have died; and after the death of the last the Senate would not allow us to elect another, but named one themselves; and also imposed upon us a Protestant bailiff, who robs us continually. We pray your Majesty to oblige the Senate to remove the gunpowder from our courtyard, and to cease persecuting us, in order that we may serve God in peace."

The Emperor was not deaf to this appeal; and, though the persecution did not cease, the House of St. Magdalen was allowed to exist. From 1633 to 1637 the convent church was the only one in which Mass was celebrated. Thither, with much caution, went the faithful Catholics of Strasburg. Baptisms and marriages took place, in spite of the decrees of the Senate forbidding any act of the kind.

The Senate finally began the destruction of St. Margaret's; the out-buildings were thrown down, and daily they intended to level to the ground the church and cloister, but in some mysterious way their hands were withheld from perpetrating the sacrilege. And then they, in their turn, had a warning: a bright light shone over the deserted convent, and the figure of Our Lady was plainly to be seen. The Senate were terrified; they dared not touch the place, and at length they gave the nuns permission to return. The religious went back in the Octave of the Epiphany, 1637. During their stay at St. Magdalen's they had lost only two of their number.

XI.

The annals of the next forty years record the admission of novices at St. Margaret's, and speak of the spirit of perfect regularity which reigned in the house, although not a year passed without some persecution on the part of the Senate or the preachers. And so we come to 1681, when the victorious arms of Louis XIV. were carried into Germany. Strasburg capitulated to him on September 30, and henceforth became a French possession, and with the French possession came the re-establishment of the Catholic faith. The Cathedral so long profaned was "reconciled" on the 21st of October. Two days later the King and royal family made their triumphant entrance into the city. On the 25th the Queen of France and Madame la Dauphine visited St. Margaret's. The community came forth to meet them, and led them through the church, singing the *Te Deum*. The convent bells, which had been silent for so many years, rang out their joyful peal. The Litany of Our Lady was chanted and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, after which the Queen and the princess went to the refectory, where so many mournful scenes had been enacted, and congratulated the nuns on the courage and constancy which they had displayed during that long period of bitter persecution.

The nuns now set to work to restore and embellish their church, which soon shone with all its ancient beauty. In 1703 the image of Our Lady of Dolors was placed in the public church, and her shrine became a favorite resort for pilgrims, where countless graces and miraculous cures were obtained. And thus a century of peace passed over the convent, and then came the days of the French Revolution. The nuns were driven out and dispersed, the convent razed to the ground; the miraculous image of Our Lady was carefully hidden away, and when the persecution was over it was taken to the Cathedral.

The nuns of St. Dominic never returned to Strasburg, but there were many convents of the Order in other places. At the time when the persecution at Strasburg was going on, and when it was far more furious in the British Isles, a band of these heroic women founded a house of their Order at Galway in Ireland. It has survived the vicissitudes of

nearly two centuries and a half, and prospers to this day. The niece of Archbishop Oliver Plunkett, the last martyr at Tyburn, joined the Order at Brussels, and from thence founded a house in Drogheda. She began in a mud cabin, long since replaced by the fine "Sienna Convent" overlooking the Boyne. This convent possesses the precious relic of the head of the martyred Archbishop. There are several other houses of the Order in Ireland, also in England, in America, and Africa.

But the days of persecution are not yet over even in the enlightened nineteenth century. The penal laws of the new Kingdom of Italy closely resemble those of the sixteenth century in England and Germany. In some cases the nuns are driven from their convents; all have been robbed of their revenues, and left to semi-starvation on the miserable pittance allowed by the Government. They are forbidden to receive novices, as it is the desire of the Government that the ramparts of the Church should be abolished; but it will be defeated in this, as was the Senate of Strasburg.

And thus the religious orders live on,—sometimes under the harrow of persecution, sometimes free to labor in the heavenly vineyard, sometimes driven from one spot to reappear in another; never conquered, because they bear within them the secret of perpetual vitality; because they trust to no power of earth, but repose in the Everlasting Arms; and because they are the followers of Him who has said, "Fear not, little flock; for it hath pleased the Father to give you a kingdom."

A Solace in Mature Life.

ONE finds in every community persons of native talents and studious inclinations whose early opportunities have not been favorable to the acquisition of a complete education. While it is a fault that can never afterward be fully corrected, much may be done by application in after life—in early maturity and middle age—to those studies toward which nature inclines us most. In too many instances the attempts to supplement such deficiencies by self-effort are discouraged by relatives and friends, if not broadly ridiculed. The ambition is treated as an evidence

of defective mental balance, a dissipation of valuable energy, an eccentricity that must be chased away by an effective little laugh of derision, or the exchange of glances sharp with reproof. The diffident thus receive a life discouragement; the few persevere.

Of the first, may there not be those whom the poet has elegized as "flowers born to blush unseen"? Of the resolute ones, how very many have grown into marked capability, not only in those pursuits which are easier for being so amiable—poetry, botany, natural history, and kindred callings, in which man's forces are constantly and richly replenished from the full, sweet cup of nature,—but as mechanicians and inventors, whose factors of success are tense and continuous thought and solitary labor!

Every people can point to its own groups of individuals who have, mainly through self-study, qualified themselves to benefit, in some department, their fellow-men; and how singularly honored and beloved are they in the hearts of their compatriots! There is a tenderness for their memory, a pardon for their failures, a faith in their capabilities, a sunnier shrine, a warmer nook in the nation's heart for them. A noble and spontaneous tribute to effort.

The simple conquest of difficulties is in itself a keen enjoyment, quite apart from any thought of the profit to accrue. We all know the sense of exaltation one feels in overcoming the hardship of a long walk through knee-deep snow, with a cold northwest head-wind as its ally. The idea of shortening the distance to one's place of destination furnishes quite a separate gratification. And this holds, as a rule, through all situations in life—even to that of the hireling soldier fighting the unholy wars of a tyrant. The glory he feels in conquering obstacles is the one not ignoble trait in the character he acts.

But where the intellectual enters largely into an effort, the success that crowns devotion is wonderfully grateful. We feel that knowledge acquired for its own sake, as it is called—to distinguish it from special branches studied as qualifying for a profession, for producing a livelihood, or as a mere ornament, to be worn like a modish hat or bonnet on the outside of the head,—lifts us a step above our

sordid selves, and brings us so much nearer Heaven. For is not Heaven's knowledge co-equal with its love. And who has ever tried to imagine supernal power without corresponding intelligence?

The chief purpose of these lines is to remind the unaware that, for men and women in somewhat advanced years, the effort, above all, of gaining a reading knowledge of some modern tongue beside one's own is not only an agreeable employment, but one highly beneficial to the mental faculties; and, for him or her who may be bowed under the weight of some domestic grief, a panacea unknown to all the books medicinal, and a better one. The close attention, though painless, demanded for successful study shuts out for the time, like a moral armor, the agony of reflections that, if left to themselves, come and come, in endless procession through the brain, marching and counter-marching. Canonized saints, in certain crises of their earthly trials and temptations, have not deemed such expedients irreverent or unworthy; and more than one statesman honored in his people's memory has taken to the study and profession of politics primarily that the memory of a sorrow might be smothered in an absorbing devotion to some good principle of government.

Now, the learning of a foreign mode of speech is, for the average man and woman, the most feasible and effective means to the end above mentioned. The particular form of expression which a people altogether strange to you have used from time remote, transports you to their shores, and arouses a curiosity to find in the verbal form the peculiar racial character of their thought. Our own language is made striking only by the touch of genius,—because usage renders it commonplace, and the word-workers are, moreover, forever smoothing out the wrinkles it inherited from its parents on both sides of the channel; while those of Western and Southern Europe hold either the charms of ruggedness and half-savage simplicity, or else please with melody and polish. Whatever is strange is picturesque; whatever remote, interesting; and the analysis of a little phrase, or a word even, will often charm the attention by supplying the most truthful and entertaining story of the religious sentiment, the grade in civiliza-

tion, the work-day lives of those that coined it. This and kindred attractions might be dwelt upon at length, for the topic is ever a tempting one.

To suppose that youth only is the proper period for linguistic study is an error disproved by a moment's reasoning. For, while it can not be denied that children alone can learn to approach nearly the native pronunciation and accent, and that their memories are more retentive, it is very evident that mature persons, with their experience in life, stronger reasoning power, and more or less extensive reading, have also a more accurate eye, quicker and truer judgment, and an immeasurably more abundant store of equivalents for every thought expressed. This is the greatest advantage of all. Then, the mastery of one's native grammar is like a guide that carries you on his back when rough places are encountered, and makes of difficulties objects of interest rather than tasks to be overcome. The mastery of a vocabulary is a light work, and the list grows imperceptibly. If it be convenient to have a teacher's help, so much the better: every hint is a value to one of reasoning capacity; but success can easily be attained without a teacher. Provide yourself with a standard self-instructor—a dictionary,—and last but not least an honest resolution; study when you can, consecutively or at uneven intervals,—for there is nothing lost by lapse of a little time; begin to read from the first almost; attack everything in your chosen language, from an advertisement to a work by any of the great writers; and your linguistic appetite and digestion will astonish yourself.

Your own tastes and opportunities will suggest the most profitable and agreeable modes of study; but very often a half hour withdrawn from the useless portion of newspaper reading can be well applied. Study, light and intermittent, serves to keep the mind and heart fresh and young, and conduces to intellectual and moral healthfulness. Moreover, a knowledge of any one foreign language on which your own is in a measure based gives yours a more rational and a fuller meaning; and, in the activities and changes of life, who can tell when a modicum of strength, of whatsoever nature, may not be of some account to one's fellows or oneself?

A. McC.

Readings from Remembered Books.

BARON GERAMB'S RETURN TO OUR LADY OF LA TRAPPE.

HOW sweet it is, on returning from a long pilgrimage, after many incidents and dangers, to find oneself again in the calm, the silence, even the monotony of La Trappe! I need not describe what I felt when, from Reiningen, I discovered the walls of this holy monastery, where I had suffered so much and had been so happy. Shall I meet with all the religious that I left there? Do those venerable men yet live,—those angels, those models of perfection, who, even in their austerities, seem to regain their pristine vigor? While putting this question to myself, I passed by the cemetery; for our Fathers had placed it at the entrance of the convent, that the image of death might conduct us to penance, and enable us to undergo its rigors. I cast my eyes on the spot where one day I am to repose. In more than one place the earth had been recently disturbed. How many of my brethren have been laid there since my departure? This agitation increases when I find myself before the couch whereon I repose only for a few hours, even in the longest nights; and on which, however, I seek for sleep, which refuses itself to my wearied eyelids; or when I take my place in the common refectory to partake of some vegetables only, seasoned with a little salt, and eat of bread which we bake but once in ten days.

All this is very hard, you will tell me, and ought to cost nature much. My dear Charles, this is the language of the world; but the world, which censures the austerities of the religious life, knows not the sweetness by which they are accompanied. How my heart beat—what was the impression I experienced when, in the middle of the first night, the bell called me to prayer! The darkness of the cloister, illumined by the pale glimmer of a lamp; the heavy and measured steps of the religious, who advanced toward the church; the slow and profound salutations at the entrance of the sanctuary—those vaults which resound with the singing of the inspired canticles, and the sighs which interrupt the words of the royal penitent,—all this penetrated my soul, and inundated it with a delight I had not enjoyed for a long time. If grace, which doubtless in this moment spoke to my heart, does not always produce so powerful an effect, I must not, therefore, forget that I am a soldier of Jesus Christ, and that heaven suffers violence. Permit me here to record the reflection which was made on this subject by another Trappist, who had, like me,

served his prince and his country in the rude profession of arms, and ended his days in a monastery of Spain:

"When I think," says he, "of the enterprises of the conquerors of America, of their passages from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean through the Isthmus of Panama, and of what they must have suffered in making their way, through trees and shrubs which had intertwined since the creation; of what they must have endured in those desert valleys, under the excessive heat of an equatorial sun; and their sudden transition to the snow-covered mountains by which they were inclosed; and all this merely for the purpose of acquiring the treasures of the Indians,—when I remember that all these efforts were for the sake of deceitful goods, and consider, on the other hand, that the hope of those who labor for God will not be disappointed, I am forced to exclaim, 'Alas, how little we do for heaven!'"

This is true, my dear Charles; but, although I am persuaded of this truth, and am accustomed to make it the subject of my meditation, I still find that human nature is not entirely dead within me, and that it sometimes wishes to dispute the victory with God. Shall I speak to you of the combat I had to sustain when I was obliged to resume the observances of the convent? What recollections, what images, what illusions did not then awake! Grace inclined me to mortification and subjection, and told me to regard myself as the last of my brethren; to give to God all the glory, and heap up treasure only in heaven, where nothing perishes. Nature, on the other hand, having no other end in view than present gratification, was unwilling to be constrained or humbled, experienced difficulty in submitting to the rule, claimed certain exemptions; and, reverting to the past, smiled occasionally at vain distinctions and transitory goods. Such were the sentiments which then divided my soul. In this perilous moment I besought of God to sustain me by His grace; for His grace will suffice, even were I to obtain nothing that nature covets.

Scarcely had I arrived at the monastery when the prior, accompanied by another religious, came to visit me. They both cast themselves at my feet, which they frequently kissed. "We kiss," said the holy prior, as he rose and made a profound inclination before me,—"*we kiss the feet which have so lately traversed the land in which the Saviour of the world, the only-begotten Son of God, dwelt for thirty-three years, and which He bedewed with His Blood.*" This act of humility affected although it did not surprise me; for the prior was one of the most venerable men I had ever seen. Alas, we were soon to lose him!

Full of days and of merits, he went, some months afterward, to partake of the glory of the saints, whose example he had imitated on earth.

This good Father spent forty years in La Trappe. He had had a brother, who was a religious of the same monastery. They were twins; they came into the world together, and they never separated. They had been nourished with the same milk, they were taught by the same preceptors, and they imbibed the same principles. Education, perfecting the work of nature, had developed in them the same inclinations. Obedient to the same inspiration, they had entered La Trappe at the same time; had pronounced their solemn vows on the same day, and before the same altar, one beside the other; and for more than thirty years the choir never resounded with the chanting of the religious without bearing to the foot of Heaven's throne their united accents. Death alone was able to separate them. Father Charles, brother of the prior, was the first victim; and the prior, in the absence of the abbot, interred him. With what resignation did he render dust to dust! With what emotion did he pronounce the accustomed prayers! Some tears, indeed, fell from his eyes when the remains of one he so tenderly loved disappeared under the earth, which the religious shovelled on them; but through those tears glistened the smile of hope.—"*A Journey from La Trappe to Rome*," Baron Geramb, Abbot of La Trappe.

THE FAMILY IN IRELAND AND MEXICO.

The Christian ideal of family life is not impossible, but is reached by many. Even for those who fall short, it is a great thing to have a noble ideal that is ever inviting them to a reform; and it is better that there should be scandals than that morality should be so lax that scarce anything is scandalous. And, in spite of scandals, we say that the burden laid on us is not heavy, inasmuch as grace makes it light; and that the examples of the practice of Christian life, both celibate and married, are abundant and consoling. For, besides the type of devout Christian lay-women seen in every century,—besides the crowd of men and women who follow the religious life, and who are ever being persecuted by the world, that finds in their virtues an unpleasant commentary on itself,—we see the Christian Church ever striving to produce, and often successfully, the observance of Christian family life among the poor. Who, for example, has not heard of Ireland, and how there a vast population, suffering the extremities of economical and political oppression, without literary or artistic cultivation, the externals of their religion and all

its accidental dignity and attractiveness reduced to a minimum by persecution,—still, in virtue of that religion, and by docility to its teaching, amid their hovels that were not fit for cattle, how they showed a shining example of Christian family life, sins of the flesh being scarce known among them, and reverence for parents and dutiful care for their brethren being universal? Nor were these virtues the product of the race or the land, but of the religion. . . . These are no peculiar gifts of Kelt, any more than of Teuton or Slav, Greek or Latin: they are gifts of religion.

Take, again, another country, and one not in high repute,—a land of mixed races and revolutions, where, if family life is good, the goodness can scarce in reason be ascribed to anything but the religion,—and hear what an After-Christian traveller, without knowledge or love of the Christian religion, found after the land had passed through about forty years of anarchy. The American Colonel A. S. Evans speaks as follows of Mexican family life as seen in the years 1869 and 1870 ("Our Sister Republic," chap. xvi.):

"As a rule, the influence and control of parents over their children never fully ceases save with death; and after death their memory is cherished, it seems to me, with more fondness than elsewhere in the world. . . . The children in Mexico strike you with surprise and admiration. You see no idle, vicious, saucy boys, running around on the streets, annoying decent people by their vile language and rude behavior. All the boys you see have earnest faces, and walk with a sedate and grave demeanor, like grown-up men. I never saw a badly-behaved child in Mexico. In the family circle the people are models for the world. The young *always* treat the old with the deepest respect, and the affection displayed by parents for their children and children for their parents is most admirable. The daughter of a good family in Mexico, though grown to womanhood, will kiss the hand of her father when she meets him on the street, and always kisses her parents, brothers, and sisters, at morning and evening, and many times during the day, with great warmth and earnestness. When the children marry, they usually remain under the parental roof as long as the parents live, and the parents control the house."

But the American traveller was wrong in one point—in thinking that Mexico was a solitary and marvellous example; for the same causes had produced among many other lands and races the same effects. Let any one look through the collection of monographs now published in an accessible form, under the title "*Les Ouvriers Européens*," by F. le Play, second edition, Paris,

1878. An elaborate description is given, with all the needful details, of some sixty typical families of the working classes, from one extremity of Europe to the other, as they appeared about the middle of this century. Now, the reader will find not a few examples of populations where the Christian religion is practised in its integrity; and in all these examples he will find the Christian family flourishing, as in Ireland and Mexico, with its two great characteristics of chastity and dutifulness.—“*Studies of Family Life*,” Devas.

THE LEGEND OF ALANUS DE INSULIS.

Alanus de Insulis was one of the most famous professors of the University of Paris. On a certain day he promised his pupils to give them a perfect knowledge of the Blessed Trinity. The day before the lecture, while walking by a solitary stream, he saw a little boy trying to fill a trench of sand with water. “What are you doing, my sweet child?” asked the professor.—“I am going to put the river into my trench,” he replied.—“Do you think you will succeed?” said the philosopher.—“Before you keep your promise,” was the reply.—“What have I promised?” said Alanus.—“You said you would explain the Trinity of God.” Alanus was terrified and overcome. He saw his pride. On the morrow a vast crowd had assembled, and Alanus ascended the pulpit, and having uttered these words, “*Sufficiat vobis vidisse Alanus*”—(It is sufficient for you to have seen Alanus), came down, hurried out of the church, went off to Citeaux, and became a shepherd lay-brother.

After many years he came to Rome, to take charge of the horses of the abbot, who went there to attend the council against the Albigenses. As a great favor, the abbot permitted him to sit at his feet during the council. At one moment the heretics appeared to triumph. Alanus rose up from beneath the abbot, and, to his intense surprise, bowed and said: “*Jube Domne benedicere!*” (Pray, Father, a blessing.) “Madman, what art thou doing?” asked the abbot. “*Jube Domne benedicere!*” meekly replied the Brother; and so he went on, till the Pope commanded him to speak out. Then he began, and with such marvellous keenness of dialectical skill did he press the enemy, that, overcome with fury, the heretics exclaimed: “*Aut diabolus est aut Alanus.*” (It is either the devil or Alanus.) “*Non sum ego diabolus, sed Alanus!*” (I am not the devil, but Alanus), gently replied the man of genius. From this time forth the clerks were in attendance on him, to write down his dictated wisdom.—“*St. Thomas of Aquin, His Life and Labors*,” Vaughan.

Notes and Remarks.

Mgr. de Haerne, the distinguished Belgian prelate and patriot, who died recently at the age of eighty-six, had held a seat in the Belgian Parliament since the formation of that body,—“a survivor of the Abbés of 1831,” respected by all parties. Mgr. de Haerne was the unswerving friend of the deaf and dumb, who were very near to his heart; he worked for them continually. The industrial progress of Flanders also was constantly before his mind; he imported a new process of weaving cambric until then unknown in the country, and the spinning of a new linen yarn. The Belgian *Star*, a Liberal paper, says that thousands of families depend for their livelihood on these industries. The room in which this noble prelate died was adorned by two pictures of the Sacred Heart, and by one of St. Patrick, “the patron of the deaf and dumb.” *R. I. P.*

It must be said of the French that they feel deep sympathy with the people of other lands united in the same faith. The name of Ireland drew crowds on two successive Sundays of last month to St. Honoré and Ste. Clotilde, Paris, to listen to Père Ollivier’s conferences in aid of the Church at Cahirciveen. The subject of the first conference was O’Connell, his work; and the second, the religious and political consequences of the Emancipation upon the Catholics of France. The eloquent speaker drew a brilliant and soul-stirring picture of the Liberator—the loftiness of his ideal, the obstacles he had to overcome, his self-sacrifice and perseverance rewarded by the bill of Emancipation. It was O’Connell’s example, he declared, that inspired Lacordaire, Montalembert, and Louis Veuillot, the courageous champions of every liberty.

The defeat of the Bennett law has emphasized one fact, which is that Catholics and sincere Protestant Christians must unite in protecting parental rights, if Christianity is to hold its own in this country.

Mr. Frank Vincent in his recently published book, “Around and about South America,” speaks thus of his presentation to President Caamaño, of Ecuador:

“I was kept waiting a few moments in an ante-chamber, and then ushered before these magnates by an aid-de-camp in brilliant uniform. The room was long and narrow, with crystal chandeliers, heavy draperies at the windows, an ordinary carpet on the floor, mirrors, bookcases, and tables in the corners, maps and pictures upon the walls, and a large oil-

painting of the Virgin Mary opposite the seat of the President. That gentleman, upon my entrance, rose and cordially shook hands with me. He was a medium-sized man, with mustache and side whiskers, dressed in black, and with a very pleasant expression and engaging manner. He asked me many questions about my proposed journey in South America, made suggestions concerning that portion of it relating to Ecuador, offered to assist me any way in his power, and concluded with a special invitation to his house."

The President of Ecuador is elected for four years, after the manner of the United States. His salary is about \$12,000. President Caamaño is a very wealthy man, and devotes the greater part of his salary to education and other methods of improving the condition of his people.

The death of General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo removes one of the most prominent men in California,—one who held various offices of honor and trust. Born in 1808, when California was a Spanish province, he had been a representative of three different nationalities—a Spaniard, a Mexican, and an American. His father was a companion of the sainted Padre Serra, to whom he rendered generous assistance in founding the famous Franciscan missions. General Vallejo was afterward the protector of these missions. He founded the city which bears his name, and the city of Benicia was named for his amiable and excellent wife. A man of noble character, General Vallèjo was always on the side of right; and, though he naturally had political enemies at each stage of his public career, his motives were never questioned by those who really knew him. His loss is sincerely and widely mourned. We bespeak the prayers of our readers for the repose of his soul.

The peculiar illness which has broken out in Italy is called *la nonna*. It attacks only those who have had *la grippe*. An irrepressible drowsiness creeps over the victim, and the sleep often ends in death. The Prefect of Brescia has considered it necessary to warn the syndics of the surrounding towns to delay the burial of persons thus afflicted for even longer than forty-eight hours after death.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times* gives an account of the finding of the petrified body of a Catholic missionary on the bank of the Arkansas:

"The laborers on a farm near this place exhumed yesterday the petrified body of a man clothed in the habit of a Roman Catholic priest. The dress and shoes and hose had also become stone, and the figure might have passed for the cunning handiwork of some great master of sculpture. The two hands were

clasped about an ivory crucifix, which hung from a rosary suspended about the neck, while the head of an arrowstill protruding from the breast told the story of how the worthy Father met his death; and the fact, so plain to be seen, that the body was hastily buried without coffin, and the grave unmarked by the smallest token, showed that he and his brethren, or some faithful friend, were fleeing from the Indians when he was killed. The petrified body was removed to the church, where it is now being visited by crowds, and whence it will shortly be given burial in consecrated ground. The face is that of a young man of refined and intellectual features, and the hands and feet are of elegant proportions. Those who profess to know declare that his shoes are of a fashion worn in the latter part of the seventeenth century."

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, the author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," who lately visited Molokai, thus records his recollection of the place:

"I visited Molokai about a fortnight after the death of Father Damien. It is a fearful place to live in, and reminds one of a waking nightmare. It would be one altogether for a visitor to spend more than an hour there, were it not for the Catholic Sisters; but it is worth while going through the ordeal to see them moving about among the stricken lepers, like angels of light and mercy, as indeed they are."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Michael Hayes, rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Middletown, Ohio, who died on the 7th inst. He was a worthy priest, noted for zeal and piety.

The Rev. James O'Boyle, an excellent priest of the Diocese of Brooklyn, whose happy death occurred on Easter Tuesday.

Sister Mary Ignatia, of the Sisters of Notre Dame, Boston, Mass.; and Sister Mary Nazaria, O. S. F., St. Mary's Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa., who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. Paul Williams, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a precious death at Sedalia, Mo., on the 14th of January.

Mrs. Margaret Bohun, who piously yielded her soul to God at Newark, N. J., on Palm Sunday.

Miss Nellie Lynch, of Boston, Mass., who peacefully departed this life on the Feast of the Annunciation.

Mr. J. J. Keating, of Pittston, Pa.; John Moylan, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Margaret Hoctor, Mrs. Ellen McGarrity, and John Kearney, Philadelphia, Pa.; James Byrnes (of Syracuse), at Utica, N. Y.; Mrs. Annie Sullivan, Lynn, Mass.; Mr. John Fitzgerald, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Jane Sullivan, Lawrence, Mass.; and Catherine Rutledge, Morristown, N. J.

May they rest in peace!



A Year in Jeanie Reilly's Life.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

(CONCLUSION.)

Ah, what a solemn, joyous, soul-enthral-ling sight it was—that midnight gathering of devout souls assembled to adore their new-born Saviour! Like the Shepherds of old, they had travelled in the darkness, following the star, singing as they came, "*Gloria in excelsis!*" For it was an old custom with the pious parishioners of St. Mary's; and long before midnight the approaching voices could be heard in the far distance singing one or other of the beautiful and familiar Christmas hymns.

It was clear, cold, starlit midnight when Jeanie and her parents passed into the church, where the candles were already lighted, the altar and sanctuary all radiant with the glory of Christmas adornment, the odor of the fresh pine and cedar perfuming the atmosphere,—just comfortably warm, though the fires in huge stoves at either end of the church had been kindled very early in the night. In the dim light it looked as though every pew were filled, but Jeanie soon perceived some vacant seats in front, whither she conducted her father and mother. Then, as the Holy Sacrifice was about to begin, she went to her place in the choir, where the others were already assembled.

Father Eugene said afterward that he had never been more surprised than when he heard the little band of singers intone the "*Kyrie*," although he had been told in the sanctuary a few moments before that it was to be a High Mass. And so they went bravely on, gaining more confidence with success; Katie Punk's shrill voice asserting itself a little too loudly, perhaps, between rests; though Jem Oldworthy and Jeanie tried to keep it down. The "*Pastores*" was quaintly simple and lovely,

while the "*Adeste Fideles*" was a glad, sweet pæan of faith and love.

The Mass proceeded without interruption until after the priest's Communion, when Father Eugene turned and addressed a few words to the kneeling congregation. Not a soul in the church that morning but approached the Sacred Table. Christ was born for them indeed.

After Mass they all assembled in the large kitchen to partake of some refreshment, for most of the company had a long ride before them. Here Jeanie had the pleasure of introducing her father and mother to many of her new friends, and Mr. and Mrs. Reilly were pleased to see how fond every one seemed to be of their little girl. "God bless her!" "She is an angel," "She is God's own child," and similar expressions, were heard on every side. The choir received due praise, and everybody congratulated everybody else. Indeed, the occasion was one never to be forgotten at St. Mary's.

Gradually the circle lessened, till none were left but Father Eugene, the Reillys, and Miss Lacy. After some hot coffee and cakes—of which all partook except the priest, who had still two Masses to say,—they retired to rest and slept soundly till the bell rang at eight. And while they slept the young men and girls from the various farms were trudging along the white, frosty road, singing, as their fathers and mothers had done only a few hours before, the joyous Christmas hymns. For they must needs be at the church early to go to confession, and it would have been too late to await the return of their parents from the Midnight Mass. Father Eugene was kept very busy. The members of the choir had gone over to Jem Oldworthy's, whence they returned for the next Mass.

Christmas morning dawned clear and bright; the sun came out early; it was a glorious day. Two Masses and then breakfast and the distribution of Christmas gifts. The morning passed quickly,—a genuine feast of peace and good-will.

After dinner Mr. Reilly and Father Eugene went to the priest's sanctum for a quiet smoke, leaving Jeanie and her mother alone for a long talk. But, after Miss Lacy had finished her household duties and returned to the

sitting-room, Jeanie left her mother to Aunt Betty's care, while she stole down to Mrs. Brady's with a little Christmas token in the shape of a fancy shawl-pin, which she knew that lady would be nothing loth to wear with her numerous garments of like description. For she had shawls of all kinds—silk, cashmere, crape, and gauze. Her husband had been many years a sailor, and these were souvenirs of his voyages. That lady was glad to see her, and presented her with a nicely bound volume of "Moore's Melodies," and invited her to bring her father and mother "to Castle Brady, where they might learn a lesson in architecture." Jeanie was pleased with her present, and assured Mrs. Brady that her parents would be very happy to pay her a visit before their departure.

When Jeanie returned Miss Lacy was brewing some egg-nog in a huge silver punch-bowl,—a family relic of her own, which, the little girl learned, was used only on Christmas Day, and kept carefully wrapped in several old linen cloths in the bottom of the trunk during the rest of the year.

"Mamma and papa," exclaimed Jeanie, as they were separating after night prayer, "I believe I am the happiest little girl in the whole world."

"My darling," answered her father, "it would be hard to find a happier."

"Or a better," added Miss Lacy.

"Or a more loving," interposed the little mother.

"Or one more thoroughly spoiled and vain," laughed good Father Eugene from the vantage-ground of his chamber door, as he closed it for the night.

A happy week followed, all too short for the joy that was compressed in its seven days. The weather continued fine, so that Father Eugene had an opportunity to show his guests something of St. Mary's.

It was not without a severe pang that Jeanie saw her father and mother depart, and a slight indication on their part would have been enough to induce her to accompany them; but Doctor Page had told them before they set out that Jeanie must not be made homesick, nor deprived of the pleasure and benefit of a spring-time in the country. They had seen how beneficial her sojourn at St.

Mary's had already proved, and father and mother were equally anxious that she should remain some months longer.

After they had gone life fell into the old grooves again. Studies were resumed and walks were few; for the winter began in earnest, and there was a great deal of rain and snow. Impromptu sleds were hauled forth from the barns, and Jeanie enjoyed several fine sleigh rides during the months of January and February.

With the first indications of spring horse-back riding was resumed, Father Eugene wishing Jeanie to avail herself as much as possible of this splendid exercise. As they rode through the woods—the soft pine needles beneath the horses' hoofs sending forth their aromatic fragrance at every pressure; the blue sky smiling between the high, arched branches; the sound of awakening nature in all the air, and the voices of the birds tuned to its joyous advent,—Jeanie felt the breath of spring reanimating her heart and soul.

Then came the wild flowers springing up in luxuriant beauty and abundance,—the modest daffodils, the lovely Star of Bethlehem, the clusters of white and purple violets on mossy banks, under gnarled and ancient trees; the vivid green of the oat fields, the darker hues of the sprouting grass; the glorious light and shade of the everlasting hills. After that the orchards in blossom, all white and pink; the air laden with perfume; the early morning mists breaking like a filmy curtain over the mountains; the short, refreshing showers, the brilliant sunshine after,—all enjoyed by Jeanie for the first time, but always to be remembered with delight.

March merged into April, and April into May. The Month of Mary was always kept with great devotion in the homes of Father Eugene's parishioners. On Sundays, before Benediction, the exercises were held in the church; but every morning after Mass Father Eugene, Miss Lacy and Jeanie performed them together. It was warm enough once more for the old-time evening talks on the piazza, from which the intelligent little city girl bore away fruits of knowledge and virtue that have ever since endured.

Who so witty with that true wit which scorns to wound another, or make merry at

his expense, whether absent or at hand? Who so clever in wise and apt quotations gathered from the brightest stores of literature? Who so skilled in ancient ballad lore and extracts from the best English poets, from Chaucer to our own day, revelling in the beauties of language and sentiment? Who so learned in the writings of the saints, so familiar with Scripture, particularly the New Testament, which Jeanie believed he knew by heart? Who so impatient of deceit or falsehood in any form, yet so merciful with sin and so gentle with the sinner? Who so happy, yet so saintly; so sympathetic with human frailty, yet so perfect in his own life; outwardly so gay, yet so mortified within; so bright and joyous that it was a delight to be near him, yet so spiritual that the frail body which was his mortal tenement seemed but the transparent medium of his spotless soul? Who but Father Eugene? thought Jeanie in those happy days at St. Mary's, and time has not altered her belief.

As the time for her return home drew near Jeanie felt many regrets. She knew that it was unlikely she would ever again visit St. Mary's, and her heart was so young and fresh still, so untried by sorrow, that she felt the painful ordeal very keenly. The middle of June was fixed for her departure. On the Sunday before there was much weeping and desolation among the people of St. Mary's, for every one came to say good-bye. One more ride that afternoon, and as they came slowly through the woods on their return Jem told her that he had long desired to be a lay-brother among the Jesuits. This Jeanie was pleased to hear; and often in years after, when the wish had become a reality, she marvelled at the many religious vocations which had been developed in that distant country parish, where few of the residents had ever seen either monk or nun. She knew of a dozen at least, of whom she had heard now and again.

Father Eugene had to see the Bishop on business, and would accompany Jeanie to C——, his first visit in several years. Mrs. Brady came up to say good-bye, at the same time making her peace with Miss Lacy, who, in the sadness of parting with her dear Jeanie, did not, perhaps, fully appreciate it. The faithful Jem accompanied them to the station, where, as the train steamed away, Jeanie saw

him covertly wiping his eyes on a large red handkerchief. There was a slight suspicion of moisture in her own.

And so the pleasant year was over, leaving not a single regret in its train. Healthy in heart, mind, body, and soul, Jeanie returned to her parents, once more to be the treasured darling of a happy home. Many years have passed since then; joy has been hers and sorrow; the cares and trials of life have not passed her lightly by; but when fortune has most brightly smiled, as when tears have clouded her life, naught has ever dimmed the picture or dulled the memory in her faithful soul of that happy year at St. Mary's.

The Burgundian Pensioner.

It was the custom of the authorities of the city of Dijon to encourage the arts by annually awarding a prize to the best scholar in their school of painting. In the year 1788 the nobility of Burgundy met at the parliament house to decide which of all the competitors had been the successful one. The prize was always the same: two years at Rome under the patronage of the Burgundian Government. It is not strange that this award was eagerly sought; for it insured an artistic career, and the victor was crowned in the presence of the applauding multitude.

On this occasion the name of the successful candidate had been announced, and the people held their breath as he mounted the steps which led to the president's seat. Suddenly he stopped, and the lookers-on saw that he had grown very pale. There was a profound silence, and when he spoke every syllable could be distinctly heard.

"Good people," he began, "my friends and patrons, I have deceived you. I did not paint the picture which has gained me this honor, and I can not longer let you believe that I did. The one who has fairly earned the prize is Pierre Prudhon. He must have the crown, and go to Rome as the pensioner of Burgundy."

At these strange words the people looked at one another and shook their heads, thinking that his success had affected his brain. But he continued:

"I am not insane, as you seem to think; and Pierre Prudhon, as I said before, painted the beautiful picture which I have exhibited as mine."

Then he confessed the whole story. The competitors had been shut up, each by himself, in a quiet room, in order that there might be no deception practised. Next to his room was that of Prudhon. The partition was thin, and sounds passed readily from one apartment to the other. On a certain night Prudhon heard his neighbor say, in despairing accents, that he had no longer the power to paint, and that if he did not gain the prize—and he knew it was impossible—he wished to die and be no longer a burden to his family. The kind-hearted Pierre was deeply grieved at this, and little by little displaced the boards which separated him from his friend, and stood before him.

"I will paint your picture," he said; "and you shall go to Rome. But you must keep my secret."

"And he did paint it," went on the young man; "although he, too, is poor and ambitious, and there is a large family dependent upon him. I promised silence, but I have broken my word; for I can not take the crown. Give the prize to the one who deserves it."

At this the crowd of people, who had caught sight of Pierre Prudhon, seized him in spite of his modest struggles, and bore him to the president, who, as he crowned the young artist, praised him as cordially for his noble deed as for his fine picture. And as to the by-standers, they nearly went mad with joy and admiration.

So Pierre Prudhon went to Rome, whence later he reflected great glory upon his patrons and his native land; and after his return to Paris he became the leader of the national school of painting, and was called the "French Correggio." Some of his pictures are to-day among the most admired of the grand collection in the Louvre.

The name of the friend for whom he was willing and glad to sacrifice so much is not known or is forgotten. But we can surely give a kind thought to him also; for he, although strongly tempted, would not have an honor that he had not really won.

The Secret of a Long Life.

In the year 1728 a man by the name of Villars confided to his friends the fact that the secret of the long lives of his uncles, one of whom had just died at the age of one hundred, was simply the drinking of a certain kind of water daily. When any one died he would say: "If that poor man had only drank that wonderful water he would now be alive." Finally, some of his friends induced him to put the compound upon the market, and it found a ready sale at six francs a bottle. Whenever he sold a bottle he said: "This will be of no benefit if you drink intoxicating liquors." So all of his customers became sober men, and many of them were cured of their diseases.

Villars himself finally came to a place where even the marvellous water would not save him, and was about to die. He had amassed great wealth by his invention, and his friends begged to know what minerals had been used in the manufacture of the famous remedy, expecting to hear a long formula of learned terms; but the dying Villars only smiled as he told them that there was no secret about the matter. The water was simply pure spring water. It had been the sobriety that had cured his patients.

An Emperor who Despised Flattery.

Joseph II., Emperor of Austria, was in one respect like Canute the Dane, of England,—being averse to all flattery from his attendants, and rebuking it upon every occasion. One day, when travelling *incognito*, as soon as he had safely crossed a bridge it broke down and went to pieces in the stream. "Ah," said the Emperor, "it is a pity I am travelling as a simple citizen! For if my flatterers were here it would be a most delightful chance for them to remark that the bridge waited until I had safely passed over before it dared to break down!"

THE bravest and strongest men are generally the most peaceable.





OUR LADY OF ANGELS.
(Louiseau.)

THE AVE MARIA

TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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Our Lady of the Dawn.

TRANQUIL and fair are meadow, wood, and sea;
 Folded the pink-cheeked rose and lily pale;
 Yet every one doth perfume sweet exhale
 As in the bosom of fast-fleeing Night
 It stirs, expectant. Soon a line of light,
 Silvering the east, bids the dark hills grow bright
 With dewy freshness, and a pearly cloud
 Hides the moon's fading disc as in a shroud.
 So thou above the soul's night doth arise
 Like morning radiant, joy within thine eyes;
 And in the heart sweet flowers of Paradise,
 Patient, long-slumbering, bloom at sight of thee,
 Our Lady of the Dawn! More fitting name
 From poet's pen or saint's lips never came.

M. E. M.

The Month of Mary.



THE beautiful devotion of the month of May—the month consecrated in a special manner to the honor of the ever-blessed Mother of God—is one that appeals to the faith and piety of every Christian soul. From earliest childhood the devout

client of Mary has entered with eager joy upon this month, and sought to give expression to his love and devotion toward his Heavenly Mother by some practice of piety in her honor. And in return he has not failed to experience most sensible proofs of her inter-

cessory power before the throne of her Divine Son, and that maternal protection which she is ever ready to extend over all who have recourse to her. Mother of God, she is also the mother of mankind, and has for each one of her children the tender love of a mother.

That a whole month should thus be devoted to the praise and honor of the Immaculate Queen of Heaven must, then, have a special significance to the Christian mind; and the study of it can not be without great profit to the earnest seeker after truth, whilst it will serve to renew and increase within faithful souls those sentiments of love and gratitude and piety with which they should ever be animated.

Life here upon earth is a continual struggle, a constant warfare, in which we are engaged, individually and socially. But God, in His merciful Providence, is ever watching over us, as individuals and as linked together in social organization; and He takes care to proportion His aid to the violence of the attack, so that the victory may be gained by truth and virtue. It is in accordance with this action of God's Providence that in the history of the world men appear for whom an especial destiny seems to have been marked out. It may be in times of great national calamities, or when error rises up against truth and seems about to crush it. At such crises, whether the good of society or the good of religion be at stake, Almighty God is ever keeping loving watch over His own, and in good time He is sure to raise up men who are able to control events and direct them for His own wise purposes. Hence it is we find every age dis-

tinguished by some scourge of the tyrant and oppressor; some great defender of truth in opposition to heresy; some victim of expiation and model of virtue to counteract the evil effects of scandal.

Now, amongst all those whom God has sent into the world with a special destiny, to be characterized among their fellow-men as deliverers from evil, there is one whose destiny is far higher than that of any other creature,—one whose office it is to be a refuge and a guide not for one individual, but for all mankind; who is designed to be the remedy not against a particular evil, but against every evil; who is placed far above all other defenders of truth and virtue; whose power is equalled only by her tenderness and compassion; who is ever ready to aid in the struggles of poor fallen humanity, and unfailingly gains the victory for her devoted children,—Mary, the ever-blessed and Immaculate Mother of God and Mother of mankind.* She it is who crushes the head of the infernal serpent and gains the victory over heresy and scandal.

The Church has ever realized this great truth, and seeks to place it prominently before the minds of her children by multiplying for them the means of invoking Mary and of obtaining her assistance. In the beginning she composed the Angelic Salutation; at a later period she established religious orders, whose special object it was, by prayer night and day, to secure the favor and protection of her whom no one ever invoked in vain; still later she authorized those celebrated and widely diffused devotions of the Rosary and the Scapular; and in various other ways the Church has given practical expression to the truth that in all trials and dangers reliance is to be placed on the power and patronage of Mary.

Among the practices of devotion in honor of the Mother of God that have been reserved to more modern times, the month of May holds the first place. It existed in Rome during the latter part of the last century, and owed its origin to the pious instructions of St. Philip Neri, who died in the Eternal City in 1595. It retained its hold upon the people

through the devotion of certain pious souls, who, afflicted by the disorders that prevailed at that season of the year, were inspired to have recourse to the Virgin of virgins, and during this month invoke her powerful intercession, that hearts might be turned to God and blessings drawn down upon the world. With the beginning of the present century the devotion passed from Italy to other countries of Europe, and soon spread throughout the world; so that now we see it marked by that universality which characterizes the Church itself. At the present time there is not a spot on the face of the earth, where the divine light of the Gospel has penetrated, that this beautiful devotion of the Month of Mary has not been made known by the ministers of Christ, and eagerly accepted by devout and loving hearts.

The wonderful development and extent of this devotion show clearly that it must have been a heavenly inspiration that suggested the consecration of this most beautiful month of the year to the Immaculate Queen of heaven and earth. This precious offering forms a fitting expression of that deep, earnest, practical love which must burn within the heart of every true child of Mary. Therefore it is that, though we should every day practise some devotion in honor of our Heavenly Mother—for she is always our refuge and strength, and we should not let a day of our lives pass without commending ourselves to her protection,—though in all our trials and difficulties we should have recourse to her with confidence, yet it is especially during this her own month that each day should be in a particular manner consecrated to her. This is what is meant by the devotion of the month of May.

This is her month, in which she is especially gracious in receiving her children and bestowing her favors. It is a month, every day of which should be marked by its special devotion to our Mother and our Queen. Each day we should congratulate her upon her happiness and glory, meditate upon her power and goodness, implore her protection, and practise the virtues of which she is the model. It is a time, therefore, in which we should endeavor to give new life and strength to our sentiments of devotion; to intensify, as far as

* "La Sainte Vierge," par M. l'Abbé Maynard.

we can, the affections of our hearts toward her who is truly our Mother, and has all a mother's love for us; to consecrate to her our thoughts, our words, our intentions, our works, that she may present them for us to her Divine Son, by whom they will be blessed and made meritorious for our future glory.

Faithful, loving souls will realize that this month is designed to be a month of special graces and blessings, and that it only depends upon themselves to make it so. Mary is ever influenced in our regard by that maternal love which her Divine Son infused into her heart when, dying upon the Cross, He entrusted to her care the souls whom He had come from heaven to save. It is she herself who now calls upon us to gather around her like dutiful, loving children around a dear mother; and in reward for our devotion she will open for us the immense treasures of grace which our Divine Redeemer has placed in her keeping; she will fill our souls with the knowledge and love of our Lord and God, which must mark the beginning, the progress, and the completion of our life. She says to us in the language of Holy Writ: "I am the Mother of fair love, and of fear, and of knowledge, and of holy hope. In me is all grace of the way and of the truth; in me is all hope of life and of virtue. Come to me all ye that desire me and be filled with my fruits."

It is for us, then, to listen to the voice of the Immaculate Virgin, and obey her loving invitation,—to make this month the beginning of a new life, by spending it well, and profiting by the graces it must bring with it. We should reflect upon the greatness and the virtues of our Blessed Mother, and as our knowledge increases so will our love be intensified. In this way we shall offer her the homage of our hearts and souls, and realize, for our own benefit, that she is indeed the Mother of mankind, but especially of those who prove themselves her devoted children.



The Disappearance of John Longworthy.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXXIII.—A BIT OF HYACINTH.



MARY found herself in the hall, with the door closed, and Esther's arms around her neck.

"Oh, my dear," Esther said, "I am so anxious to tell you *all*! But was there anybody with you at the door,—perhaps I shut it too abruptly?"

"It was only Mr. Fitzgerald."

"I am glad I did not see him, then; for I *must* speak to you. It seems to me that I have not had a good talk with you for a month. Come!"

Esther put her arm around Mary's waist and drew her into the parlor. The two sat down on the sofa in the twilight, which always dwelt in that sacred apartment during the day-time. Mary did not resist. She determined to endure what she could and to keep silent. There was a mistake somewhere, or a misunderstanding. It flashed through her mind that Arthur Fitzgerald was merely flirting with both her and her sister; however, she banished the unpleasant thought as if it were a temptation.

"And how did you know about it, dear?" asked Esther, eagerly. "Did you guess that he liked me?"

Mary turned away her face. A strange, unreasonable hope had filled her heart a moment ago; it was gone now. Arthur Fitzgerald had meant nothing; she had misunderstood him. And it was well that she had; for his words and his look could have meant only treachery to her sister.

"It is all so wonderful!" said Esther. "I can not believe that I am the same girl. He spoke only last night."

Mary listened, with her hand in Esther's. The latter went on:

"I have not told anybody but Miles, and I should not have told him only he was just as horrid as he could be. Poor Miles! Do you know, Mary, since *he* spoke I have begun to think it was, perhaps, cruel to separate him

and that Nellie Mulligan. I am afraid you think I am getting sentimental, Mary. Oh, I wouldn't have you think—"

"I am not thinking at all, dear," responded Mary, wearily.

"Why, Mary, you don't seem glad at all! Don't you like him? Do you think he is too old? You know I never did care for boys. Really, Mary, you don't seem a bit happy over it! If it were *you*, now, I'd throw my arms around you and be the happiest girl in the whole world!"

The tears were coming into Esther's eyes, and she was somewhat incoherent. Her sister did not reply.

"I know you don't like him!" cried Esther, a little hysterically. "If it were Arthur Fitzgerald now—"

"Isn't it Arthur Fitzgerald?"

Esther stared at Mary for a moment, and dropped her hand.

"What an idea, Mary! Of course not! *What* an idea! Arthur Fitzgerald! How could you think that!"

Mary turned suddenly and kissed Esther on both cheeks.

"Oh, I am so glad, Esther! It must be Mr. Bastien, then."

"Who else? But you did not know as much as I thought you did. I must tell you the whole story before school-time. Come and have your luncheon."

Mary followed Esther with a light heart; she scarcely felt the stairs beneath her feet. She listened as if in a dream to Esther's story. It did not seem wonderful to her; for the wonder and delight in her own mind over her discovery were so great that everything else faded by contrast. She wanted to get away from Esther and to think. But suddenly it occurred to her that she was selfish thus to concentrate herself on her new-found happiness, and she made an effort to enter into Esther's with all the old forgetfulness. She could not do so, however; and, introspective as usual, she reproached herself with the thought that, after all, there was a greater love possible than that which she had for her only sister.

When Mary went to school that afternoon the aspect of life had changed. A radiance shone in her eyes and her step was elastic.

Even Miles, who was seldom absent from her thoughts, was forgotten. The hours passed quickly. One of the children brought her a bit of white hyacinth, which she put in a glass of water. Ever afterward the scent of a hyacinth made her heart leap upward in a lark-like flight of rapturous gratitude toward Almighty God, who had been so wondrously good to her.

As Mary was coming out of the school a messenger boy met her on the steps. He gave her a little box and a note, and laconically said: "Answer." She went back to her desk, opened the envelope, and found a few lines written on one side of a sheet:—

"If you were offended by what I said this morning, forgive me; but remember me sometimes. I send you a little thing that belonged to my mother; my giving it to you means more than I can put into words."

Mary opened the little white box; a tiny rosary of carved white beads lay within it; the crucifix was worn thin. Tears came to her eyes as she took it in her fingers tenderly. How should she answer? With the rosary clasped in her hand, she went out, while the messenger boy waited and whistled unconcernedly: people often forgot him,—time was of no moment to him. She stood at the iron gate until the janitor came to shut it, greeting her pleasantly. How should she answer the missive?

She twisted the bit of hyacinth nervously, and its scent seemed to envelop her. As she mused a man turned the corner; she recognized him,—it was Arthur Fitzgerald. He stopped, looked toward the school, and was about to pass on. He caught sight of her and moved toward her; and she, obeying a sudden impulse, went toward him. They met near the corner, and in an instant the hyacinth had changed hands. The boy still whistled on the curb-stone; they had forgotten him; but doubtless he took care of himself.

Not so very far away little Rose O'Connor lay, placid and beautiful, in her coffin, decked by kind hands. Her mother had come out of jail, attended and watched, to see her dead child; but she had been taken back again after the awful ceremony of leave-taking. The woman was heart-broken; she dropped no tear; she shuddered and shivered beside

the coffin, until at last she was carried away. Nellie Mulligan stepped up to speak to her as the prison attendants lifted her into the carriage.

"I have killed my child," she said, in a low voice; "I have driven my husband to drink. I know it,—I know it!" she added impatiently, as Nellie tried to soothe her. "I know it, I tell you! My other children know it. And now I must suffer for it. And why did I do this? Because I thought only of myself, of dances, of amusements; because I neglected my home. God save you from the like, Nellie Mulligan! What I did is the curse of thousands like me. I have told my two daughters that are living what I told you. Mind what I say!"

Nellie, frightened and impressed, saw her go away. The unhappy woman was never again seen outside the prison walls. She died within a week after Rose's burial. Her husband was released, and John Longworthy found work for him, and installed him and his daughter Maggie in a more suitable home.

Rose was buried with all the honors of The Anchor. No family was too poor to beg, borrow, or to acquire through the keepers of the pawn-shop, at least a half interest in a carriage in which to accompany the body of the child to Calvary Cemetery; and the floral offerings filled the little white hearse which John Longworthy had provided.

During that night The Anchor was strangely silent. No rough words were heard; it seemed as if the soul of the pure little child still hovered there, sprinkling the balm of peace from its wings.

At Lacy's, the next day, there was no gaiety in the luncheon room. Nellie and Lize Brown sat in a corner, with their arms around each other's shoulders, pensive, gentle, and, for the moment, incapable of quarrelling.

"Ah, well!" observed Lize at last, "there's always a marriage after a funeral; and I suppose it will be you and Miley next."

"It will not," responded Nellie. "I have found Miley out: he is not worth consideration; and if he goes to the Assembly a hundred times, he'll be the same Miley all the time. The truth is, Lize, I'm too good for him. And if I can't marry a man that's too good for me, I'll not marry at all. All the troubles of

life come from a girl's marrying beneath her."

Lize thought of a sarcastic retort, but nobly repressed it.

"Why don't you take Jim, then?"

"I like Jim better than Miley. Oh, he says such funny things! You'd die laughing if you married Jim. But I am afraid. Jim, you see, has been brought up like most of us. He has no ambition; he likes fun too well. To tell the truth, Lize, I've learned a lesson from those Galligan girls, and from what poor Mrs. O'Connor said to me yesterday. I shall not marry anybody until I can make a good home. I'm going to turn over a new leaf. I could teach that Esther Galligan how to dress any day; but she knows more about making life cheerful than I do,—that's a fact."

"I think I'll take Jim myself," Lize said. "He asked me at the funeral yesterday."

Nellie started, and her eyes flashed.

"Well," she said, after a pause, "you may have him; I have refused him twice."

After this there was an end of serenity, and Nellie and Lize did not speak to each other for days, during which time the episode of the shoes was ungenerously alluded to many times, and Lacy's divided into rival camps.

But in The Anchor a stillness seemed to have fallen. The life of Rose, modest, hidden as it was, had left its impression, as all lives do. The hardened old toper, who lived alone on the top floor, and whose existence was made up of long intervals of drinking and short intervals of work, missed the little figure that used to glide past him on the stairs, and make him forget his own wretchedness in the transient remembrance of a fragile little girl, who had once called him "Father." The manner of Rose's death, the silent example of her life, the sweetness of remembrances she had left,—all combined to give a new feeling to even the most hardened members of this community. Many a woman looked at her own children, too often neglected, and abstained from sending out the beer can for a day or two.

"A mother had killed her child!" The horrid rumor had run through the neighborhood with the swiftness of lightning. And that mother was one whom they all knew well! It is true that they knew it was an accident: she had not intended it. If, by the same accident, Mrs. O'Connor had killed her

husband there would have been felt merely a passing shock. This was different. Difficulties, in which the convenient flat-iron played a prominent part, were not uncommon in *The Anchor* between husbands and wives; but that a child should die by her mother's hand—this was horrible. And *The Anchor* felt it, from the pagan Chinaman in the cellar to the aged Russian Pole in the garret, whose only companions were the rats.

Women gossiped in low tones, with tear-reddened eyes; and they told how often Rose O'Connor had said to their little ones that she would willingly give up her life that her father and mother might go to church, as the fathers and mothers of many children in *The Anchor* went. Nellie Mulligan recalled the little girl's wish at Christmas time. Nellie had asked her what she most wished in all the world, and Rose had blushed a little and said: "That my father and mother might go to their duty." Duty meant only one thing among the Catholics in *The Anchor*—the approaching of the Sacraments.

The hearts of these poor people during the two weeks that followed Rose's death were softer than usual. If some one had pressed into them a thorn from the crown of the sorrowing Christ, water such as flowed from the eyes of the penitent Magdalen might have come from theirs. The story went about that little Rose's prayer had been heard, and that her mother had died in prison, heart-broken but contrite. And it was true.

The young priest who came on sick calls at this time found that even the non-Catholics were specially respectful to him, and he noticed that there was seldom a child to be met on the stairs with a beer can in its hand. The reasons for this were that he had been the last to console the little girl, and that her death had brought about more respect for the innocence of childhood, and some fear of the demon Drink, who had caused the tragedy.

Women who had not been to confession for years went on the Saturday after Rose's death. And all the Catholic young girls, kept faithful through the parochial school, approached the altar. It was after this that Nellie Mulligan and Lize Brown "made up," and the former surrendered her claims to Jim Dolan without even a sigh of regret; for

she was thinking of more important things.

It was remarkable what an effect the death of the little child had on Esther. Nellie Mulligan had told her that Rose had often said that she would willingly give up her life for the conversion of her father and mother. The mother had died in faith and hope in God. Esther thought much of the father. Surely it would be ungrateful to the ministry of this little child in the happiness of her life—for had her death not brought grace to John Longworthy and happiness to herself?—not to do her utmost for the unhappy man.

Mary was absorbed at this time in thoughts of her own happiness;—in doubts as to whether the enjoyment of it was not treachery to the orphan Miles, and in Martha-like preparations for the double wedding which was to take place in May.

(To be continued.)

The Knight of Achenthal.

A LEGEND OF THE HOLY ROSARY.

BY THE REV. R. J. M'HUGH.

THE early sunbeams thinly fall
Upon the woods of Achenthal,
Which still lie buried 'neath a pall
Of gray September fog,
As dark Sir Otto—dark, indeed,
In face and heart and thought and deed,—
Toys with the trappings of his steed,
And whistles to his dog.

Sir Otto bears an honored name,
But foul as stagnant pool his fame,
And many a ruthless deed of shame
Has made him loathed and feared;
His blight is over all the land,
His serfs are ruled with iron hand,
His soul, as with a blazing brand,
With sin is burned and seared.

To-day Sir Otto hunts the boar—
His choicest sport,—but at his door
A moment stands and lingers o'er
His palfrey, as though loth
To plunge into the stillness 'round,
So calm and holy and profound;
And now he whistles to his hound,
And now he breathes an oath.

The while he waits a-through the glade,
In simple peasant garb arrayed,
There comes a fair and modest maid,
Eyes cast upon the sod,—
Eyes pure as dew that gems the grass;
And as she comes from early Mass
One seems to feel about the lass
The benison of God.

And as she comes her fingers tell
The beads her young heart loves so well:
A chaplet from Mariazel,
Our Blessed Lady's shrine;
For wheresoe'er the maiden goes—
Through woods where first the violet blows,
Or higher where unshaken snows
Forever brightly shine;

Through harvest-field or meadow-land,
Alone or with a merry band
Of young companions, in her hand
Her well-loved beads she keeps;
No miser ever loved his gold
As she that chaplet, worn and old;
About it e'en her fingers fold
At night when calm she sleeps.

"Thou!"—harshly thus Sir Otto cries.
The maiden's deep and dark-fringed eyes
Look quickly up in mild surprise,
Her lips still move in prayer.
"Brat of a beggar! Dost thou hear?
Death o' my life! Come up,—draw near!
What mutterest thou? What dost thou fear?
And, ha! what hast thou there?"

One sudden, angry, stalwart stride,
And he is at the maiden's side;
The beads she vainly tries to hide
He snatches in his heat.

"Now get thee to the kitchen, clog;
This trumpery shall deck my dog!"
The maiden hears, and like a log
Falls senseless at his feet.

"Come hither, Glück!" He calls his hound.
The dog comes up with many a bound,
And Otto twines around, around
His neck the sacred chain;
In fiendish glee he dares to deck
With holy beads the poor brute's neck—
Ah, Otto, thou shalt surely reck
This morning's deed profane!

Now to the chase! Away, away!
Sir Otto mounts his champing bay,
And soon the forest old and gray
Re-echoes to his cries.

The morn is fair, the sport is keen,
And ne'er before has Otto seen
And slain, in all his wild demesne,
So many a noble prize.

And oft he swore by God's own Book,
While all his frame with laughter shook,
That Mary's beads brought all the luck
That followed fast the chase.
And, "Certes," said he, "every day
Henceforth must Glück an *Ave* pray!"
And then he trolled a ribald lay,
As one devoid of grace.

But noon draws on apace; the heat
Within the forest's wild retreat
Is fiercely felt, and sunbeams beat
Through vistas overhead.
Beneath the sultry hush of noon
All nature lies as in a swoon;
The song of birds, the crickets' croon,
Alike are silenced.

Now, tired of sport, with heat oppressed,
The knight quick doffs his hunting-vest,
Ties up his horse, and seeks to rest
Beneath a spreading tree;
But, like a man by serpent stung,
He starts—leaps up—his features wrung
With sudden pain, and from his tongue
Roll shrieks of agony.

His breath comes hard, with labored gasp;
His lips are blanched, his fingers clasp
His throat with wild, convulsive grasp;
His hair stands up like reeds;
And see, around his neck,—oh, see!
The flesh is rising curiously,
And forms (ah, fate of blasphemy!)
A chain of horrid beads!

That night they found Sir Otto's corse
All cold and stark beside his horse;
They buried him without remorse,
Nor dropped a pitying tear.
He reaped as he had sowed; the tree
Lay where it fell!

—O Mary, be
Our comfort in the agony
That tells us death is near!



A Companion of Bishop Berneux.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.



THE race of martyrs has never been extinct in the Catholic Church, and since the heroic times when the Christians of the Catacombs died for her sake in the Forum or the Colosseum, thousands of her children, at every epoch and beneath every sky, have sealed their faith by shedding their blood. In these modern days of ours, as in past centuries, there now and then bursts upon the busy world tidings of an heroic sacrifice offered up to God on some distant shore, where a young life, full of promise, rich in good gifts of soul and body, has been joyfully laid down for Christ's dear sake. The world listens, wonders and admires for an instant, and then pursues its eager search after gain or pleasure. But the seed of good example is never scattered altogether in vain, and some day, after ripening in silence, it brings forth in other hearts a rich harvest of self-sacrifice.

It is, therefore, good and useful to treasure the examples of the saints; and, inspired by this thought, Mgr. d'Hulst, the eminent rector of the Catholic University in Paris, has just published the life of one of our modern martyrs—Just de Bretenières. This life is uneventful enough, except in the tragedy that marks its closing scene; but it breathes a great charm of simplicity and fervor, and it was received in France with the interest that always attaches itself to the intimate revelations of a beautiful and gifted soul. This interest the readers of THE "AVE MARIA" will doubtless share.

Simon Marie Antoine Just Ranfer de Bretenières was born on the 28th of February, 1838, in his grandfather's house at Châlon-sur-Saône. It seemed as though Providence had gathered round the young martyr's cradle all the good and holy influences that were capable of elevating and strengthening his soul. Both his grandfathers had gone through the ordeal of the Reign of Terror, and had borne with rare courage and patience the perils and hardships of those fearful times.

His parents, Baron Edmond de Bretenières and Anne Marie Lantin de Montcoy, worthily continued the family traditions of faith and honor; both were exemplary Christians, and their household offers a picture of family life happily not unfrequent in France.

After their duty to God, they made their two sons, Just and his younger brother Christian, the chief objects of their thought and care; and whether in the old family hotel at Dijon, or at the Château de Bretenières, their country-seat, the lives of parents and children pursued the same even, regular course. A deep, tender love united the four, but on the part of the parents this love had something grave and austere, that regulated without repressing all natural impulses and affections. The little boys, on their side, loved their father and mother dearly, and when still very young they learned to appreciate the entire self-abnegation that made their parents live apart from the world during their children's education.

Happily for fair France, under the glare and glitter that attract the eye of the passing stranger, there runs a deep current of faith and sacrifice. In many a quaint provincial town, in many a quiet country-seat, there are households where the love of God and mutual affection, virtue and honor reign supreme, as in our martyr's happy home.

Our hero's childhood passed without any stirring events; once only a strange incident occurred that may, perhaps, be considered as a presage of his future destiny. It was one of those curious facts to which it would be unwise to attach undue importance, and yet which it is equally difficult to disbelieve, or to explain.

When Just was six years of age and his brother Christian only four, the two boys were playing together in the garden of Bretenières, and amusing themselves by digging holes in the ground. Suddenly the elder called out: "Do not speak!" And then, peering down into the hole he had just dug, "I see the Chinese!" he exclaimed,—"I see the Chinese! Let us dig deeper, and we may perhaps reach them." His brother then looked in his turn, but saw nothing; while little Just, much excited, described to the astonished Christian the costumes of the Chinese, even

the sound of their voices, which he seemed to hear distinctly. The two children then called their mother, who, like her younger son, heard and saw nothing. However, Just kept repeating, with great enthusiasm, "They are there, mamma,—on the other side,—very far off! Don't you hear them? They are calling me, and I must go and save them."

The memory of this curious incident remained engraved in Just's mind; he seldom spoke of it, but when he did so it was with a gravity which proved that it was not, as might be supposed at first sight, a mere childish hallucination. Twenty years later, when a seminarist in Paris, he heard one of his companions express some surprise that a boy of ten, in whom both were interested, should at that early age have resolved to be a missionary. "I am not so much astonished as you are," observed Just. "When much younger than he is I knew that I should be a missionary." And he then related the incident we have just quoted. Later on, when he was preparing to set out for Corea, in a confidential talk with M. Wallay, now superior of the College of Penang, he again spoke of this curious fact, all the details of which had remained clearly impressed on his memory.

About the same time, when Just was between six and seven years old, the two brothers were talking together of their country home, to which they were passionately attached. "Shall I have to leave Bretenières when it belongs to you?" asked little Christian, wistfully.—"No, no!" replied the other. "It will never belong to me; for I shall be a priest."

In her anxious care for her boys, the Baroness de Bretenières used to read to them every day some passages from a spiritual book; and often, when explaining these passages, she let herself be carried away by her own holy thoughts and aspirations, almost forgetting the tender years of her listeners. On one occasion, for instance, after she had spoken to them about perfection, she overheard the following conversation between the two children: "What is perfection?" asked Christian; "I did not quite understand all that mamma said."—"I think," replied his brother, "that perfection is like a very high mountain: we must take a great deal of

trouble to climb to the top. It is hard work and very long, but if we really *wish* to succeed we are certain to get to the top at last."

In 1845 M. de Bretenières established himself for some months in Bavaria, to give his children an opportunity of learning German thoroughly, and after their return to France he entrusted their education to a young German priest of great holiness, who remained with them for some years. In September, 1850, the two brothers made their First Communion together. Just was a little more than twelve years of age,—a singularly pure, thoughtful, and conscientious child, with a sense of duty rare in one so young, combined with boyish simplicity and frankness. The parents hesitated some time whether to send their sons to college after their First Communion or to continue their education at home. At last, after much thought and prayer, they decided not to part from their children, but to organize their own life in such a manner as to give them the perfect quiet and regularity necessary to insure the success of their studies. For this purpose they withdrew more and more from the world, entrusted the classical education of the two boys to a pious and learned ecclesiastic, while they themselves undertook to teach them catechism, German and music. Their life was organized with the strictest regularity, and their home became, as it were, a monastery, or college, where Just and Christian grew up in an atmosphere of peace and study.

In order to give to his boys' education that element of manliness which is supposed to be one of the advantages of college life, M. de Bretenières accustomed them, during their holidays, to take long walking tours through Switzerland. From these expeditions, in which their parents joined, the lads returned laden with geological and botanical specimens. Their proficiency in these branches of study was so great that when still very young the two brothers became members of the Société Géologique de France. In after years both father and mother tenderly remembered how, during those bright holiday excursions among the Swiss mountains, the future missionary silently trained himself for labors to come; how he always contrived to carry the heaviest mineral specimens collected by the little

party; how every time there was a service to render to one or the other, a sacrifice to make, he came to the front,—ever bright and gay, seeming to please himself best when he was pleasing others.

As a child, Just had been remarkable for his extraordinary sensitiveness and dread of physical pain; but after his First Communion a great change came over him in this respect: not only did he suffer without complaint, but he was even on the watch for opportunities to do penance. He also developed a great love for the ceremonies of the Church, and a zeal for the glory of God strange in so young a boy. His little brother was the object of his constant care, and he used to give him advice, which Christian listened to with respectful attention; for in Just's case practice kept pace with preaching, and he was the first to observe all that he impressed upon his brother.

So the years went by till 1856, when Just de Bretenières, then eighteen years of age, successfully passed his examinations at Lyons. He had as yet never spoken to his parents of his future career; and, though they guessed the drift of his thoughts and aspirations, they patiently waited till he should open his mind. At length, in 1857, by the advice of his confessor, he informed them of his long-cherished desire to become a priest, and requested their permission to begin his ecclesiastical studies immediately.

The good father and mother were, of course, prepared for this disclosure, and their ardent faith made them rejoice at their son's decision. However, in the interest of Christian, who, besides being two years younger than his brother, was much less matured in character, they desired Just to remain at home two years more. He obeyed, and during this time, in compliance with his parents' wish, he devoted his care and interest to his younger brother, making himself his constant companion and adviser in all things.

(To be continued.)



"The Soldiers of the Blessed Virgin."

BY JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.



VILLEMARIE, City of Mary, better known as Montreal, was planted by one of the most holy men of his time in the very heart of the American wilderness. It was in no sudden outburst of pious enthusiasm that the venerable priest, John James Olier, founder of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, planned this American city, and gathered around him a company to carry out his Christian project. Its aim was purely religious: it was to be a mission outpost, to diffuse the light of Christianity; and the site was selected, not near the existing settlements, but far away in the parts still held by the red-men. On the island whence Cartier had looked far and wide over the glorious landscape, and given the name of Mont-real to its wooded height; where a seething rapid barred the course of navigation; its opposite bank washed by the rapid Ottawa, the great highway to the West,—here was the spot selected for a city especially devoted to the honor of the Blessed Virgin.

The whole project was a work of devotion. Pious motives inspired the members of the Company of Montreal. A spirit of devotion animated the brave Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, sent out to found the settlement; Mlle. Mance, who went to establish a hospital, and Margaret Bourgeoys to teach. Around these three great figures of the early settlement of Montreal group the first colonists, all selected for their exemplary and moral lives, their courage, endurance, and pious trust in Providence. No purer or more religious body of settlers ever set out for the New World. Had they been led by a hope of acquiring fortunes, of enjoying greater freedom from restraint, they would never have persevered. Their motive was supernatural, and nothing could daunt or discourage them.

On the 14th of October, 1642, Maisonneuve reached Montreal Island, and took possession for the Company. Attempts had been made to detain the settlers near Quebec, and the rash-

ness of settling two hundred miles farther up the river, where it would be impossible to aid them in the hour of danger, was set before them with all the aid of eloquence. But Maisonneuve had the spirit of a soldier; he had been sent to Canada, not to select a spot, but to plant a settlement at a place designated, and there alone would he pitch his tent.

Yet it was an undertaking fraught with peril, that needed a stout heart. The Mohawk, the fierce Oneida, the crafty Onondaga, with the Cayugas and Senecas, who had been supplied with firearms and ammunition by the Dutch of New Netherland, had already made such havoc among other Indian tribes that they felt able to cope with the French, and were ready to attack the feeble settlements in Canada. Less than three months before Maisonneuve arrived, a flotilla of Huron canoes on its way to the West had been attacked by the Mohawks at Lake St. Peter, much nearer Quebec; many of the Hurons were killed, captured and tortured; and the Jesuit, Father Jogues, with his comrades, René Goupil and William Couture, had been led away to endure all the tortures of Indian ingenuity—mutilation, starvation, and insult. Before Maisonneuve set foot on Montreal Island, René Goupil had already fallen beneath the deadly tomahawk of one of his captors.

After wintering near Quebec, the settlers, on the 18th of May, 1643, reached the spot selected, where the little river St. Pierre flowed into the lordly St. Lawrence. All knelt to thank God for His protection. An altar was set up, and adorned by the deft hands of Madame de la Peltrie and Mlle. Mance; then Father Vimont intoned the *Veni Creator*, and offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The Blessed Sacrament remained exposed throughout the day, while around it the pious settlers reared their tents and landed their goods. Then Maisonneuve felled the first tree to clear the place for the settlement; maple and elm and hickory were soon tottering, while sturdy arms lopped off the branches and fashioned palisades to surround their homes. Before the short Canadian summer had ended other settlers came with cannon and small-arms; log cabins and a chapel were reared, provision made for the coming winter, and the sign of Redemption was planted on the neighboring

mountain,—Maisonneuve himself bearing the cross to the spot.

Montreal was but a month old when a party of Iroquois, led by treacherous Hurons, surprised some of the settlers sawing the trees into planks. Some were killed and scalped; some carried away to die amid the tortures in which Iroquois cruelty exhausted its powers of invention. The magnitude of their peril was now clear. Every man was on the alert. The famous bloodhound Pilote made the rounds at night, and, when she scented an Indian, came bounding through the darkness to warn the settlers. As the alarms became frequent, the soldiers of Mary's city wished to sally out and attack the enemy. At last Maisonneuve led thirty toward a spot designated by Pilote. A desperate contest ensued. The men of Montreal fought desperately against a force ten times their own. Some fell gloriously, making the enemy pay dearly; but at last their commander gave the order to retreat. He covered the rear, keeping the Iroquois at bay, till his pistol missed fire. In an instant the gigantic Indian chief sprang on him and grasped him by the throat. Before his sinewy hand could close in a death grip, however, Paul Chomedey's clubbed pistol crushed his skull, and he fell gasping. His dismayed braves bore him away, and the little band of French entered the palisades of Villemarie.

Then all was war and rumor of war. If, during a gleam of peace, Father Jogues came for a time to Villemarie, where all looked reverently on his mutilated hands and the shattered frame that enshrined his dauntless spirit, they saw him depart for the banks of the Mohawk never to return. Then runners, coming by the portages of the Ottawa, told of the desolation of the Huron country by the Iroquois; fugitives came from ruined towns, few survivors of powerful bands, who related the story of butchery and conflagration, of martyred missionary, and a nation scattered to the winds. That the petty band of clients of Mary at Villemarie could check the fury of the Iroquois, before which thirty thousand Hurons had yielded, seemed impossible to mere human reasoning; but the settlers were strong in the protection of the Queen of Heaven.

Montreal was in a continual state of siege.

Settlers were constantly surprised. Three, falling into an Iroquois ambushade, cut through and dashed into the open door of the hospital, where Mlle. Mance was alone, and not only defended the place, but drove off the enemy with loss. In 1651 four men, returning from Mass to their homes, were surrounded. They poured in a volley, and took to one of the little redoubts scattered near Villemarie as posts of vantage. When the rattle of musketry was heard in the town, Lavigne, a brave servant of Mary, rushed out alone to aid his townsmen; and, cutting his way to their side, helped them to keep the human tigers at bay. Then out from the palisades came stout Le Moyne with a brave band. They met an Iroquois volley without flinching; then poured in a well-aimed fire, and charged so desperately that the enemy fled, leaving twenty-five or thirty on the field,—a thing seldom seen, as they carried off their slain at all risks.

Next to Maisonneuve, the great Indian fighter of Montreal was Lambert Closse. He was to Canada what Miles Standish and Daniel Boone were to the English settlements. His name is not borne by towns or forts,—there seems to be nothing in Canada to commemorate the old hero of many a stubborn fight; but the Canadians had their own way of honoring their worthies. They honored their patron saints. You will find a St. Lambert Street in Montreal; a Point St. Lambert on the opposite shore of the river. These names are really given to keep alive the fame of the prowess of the stout, staunch Catholic soldier, Lambert Closse.

As the month of July, 1650, was wearing away, a band of Iroquois stole up to attack the Hôtel-Dieu, which was held by this brave man and thirteen valiant comrades. The battle lasted from dawn to dusk. When the day was closing in, Archambault, one of the soldiers of Mary's city, loaded for the third time a cannon which had done good service. Again it belched out its flames, sending its shrapnel among the beleaguering force; but it burst, and the flying fragments spread such terror among the Indian foe that they fled, having lost terribly in the fruitless attack. Within the Hôtel Dieu, however, Closse and his men gathered around the dying Archambault; for a fragment of the old piece had struck him,

and he was the only one who fell on the French side in the long day's fight.

Soon after, the enemy again prowled around the City of Mary. The alarm was given by the hounds. Major Closse sallied out with twenty-four men. Three pushed on ahead, cautiously as scouts,—men well versed in woodcraft. No enemy could be seen. One sprang on a fallen tree to get a better view; then the Indians rose, and a dozen rifles covered him. He aimed at the chief; both fired at the same instant, and both fell pierced through the heart. One of the scouts darted to an old hut, and the Indians endeavored to cut off Closse's retreat. Warned by a cry from the house, he drew his men together and cut his way through the Indians. Once in the house, loopholes were made and they coolly prepared to hold out. Not a shot was wasted, but every Indian who advanced paid the penalty with his life.

At last the brave men began to feel faint for want of food, and their ammunition ran low. They slackened their fire. The Indians made a rush, with yells of triumph; but a general discharge sent them flying back in dismay, and in the confusion a brave soldier dashed out and reached the town. He was soon on his way back with a reinforcement—some provisions, two field-pieces, with grape and cartridges. The ground helped the relieving party; for they approached under cover of a ravine, and suddenly opened fire on the Indians. The Iroquois did not break, and, though Major Closse sallied out, they kept up the fight, and the relieving party reached the old house with great difficulty. Before the vigorous fire poured on them, however, even Mohawk courage quailed at last. The Iroquois party retreated, with half their number killed or wounded. It was the bloodiest fight in the Mohawk annals. They referred to it in later days as the "time when we were all killed." Closse lost but one man.

Before the year closed four men were besieged in Point St. Charles by a large body of Indians. Major Closse tried to reach them unperceived, with twenty men; but the quick eye of the Indian detected the party. Four of Mary's city men fell before the volley of the enemy. Giving them no time to reload, Closse rushed on them, telling each of his troop to

pick out a man; and sixteen Iroquois dropped. Then he charged with pistols, and as many more were cut down. It was too much: the Indians broke and ran, pursued by the French sword in hand. So close a siege did the Indians keep up that a sloop sent from Quebec would not approach the little city, because they saw no sign of life, and floated down the river to report that Montreal had perished.

Such was Montreal—isolated, constantly in a state of siege, too far from Quebec to be relieved or aided in the hour of peril. But her brave sons did not falter; none thought of abandoning their settlement or deserting the City of Mary; in the face of constant danger, they cultivated their fields, traded with the upper Indians; kept up all the exercises of religion,—Mlle. Mance attending the sick, Margaret Bourgeoys teaching the young.

Up to this time almost every man was a soldier. All were servants of Mary, fighting to defend her city. But in 1653 seventy-two of the bravest—in honor of the seventy-two years our Blessed Lady passed on earth—were enrolled as the "Soldiers of the Blessed Virgin." The Governor of Montreal, Maisonneuve himself, was the commander. Each week he appointed seven to be the patrol of the week. One of these Militia of the Blessed Virgin went out each day as a scout, to reconnoitre. He set out, prepared to die, after confessing and receiving Holy Communion. It was his perilous task to skirt around the line of cultivated lands, and on the least indication of the presence of Indians to give the alarm to the men working in the fields. Though many of Mary's militia were killed or wounded in this work of charity, no man faltered. "Having the honor to be soldiers of the Blessed Virgin," says the Sister who wrote the annals of the Hôtel-Dieu, "they felt a holy confidence that if they fell in the discharge of this duty she would escort their soul to heaven."

(Conclusion in our next number.)



Our Silver Jubilee.

THE first number of THE "AVE MARIA" appeared in 1865, on the first day of the month dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. This week, therefore, occurs its Silver Jubilee. A brief sketch of the career of the little magazine seems called for at such a time. It was founded by the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, now Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Its object, as stated in the prospectus, was "to praise and glorify her who said, 'All generations shall call me blessed.'" He thought that in a land discovered by a champion of the Blessed Virgin, the national feast of which is her Immaculate Conception, and in which her help is so greatly needed, there should exist a periodical to make her better known and better loved. This was indeed a pious thought, but there were many who regarded it only as a pious dream. And when the idea had taken form the same voices were raised against it: "The time for a publication like this has not come." "It can not last." The question was asked, "Is it prudent to start such a periodical in a country like ours?" It was prophesied: "The number of subscribers will be limited to the editor's personal friends."

But the messenger of Mary continued to appear; and, though there were times when most persons would have abandoned the enterprise as unfeasible, Father Sorin would never listen to such a proposal. Indifference, opposition, obstacles of all sorts, seemed only to strengthen his purpose. The career of THE "AVE MARIA" has been marked by difficulties. There was a time, years afterward, when it would have been far easier to found a new periodical than to make it what it now is. But of that epoch we need not speak. The place which THE "AVE MARIA" occupies in the field of Catholic periodical literature is assured, and we feel confident it has only to

be continued on present lines to be an ever-increasing power for good.

But if there were many to discourage the founding of a periodical of such a character as THE "AVE MARIA," there were some who gave the undertaking the most cordial support. It was favored by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Luers, the worthy Bishop of the diocese; by the large-hearted and broad-minded Archbishop Spalding, so remarkable for his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, who contributed an introductory essay to the initial number; and by the saintly Bishop Timon, of Buffalo, who declared that the pious project "must succeed." Cardinal Barnabo, the then zealous Prefect of Propaganda, expressed his great satisfaction to hear of THE "AVE MARIA"; and Pius IX., who has been called the Pope of the Immaculate Conception, gave it a special benediction in September, 1866. This exceptional blessing was cordially renewed by his Holiness Leo XIII., "the Pope of the Holy Rosary," in March, 1878.

The first editor was ably assisted during the first years he conducted the magazine by the late Mother Angela, of the Sisters of Holy Cross, whose devotion to the Blessed Virgin was hardly less fervent than his own. In 1870 THE "AVE MARIA" was assigned to the Rev. Father Gillespie, C. S. C., a brother of Mother Angela, who had been its acting editor since 1867, and who conducted it up to the time of his last illness in 1874. He was assisted, as his predecessor and his successors have been, by religious whose zeal and devotedness are beyond praise. Of this gentle priest it need only be said that he was a true client of our Blessed Mother. He served her with saintlike devotion, and his beautiful death was the beginning of a reward exceeding great. From September, 1874, until March of the following year the magazine was in charge of a committee of four members of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, presided over by the Rev. P. J. Colovin, a good and gifted priest, also deceased. Since then THE "AVE MARIA" has been under its present management.

Thanks to the renewed efforts of its friends at a time when the prospects of the little magazine were anything but bright, the editor was soon able to enlarge THE "AVE MARIA" by four pages, to reduce the price

of subscription, and to attempt various improvements. Other writers, no less distinguished for talents than for devotion to the Church, were found to join those who had contributed so zealously to the earlier volumes of the magazine; and this reinforcement enabled us to give THE "AVE MARIA" a character somewhat more general. A page of literary notes was added in 1883, and in 1886 there was still another enlargement of four pages. The issue of THE "AVE MARIA" in monthly parts, for diffusion outside the United States, gave it a new start in foreign countries, and its circulation abroad has been steadily increasing ever since. It has even been proposed to publish a French and German edition of THE "AVE MARIA"; and quite recently a zealous servant of Mary in Mexico suggested a Spanish edition, with an assurance of cordial support. These are probabilities. Much, very much, is yet to be done before we should care to see such plans attempted. The present number of the magazine may serve as an indication.

Among the prelates who from time to time have given their approbation to the work is the eminent Cardinal Manning, who expressed the earnest hope that THE "AVE MARIA" might spread the love of our Blessed Mother wherever our tongue is spoken. That hope is being realized. The humble messenger of Mary, so great has been the zeal of its supporters, now makes itself heard in almost every part of the world.

The pathway of the Church has been, at different periods, luminous with points of light, as some special devotion was brought into greater prominence by the exigencies of the times. This is pre-eminently the age of Mary. Devotion to her was never more enthusiastic, and it is spreading widely and deeply throughout Christendom; it presages the universal sway of Christ;—*Adveniat regnum tuum!* Those who consider THE "AVE MARIA" conducive to this end will do all in their power, each in his way, to promote its success. May it become every year a more efficient propagator of the patronage of our Blessed Mother; and when in other hands, worthier if not more willing, it celebrates its Golden Jubilee, may the number of its readers be increased a hundredfold!

A Favor of Our Queen.

TO the innumerable wonders wrought at the intercession of the Mother of Our Lord, from the marriage feast of Cana to the present time, may be added the cure of Sister Cecile, of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Mary, Sag Harbor, N. Y. We have all the more satisfaction in publishing an account of it from the fact of its being so well authenticated. The incident occurred last year, on the 2d of August, Feast of Our Lady of Angels; but the superior of the convent wisely decided to wait some time before informing us of it, in order that assurance might be given that the cure was permanent. We present the narrative in the words of Mother Basil, appending the physician's attestation:

"In June, 1889, Sister Cecile, of our community, who had been ailing for some months previous, became so much worse that she was obliged to keep the bed. The physician, who had visited her from time to time, examined the case attentively, and declared that her illness was caused by a tumor in the stomach. As her weakness continued to increase, she received the last Sacraments. After a few weeks, however, she rallied, and was able, with assistance, to walk around a little. On Saturday, July 20, she took a severe spell of vomiting, and became so weak that the reverend pastor deemed it necessary to anoint her again. After that she grew worse day by day. Having made a second examination, the physician remarked that her recovery would be a miracle, as the tumor had greatly increased in size. A specialist from New York, who also examined the case very carefully, gave the opinion that the tumor was hereditary, and had been forming for two or three years. Each day the patient grew weaker and more emaciated. On the last day of July and the two following days her death was expected every moment. She was in a sort of stupor, and could swallow only a spoonful of liquid, which was mixed with Water of Lourdes.

"On the morning of Friday, August 2, Feast of Our Lady of Angels, she received the Viaticum. During the previous week she had told some of the Sisters that she expected the Blessed Virgin would take her that day, and

begged us to pray for her at our visits to the chapel, to which is attached the Indulgence of the Portiuncula. At two o'clock that afternoon, as we were reciting the Rosary in presence of the Blessed Sacrament, one of the Sisters who had been with the sufferer hastened to announce to us that she was much better, explaining that she awoke almost suddenly from the stupor in which she had been, and asked for something to eat. All supposed that this was merely a change before death, so we continued the Rosary with all the more fervor,—not, however, for a cure, of which there was no expectation.

"On leaving the chapel we were astonished to hear that, after eating a small quantity of strawberries, she had actually arisen and dressed unaided! A few moments later she went down to the garden, and from there to the chapel, where the community was soon assembled to return thanks to Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. With feelings of deepest emotion and lively gratitude the *Magnificat* was sung, the subject of Mary's favor standing all the time. Later in the evening she assisted at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Sister Cecile continued to grow stronger, and for the past five or six months has been able to fulfil her usual duties.

"The attending physician was greatly surprised at the change for the better in the Sister's health, and, after testing for some months the permanence of her cure, gave us the following certificate:

"SAG HARBOR, N. Y., Dec. 9, 1889.

"I, the undersigned, G. A. Sterling, medical graduate of Bellevue Hospital and College, class of 1865, residing in Sag Harbor, N. Y., was the medical attendant of Sister Cecile in her last severe illness. I testify that her disease was *carcinoma* of the stomach, which diagnosis was confirmed by a consultation with another surgeon, Doctor F. A. Lyons, of New York city. The tumor, after remaining some time stationary, during which period she was twice considered *in articulo mortis*, suddenly and completely disappeared, and she arose from her bed at once, in a complete state of health.

"GEO. A. STERLING, M. D.,

"Surg. U. S. Marine Hosp."



Notes and Remarks.

The claims of THE "AVE MARIA" on the interest and support of the Catholic public are now so generally acknowledged that we confidently expect its Silver Jubilee will be signalized by a largely increased patronage from English-speaking Catholics everywhere. We trust its numerous warm friends will make this year a memorable one in its history, by the addition of thousands of names to the subscription list. There are few who could not, with slight effort, procure at least one other subscriber. But all can say a "Hail Mary" for its greater prosperity. Now is the time to act.

Specimen copies of this or any number of the magazine that may be preferred will be sent to any address; and all are again invited to furnish the names of friends or acquaintances in any part of the world likely to feel interested in such a periodical as THE "AVE MARIA."

The only objection that can be made to the International Copyright Law now before Congress is that its passage will increase the price of books. But even this argument—which is very similar to one that might be made in favor of receiving stolen goods because they can be sold cheap—has no force. The pending bill will not increase the price of good books, but it will prevent the wholesale stealing of the American and English author's work by piratical publishers; it will save our authors from such competition, and enable them to live by their art. In the good company of Cardinals Manning and Gibbons, we heartily endorse the bill.

The commemoration of the discovery of America is likely to revive the controversy in regard to the birthplace of Columbus. If we were to accept the testimony of monuments and inscriptions, he was born in several places. The probability is that the great navigator first saw the light somewhere in the province of Genoa, but intelligent opinion is divided as to the exact place.

Of the present bad fashion of talking too much about art and not really appreciating it, the London *Tablet* says, after drawing a picture of the talkative young man in the artist's studio, who finds many meanings in the artist's work which the artist himself never thought of, and talks about them, "and the painter stands by to be interpreted,—a position which does not make for grace or dignity in any man. In fact,

the arts can hardly be kept too distinct. They have been confused during an unfortunate, but happily brief, period of our national history. That period has given us picturesque English and narrative painting, and, we believe, a great deal of popular descriptive music, which is taught to school-girls in schools. It is drawing to a close, and with it will disappear the demand for obvious didactic purpose in the artist's presentation of the nature before him. That nature does not advertise intentions. Neither color nor design is slighted there, neither line nor light is neglected for the sake of teaching anything in faith or morals. Is it too rash to assert that the Creator has chosen to allow to the fields in spring the irresponsibility that He grants to the child; and that the painter, simple in his purpose and subtle only in his science, may be converted and become as a little child?"

The death of the Rev. Urbanus Grassi, S. J., director of the Rocky Mountain Indian Missions, is a great loss both to the missionaries and the Indians. He seemed to have every quality necessary for his work. He was a man of prayer, and so well did the Indians know this that when they saw him silent they abstained even from saluting him, as they knew he was in communion with God. Father Grassi had a great talent for the Indian languages; but, it is said, he forgot them as soon as he had learned and used them. He had tact, administrative ability, and above all zeal. May he rest in peace!

The architecturally handsome new convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart at Manhattanville, N. Y., contains a chapel which is described as a gem of ecclesiastical art. It is lighted by five handsome stained-glass windows, done in the best style of the Munich School. The frescos of the walls and ceiling are among the best in New York. The Stations of the Cross are carved in ivory and set in sumptuous gilded frames. The main altar is of white marble, with columns of Mexican onyx. The side altars are also of marble, and have exquisite statues of Our Lady and St. Joseph. This beautiful chapel was dedicated on Easter Tuesday.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* speaks of Joan of Arc as "the greatest heroine that ever existed."

The Government of Chili will erect a statue of the Blessed Virgin on Mount Carmel as a mark of homage to Mary, the patron of the armies of the Republic. The statue has been ordered at Paris, and delegates from the Chilian Government

have been sent to consult with the religious of Mount Carmel in regard to the plans for the monument. It is now intended to erect at the base of the mountain an immense pedestal, or column, upon which the statue will be placed, and will be seen and visited by all the pious bands of pilgrims and travellers that each year pass from Syria into Palestine. In the centre of the pedestal will be placed the arms of Chill, surrounded by appropriate inscriptions in various languages. To assure its safe and speedy completion, all the material for the monument will be transported from Europe.

Judge Waite, of Chicago, has entered the lists in favor of the reputation of Queen Isabella of Castile. He defends the great Queen chivalrously and enthusiastically to the best of his knowledge. Isabella needs no defence in the eyes of those who have gone to the sources of history. She was a Queen who had the head of a man and the heart of a woman. It is impossible to understand her without knowing the circumstances of the time, and being able to see them from her point of view. It is foolish and narrow-minded to apply the social standards of our country and time to hers.

At the Church of St. Philippe du Roule, in Paris, where a congregation composed chiefly of deaf-mutes had assembled, the Abbé Sicard preached a sermon on Easter Sunday, using the "phonomimic" method. Gounod's Mass, in honor of Joan of Arc, was sung on the same day at the asylum for blind children by the young inmates, who are taught to read music with their fingers.

Herr Windhorst is anxious to support the German Emperor's movement toward social reform. "In this matter," he said to a recent visitor, "the Kaiser and the Pope are one. The growth of infidel socialism is due in great part to the waning interest in religious matters,—an indifference fostered by the want of religious instruction in schools."

Mgr. Schindler, the mitred Abbot of the Benedictines at Cracow, who was President of the Republic of Cracow in 1848, died recently at his famous abbey.

All over Ireland there is a strong movement in favor of Temperance. In Tipperary twelve thousand men are enrolled in the Temperance League. Miss Rosa Mulholland, in her Irish letter to the *London Register*, says: "The Temperance movement and the Home Rule movement are side by side in our minds, though we

believe that the former can never be fully developed till the latter is achieved. A deplorable sight in country towns," she adds, "as well as in cities, are the numbers of houses licensed to sell whiskey; every second house in every street is decorated with the odious announcement." Miss Mulholland thinks that this abuse exists because of the rapacity of the landlords.

An informal meeting of Catholic editors and business managers will be held on the first Wednesday of this month, at Cincinnati, to discuss such measures as may be of benefit to the Catholic press of the country. The call for the convention is signed by the Rev. F. W. Graham, temporary president, and Mr. Condé Pallen, temporary secretary.

The King of Dahomey, Badu Ghezo, and his brother, Roussou Ghezo, were educated in France at the Lycée of Marseilles. Not long ago Ghezo slaughtered his brother in a human sacrifice, which does not reflect credit on the humanizing effect of French secular education.

New Publications.

IN A CLUB CORNER. The Monologue of a Man who might have been Sociable. Overheard by A. P. Russell, Author of "A Club of One," etc. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This is a book which would not be so attractive in any other dress or by any other name. It is one of those books which are born, not made. It is a string of epigrams,—we need, rather, a new word to describe what it is. It contains, not anecdotes, but the essence of anecdotes; it is like a dish of asparagus tips, or anything that is the best of itself without being anything but the best. You may dive into this book at any moment and come up with a pearl. Dip not far below the surface into the first monologue on "Conversation." "To please," observed Chamfort, "one must make up his mind to be taught many things which he already knows by people who do not know them." And the author supplies a charming and well-modulated accompaniment to the brilliant notes of other people; he is the most tactful conversationalist in print we have ever met. "A great good of conversation," he says, "is that it fills all gaps, supplies all deficiencies, and makes you forgetful of particulars. It is recorded of Madame de Maintenon that during dinner the servant slipped to her side: 'Please, Madame, one anecdote more; for there is no roast to-day.'"

The characteristics of this very charming book

are lucidity and serenity,—two of the first qualities of good-breeding. Take, for instance, the monologue on "Pretension." Here a less well-bred writer might have been tempted to sarcasm, or been betrayed into a touch of bitterness entirely unsuited to the half-drowsy club corner. It must be admitted that the points of the anecdotes served by our friend—one adopts him of the club corner as such at once—are not new. But what respect would we have for a teller of new anecdotes, since we should suspect him of inventing them? Yet here is one which is not only brilliant, but sufficiently novel. Referring to the historian Neander, our friend was rewarded by hearing a pretentious lady near him say, "That's the gentleman, I believe, who swam the Hellespont!" The last few words of the book are very serious and true—"By living and acting, and getting the pleasure and good of life with each day of it, we should enjoy a foretaste of fruition and perpetuity." A list of titles for similar essays, with some citations and hints, follow.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES AND FIND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. London: Burns & Oates, Ltd. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

This is a little book of meditations intended apparently for "Anglo-Catholics." It bears no name on its title-page, except those of the publishers,—nothing to indicate the authorship, no episcopal approbation, no *imprimatur*. It may need none. It may be the work of a dignitary; but as he has not chosen to speak "as one having authority," we feel justified in demurring to some of his propositions. Thus, in the tenth meditation, he tells us that the true Church, like her divine Founder, "has always been, she is, and she always will be, despised, rejected, persecuted, hated by all men." What! *all* men? Is not the number of men within her fold in excess over the number that have formally rejected her teachings? And has it not been always so? Again, to form the parallel between the Church and our Saviour, he says: "From His birth in a stable to His death upon the Cross, Jesus Christ was ever 'despised and rejected of men.'" This is not the lesson of the Gospel. If it had not been for His immense throng of followers, the Pharisees would never have envied Him. If the people had not thought seriously of making Him their King, Pontius Pilate could never have been induced to crucify Him as dangerous to the Roman rule. No: the whole history of the Church proves it to have been the Church of the majority. What was the history of the Arian heresy—the most extensive of any that ever threatened Catholicity? The learned and the powerful were the heretics, while the masses of the people were orthodox.

Those who have hated and persecuted the Church have done so under the influence of false teachings, generally with a political motive at heart. To imagine oneself persecuted is generally the evidence of a state of morbid feeling.

THE TWELVE VIRTUES OF A GOOD TEACHER. By the Rev. H. Pottier, S. J. Translated from the Twelfth French Edition by a Sister of Mercy. New York, Cincinnati and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

The translator has been well-advised in making Father Pottier's admirable lessons accessible to English readers, and especially to the mothers and instructors for whom they are particularly intended. The translation is admirably done—simple and fluent. As to the discourses themselves, they are too widely known in their French garb to need any commendation of ours, and we can only once more welcome the neat little volume which a zealous Sister of Mercy has prepared for English readers.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xlii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. A. L. Egart, of the Diocese of Louisville, Ky., and the Rev. P. J. Boyle, of the Diocese of Omaha, Neb., who were recently called to the reward of their self-sacrificing labors.

Mr. Thomas E. Sheridan, of Cumberland, Md., whose happy death occurred a few weeks ago.

Miss Joanna Timmonds, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a holy death at Antioch, Cal., on the 30th of March.

Mrs. Michael McDermott, who passed away on the 13th ult., at Chicopee, Mass., after piously receiving the last Sacraments.

Mr. Daniel McKinney, of Brighton, Mass., who departed this life on the 7th ult.

Mrs. Catherine Sullivan, who piously yielded her soul to God on the 26th of March at Georgetown, D. C.

Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, of New Lexington, Ohio; Mr. Edward O'Neil, Milwaukee, Wis.; John Mackin and Mrs. Moan, San Francisco, Cal.; Julia Mahady, Annie Griffin, Mrs. Sarah Lafferty, Mrs. Elizabeth McCann, John and Bernard Nolan, William Gallagher, and John Collins,—all of Philadelphia, Pa.; Timothy O'Neill, Camden, N. J.; Felix McAleer, Co. Tyrone, and Mrs. Bridget Byrne, Co. Kilkenny, Ireland; Miss Anne Byrne, New Haven, Conn.; Patrick Moan, Mishawaka, Ind.; and Elizabeth Sinnott, Alleghany, Pa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!





Teresa's Dream on Her First Communion Day.

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

I.

SHE knelt before the altar-rail
 One fair, sweet morn in May,
 In snowy robes and spotless veil,—
 Her First Communion day.
 And thus she prayed: "O dearest Lord,
 All that Thou givest me
 I give to that poor suffering soul
 Farthest away from Thee!"

II.

On her pure heart the Sacred Host
 Rested in calm content,
 While brightly glowed the beacon lamp
 That guards the Sacrament.
 And still she prayed: "O dearest Lord,
 All that Thou givest me
 I freely give to that poor soul
 Farthest away from Thee!"

III.

At midnight, 'neath the watchful stars,
 Asleep Teresa lay,
 When suddenly her little room
 Shone brighter than the day;
 And at her side, in silvery robes,
 A beauteous vision smiled,
 With radiant face and upward glance,
 And voice and aspect mild.

IV.

Thus spoke the vision: "Little one,
 My time of pain is o'er,—
 I go with Mary and her Son
 To dwell for evermore;
 Thy prayers from purgatory's chains
 Have set my spirit free,
 Henceforth before our Father's Face
 I will remember thee."



The Discoverer of America a Champion of the Blessed Virgin.



For all the lore, whether historical or otherwise, that has been brought to gladden the hearts of children since the world began, there are very few stories so enchanting, few tales so wonderful, as that true one of Columbus and his voyages. Many, however, in recounting his adventures, fail to tell, or do not care to tell, of the true motive which drove him forth upon the ocean, or of the devotion to the Blessed Virgin which burned in his eager heart like a light before a shrine. "Love of gain impelled him," says more than one historian. But gain for what purpose? That the Holy Sepulchre might fall into Christian hands; that the infidel and his blasphemous rites might be driven from the soil hallowed by the sacred feet of the Saviour of men.

During the siege of Granada, when the last stronghold of the Moors was tottering, two modest friars appeared at the Spanish camp, bringing a message from the Grand Soldan of Egypt. "Desist from your persecution of the Moors," the message ran, "or we will slaughter all the Christians in the land you call holy; will destroy your churches and your convents, and the Holy Sepulchre itself."

The friars were two of the Order that had charge of the Sepulchre, and they sought an interview with the Spanish sovereigns, whose indignation, as you will readily believe, was unbounded when they heard of the insolent challenge sent by the potentate. But Ferdinand and Isabella were not the persons to yield, and they said so. They returned to the siege with renewed vigor, and enriched the Order to which the ambassadors belonged with a handsome sum of money, and their shrine in Palestine with a veil wrought by the generous hands of the Queen herself.

Columbus, having much leisure while he awaited the result of the siege, had many conversations with the friars; and, as they feelingly pictured the indignities heaped upon

the followers of our Blessed Lord, he made a secret vow to devote all that he should become possessed of, in case his project was successful, to the redemption of the land of the Holy Sepulchre. This resolve never forsook him, and throws much light upon the character of the great discoverer. If he sought gold it was not for himself. The old devotion of the Crusader inspired him; although, instead of wearing a coat of mail as he marched against the Saracen, he was a simple gentleman, in the garb of St. Francis, leading a band of sailors out over the trackless ocean.

But if there was one feeling in his noble heart which made all others faint it was his love for the Blessed Virgin. In all his voyages the Star of the Sea was his light; in all the undeserved shame which came afterward, she was his consoler. And how he tried to honor her! The ship upon which he sailed at the outset bore the name of the *Santa Maria*, and from each of his three vessels there arose each night during all that anxious time the sounds of the *Salve Regina*.

And Our Lady seemed to have a tender care for him. Was it chance that directed his steps, when he would beg a bit of bread and some water for his little boy, to the Convent of Santa Maria de Rabida, where he received the encouragement without which he would have given up in despair?

When hope smiled, and the voyage was certain, Columbus took his sailors to a church, where they received Holy Communion before embarking on the most perilous journey ever undertaken. What wonder that it was in a chapel dedicated to Mary that the Blessed Sacrament was received? After land was reached, the Admiral further manifested his love to his Patroness by bestowing her sweet name upon many rivers, gulfs and islands.

When he returned to Spain with the dark-skinned, wondering Indians in his train, he taught them the *Ave Maria*, and others of the Church's devotions which honor Our Lady. In a dreadful storm it was upon the island of St. Mary's, one of the Azores, that he took shelter; and there his vow was made, in case of his safe return to Spain, to do homage to Our Lady of Loreto. Upon his second voyage the protection of the Blessed Virgin was fervently invoked; and, as memorials of his

third voyage, two islands still bear the names of Conception and Assumption.

It is related that Columbus, during one of his sojourns in the New World, became seriously ill, and the native chieftains took advantage of this and prepared to attack the little band of Castilians. The enemy numbered many thousands, and were armed with arrows and axes. The armies met in an open field, which had been dedicated by Columbus to Our Lady. Too weak to take part in the battle, he could only retire to a neighboring hill and pray. Then, it is said, a mighty wind sprang up, blowing away the arrows of the savages, and the white men were saved.

What more is needed to prove that this great man, who gave a new world to mankind, was a fervent and humble servant of her whom the Angel called blessed among women?

It is pleasant to know that her sheltering care protects his sacred dust. His funeral was held in the Church of Our Lady of Valladolid; and when, seven years after, his remains were transferred to Seville, it was in the Church of Our Lady of the Grotto that they were laid. One wishes that they could have remained there, yet it is gratifying to remember that later they rested in the Church of Notre Dame in San Domingo, and that they now repose in the Chapel of the Immaculate Conception in the Cathedral of Havana.

Sir Billy's Secret.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.



OUR hero had been called "Sir Billy" from the time when made his first appearance in Warner, then a tiny village.

"Sir Billy was a young feller then," Uncle Sam Radway was fond of relating to his many friends; "and my father kep' a tavern up by the toll-gate. The feller had a Frenchman with him,—one of them vallys, I guess, that we've heard of; and the vally brought in a card and threw it down. 'Two of your best rooms,' sez he, 'for my master.' The card was writ, 'Sir William Bellestone,'—it was, sure's you're born; though where he was from

nobody knew. He had come to hunt, he said; and might stay if he liked the country. But he never shot as much as a woodchuck. By an' by the vally left. Then Sir Billy—so we've always called him—bought that old house he lives in, and sent for well-nigh a ship-load of picters and gewgaws. He's a papidge, Sir Billy is; and they say most of his picters and statoots is pious. Well, for my part, I have nothing agin the papidges, and Sir Billy is as straight and honest a man as ever walked the streets of Warner. See that public library, stranger? Sir Billy giv it to us. See that there drinking fountain with the little angels sculped on it? Sir Billy agin. See that cross a rising over the tree tops? It's on a snug little church. Sir Billy once more. And there ain't nothing high and mighty about him, if he *has* got a handle on his name by rights. You should see him take off his hat to me and say, 'Fine morning, Uncle Samuel!' He giv me this very pipe I'm smoking, and he lifted the mortgage off of old Miss Bascom's farm. If that's the way papidges does, why, shiver my timbers" (Uncle Sam had been a sailor), "if I don't wish I was half good enough to be a papidge myself!"

Uncle Samuel had forgotten to mention St. Joseph's School for boys, built and endowed by the same kind man who had saved Miss Bascom from the almshouse. It supplemented the primary parochial school, and the advanced department was in charge of the amiable Professor Whiting.

Sir Billy's interest in the school was great, and his generosity unbounded. The scholars were his best friends; and when, one afternoon in April, his smiling face was seen at the door, there was a gentle and happy flutter of excitement evident among the pupils.

"Mr. Bellestone has something to say to you, young gentlemen," announced Professor Whiting.

We should have said that Sir Billy's pet name was given him only "on the sly." The good man's visiting cards bore now only the plain "Mr.," and he evidently wished his fellow-citizens to forget that he had the right to bear a title. He certainly looked as unlike a lord of the soil as possible, with his shining bald head, his fat, pudgy figure, and his twinkling, good-natured eyes.

Entering the school-room, he clasped his hands behind him, walked up and down the platform several times, then began:

"You will pardon me, my young friends, for being somewhat personal to-day."

Pardon him! Had not their souls longed for information about Sir Billy ever since they had been big enough to know the dear old man?

"The time has come to tell you a little about my life, and for this I have a good reason. I lived when a boy in the south of England, near the coast, and I had as devoted a mother and father as ever a selfish young rascal had on this earth. And I? I grew up as stubborn and wilful as—as Tom Daly's colt."

There was a smile at this; the temper of the colt was well known.

"And—well, to tell the truth, I must own that I was the heir to a title and a fortune."

Here the boys looked at one another, as much as to say, "As if we didn't know that, dear Sir Billy!" He went on:

"Instead of being a better boy because of my prospects, I was one of the most overbearing young fellows that ever walked; and one day, when the gardener's son told me so to my face, I struck him with all my might. I thought I had killed him, for he lay as if dead; and I fled from home, without seeing my father and mother, or knowing how much or how little harm I had done. My only thought was to get away from the consequences. A ship was about leaving for New York, and a scared boy gave up his watch for his passage, and shipped under the name of William Bilson. We were a long while getting to America, and there I found a letter awaiting me. My father was dead! He had never spoken after being told of my disgrace. I was Sir William Bellestone now, but little did I care for that. Letters soon followed from my mother. The gardener's son had recovered, and she begged me to return home. Then her letters ceased, and one day a document came from the family solicitor—"

Here Sir Billy paused; he walked very swiftly up and down the platform as many as ten times before he went on:

"I was afraid I couldn't tell it, boys. My mother was dead, too! My French servant followed me to America, but soon grew homesick and went back. As for me, I have never

wanted to return until now. I have tried to do a little good with my money, and I have been made very happy here by your kindness. But soon I am going home. I shall not stay there, but I want to see the old place before I die, and—now I am coming to something else: I want to take one of St. Joseph's boys with me; I promise to bring him back safe in a few months. But I can't choose from among you, my lads; so—and this is the point of my long story—I'll give a prize for the best essay on 'The Age of Faith,' and that prize is five months in Europe."

At this every boy was on his feet, and, in defiance of all rules, a loud "Hurrah!" rang through the study-hall. But Sir Billy had taken the opportunity to disappear.

"Now," said Mr. Whiting, when the noise had subsided, "here is a fine chance for a hard worker. One month is given in which to prepare your essays, and any of you who intend to try may come to me for particulars. But, above all, I hope you will not forget what Mr. Bellestone said to you. It was a hard trial for him to lay his heart bare as he did, but he wished you to profit by the lesson of his life. One moment of anger came near wrecking it forever. There are pupils in this school who would do well to remember the havoc a quick temper sometimes creates. And now we will resume our studies."

Two boys, with whom we are particularly concerned, Oliver Milton and Frank Murray, discussed the prize contest on their way home from school. They were just of an age, but Frank was much the larger, and for years he had defended his delicate friend and companion in many a boyish encounter, or from the teacher's blame. Frank's admiration proceeded from blind idolatry, so often seen and so seldom accounted for. Oliver was a peevish youth, who always told an untruth when he deemed it necessary or convenient, and never hesitated to shield himself behind a friend. He had, it is true, some good qualities, and Frank saw no others. Both had lost their fathers, but Oliver had six adoring sisters, while Frank was an only child. Neither was a Catholic, but their families had no prejudices, as may be inferred from the fact that both boys attended St. Joseph's School. And the two families were poor. Mrs. Murray

went without every luxury and many comforts in order that her fatherless boy might have an education; and the Milton sisters vied with one another in showering upon their frail brother every gift possible to frugality and love.

"It must have been awfully hard for Sir Billy to talk as he did after all these years," said Frank, sympathetically.

"Oh, fudge!" answered Oliver. "He knew what he was about. He'll be more of a hero than ever now. We don't know whether his story is true or not. He may be an awful old humbug. I more than half believe he is."

Frank looked at his companion somewhat reproachfully.

"Oh, you always let everybody fool you, Frank!" continued Oliver. "You know you do. Are you going to try for the prize?"

"Are you?"

"I know what you're driving at. You won't work against me. You are always trying to do the martyr act. But you needn't take the trouble this time, I've no intention of competing. I wouldn't cross the ocean with old Billy for a farm."

Frank brightened up as he answered, simply: "I think I will try, then."

"Perhaps it wouldn't be so easy to outdo me, though, as you seem to think," said the other. "But the game is not worth the candle. Go ahead, and good luck to you!"

A load was lifted from Frank's big heart. If his friend became a competitor he would step aside, but now there was nothing to deter him. And a trip to Europe! Did ever a magic vision shine with the light which illumined his own? He was eager to get to work. There were four long weeks in which to prepare the essay. "The Age of Faith." It was a strange, wide subject, and one of which he knew little. He would take two weeks to study and make notes before beginning to write. Sir Billy had placed his private library at the service of the contestants. It was a fair race, and all were eager to begin.

(Conclusion in our next number.)



AVE MARIA.

Quartette.

F. J. LISCOMBE.

Andante.

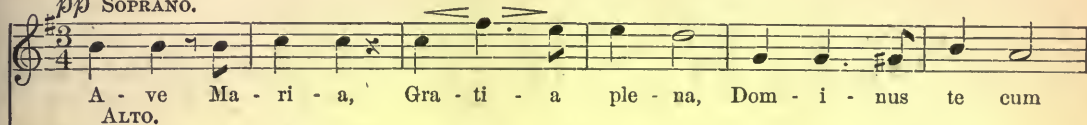
ORGAN. *p* *cres.* *f* *p*



pp SOPRANO.

A - ve Ma - ri - a, Gra - ti - a ple - na, Dom - i - nus te cum


ALTO.



pp TENOR.

A - ve Ma - ri - a, Gra - ti - a ple - na, Dom - i - nus te cum

BASS.



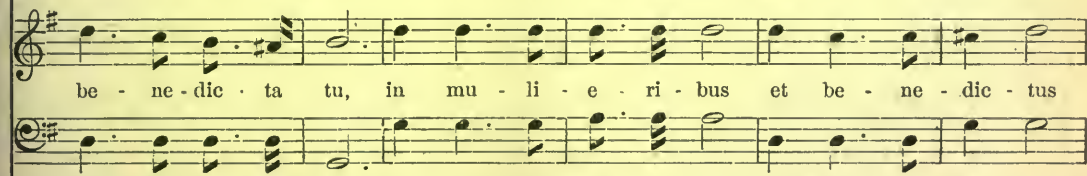
pp



be - ne - dic - ta tu, in mu - li - e - ri - bus et be - ne - dic - tus



be - ne - dic - ta tu, in mu - li - e - ri - bus et be - ne - dic - tus



cres. *p* *p*



f fruc - tus ven - tris tu - i Je - su. Sau - cta Ma - ri - a

fruc - tus ven - tris tu - i Je - su. San - cta Ma - ri - a

f *dim.* *p* *p*

Ma - ter De - i O - ra pro no - bis pec - ca - tor - i - bus

Ma - ter De - i O - ra pro no - bis pec - ca - tor - i - bus

cres. *f*

nunc et in ho - ra mor - tis no - strae A - ve Ma - ri - a, A - men.

nunc et in ho - ra mor - tis no - strae A - ve Ma - ri - a, A - men.

p *cres.* *p*

THE AVE MARIA

TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

VOL. XXX.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 10, 1890.

No. 19.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Life, Love, and Death.

BY WILLIAM P. COYNE.

AND what is Life? A smile, a tear,
That come and go we know not why,
Like clouds upon an April sky,
Year after year.

And what is Love? A vision sweet,
That fades and dies we know not how,
Like apple-blossoms on the bough—
How sweet, how fleet!

And what is Death? Ah! death we know,—
Our truest friend in mocking guise,
Whose touch is welcome to the wise,
Prepared to go.

"The Soldiers of the Blessed Virgin."

BY JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

(CONCLUSION.)



OUR Lady's Militia had serious work before them. Attack followed attack. At last, in 1660, the largest force ever sent against Canada by the Iroquois foe was announced by Indian scouts. A brave young man, Adam Dollard, Sieur des Ormeaux, proposed

to go out with a small body of picked men, like a forlorn hope, and sell his life so dearly as to disconcert the enemy. A little band of volunteers stepped to his side. Fortified by

the Sacraments, pledging himself to fight to the last, he sallied forth with fifteen or sixteen companions, and routed one Iroquois party with some loss. Encouraged by this victory, he set out with another detachment to the number of seventeen.

On May 1, 1660, they reached the Long Sault on the Ottawa, and took post in an old palisade fort. They were soon joined by a party of Hurons and another of Algonquins, and prepared to receive the enemy. At last two canoes approached. They landed, to receive a murderous volley. Some escaped to announce the existence of a force at the Long Sault. The Iroquois came on so suddenly, while the devoted men were at prayer before their evening meal, that they had barely time to enter the palisade before the firing began.

The Iroquois found that there was hard work before them, and threw up an intrenchment with trees near the palisade. Dollard strengthened his defences with earth and stones. He had just completed the work when the Onondagas made an assault; but, bravely as they came on, they were hurled back by the deadly fire from within. Rallying for a second charge, their storming party advanced with yells of defiance; but the ground was strewn with their dead and wounded.

Again they recoiled, and prepared for a third assault. This time they were roused to fury at the sight of the heads of their fallen braves on the palisade. They came on like madmen, determined at all hazards to set the palisade on fire, and drive Dollard and his party out. Again were they repulsed. An army of five hundred Iroquois awaited them at Sorel river.

A swift runner was sent to summon these to crush the handful of Mary's soldiery.

The besieged were suffering from thirst. They had no supply of water; and, as their kettles had been left outside, brave sallies to the river side gave them but a scant supply. Alarmed at the prospect before them, the Hurons surrendered to the enemy. Dollard remained, with only twenty-one men, calmly awaiting the final attack. The woods at last resounded with yells and war-cries, that told only too well the arrival of the larger Iroquois force. Attacks were then made on the palisade on all sides, but they were steadily repulsed. Resorting at last to stratagem, the Indians cut down a large tree, which in its fall damaged the palisade; but it did not cause a breach large enough.

Finally, after a week's ineffectual effort, a party of the Indians formed a protecting frame of timbers, and, pushing this before them, reached the palisade unscathed. Climbing desperately up, they attempted to enter the fort, but were cut down one after another by the French, till the succeeding warriors actually climbed over the pile of dead to reach the brave garrison.

Dollard, as a last resource, filled a heavy piece with powder and balls, and, lighting the match, threw it over the palisade. Unfortunately, it caught in a branch and fell inside to do its work of death. Before long the Iroquois poured over the palisade and burst in the door. At this moment Dollard fell, fighting like a hero. His comrades did not falter. Every man fought till he was cut down. Then the Iroquois hunted among the slain to find some at least sufficiently alive to torture. Only one had the least spark of life, and on him they wreaked their long, cruel vengeance.

The names of Dollard and his sixteen comrades stand on the annals of Canada like the bravest immortalized by epic bards of Greece. The Iroquois had indeed carried the little fort, but the loss in their two bands was so fearful that they abandoned their campaign, and Canada was saved. The self-devoted soldiers of Mary's city had offered themselves for their brethren, and the offering was accepted by Heaven.

In time the state of siege was renewed; men fell day by day, in spite of the courage

and devotedness of the Soldiers of Our Lady. Two good priests, covering the retreat of men working in the fields, paid the penalty; and Canada reckons the Rev. Messrs. Lemaitre and Vignal among her martyrs of charity.

In February, 1662, Major Closse, hearing of an Indian attack on the men working in the fields, sallied out with a small force. After a long battle Closse, though he dislodged the Indians and drove them from point to point, failed to rout them. Three of his men were killed, eight more were taken by a sudden movement of the Indians, and he was left almost alone. He fought single-handed till his pistol became useless, and he fell dead under the volleys poured upon him. Thus died the hero of Canada, after exposing his life a thousand times for the good of the colony. A few months after occurred the brilliant fight at St. Mary's, where a little party of French in a palisade held out till Picoté de Belestre came up with his men from the fort named in honor of the Blessed Virgin, and charged so impetuously that the Indian assailants fled.

Those were the days when the nuns of the Hôtel-Dieu acted as sentinels in their belfry, giving the alarm of the approach of the enemy by the sound of their bell.

In all the operations of the long struggle Montreal's main dependence was on the Soldiers of the Blessed Virgin. In 1663 the corps was reorganized, and named "Militia of the Holy Family, Jesus, Mary and Joseph,"—the devotion to the Holy Family and a confraternity having been established at Montreal with great profit to souls. Major Zachary Dupuis was the commander—a worthy successor of Lambert Closse; and the force was divided into twenty squads,—each consisting of six men, under a corporal selected for his courage and prudence. Many a family in Montreal still points to the name of an ancestor in the original roster of the Militia of the Holy Family. The call of Governor Maisonneuve, which led to its formation, is worth transcribing:

"Whereas this island belongs to the Blessed Virgin, we deem it our duty to invite and exhort all who are zealous in her service to assemble together in squads of seven men; and, after electing a corporal by a majority of votes, to report to us to be enrolled in our garrison, and as such obey our orders for the

preservation of this country. We promise, on our side, that in all dangers that may arise in military operations, the interest of every individual shall be dear to us, and that we shall be ready to drop from the roll those who give their names, whenever they require it. We order *Sieur Dupuis*, major, to enter this order in the proper office, with the names of all who shall be enrolled, to stand as a mark of honor, as they expose their lives for the interest of Our Lady and the public welfare."

This body was singularly protected. For three years it was constantly in service, and formed the real protection of *Villemarie*; yet in all that time it lost only five killed and three captured by the enemy. One taken by the Iroquois raised his soul in prayer to Our Lady, putting all hope of his deliverance in her intercession with God. He was hurried off toward the Mohawk country, and at night was securely bound. In the darkness an Algonquin war party surrounded the Iroquois camp and attacked it furiously. A fierce struggle ensued between the Algonquin chief and the Mohawk leader, who was a noted brave; but the Algonquin cut him down. Most of the Mohawks fell, and the Soldier of the Holy Family, fettered to the ground, beheld the struggle, unable to aid his rescuers. When the Mohawks were all killed, routed or taken, he was discovered by the Algonquins, and, on his calling out that he was a Frenchman, he was delivered from his bonds. These were soon cut, and, falling on his knees, he poured forth a fervent prayer of thanksgiving.

On his return to Montreal, when he recounted his deliverance, all shared his joy; and, as *Father Lalemant* tells us, "he was not ungrateful for the benefit. He could not speak of the Blessed Virgin without bursting into tears, and proclaimed constantly the wonders she had wrought in his deliverance; for on the second engagement he escaped only by a miracle, with the balls whistling in his ears and cutting down all around him."

These Catholic Indian fighters were not of the type of our frontiers-men—men of rough ways: they were pious, devoted men; but they were none the less brave or steadfast because they fingered beads as well as triggers, or because they knelt at the tribunal of penance as well as to aim at an Iroquois brave.

Notre Dame in May Time.—A Reminiscence.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.



AY-MORNING at Notre Dame! The very blue of the sky, across which troop the clouds like flocks of young lambs, seems tenderer than yesterday. A breath from the south, long ago, brought out the brave little hepaticas, in their coats of down, along the sheltered ravines; but now the violets empurple every bank; buttercups nod gaily on the meadow-lands. In thickets, following the bank of the winding Saint Joseph's, the *Cornus Florida* puts out its white, four-petalled blooms. There is no end to the charms of the woodland paths, where, among the dead leaves "of a year that is gone," beauty surprises us at every step. The forest-trees, each with a differing tint, cast thin shadows on the turf below; while, from a distance, they present masses of color which defy the brush of the subtlest artist to reproduce. Along the vineyard paths the leaf-buds of the vines are as exquisitely tinted as flowers. Whole orchards are aflush with bloom; and the robin, the bluebird, the oriole, tune aloud their songs to give a voice and a canticle to the season.

Suddenly, as if the monastic choir-stalls had broken silence, the sweet-voiced chime bells of Notre Dame ring forth the Angelical Salutation from the low wooden belfry. The cadenced strokes fall distinctly, and are carried far across the lakelets of Saint Mary and Saint Joseph; while convents and homes, nestling under locust groves white with fragrant bloom, respond to the call, until *Ave Maria* is echoed and re-echoed over all the lovely region.

Such were the May mornings at Notre Dame, as we remember them, years before the date of which we write. But on the first morning of May, 1865, a new glory rested on the world and there was new joy in heaven; for that morning, as thousands of years before over the mighty waters of the Deluge, there fluttered forth over the dreary waste of unbelief and indifference still in the world, a white Dove under the patronage of Notre Dame—the

first number of *THE "AVE MARIA,"* bearing on its title-page this glorious announcement: "A Catholic Journal devoted to the honor of the Blessed Virgin!"

Other periodicals there were which honored this Virgin declared "blessed among women"; but *THE "AVE MARIA"* was to have no honor, no interest apart from her. Her claims to such an exclusive championship had been adjusted at that council in Ephesus so early as the year 431, when she was declared to be verily the Mother of Jesus Christ, both God and man; and, therefore, verily the Mother of God. It was by this last title that she was most often and most rapturously addressed by Saint Cyril, Patriarch of Alexandria; that great Doctor who represented Pope Celestine at this first council held at Ephesus, and who can still be identified in art as seated and holding a scroll, on which is written, in Greek, "Mother of God"; while his pen is in hand, ready to write on her glories as the valiant defender of all the truths contained in the fact of the Incarnation of the Son of God in the bosom of Mary.

It was to a championship like that of Cyril of Alexandria that *THE "AVE MARIA"* was pledged; and this, too, in a country where it seemed to be taken for granted that such claims could be put forth only with the greatest prudence; where the miraculous favors obtained by the intercession of this Advocate of Sinners should be spoken of only in a society whisper.

Spread thy wings, fair Dove; spread them, too, as fearlessly as if all the people of the land openly and duly honored this Lady Elect of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost! Many a casement will open to thee, many a heart and many a hand will give thee welcome; for the love of that Virgin whose messenger thou art has lingered even among those who know her not; like one of those traditions which are enshrined in the imagination of the world, giving an ideal for womanhood in woman, chivalry in man, which can be lost only by a hopeless deterioration of all that is noblest in humanity.

Spread thy wings, then, fair Dove; not only to those who wear her gracious symbols, but to all ingenuous souls, unconsciously waiting to receive thee! Bear the olive-branch in thy

beak to those souls struggling toward the truth, amid the intellectual darkness of a society which has thrust out God and His Church and His Vicar from the world, to which they are as the sun in beneficence, the inspiration to the only enduring progress, the only civilization which prepares man for his eternal destiny!

Perhaps of all the wrongs done to us in our generation and century by its self-styled philosophers, none has been more desolating than that which has rudely torn away or insidiously stolen from it the link between God and man in the Incarnation of the Word; that Incarnation which allows us to pray that "we may be made partakers of His Divinity who vouchsafed to become partaker of our humanity." The tenderness of all this, so necessary to the human heart constantly wounded and bereaved in its best affections, has been overlooked by all these philosophers,—in fact, despised; although Saint Paul, addressing the Athenians, said: "If happily they feel after Him or find Him; although He be not far from any one of us." Religionists, on the other hand, like Nestorius of old, in their desire to defend His Godhead have slighted His humanity, and with His humanity have utterly forgotten and slighted her through whom He received it. To a generation thus bereaved of one of the sweetest, most intimate of consolations, did our Dove wing its way on that first morning of May, 1865; and from that day to this has its mission been fulfilled unfalteringly; for it has been a mission of love, and the fruits have been those of "knowledge and of holy hope."

Few realize how the story of the Blessed Virgin Mary and her actual personality has been woven, for nineteen hundred years, into the history of the world. How many have virtually cut the thread of her existence where the Gospels or the Acts of the Apostles cease to name her! Yet we have only to think for a moment, saying nothing of the history of the Church and the traditions of the faithful, to perceive how vitally she has entered into the work of her Son in the world. Not only as to salvation, but in the story of Christian literature, song and art, her inspirations are shown to have been unfailing from the first age to our own.

To speak of the hymns written in praise of the Blessed Virgin in all these ages is to make one sigh that so few have been translated from our own Anglo-Saxon and Celtic, as well as from the grand old Greek and Latin poets, and of every civilized nation on the face of the earth and on all its continents,—the dulcet harps of Asia and Africa having given to her every loveliest symbol of their tropic climes, and every charm of rhythm and musical phrase. The very richness of these mines seems to have deterred their working; and now, with an unaccountable ignoring which may be called actual ignorance, the few hymns which have come into the Liturgy stand with us for the whole. Then, too, the music to which these hymns were sung in the famous monastic homes of monks and nuns, so precious in its varied tenderness, comes to us only by far-off echoes, and we never realize how those ages of song were the ages of Mary's praise. Even in our own day, regarded as so barren of devotion, we have only to give ourselves time to think, to find how often, as well as how majestically and sweetly, the lyre has been struck in honor of Mary ever Virgin, out of the necessity which comes to the overcharged heart.

Parallel with these songs and exquisite lyrics is the influence she is so readily acknowledged to have had in the world of art. But we might as well wonder—which we must own some people really do—"how Raphael could paint so many Madonnas; why he did not tire of this one subject,"—as to fancy that the pens of Christians will fail to find subjects touching upon the Blessed Virgin; subjects, too, rich in historic value, legendary lore, poetic charm; all inspired by a devotion like that which Pio Nono, of holy memory, declared added itself to the public reasons for the declaration of the Immaculate Conception as a matter of faith: "Being Ourselves especially drawn to the same by the reverence, love and affection with which We have been from Our childhood animated toward the same Most Holy Virgin Mary, Mother of God."

Beautiful testimonial from the head of the Church to the perpetuity of that fountain of devotion to Mary from which flowed the inspired eloquence of a Saint Bernardine of Siena, a Saint Bernard of Clairvaux, a Saint

John Chrysostom, a Saint Ambrose, a Saint Augustine; as well as of a Saint John Evangelist, who so described her as she stood by the Cross of her Son as to inspire the *Stabat Mater* of a Jacopo di Todi; while his Apocalypse, or "Vision," in which she is the "Woman clothed with the sun, standing on the moon, and crowned with twelve stars," gave an ideal to the great mosaic workers of the fifth century, to the angelical painter of San Marco, Florence, and to an unnamed multitude of choir-book decorators, so exquisite in their workings as to excite the profound admiration of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and of his no less art-loving son, Leo X. Never, until faith fails from the earth, will a poet like Dante, nor a theologian like Saint Thomas of Aquin, nor a painter like Murillo, nor a composer like Palestrina, fail from the story of Mary in her relations to the children of men; each and every generation having its experience to tell of her compassionate love and her entrancing perfections.

Twenty-five years since that May morning in 1865! What changes we see, standing at Notre Dame, time and columns would fail to tell; but all the changes have come under the smile of Our Lady, who sees her Son honored here as she desires to see Him honored; to whom neither the myrrh of mortification and self-denial, nor the gold of royal service from intellect and heart as well as hands, nor the frankincense of perpetual adoration, has been withheld; while to her has been rendered that filial tenderness of Saint John Evangelist, to whom Our Lord said: "'Son, behold thy Mother!' And from that hour the disciple took her to his own."

Twenty-five years, which the world calls a Silver Jubilee! The Silver Jubilee of our beloved "AVE MARIA"! How many who watched the flight of our Dove twenty-five years ago,—watched the young but vigorous wings ply their way to distant cities and nested prairie homes with more than a passing interest—a supernatural hope and expectation tinged with a natural solicitude,—have passed from this world! Yet, the heart and brain and devotion which conceived this perpetually renewing testimony to the love of our own generation and our own people of the United States to the Blessed Virgin Mary, thank

God! still lives, to rejoice with us in the Silver Jubilee of THE "AVE MARIA." And if we remain among the diminished number of those whose tributes were allowed a place in the first number of Our Lady's Journal ever issued, it is to thank God for this honor, above all honors which have been or can be given to a pen which belongs wholly to Him, who called us "out of darkness into marvelous light"; remembering, too, that our long struggle for this light began with a prayer for the dead and ended with our first *Ave Maria*!

The Disappearance of John Longworthy.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXXIV.—IPHIGENIA.

DURING the interval, as the buds of April swelled into the leaves of May, and the time went on to those three or four days in the spring when the gates of the lost Paradise seem to open and all its glow and glory to fill the earth, Mary had many moments of unhappiness. Miles came and went, sullen and unsocial. He did not hesitate to declare to his sisters that he considered their conduct utterly base. He sneered on all occasions at the "absurdities" of John Longworthy and the "dudishness" of Arthur Fitzgerald. He insinuated that if he were driven to ruin, his sisters, on whom he most relied, would be responsible for it.

Esther, absorbed in her own plans, paid no attention to all this. She escaped as soon as the rather gloomy meals were over. A disagreeable person in a family knows his advantages. He may be avoided at other times, but nobody can prevent his putting gall into the coffee, or adulterating the sugar with acid that is more biting than anything the chemists know of. And Miles understood well how to use his privileges.

While Esther and John Longworthy floated out into the country, day after day, borne on the rosy clouds of the peach blossoms or the white mist of the cherry-trees, Mary went through her daily drudgery, almost happy when she did not think of Miles. Arthur was

ecstatic. This spring was to him a veritable glimpse of Paradise, and Mary was the Eve fresh from the hand of her Creator. But when he was with her there was often a touch of melancholy in their intercourse. Mary had moments of silence, and sad silence, that depressed him. He could not understand this. To him a walk with her through the twilight streets, where even crowded tenement and dark brown stone could not stifle the breathings of spring, was a delight that he could not express in words. He loved the silence that sometimes fell between them, but not the silence that left Mary with a sad look in her eyes and almost a frown on her brow. He knew then that she was thinking of Miles.

As April waned, and the little buttons on the trees became feathered tufts, Mary grew more and more preoccupied. Esther, who had given up her music lessons, was in a flutter of happiness. She looked after the *trousseaux* with a natural aptness for that sort of thing, and with the additional pleasure of spending money without the usual restraint. The wardrobes were not very elaborate,—they did not come up to Nellie Mulligan's ideas at all. And that astute young lady, who had made the acquaintance of Esther's dressmaker, knew all about them.

A change took place in Miles, and Mary noticed it with a new feeling of terror; and she felt that any change in him must be for the worse. He became laboriously polite, and ceased to jeer at his prospective brothers-in-law. What did he mean? Was he going away? And then, as he appeared in various new suits of clothes, and an onyx seal ring, Mary asked herself if he had taken to gambling. By constant dwelling on this suspicion it developed almost into a certainty. She followed him with anxious eyes, much to his pleasure; for, next to getting into the Assembly, there was only one thing he desired ardently,—and that was to punish Mary. He knew now that he was making her unhappy.

She dreamed of him night after night. She saw him a little flaxen-haired boy; and then all changed, as he lay dying on the doorstep, speechless, reproaching her with his eyes. And night after night, in her dreams, she saw him die, hopeless, unrepentant, in his sins. She awoke with a shriek one night, when the

horror of all this seemed to choke her. She would not tell Esther what she had suffered, but that night she concluded to set Arthur free; she said to herself that she could not make him happy while Miles lived as he did. Mary was very sincere in this,—morbidly so, over-scrupulously so; but, then, it was her nature to be over-scrupulous, and her unfortunate brother had been for so long a time her first and last thought.

In the meantime John Longworthy had a private talk with Miles. He knew the Miles species, and he made a sharp bargain with him. Miles was to be supplied with all the money he needed for his campaign on certain conditions; one of these was that he was not to annoy his sisters. All Miles wanted was the money, and he knew how to spend it where it would do him the most good. He was a popular man; he was the sort of man who becomes popular in miscellaneous crowds, where it is necessary to reach the great average; his very abstinence from the amenities of life in the bosom of his own family left him more vitality for their exercise in other quarters. And the grand picnic he gave in the late summer, at which every man, woman, and child in The Anchor and for miles around assisted, was the stroke of grace. He was elected, and the whole district hailed him as the Honorable Miles Galligan. After this he seldom saw his sisters; although later, when he had married, his wife often visited them, and told them tales of his meekness under her rule, which made Esther laugh, and which caused Mary to pity him, and to sigh over the past.

It happened that on one balmy afternoon Mary and Arthur had gone down to the seaside. Her cheeks had become so pale of late that Arthur had a vague fear that she was not happy. The sea came in softly, with no high dashes or loud roar,—only a series of foam-edged ripples. Men were at work on Brighton Beach, repairing the wreck of the winter. A passing steamer was outlined against the blue sky, which was without a cloud. A red umbrella on the gray sand, not very far distant, made a brilliant point of color in the sunlight. Mary had her bunch of white hyacinths in her bosom; but when the thought of last night's dream crossed

her mind their rich scent seemed a presage of doom.

Mary was sitting on the piazza of the Brighton Beach Hotel. Arthur was near her, leaning against the pillar, with a happy and confident look in his eyes.

"And may there be no moaning at the bar
When I put out to sea!"

he quoted, idly; for the silence was full of words, and for a brief space he was really happy. He had a clear conscience and he was in love,—two things that do not constitute happiness for other races, but which are more than sufficient for the Irish.

"Arthur," Mary said, with an effort, rising and putting her hand on his, "I can not make you happy,—I am sure of it."

"Oh, yes you can," answered Arthur, confidently, turning toward her with a smile,—
"I am sure you can."

"But I am not happy myself. Oh, how can I leave that boy? How can I desert him even for *you*? I promised mother—"

"What boy?" asked Arthur, in bewilderment, looking around him.

"Miles—Miles, of course," she replied. "I can not leave him even for you. Oh, forgive me, Arthur, but I am entirely wretched—*wretched!* He can never take care of himself."

Arthur's smile faded. He looked at her anxiously. Her pallor gave his heart a keen pang. How could such a sweet creature think so much of that hulking and selfish brute! But, after all, he was her brother.

"I hope," she went on, "that you will not think I do not—like you more than anybody in the world. You know better!"

Arthur pressed her hand slightly and smiled again.

"And I hope you will not think I'm hysterical or nervous or silly or unkind,—but, O Arthur, I can't leave him to go to his ruin!—I can't—I can't!"

"We will not talk of it now," he answered, smiling again. "This school-teaching has upset you. When we've had a little journey, and you have been free from drudgery a little while, life will look different, and Miles will not appear so helpless."

"I wish I could think so," she said, and a tear dropped on his hand. "Oh, I *wish* I could think so; but I know better! Arthur, as long

as Miles lives as he lives now I can not leave him. I know you think him selfish, but you only see him as he is now; you don't know how good he is at heart—"

"No, I don't," interrupted Arthur, involuntarily; and then, remembering to whom he was talking, "but I know how good *your* heart is,—too kind, too soft, too deep, to be wasted on—on—any man."

A look of gratitude glorified Mary's tear-filled eyes.

"Thank you, Arthur! *You* at least see some good in Miles—"

"And so you want to choose between us, Mary?" he said, with a twinkle in his eyes. "He is so helpless and I am so very able to take care of myself?"

Mary made no answer; she put her hands before her face.

"Suppose he should die as he lives? Arthur, I know I ought not to tell you, but Miles has not been to confession for three years," she said, in a low tone.

Arthur became serious at once. "Poor creature!" he murmured. "I am sorry that he has not profited by your example."

"And, Arthur, I *know* you think he is selfish, but I have helped to make him so; and now, even for you, I can not leave him!"

Arthur did not answer at once; his eyes were turned away from Mary and fixed on the red umbrella. It had lifted and revealed a vision of beauty. Under it now stood two figures. One—the lady's—was attired in a long red garment, which exactly matched the umbrella. A flaring hat, around which a wreath of buttercups and cherries wound itself, surmounted a very thick "bang." The umbrella was borne nearer the hotel, while Mary, with downcast eyes, waited for Fitzgerald to speak.

"So the dear boy can't take care of himself!" he murmured, with the glimpse of a smile on his lips.

The other figure, resplendent in a new Derby hat, a striped frock-coat, checked trousers, and a diamond pin of brilliant lustre, was Miles Galligan himself. He recognized Mary and Fitzgerald, and made for the piazza. Mary had not yet raised her eyes. What would Arthur say? Would he ever forgive her for this? Must she lose him forever?

His silence was so inexplicable that she did raise her eyes, to see Miles and Nellie Mulligan standing near her. Miles looked sheepish and subdued; Nellie's bang was glossier than ever, and her cheeks almost outvied her redingote and her umbrella. She rushed at Mary and kissed her violently.

"Well," she exclaimed, with a giggle, "Miley's persuaded me to take him at last! I couldn't refuse. He is *such* a fool!—Miley, I've dropped the umbrella!"

Miles descended meekly from the piazza and picked up the crimson gamp from the ground.

Nellie shook hands effusively with Fitzgerald.

"Miley ain't altogether what I want him to be—yet," Nellie went on, winking confidentially at his sister. "He is *such* a fool!" she added, tenderly. "He has been spoiled; but I guess I can make a man of him."

And she looked as if she were going to do her best, as she drew Miles away, after he had heard Fitzgerald say a few words of congratulation, and Mary had kissed Nellie, but with a little coldness.

"We shall be married in June," Nellie added. "Miley says May, but I say May is an unlucky month. I told Lize Brown I would not take him, even if there was a chromo thrown in,—but he needs somebody to look after him. See you later!"

With many airy nods and smiles she disappeared, leaning on Miles' arm, toward the train.

"They have *my* blessing!" Fitzgerald said, fervently.

A tear from Mary's eyes fell on the hyacinths. She was almost happy, and yet she was a little jealous of Nellie Mulligan, and full of pity for "poor Miles."

When they reached home they heard Esther's blithe voice singing her favorite song:

"Nous n'irons plus au bois,
Les lauriers sont coupés
La belle que voilà,
La lairon nous danser?"

"Shall we say good-bye forever here on the steps, and will you take care of Miles—and Nellie?" Arthur asked, as they went up the stoop.

Mary only laughed, for the first time in many days.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Figs of Thistles.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

SMALL is my garden-plot,
And sparse my sowing;
I labor while the sun is fierce and high:
Yet in the evening, at my humble cot—
While haughty folk go by,—
Under the modest eaves, secluded, shy,
My prodigal blossoms are blowing.

Once in a sombre hour
There stood a barren,
Leafless and budless and unfruitful tree;
Yet, later, came a pure and perfect flower,—
A blossom fair to see;
And, after, followed in great jubilee
The numberless roses of Sharon.

Whereat I marvelled much,
And with good reason:
Why did my labor yield me this increase,
Unless the Lord had touched, with marvellous
touch,
The land, and given new lease?
Lo! where I looked alone for sad surcease,
I harvested fruits out of season.

Grapes grow not upon thorns,
Say wise epistles:
Some miracle must quicken this dull sod;
Though meagre in itself, yet it adorns—
Blessed be Mighty God!—
My pathway while I wander, roughly shod,
And gather my figs of the thistles.

A Companion of Bishop Berneux.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

(CONTINUED.)

WHEN at length the two years had passed
Just again spoke to his parents; and
this time, far from seeking to detain him
longer, they entered warmly into his desires
and aspirations. Although he felt irresistibly
called to serve God as a priest, he hesitated
whether to enter a religious order or to join
the ranks of the secular clergy. As a child, he
had seen Père Lacordaire at his father's house
at Dijon; and it was, perhaps, in memory of
the great Dominican, like himself a son of
Burgundy, that he felt drawn to the Order of

St. Dominic. His chief desire was to become
a missionary; but he knew that some of the
missions of the East—those of Bagdad and
Mosul, for example,—are served by the
French Dominicans, and that he might possi-
bly be sent thither. However, although his
vocation to the sacerdotal state seemed clear,
his call to be a Friar Preacher appeared less
certain; and, with his parents' consent, he
went to Paris to make a retreat, and to ex-
amine this important matter at leisure. The
result of this step was his resolution to enter
an ecclesiastical seminary for a year's trial,
and to begin his studies for the priesthood
without delay.

On the 19th of November, 1859, Just de
Bretenières entered the Seminary of Issy,
which, like that of St. Sulpice, is directed by a
company of priests founded in the seventeenth
century by M. Olier, and who have had the
honor of giving to the Church countless gen-
erations of learned and holy ministers. It was
here that his biographer, Mgr. d'Hulst, first
met the future martyr, whom he describes as
tall and dark, dignified and winning in appear-
ance, with an expression of countenance at
once courageous and modest.

Very soon, in spite of his humility, the
young student attracted the attention of his
professors and companions by his fidelity to
the rule, his diligence, fervor, and universal
charity. At first, strange to say, the life of the
seminary seemed to him too soft. His home
training had been one of severe simplicity
and manliness, and he now expected to find
in his new life the penances that are practised
in the cloister. By degrees, however, he dis-
covered that the minute observance of the
rule, in its spirit and details, gives ample op-
portunities for self-conquest.

Gentle and charitable toward all his fellow-
students, Just gradually became more intimate
with those who, like himself, were distin-
guished by their zeal and fervor. His dearest
friend was Père Guérin, who, after having
begun life as a civil engineer, had come to Issy
to decide the grave question of his religious
vocation. After his friend's heroic death, Fa-
ther Guérin, then a Jesuit, related to Madame
de Bretenières some of his conversations with
her son. And the poor mother's heart must
have been comforted when she heard how,

even in those early days, Just could not speak of God and of His love for man without an emotion betrayed by his trembling voice and glistening eyes.

As we have seen, his chief object in coming to Issy had been to examine whether his vocation was to become a Dominican friar or a secular missionary priest. At first he felt drawn to the former course; but by degrees, after much thought and many prayers, he became convinced that his real vocation was to be a missionary; and that therefore, instead of entering an order where very possibly his superiors might appoint him to another post, he ought to enroll himself in the ranks of a congregation whose sole object was missionary work.

On the 2d of June, 1860, Just received tonsure in the Church of St. Sulpice, at the hands of Cardinal Marlot, Archbishop of Paris; and in the month of October following he began his second year of seminary life at Issy. His resolution to become a missionary was now clear and firm; but, by his confessor's advice, he decided to wait some months longer before revealing it to his parents. The very fact of his being called to a state of life full of exceptional difficulties and dangers made it doubly necessary to take every precaution that prudence might suggest. However, in a letter to his former tutor, dated February, 1861, he betrays his intention: "I will tell you as a great secret that I am seriously thinking of entering the Seminary for Foreign Missions. Say nothing about it as yet. . . ."

In the month of May following Just decided to speak to his parents, who now spent a great part of the year in Paris for the sake of their second son's education. The interview was a painful one. The young man, dreading his parents' distress, had braced himself up to meet it and to answer any objections they might offer; but the great effort he made to subdue his natural tenderness gave to his voice and attitude something hard and stern. He dared not relax, for fear of giving way altogether, and thus increasing his parents' emotion. Crushing down his own feelings, he explained the origin of his vocation, its gradual development, his long deliberations and earnest prayers for guidance, and finally his firm conviction that God called him to

the Seminary for Foreign Missions. "Nothing in the world," he concluded, "can now change my resolution."

While he spoke his parents gazed at him with eyes blinded by tears, and far away, beyond their boy's bright young face, they saw visions of a missionary's life in heathen lands, with its labors, perils, loneliness, and sufferings; its prisons, tortures, and death in fearful shape. Madame de Bretenières, like St. Felicitas of old, controlled her anguish, and even then thanked God for calling her son to be an apostle. But the poor father said nothing: he seemed like a man stunned by a heavy blow. Still, no thought of resistance entered his mind; he felt convinced that his elder son's vocation was real and solid, and in the afternoon of the same day (May 15, 1861) he himself accompanied Just to the Rue du Bac, and presented him to the superior of the Seminary for Foreign Missions. It was not, however, till two months later, on the 15th of July, that the young man made his formal entrance into the seminary of the Rue du Bac, the training school of his missionary life.

The Seminary of the Missions Etrangères, or Foreign Missions, was founded in 1663 by a group of zealous priests, encouraged by Father de Rhodes, the celebrated Jesuit missionary, and assisted in their undertaking by the generous contributions of Louis XIV. and of several great ladies of the court. Its object is the conversion of the infidels, but its members do not form a religious order: they are secular priests, bound together by certain regulations, and by a solemn promise to devote their lives to the service of the Foreign Missions. The course of study and the rule of life are much the same as in all diocesan seminaries, except that the theological and philosophical studies, as well as the spiritual training of the students, are more especially directed toward the ministry they are called upon to exercise in heathen lands. They do not either, like most ecclesiastical students, return home for their holidays, but spend them in the country house belonging to the seminary at Meudon, near Paris. Destined to a more complete separation from home and country than falls to the lot of most priests, it is but wise to accustom them by degrees to this total renunciation.

Since its foundation, the Seminary of For-

elgn Missions has sent more than 1,660 missionaries to the East; among these nearly 100 have been martyred. In 1822, after the terrible crisis which during thirty years arrested the development of religious institutions in France, it only numbered 4 or 5 students; in 1860 their number had increased to 60; in 1886, to 200. It has been calculated on an average that the priests of the Society, scattered over 25 missions in the East, baptize every year from 18,000 to 20,000 adults; from 150,000 to 200,000 infants; and that they administer the other Sacraments to more than 830,000 Christians. The 25 missions confided to their care by the Holy See comprise Corea, Thibet, Pondicherry, Malacca, Cochin China, Cambodia, 8 missions in China, and 2 in Japan, where in 1865 a priest belonging to the *Société des Missions Etrangères* had the joy of discovering the descendants of the ancient Christians, who had preserved their faith during two centuries of complete separation from the outer world. He has related with touching simplicity his first meeting with them. The story has already been told in these pages, but it will bear repeating.

By the treaties of commerce of 1858 the French merchants in Japan were allowed to erect a church for their own use in the port where they resided, and a chapel was therefore built at Nagasaki by two missionaries—Fathers Petitjean and Furet. It was solemnly inaugurated on the 19th of February, 1865. One day, about a month later, Father Petitjean saw a dozen natives waiting at the door of the chapel; thinking that they wished, like many others, to visit it from motives of curiosity, he opened the door and let them in. Hardly had they entered when one of them, kneeling at the missionary's feet, said to him: "The hearts of all of us who are here do not differ from yours; in our village every one is the same as us." Endless questions and answers followed, and an overpowering emotion filled the missionary's soul as he recognized in the poor people before him the faithful descendants of the confessors and martyrs of the Church of Japan.

The following days they came again in greater numbers, and Father Petitjean at last ascertained that about twenty-seven Christian villages still existed in the interior of the

kingdom. The formula and ceremonies of baptism had been carefully preserved, and the Sacrament was administered by catechists selected for the purpose. The great feasts of the Church were religiously kept; devotion to Our Lady and St. Joseph, and a filial love for "the great Chief of the Kingdom of Rome," together with the practice of all Christian virtues, had flourished for two hundred years in those lonely Catholic settlements, deprived of all external help, and yet so closely united to the heart of their mother Church.

We must now turn backward to the 15th of July, 1861, when Just de Bretenières first crossed the threshold of his future home. He was immediately struck by the cordiality, simplicity and cheerfulness of his new companions, as well as by the high standard of sanctity to which all aspired. Writing to his former tutor, he says: "I soon discovered that a seminary from which men must come forth solidly armed against the devil, must needs be blessed by God in a very special manner. This is indeed the case in our house; and if you come here this winter I will tell you many things that will perhaps astonish you, but which prove that the race of saints is not yet extinct."

At the end of a month Just was allowed by his superiors to return to Burgundy with his parents, in order to take leave of his relatives and friends, whom he had not seen since his decision to be a missionary was made public. He evidently dreaded the ordeal. "I shall want your prayers very specially," he says, writing to a friend. "However joyful the soul may feel in sacrificing everything to God, human nature is always there." And again, speaking of his parents' distress, which even their perfect resignation could not conceal: "By God's grace, I am not the least shaken; nevertheless, it is hard to feel oneself a cause of suffering to others. Pray for my parents."

During the three weeks he spent in his old home Just succeeded in keeping up an outward appearance of calmness. He occupied himself with great interest in arranging the mineral and botanical specimens that he and his brother had collected; avoided anything that could remind his beloved parents that these were his last days at home; and remained, in spite of his interior sufferings, his

bright self of former days. He visited the spots that he loved best—the church where he had been baptized, the cemetery where his grandparents were buried, the old friends and servants of his family.

At last the day of departure came. Monsieur and Madame de Bretenières, with their two sons, left the chateau in silence. Just seemed calm and tranquil, only as the carriage drove out of the village his long pent-up emotion betrayed itself for a moment and he exclaimed: "At last!—it is over!" Then, by a brave effort, he regained his former composure. The next day he went with his parents and brother to hear Mass in the church of Fontaine-les-Dijon, the birthplace of St. Bernard; and the same evening he started for Paris. With a steadfast look on his bright face, and a supernatural joy in his beaming eyes, he appeared like a young martyr of the early Church; and truly it was on that day, September 19, 1861, that he took his first step on the road to martyrdom.

Just began his year of study by a retreat, and the letters written by him after these days of recollection and prayer breathe extraordinary fervor. But neither his spiritual exercises nor the study of theology, to which he applied himself with close attention, could make him forget the home he had so bravely left, and he continued from afar his mission with regard to his younger brother. In the numerous letters addressed to Christian it is touching to see how the future martyr puts away the great interests that absorb his thoughts, and enters into the minutest details connected with his brother's pursuits and studies. After a long letter on geology, in which he recalls all his own knowledge of the subject for the benefit of Christian, come a few lines of spirituality. "I forgot to tell you yesterday that, in the midst of all your occupations, you must take care not to lose the thought of God. . . . Do you remember how you laughed when, a few years ago, I used to speak to you of the vanity of all things human? This does not prevent me from speaking to you again on that all-important subject."

Then the young man frankly confesses to his brother that, in spite of his external calmness and inward happiness, there are

moments when a sharp pang pierces his heart at the thought of those whom he must leave forever. "I can not think without trembling of the moment when I shall have to leave father, mother, relatives, and country. How well I realize that, left to myself, I am incapable of such a sacrifice! It would be impossible without the grace of God. But I know that God will help me; and is not this a case where we must say with St. Ambrose, 'The saints were made of the same stuff as we are, only they were more faithful'?"

(To be continued.)

The Blessed Virgin in Liturgies Other than the Roman.

STRIKING evidence of the universality as well as the antiquity of our devotion to the Blessed Virgin is furnished in the liturgical prayers of all churches possessing any right to the title of Catholic. The various liturgies of the East and the West, differing as they do in style and in many points unessential to the validity of sacrifice or sacraments, possess in common the character of reverential and tender love for Mary, Mother of the world's Redeemer.

First among the rites not only of the West but of the world is the Roman. It is the mother liturgy; and, in virtue of its triple character of antiquity, authority, and unity, is pre-eminently the universal one. The reader's familiarity with its treasures obviates the necessity of dwelling upon the wealth of respect and affection therein lavished on Our Lady. That Mary, from all eternity, was predestined in the divine plan to become the Mother of the Incarnate Word; that she is incomparably the fairest and most favored of all creatures; and that she is humanity's most powerful advocate at the Throne of Mercy,—this is the lesson which, in missal, breviary, and ritual, the Church of Rome continually impresses upon the faithful.

With the other liturgies of the West—the Old Gallican, the Ambrosian, and the Mozarabic,—as with those of the Oriental churches, most of our readers are probably less familiar. Some extracts from these old formularies may

therefore prove interesting, and will form appropriate reading for Our Lady's month.

Our first selection is a preface from the Old Gallican Liturgy, which was exclusively used in France till the eighth century:

"It is meet and just, Omnipotent God, to return Thee thanks at all times, but particularly on this day. It is the day on which Thy chosen people went out of Egypt, and also that on which the Virgin Mary, Mother of God, quitted earth and took her flight to Christ. For Mary did not undergo the contagious shame of corruption; the tomb for her held no decomposition. . . . How beautiful is the Virgin! How fair the nuptial bed whence sprung the Spouse who is the light of nations, the hope of the faithful, the conqueror of hell, the victor of Satan, the confusion of the Jews, the vase of life, the tabernacle of glory, the celestial temple!

"Fittingly to praise the merits of the Virgin we must compare her with Eve. The one brought into the world the law of death, the other restored us to life. The one ruined us by her transgression, the other redeemed us by the generation of her Son. The one, by eating the forbidden fruit, smote us with the deadly stroke; from the other, as from a superb stalk, burst forth the beauteous Flower destined to delight us with its perfume and heal us with its fruit. The one engendered malediction in sorrow; the other, benediction in salvation. . . . Hence it is time that our ancient sighs should give way to new rejoicings. Hence we return to thee, fruitful Virgin and virginal Mother. The birth of thy Son, far from staining thy virginity, was but an addition to thy glory!

"Blessed art thou, O Mary! As we rejoiced in thy nativity and exulted in thy maternity, so to-day do we hail with delight thy passage to heaven. To have sanctified thee from thy entrance into life would not have been enough, had not Christ especially beautified the death of such a Mother. . . . The Apostles honor thee to-day with their praises, the angels with their songs, and Christ with His filial embrace. The clouds serve thee for chariot; thy Assumption transports thee to Paradise, and thy glory holds there the first rank among all the choirs of virgins. Thou art enthroned near Christ our

Lord, whom angels and archangels unceasingly proclaim, '*Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus!*'"

The Ambrosian Liturgy, which is still used in Milan, was completed and enriched by St. Ambrose, though compiled by others. It contains a preface hardly less beautiful than the one just quoted:

"It is right and good, Almighty God, unceasingly to offer Thee thanks, and to celebrate with the invocation of Thy divine power the festivals of the Blessed Virgin Mary. To whom, in truth, do we owe the gift of the Bread of Angels, if not to the Fruit of her womb? Has not Mary restored to us that of which Eve's sin had robbed us? On the one hand is there not crime, on the other expiation? Between the Virgin and the serpent what a distance! Between their works what an abyss! To the latter we owe the effusion of deadly poison; to the former, the mysteries of salvation. The serpent introduced death into the world; and, behold, the Son of Mary rises, restoring its liberty to poor captive human nature! All that humanity lost in Adam it has recovered in Christ. It is this same Christ whom with Thee, Omnipotent Father, and with the Holy Ghost, the angels adore; whom the archangels venerate in trembling; whom Thrones, Dominations, Virtues and Powers praise; whom, in fine, Cherubim and Seraphim with common jubilee glorify. Permit us to join our voices with theirs, humbly to sing, '*Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus!*'"

The preface for the feasts of our Blessed Lady's Nativity, Presentation, etc., has these changes:

"The Virgin Mary, the Virgin without stain, has shone on the universe as a beautiful and luminous star. Eve shut against us the gates of Paradise; Mary has opened them wide. We were plunged in deepest gloom; she has recalled us to the joy of the ancient light. Pray for us, O Virgin Mary, Immaculate Mother of God!"

From the Mozarabic Liturgy, in use in Spain from the fifth to the eleventh century, we quote an eloquent passage on the Assumption of Mary:

"Eternal God, Supreme Father, behold us prostrate before Thy merciful divinity. Thou didst lead by the hand the most glorious Virgin Mary; and Thy Son, who is also her

Son, conducted her after death to the inconceivable heights of heaven, midst the splendid army of angels, the brilliant legion of prophets, the glorious troop of Apostles, and the shining choirs of virgins. No man was ever the subject of an assumption so elevated, and Mary is the only woman admitted to this glory. And if she alone has attained those heights, it is because she alone remained a virgin after becoming a mother; because she alone gave birth to the God of heaven and earth; because she alone carried in her womb the Word made flesh.

"O Virgin Mother of God, whose Assumption to the celestial heights we celebrate, we beseech thee, unworthy sinners though we be, to merit, through thy holy prayers, to be one day raised to that beatitude where shines the glory of thy Assumption,—of this new miracle with which God has honored thee, O Mary! May thine admirable virginity intercede for us before Him who, after thy sleep and the consummation of thy temporal life, ineffably transported thee from earth to heaven! And through thee may our prayer be ever present before the throne of God. Cleansed from every stain, may we merit to dwell one day in heaven above, in the company of angels. Amen."

The liturgies of Jerusalem, Alexandria, Antioch, Constantinople, and Ethiopia contain praises of our Blessed Mother no less enthusiastic. We give a selection from each in the order named:

"We beseech Thee, O God, and without ceasing we make special commemoration of her who is truly blessed; of her whom all nations of the world agree in praising; of the holy and blessed Mother of God, Mary ever Virgin!"

"Deign to remember, Lord, all those who from the beginning of the world have pleased Thee—holy Fathers, patriarchs, Apostles, prophets; all those who have announced the truth—Evangelists, martyrs, confessors; and all holy souls who have lived their lives in the faith of Christ. But, above all, remember the most holy, the most glorious, the Immaculate, whom Thou didst load with Thy benedictions,—Mary, Our Lady; Mary, Mother of God; Mary ever Virgin. Amen."

"O my God, we commemorate in Thy

presence all the saints whom we are about to name! To intercede in our behalf, we present to Thee Mary before all others,—Mary who is the Holy Mother of God; then the Precursor, John the Baptist; the first deacon and first martyr, Stephen; and the whole army of saints: yes, all the prophets, all the Apostles, all the martyrs, all the confessors,—all, in fine, whose names are written in the Book of Life. Deign, in Thy divine tranquillity, to hear the prayers of all these intercessors, and let Thy mercy receive them favorably."

"O Virgin, at the very moment when Gabriel pronounced the words, '*Ave Maria, gratia plena!*' the God of all creation became incarnate in thee as in a sanctuary. Great are the heavens, but far greater than wert thou who bore the Creator. Glory to Him who took up His abode in thy womb! Glory to Him who was born of thee! Glory to Him who by that blessed nativity delivered the world! And thou, who brought forth God, beseech Him to save all our souls. Amen."

"I ask to receive absolution from the mouth of the Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; I ask it in the name of Mary, who is the second heaven. Hail, Virgin Mary; hail, Mother of God! Thou art the golden censer which bore the burning coal,—the coal of fire. Happy he who receives in the sanctuary itself this divine coal, which effaces and destroys all sins; for it is the Word who became incarnate in thy womb, and who offered Himself to the Father as incense and a precious sacrifice. O Christ, we adore Thee!"

Another beautiful passage occurs in the Greek Liturgy:

"Immaculate Mother of our God, no one on earth—no one is innocent as thou art innocent. Thou didst conceive the true God, the vanquisher of death. Thou art the spotless vase, the unprofaned temple, the most holy ark, the virginal sanctuary, the beauty of Jacob, the choice of God. Power and Glory were born of thee, O Lady, for the salvation of those who were perishing! And thou dost snatch from the gates of hell those who proclaim thee Blessed. Through our original transgression we had fallen to earth. Thanks to thee, there is no longer corruption or death; and thy hand, O Mary, raises us from earth to heaven! The Judge of the living and the dead, whom

thou supernaturally didst clothe with the mantle of our flesh,—that supreme Judge saves from the torments of the other life whom He will; but those especially who love Him, honor Him, and praise Him, and those who love, honor, and praise thee, O Virgin Mary!"

From the Greco-Sclavonic we quote the following, which has all the delicacy and fire of Moschus, and the beauty and fervor that Theocritus misapplied, with a deeper force, which only the purity of the Queen of Heaven could inspire:

"Hail, cries all creation; hail, O Virgin all-holy; hail, O thou who hast produced the mystic grape; hail, gate of heaven; hail, joy of all; hail, joy of the Apostles; hail, succor and protection of all who glorify thee on earth! O Virgin all-holy, extend over us those blessed arms in which thou didst carry the Creator, who in His goodness was made flesh; and beseech Him to deliver us from temptations, from evil passions, and from all dangers! O Virgin most dear to God, with the dew-drops of thy mercy put out the living coals of our vices; and light the extinguished lamp of our hearts with thy brilliant lamp, with thy lamp of gold, O All-Immaculate!" *

We conclude with an extract from the Armenian Liturgy, which was founded on the Greek one of St. Basil:

"Sanctify our souls, intelligences, and bodies; and grant, O Lord, that we may render Thee a fitting worship all the days of our life, through the intercession of the Holy Mother of God, and all the saints who have won Thy favor since the beginning of the world!....

"The holy Church of God proclaims the incorruptibility of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God. She it is who has given us the bread of immortality and the chalice of joy. Bless the Virgin, bless her in devoutest song! O Mary, pray for us!"

* Θεοτόκια of the Greco-Sclavonic Liturgy.

It needs the advent of that dread visitant, Death, to make us understand that we ought to make good haste and love *well* those whom we do love, if we would not have them pass away from us forever before we have loved them enough.—*Paul Bourget.*

Notes and Remarks.

Cardinal Moran, in a lecture recently delivered at Sydney, on "Father Damien, the Apostle of the Lepers," suggested the erection of a stained-glass window in St. Mary's Cathedral there, to perpetuate the name of the Apostle of Molokai. Cardinal Moran said all Christians had reason, in one sense, to thank the writer who had published the libels on Father Damien; for the publication of those calumnies had served to bring out the martyr-priest's heroism in all the brighter colors; and the testimonies which had been evoked by the attempt to cast a slur on a blameless life and a holy memory would render it impossible for any one at any future time to question the character, the motives, the life or the work of Father Damien.

A decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, dated September 21 of last year, grants to all the faithful who on fifteen successive Saturdays devoutly recite at least five decades of the Beads, or otherwise honor the sacred mysteries of the Holy Rosary, an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines for each of the fifteen Saturdays; and a plenary indulgence once during that time, on the usual conditions. These indulgences are applicable to the souls in purgatory.

We see constantly repeated the assertion that Joan of Arc was condemned to death by the Church which may perhaps some day canonize her. One of the facts brought out recently is the almost forgotten truth that the Bishop of Beauvais, the principal persecutor of the Maid of Orleans, was a schismatic. At the time of her condemnation he was in direct rebellion against the legitimate Pope, Eugenius IV.,—a partisan of the anti-Pope, Amadeo of Savoy.

Father Schynze, the German missionary who accompanied Stanley on his recent expedition, tells some interesting facts about the journey. "At the head marches Stanley," he says in his diary, "with two companies of Wangwanas. Then follows Emin Pacha with his people. The whole caravan numbers about 600 souls, among whom are 180 Wangwanas, a Jew from Tunis, a medicine man from Wadelai, a Greek merchant, Egyptian officers, Coptic secretaries, and soldiers from the Soudan. The difference between Emin and Stanley is very marked. The former is absorbed in scientific research,—a very plain man, who lives more for science than anything else, and is a

learned linguist. Emin is in delicate health; but when we offer him wine, which we keep for Holy Mass, he brings it back without tasting it. His time belongs to science; his spare moments to his little daughter, whom he guards as the apple of his eye. She is always carried just before him, so that he can watch her, in spite of his poor sight.

"Stanley is a leader, a commander," Father Schynze continues further on. "More than once he would like to break off all negotiations with the negro chiefs, and treat them to lead and powder; but he curbs himself to avoid useless bloodshed. He keeps strict order. At sunrise a shrill whistle, sounded by Stanley himself, orders everybody to take his place in the caravan and march. Stanley lights his short pipe, and, armed with a long cane, walks at the head of the caravan. But the great traveller can also be merry. He sits under a tree smoking his pipe and watching the pitching of his tent. When this is done he disappears into it, and is not seen again until after sunset. About the mission to Uganda he says: 'It would be wise to concentrate all men and means on this land; from here Christianity will beam out to other countries as from a star.'"

A pleasant picture of the school kept by the Irish Cistercians of Mount Melleray is given by a writer in the *Irish Monthly*. "It is more like a combined greenhouse and aviary than the ordinary dull apartment of desks and forms. Brother Augustine accustoms his children to live with and love Nature; and it is his proud boast that not one of his little wild mountaineers would rob a bird's-nest or harm the petal of a flower. As they write and spell, the birds that live in the school-room hop about their feet, or fly from cage or perch to alight on St. Bernard's shoulder; and the 'good' children are rewarded by a special permission to be feeders of the pets for the day."

The new Cathedral at Carthage, in Africa, which has been lately consecrated by Cardinal Lavigerie, stands very near the spot where St. Louis died. Beneath the altar and at the foot of the episcopal throne His Eminence has put a marble slab, under which his remains will lie. There is no eulogy, only the words, "Pray for him."

Thirty-seven years ago the Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX., of happy memory, re-established the Catholic hierarchy in Holland; since that time the Church has made wonderful progress throughout the country. A memorial tablet, displaying statistics of the work of religion, was presented to the Holy Father Leo XIII. on the occasion of his

Sacerdotal Jubilee. These have been recently published, and from them we glean the following: In 1853 there were in Holland 711 religious men and 88 monasteries; in 1887 this number had increased to 2,572 in 144 houses; the number of religious women had multiplied from 1,943 in 109 establishments to 8,350 in 453 convents. Catholic hospitals and orphan asylums had increased from 93 to 233; 416 new churches had been built, and 136 restored. The number of Catholics in 1887 was 1,403,400. More than two years have passed since the preparation of these statistics, but there is assurance that the Church has made proportionately rapid strides.

A reader of the *Pilot* wrote to ask the editor's opinion of the New York *Herald's* interview with the Pope. "We don't think much of it," was the answer. "There is no need of sensational interviews with or about the Holy Father or the affairs of the Church. The purposes or words of Leo XIII. are not spasmodic, nor are they in a hurry." The correspondent is advised to follow the regular Roman correspondence of the *Pilot*, and to distrust sensational news.

This is wise: the *Pilot* is always sensible. The enterprise of the New York *Herald* is great, no doubt; but it is the most unreliable of American journals. The interview was probably "written up" in New York from the Holy Father's recent encyclicals, with imaginative details to give it a semblance of genuineness.

The new Chancellor of Germany, Caprivi di Caprera di Montecuculi, comes of Catholic ancestors. The family was formerly Catholic, but in the early part of the eighteenth century Karl Leopold Caprivi married a Lutheran lady, and the family has since been Protestant.

One of the largest and best appointed hospitals on the continent is that of Lima. It occupies an entire block, has several hundred beds, and cost upward of \$1,000,000. The institution is in charge of French Sisters of Mercy, but the attending physicians are all native Peruvians.

The Italian pilgrimage to Lourdes in September already counts one thousand names.

The announcement of the marriage of William O'Brien, M. P., and Mlle. Raffalovitch, of Paris, which made a line in the cable telegrams recently, turns out, reduced to fact, to mean that Mlle. Raffalovitch has given one thousand francs for a school feast for the children of New Tippe-

rary,—the wonderful Irish town which has grown up almost in a night as a protest against tyranny!

Catholics are often astonished and shocked by the stories that non-Catholics bring home from their travels abroad, and relate on the authority of their guides. A writer in the *Voce della Verità* relates his experience. His guide, fancying he was a Protestant, told several disgusting stories about monks. The gentleman, losing patience, turned to him indignantly. The guide seemed surprised. "Ah, you are a Catholic? Excuse me! I thought that you were a Protestant." The *London Tablet* adds: "This matter has been reported to the authorities in the Vatican; and, from what I am told, I gather that these guides will not be allowed to enter the Vatican again. However, perhaps it is better to warn non-Catholics, especially ladies, to beware of the vile tongues of these guides, who evidently have become worshippers of Giordano Bruno's creed, 'liberty of speech.'"

W. T. Stead, in "The Pope and the New Era," makes the following pregnant remarks. It must be remembered that Mr. Stead strives to be impartial, and that he does not regard the Church with entire sympathy:

"Nothing is more remarkable of late years than the altered attitude both of Protestants and of Agnostics to the great organization which has its seat; its centre, and its capital in the Eternal City. The Catholic Church towers above all secular organizations, much as the majestic peak of the Matterhorn soars above the lesser Alps which cluster around its base. Alike in antiquity, in extent, and in the compact perfection of its fabric, all other systems are but as the gaudy palaces of Cairo to the Pyramids. This immense moral force, with its princes in every capital and its priests in every village, is no longer regarded as an enemy to be crushed, so much as an ally whose assistance can not with safety be dispensed with in the great task of ameliorating the condition of mankind."

An exhibition of Fritz von Uhde's religious pictures has excited much interest in London. He unites, according to the *London Tablet*, religious spirit with close attention to realistic accessions. His figures are modern, vital, studied from Bavarian peasants; but he puts into them intense spiritual expression.

The death is announced of Baron Michaux, the most celebrated medical professor at Louvain.

The *Dakota Catholic* believes that a room hung with good pictures is a room suggestive of good thoughts. It says that "every Catholic house

should be illuminated by at least one good picture of our Blessed Mother, occupying the place of honor in the parlor, so as to impress every visitor with the idea that he has come into the abode of Catholics who are not ashamed of their faith. By thus honoring the Blessed Virgin, who is the Queen of Purity, we make amends for the errors of so many of our brethren, who allow their homes to be polluted with the sensuous images of a pagan art. There should also be in every Catholic household a picture or a statuette of the angelic youth St. Aloysius Gonzaga, to serve as a reminder to the children of the beauty of holiness, and as an incentive to their efforts at leading good Christian lives."

New Publications.

THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD. By Henry Drummond. New York: James Pott & Co.

The lyre of the author possesses only one string, but that is a perfect one, and he plays upon it well. His theme is charity, or "Love," as the revised version of the King James Bible has it, and as Mr. Drummond seems to prefer. He quotes as his preface the matchless verses from St. Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians. There are, in the discourse which follows, lines which a Catholic would not have written,—lines which one might even wish to blot; but the theme is so noble, and it is treated with such earnestness and reverence, that allowance can be made for the writer's point of view. And surely no one can dissent from his opinion that love is "the greatest thing in the world." If one loves, he tells us, the rest of good will follow; for God Himself is Love. One will keep the moral law, for love is the fulfilling of that law. Great is faith, but greater is love; for faith will follow love and be swallowed up in it. The author makes of love a spectrum and analyzes it, finding many noble elements, yet all proceed from love, and all combined form love. If he seems to undervalue the outward forms which love assumes in religion, or to ignore the path of holy love which every saint has trod, it is, as we have remarked, the fault of his environment. The style of the little book is so pure and so touching that it can be recommended to all who would see old truths in a new dress. It has been honored by a number of translations.

CRISTOFERO COLOMBO. A Poem Revised and Enlarged. By Bernard I. Durward. Published for Subscribers.

Mr. Durward's American epic is a poem of Optimism. He has done two things—struck a

blow at modern Pessimism, and written a long historical poem without a single pagan allusion. He has a complete grasp of his theme, a wonderful facility in the writing of blank verse, and a clear poetic perspective. One of the lightest touches—it must not be imagined that this poem is entirely in a high key—is the setting of this fine thought, so beautifully expressed:

"Among the opening blossoms of the year,
The sweetly-folded rosebud, how we prize!
We wish it might remain and never bloom,
But be a bud forever; yet the rose
With crimson petals and a heart of gold,
Spread out to June's blue sky and balmy light,
Is not less fair; and when its color fades,
And on the air its heavenly fragrance dies,
In a vermilion casket sleep the germs
That wait for light and warmth of sun and rain,
To deck the earth again with flowers and leaves."

The sublimity of the poet does not lessen his human interest. Columbus is not a mere abstraction, uttering high sentiments, but a heart as well as an intellect. We sympathize with him, we suffer with him, and, in the end, we triumph with him, who endured so much because he loved righteousness.

A good example of what Mr. Durward calls "Theistic Optimism" is found in the canto, "He Takes Possession":

"The slimy pebbles of the rivulet
By rushing freshets are made clean and bright;
So, by the spirit, through adversity,
The soul of man becomes a polished gem,—
The race in time may thus be perfected."

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY IN THE BOOK OF JOB. Behemoth and Leviathan found to refer to the Stationary and Self-Propelling Steam-Engines of Our Days. By Samuel O. Trudell. Philadelphia: Avil Printing Co.

This is an ingenious work, written something in the style of Ignatius Donnelly's "Ragnarok" and "Lost Atlantis." It affords abundant food for reflection, and an attentive perusal will repay the reader in many ways. Nevertheless, we feel it a duty to call to mind that the Book of Job was written to extol the wonderful works of God in contrast with the puny inventions of man; and hence we should look for behemoth and leviathan among the productions of Nature rather than of Art. Also, it is sufficiently evident from the text that behemoth and leviathan are not *useful* to man, in the ordinary sense of the word; but only as a volcano or a whirlpool may be said to be useful, inasmuch as they elevate our sense of sublimity. We do not make these reflections, however, to discourage the reading of this interesting book, which has merits of its own.

MENSHIKOFF; OR, THE PEASANT PRINCE. By Alfred d'Aveline. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co. 1890.

The social castes are divided by wider intervals in Russia than in any other Christian land; hence the elevation of a peasant *de stercore*, as the psalmist has it, to the rank of the princes of the people may still be classed there among the marvels of Providence. This little story is founded on such a sudden turn of fortune, with its natural sequences. The scenes are laid in the reign of Peter the Great and of his successors. It promises entertainment to those who cultivate a taste in works of fiction.

JEAN BART. By Frederick Koenig. Same Publishers.

This is a sea-story, translated from the French; the leading characters, however, are Flemish. The translator has not quite caught the whiff of the sea-breeze that makes Cooper's sea-stories so attractive; but nautical phraseology can only be expected from practical sailors. It is an historical romance of the days and wars of Louis XIV., and contains quite enough incident to render it acceptable to a large class of readers.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. John Walsh, rector of St. Patrick's Church, Natick, Mass., whose death occurred on the Feast of St. Joseph.

Sister Mary Bonaventure, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Erie, Pa.; and Sister Mary Michael, O. S. F., St. Joseph's Hospital, Baltimore, Md., who were lately called to their reward.

Mr. John Herriford, who died a happy death on Easter Sunday, at Nashville, Tenn.

Mr. William Warnock, of Blairsville, Pa., who peacefully departed this life on the 15th ult.

Mrs. Mary M. Corcoran, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a holy death on the 13th ult., in Washington, D. C.

Miss Alice McGovern, of Albany, N. Y., who passed away on the 2d ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. John J. Sweeney, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Mary McGinity, Blairsville, Pa.; Mrs. Sarah Hickey, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Margaret Sullivan, Washington, D. C.; Mr. John Noonan and Miss Jennie Farmer, Pawtucket, R. I.; Miss Ellen Sweeney, Concord, N. H.; and Mrs. A. V. Spang, New Haven, Conn.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Hanging May-Baskets.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.



AM so glad May-day is coming!" exclaimed Ellen Moore. "What sport we shall have hanging May-baskets!"

"What do you mean?" inquired Frances, who lived in Pennsylvania, but had come to New England to visit her cousins.

"Never heard of May-baskets?" continued Ellen, in astonishment. "Do you not celebrate the 1st of May in Ridgeville?"

"Of course. Sometimes we go picking wild flowers; and at St. Agnes' Academy, where I go to school, they always have a lovely procession in honor of the Blessed Virgin."

"We have one too, in the church," replied Ellen; "but hanging May-baskets is another thing altogether—"

"That is where the fun and frolic come in," interrupted Joe, looking up from the miniature boat which he was whittling out with his jack knife.

"You see," explained Ellen, "the afternoon before we make up a party, and go on a long jaunt up hill and down dale, through the woods and over the meadows, picking all the spring blossoms we can find. Finally, we come home with what we have succeeded in getting, and put them in water to keep fresh for the following day. Then what an excitement there is hunting up baskets for them! Tiny ones are best, because with them you can make the flowers go farther. Strawberry baskets—the old-fashioned ones with a handle—are nice, especially if you paint or gild them. Burr baskets are pretty too; and those made of fir cones. Joe has a knack of putting such things together. He made some elegant ones for me last year."

"Are you trying to kill two birds with one stone?" asked her brother, with a laugh.

"Your compliment is also a hint that you would like me to do the same now, I suppose?"

"I never kill birds," rejoined Ellen, taking the literal meaning of his words, for the purpose of chaffing him. "Nor do you; for you told me the other day you did not understand how some boys could be so cruel."

"No, but you do not mind their being killed if you want their wings for your hat," continued Joe, in a bantering tone.

"Not at all," said Ellen, triumphantly.

"In future I am going to wear only ribbons and artificial flowers on my *chapeau*. I have joined the Society for the Prevention of the Destruction of the Native Birds of America."

"Whew!" ejaculated Joe, with a prolonged whistle. "What a name! I should think that by the time you got to the end of it you'd be so old that you wouldn't care any more for feathers and fixings. I suppose it is a good thing though," he went on, more seriously.

"It is just as cruel to kill birds for the sake of fashion as it is for the satisfaction of practising with a sling; only you girls have somebody to do it for you; and you don't think about it, because you can just step into a store and buy the plumes—"

"But what about the May-baskets?" protested Frances, disappointed at the digression.

"Oh, I forgot!" said Ellen. "Bright and early May-morning almost every boy and girl in the village is up and away. The plan is to hang a basket of wild flowers at the door of a friend, ring the bell or rattle the latch, and then scamper off as fast as you can. You have to be very spry so as to be back at home when your own baskets begin to arrive; then you must be quick to run out and, if possible, catch the friend who knocks, and thus find out whom to thank for the flowers."

"How delightful!" cried Frances, charmed at the prospect.

"It is so strange that you did not know about it!" added Ellen.

"Not at all," said Mrs. Moore, who had come out on the veranda where the young folks were chatting,—Frances swinging in the hammock, Ellen ensconced in a rustic chair with her fancy-work, and Joe leaning against a post, and still busy whittling. "Not at all," repeated Ellen's mother. "In America it is but little observed outside of the Eastern States.

This is one of the beautiful traditional customs of Catholic England, which even those austere Puritans, the Pilgrims, could not entirely divest themselves of; though among them it lost its former significance. Perhaps it was the gentle Rose Standish or fair Priscilla, or some other winsome and good maiden of the early colonial days, who transplanted to New England this poetic practice, sweet as the fragrant pink and white blossoms of the trailing arbutus, which is especially used to commemorate it. In Great Britain, though, it may have originated in the observances of the festivals which ushered in the spring. On the introduction of Christianity it was retained, and continued up to within two or three hundred years,—no doubt as a graceful manner of welcoming the Month of Our Lady. That it was considered a means of honoring the Blessed Virgin, as well as of expressing mutual kindness and good-will, we can see; since English historians tell us that up to the sixteenth century it was usual to adorn not only houses and gate-ways, but also the doors as well as the interior of churches, with boughs and flowers; particularly the entrances to shrines dedicated to the Mother of God."

"And the 1st of May will be the day after to-morrow!" remarked Frances, coming back to the present.

"Yes. And to-morrow, right after school—that will be about three o'clock, you know,—we shall start on our tramp," said Ellen. "As you do not have to go to school, Frances, you will be able to prepare the baskets during the morning. Come into the house with me now, and I'll show you some which I have had put away."

II.

The next afternoon many merry companies of young people explored the country round about Hazelton in quest of May-flowers. That in which we are interested numbered Frances, Ellen, her brother Joe, their little sister Teresa, and their other cousins, Elsie and Will Grey.

"I generally have to join another band," Ellen confided to Frances, as they walked along in advance of the rest; "because Joe does not usually care to go. He is very good about making the baskets for me; but, as he says, he 'don't take much stock in hanging them.' Yet, to-day he seems to be as anxious

to get a quantity of the prettiest flowers as any one. Will comes now because Joe does. But Joe has some notion in his head. I wish I could find out what it is!"

Frances speculated upon the subject a few minutes; but, not being able to afford any help toward solving the riddle, she speedily forgot it in the pleasure of rambling through the fields, so newly green that the charm of novelty lingered like dew upon them; and among the lanes, redolent with the perfume of the first cherry blossoms,—for the season was uncommonly advanced.

Before long everybody began to notice how eager Joe was in his search.

"What are you going to do with all your posies?" queried Will, twittingly.

"They must be for Frances," declared Elsie.

"Maybe he is going to give them to Aunt Anna Grey," ventured Teresa.

"Perhaps to mother," hazarded Ellen.

"Yes: some for mother," admitted Joe; "and the others for—don't you wish you knew!" And Joe's eyes danced roguishly as he darted off to a patch of violets.

"He has some project! What can it be?" soliloquized Ellen, looking after him.

Joe, unconscious of her gaze, was bending over the little blue flowers, and humming an air which the children had learned a few days before.

"That tune is so *catchy* I can't get it out of my mind," he remarked to Will.

Suddenly Ellen started up. "I know!" she said to herself. Then for a time she was silent, flitting to and fro with a smile upon her lips, her thoughts as busy as her fingers. "Ha, Master-Joe! I believe we'll all try that plan!" she exclaimed at length, laughing at the idea of the surprise in store for him. Presently she glanced toward Teresa and Elsie, who were loitering under a tree, talking in a low tone. Ellen laughed again. "Those two children are always having secrets about nothing at all," mused she.

Ellen was a lively girl, and greatly enjoyed a joke. After a while, when she discovered Elsie alone, she whispered something to her. The little girl's brown eyes grew round with interest. She nodded once or twice, murmuring, "Yes, yes!"

"And you must not breathe a word of it to

anybody—not even to Teresa!” said Ellen.

“Oh, no!” said Elsie, quite flattered that such a big girl should confide in her.

Then—ah, merry Ellen!—did she not go herself and tell Teresa, charging her also not to reveal it? Later she took occasion to say a word to Frances upon the same topic.

“Splendid!” cried the latter. “I’ll not speak of it, I promise you.”

Finally, Ellen suggested the very same thing to Will, who chuckled, looked at Joe, and asked:

“Are you sure you’re on the right track?”

“You’ll see if I’m not!” replied Ellen.

“Well, all I say is,” he went on, condescendingly, “you’ve hit upon a capital scheme; and you may bet your boots on it that I won’t do anything to spoil it.”

The girl looked down at her strong but shapely shoes (she was a bit vain of her neat foot), and thought that she would not be so unladylike as to ‘bet her boots’ on anything. But, as Will’s observation was entirely impersonal, and intended as a pledge that he would follow her instructions, she made no comment. Moreover, she had now brought about the state of affairs which she had mischievously designed. Each of the party except Joe supposed that he or she had a secret with Ellen which the others knew nothing about; to each she had whispered her conjecture regarding Joe’s purpose, and planned that they, the two of them, should please him by joining in it, without intimating their intention to him or any one. What a general astonishment and amusement there would be when it came out that all had known what each had been enjoying as a secret!

Meantime they had been active, and each had gathered a fair quantity of pretty flowers—arbutus, violets, anemones, and cherry blooms; to which Teresa and Elsie insisted upon adding buttercups and even dandelions. Now the sun was going down, and they gaily turned their steps toward home.

III.

“A happy May-day!” the children called to one another the next morning, as they set out, at a very early hour, upon their pleasant round of floral gift-leaving. Before doing so, however, each had held a special conference with Ellen.

“Yes, I’ve managed it. Won’t everybody be surprised?” she quietly agreed again and again. And yet *how* surprised everybody would be only sportive Ellen knew.

At half-past seven they reassembled for breakfast, which Elsie and Will took with their cousins. What a comparing of notes there was during the meal! Teresa had been caught hanging a basket at her little friend, Mollie Emerson’s. Will’s mother had seen him dodging round the corner after fastening one on the front gate for her.

“O Joe! what did you do with that beautiful basket you arranged with so much care,—the large one with the freshest flowers, I mean?” asked Frances, with an ingenious air.

“Never mind!” answered Joe laconically, helping himself to another glass of milk.

Everyone stole a knowing look at Ellen, without noticing that everyone else was doing so; but that young lady imperturbably buttered a second muffin, and studiously fixed her eyes on the table-cloth.

“Come, there is the Mass bell ringing!” called Mr. Moore from the hall. A stampede followed. To be late for Mass on May-day would be inexcusable.

Shortly afterward, our friends filed into the Moore’s family pew in the village church. As Joe knelt down he turned his gaze with a gentle, happy expression to the Blessed Virgin’s shrine. The next moment he started, and cast a glance of pleased inquiry toward Ellen. His sister smiled back at him, then bowed her head to recover her gravity. Hanging from the altar-rail, directly before the statue of Our Lady, was Joe’s handsomest May-basket, just as he knew it would be; for he had fastened it there himself the first thing in the morning. But there also were five other pretty baskets,—the offering which each of his sisters and cousins had made, unknown to one another. The pleasant discovery created a momentary flutter in the pew, but that was all—then.

So this was Ellen’s surprise! Each silently admitted that it was a good one. When they left the church, however, they had a merry time over it.

“But, Ellen, how did you know what I was going to do with my basket?” asked Joe at last.

"I didn't until I heard you humming the new May hymn which we learned last Sunday," replied Ellen; "that reminded me of what mother said about the old May customs. I wondered if you were thinking of this too, and presently it all flashed upon me."

"Well, if you are not a true Yankee at guessing!" was his only answer.

Sir Billy's Secret.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

(CONCLUSION.)

The story of Sir Billy's offer reached Oliver's sisters in advance of Oliver himself, and they gathered about him with coaxing words.

"You will surely try," said one. And "We'll help you," offered another.

"It's no use, girls!" answered the boy. "If I scrape through with the examinations it's all I ask. I don't know or care anything about Sir Billy's 'Age of Faith,' and I wouldn't give a continental to go to Europe with him. Supper most ready?"

The girls were sorely disappointed. They had felt so sure that Oliver could win if he tried; and deep in their hearts was the feeling, unacknowledged to one another, that here was a chance for him to shed some little grateful lustre upon those who had sacrificed so much for him. As to the subject, which he seemed afraid of, why, one could learn anything from books! And the nice, long, flowery sentences, which he so well knew how to reel off, could be summoned to illumine "The Age of Faith," if he only thought so.

Oliver drank his tea and ate his hot rolls, finding fault with both; then took a lamp and went to the garret, saying that he did not wish to be disturbed, for he had some references to look up. In that upper room were stored some of his father's books—ponderous tomes some of them, others little gems of the printer's art, well chosen and valuable. The present tiny house had no room for all of them below, hence these were selected for banishment. A complete set of a prominent English review, unbound, occupied one big box.

Oliver set down the lamp, locked the door, and hauled that particular box out into the

middle of the floor. Since his early childhood he had spent his rainy Sundays in this attic; and, if his memory did not serve him falsely, there was an essay in one of those old numbers the title of which was of great interest at that moment. His eyes flew over the various tables of contents with a rapidity born of long familiarity. Ah, there it was—"The True Lesson of the Age of Faith," by an anonymous writer! He slipped the magazine into his pocket and went down-stairs again.

That night a light shone late in the room of the feeble little student. It troubled his sisters, who feared he was ill; but he was only estimating the value of the article he had found. He concluded that, with some changes, and a few of his flowery additions and disguises, it would serve his purpose. He hid the magazine in the bottom of his trunk and went to bed. If he was clever enough, was his last waking thought, he could easily carry off the prize, despite any efforts of that patronizing Frank, of whose kindness he was so dreadfully tired. He knew how the people of Athens felt when they heard Aristides praised.

The same thought amused him as the days went by, and he chuckled as he saw how hard Frank was working. "I know an easier way," he said to himself: "it's to get somebody to write your essay for you. Mr. Anonymous is writing mine." Certainly he knew that his course was wrong, but his only wish was to avoid exposure. He did not, as he had said, care to travel with Sir Billy; but he hoped to effect a compromise with him, and was prepared to accept two or three hundred dollars instead of the trip.

Meanwhile a strange and happy experience had come to Frank. When he began reading upon subjects suited to his theme he had a very vague idea concerning it. "The Age of Unbelief" would have suited him quite as well, for all he knew or cared of it. He had never taken much interest in religion. His father had been an open freethinker; his mother was indifferent. He had submitted to the devotions at the school because they were a part of the discipline. He did not object to them, but they meant nothing to him. He would prefer, he said to his mother, to pound on the stove-pipe half an hour; but, then, the prayers were harmless,—so, for that matter,

was the stove-pipe. And now, all at once, the devotions had grown beautiful to him! He felt as if he had seen some dull little meadow birds suddenly taking wings of light and soaring to heaven's gate.

When the fortnight of study was over, and Frank Murray began putting his essay upon paper, he found himself writing it from his heart. His pen would not move fast enough. Words came freely, but where were there words glowing enough to tell of the hopes which burned in his young breast? He had no longer a thought of the prize, but wrote from love alone. His friends wondered at the seriousness which so often came upon him, and said he was studying too hard. But he knew better: he knew that he had just begun to live.

Oliver's essay, too, was progressing. He had twisted the stolen article about, and adorned it with those flowers of rhetoric of which he was so fond. No one, he was sure, would find him out. He stayed closely in his room at night, in order to lend a truthful air to his explanation when at last he should read his production before an admiring crowd. He fell quite in love with it himself. "Old Anonymous," he said, in the silence of his room, "knew how to make sentences ring." He had no doubt as to the success of those ringing sentences when the committee should meet.

In due time the judges assembled in Mr. Whiting's private office. They were three—Mr. Whiting, Mr. Bartlett, and Father Daly. Fifteen essays had been handed in, of which number several were at once laid aside as entirely out of the question. Then the contest began to narrow down. At last three were left, one of which was written by Father Daly's nephew, Tom.

"I was in hopes Tom would win," said the good priest. "He has worked hard, but he hasn't put the dash into his writing that these other two have."

"These other two" were signed respectively "Oliver Tracy Milton" and "Francis James Murray."

Mr. Whiting voted for Frank's. Mr. Bartlett thought Oliver's the more profound. The matter was left for Father Daly to decide. He had already read them thoroughly, and did not hesitate. "Frank's is fine," he said;

"but that little Oliver has beaten him both in logic and rhetoric. I must say it is hard for me to decide as I do; but I believe, honestly, that Oliver has fairly won. It is he and not poor Frank who will go across the water with Mr. Bellestone."

The result was to be announced the next afternoon, and at four o'clock the exhibition hall was crowded with the pupils and their friends, who had been invited to grace the occasion. Oliver was gay and careless; the other contestants evidently uneasy. Frank tried to console himself by thinking that writing the essay had been its own reward, even if there were no other,—that his new knowledge and love of Mother Church, which he was determined should be *his* mother too, was cheaply bought, although his essay might fail to win the judges' good opinion. But, after all, he was only a boy, and his heart was beating fiercely from the excitement and suspense.

Mr. Whiting rang a bell, which called the assembly to order.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "you know the object of this meeting. It is to make public the verdict of the judges regarding the essay upon 'The Age of Faith,' for which a noble prize has been offered by our fellow-citizen, Mr. William Bellestone. There were fifteen contestants, and, after careful consideration, we have given the preference to the paper submitted by Oliver Tracy Milton."

Then followed some explanation of the whys and wherefores, but the people sat as if stunned. Oliver had been as unpopular among them as it was possible for a boy to be.

No words can picture Frank's dismay upon finding that he had been deceived; but Oliver had no compunction. At a given signal he stepped upon the stage, with his *nonchalant* air, to read the production which had carried off the honors. He had an elocutionary gift, and his well-rounded sentences slipped off his tongue with ease. No one was watching Sir Billy, over whose face most extraordinary expressions were chasing one another. Finally, with a low bow and triumphant smile, Oliver concluded his last peroration, and his sisters hastened toward him, tearfully expressing their joy and pride. Frank was near too, holding out his hand.

"I'm glad you've won," he said. And those

who heard him and knew his love for his friend believed him.

Then some one tapped on the desk, and Father Daly spoke.

"My friends," he said, "will you resume your seats for a few minutes? The committee wish to have another consultation, and may have something more to say."

It was Oliver's turn now to be excited, and he shivered in spite of his brave air. The committee and Sir Billy retired to another room.

"I have asked you to come here," began Sir Billy, "because I had something important to say. Oliver Milton never wrote that essay."

"My dear sir," said Mr. Whiting, "pardon me, but this is a grave charge! May I ask how you know that he did not write it?"

"Because," said Sir Billy, "I wrote it myself. When I first came here, and knew no one, I used to amuse myself by writing for foreign reviews. I have the original manuscript of Oliver's essay safe at my house. He has twisted it about, and added some high-flown sentences; but it's my old dissertation on 'The Age of Faith,' as large as life."

"Then this leaves Frank Murray the winner," Father Daly said. "He's a good lad, though twice as fond as he should be of that little impostor."

They filed back to the hall. "The members of the committee have reconsidered their award," announced Father Daly. "For causes well known to themselves, and which Oliver Milton will not question, his essay can not enter into competition. The prize is therefore awarded to Francis Murray."

Father Daly and Frank had a long talk the next day.

"I'd like to know," said the former, "how a Protestant boy came to write in such a Catholic spirit."

"I might as well tell the whole story," replied Frank. "I don't believe there is anything of the Protestant left in me. I came to see things differently just as soon as I began to study for the essay. If it were not for seeming irreverent"—here the boy's voice grew soft—"I'd almost think it was the grace of God changing me."

"That is not at all irreverent. I think it *was* the grace of God, my child," answered Father Daly.

"You see," went on Frank, "when I began to want to know about 'The Age of Faith' I went back to the fountain-head. I wanted to find out where the people of the Middle Ages got their faith, and *why* they had it. In searching for one thing I found many more, and this first of all. I had always supposed till I read one of Mr. Bellestone's books that the reverence and devotion Catholics paid the Blessed Virgin were modern things; I had always heard that at church and at home ever since I could remember. And when I stumbled by chance—"

"No, no,—not by chance! There is no chance, my boy," interrupted Father Daly.

"Well, when I found that her pictures, dating back to the first century, were in the Roman Catacombs, and that perhaps they were gazed at by the Apostles themselves, it seemed as if a whole flood of light were let in upon me. I almost imagined—and now I'm afraid I'm seeming irreverent again—that Christ's Mother herself was teaching me. Any way, I was sure that if Protestants had made such a great mistake in one matter, they might have done so in others; and the more I studied the surer I was that I had been wrong all my life. And I want to be set right,—I want to be a Catholic."

Let Uncle Sam Radway conclude:

"So Frank Murray has turned papidge, has he? Well, there's worse folks than papidges. Frank's the finest boy in town, and as true as the needle of my old compass. When do he and Sir Billy sail?—why, in July, and I'm going down to Boston Town to see 'em safe off."

The Child and the Thorn.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

"THERE'S a flower in the thicket,—
It smiles, it smiles at me;
I wish that I could pick it,
It smiles so charmingly;
But the thorns are sharp around it—
I wonder if I dare?—
And, though I've sought and found it,
I'll leave it blooming there."
And so the child no flower
Had for Our Lady's shrine;
And at the Angelus hour
The bud died on the vine.

THE AVE MARIA

TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED

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The Insular Boast and the Crusades.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

ENGLAND! when that embattled Christendom
Hung, like a hundred clouds in one uppled,
High o'er the Syrian coasts; when victory smiled
From rescued Salem to the ocean's foam
And Acre's beach; when Christian hall and home
Snatched back, restored, the captive sire or child,
The lifelong slave, the Croise for years exiled,—
Say, where was then that taunt, "No need for Rome"?
The land Christ trod, redeemed from shame and
thrall,

Europe from Moslem yoke secured, attest
The function of the Salem of the West:—
Rome was that hour the earth-steadying one-in-all!
The Church is one—God's kingdom reared o'er man;
Not man's Episcopate Republican.

The Second Glorious Mystery.



AFTER His glorious Resurrection, our Divine Redeemer remained forty days upon earth. During that time He had repeatedly visited His Apostles, comforting and instructing them, and speaking to them of the kingdom of God. Having given them His last instructions, and encouraged them by His parting promises, He took them with Him to the top of Mount Olivet. There He lifted up His hands and blessed them; then slowly and majestically He ascended before their eyes,

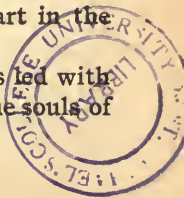
until a cloud of glory received Him out of their sight. Thus He confirmed the words He had spoken to His Apostles on the eve of His Passion: "I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world; again I leave the world, and I go to the Father."*

As Jesus departed from this world He was adored by the Apostles, representing the human race; on His entrance into heaven He was welcomed and congratulated by the choirs of angels, who sang their songs of thanksgiving and joy around Him. And thus the King of Glory ascends far above the hosts of angels and archangels, above the Virtues and Powers and Dominations, above the Cherubim and Seraphim, and goes to the throne prepared for Him at the right hand of His Father, with whom He shares in sovereign dominion over heaven and earth.

Well may the Christian soul exclaim: O my Saviour, infinitely exalted and infinitely glorified! I adore Thee with Thy holy Apostles; I hail Thy joyful entrance into heaven with the hosts of angelic spirits; I congratulate Thee on Thy glory and Thy heavenly triumph. For it was meet and just that, having humbled Thyself to the lowest degree, Thou shouldst be exalted above all, and receive a name that is above all other names; that in Thy name every knee should bend, whether in heaven, on earth or in hell; that every tongue should confess that Thou art in the glory of God the Father.

But on entering into heaven Jesus led with Him in triumphant procession all the souls of

* John, xvi, 28.



the just who had hitherto been retained captives in Limbo,—all those who from the time of Adam had hoped in Him, and had died in that hope; all the holy patriarchs and prophets, who had spoken of Him; all the saints of the Old Law, who had prefigured Him, and had desired their salvation through faith in His coming; those who had preferred His humiliations to the pomp and splendor of the world; those who for justice' sake had been persecuted and put to death; those who sacrificed their bodies for the sake of a better life, and of whom the world was not worthy.

Though it was not given them to experience at once the effects of the divine promises, they were assured of salvation through the testimony of their faith. For the gates of heaven, which had been closed through the fall of Adam, could not be opened again save through the sacrifice of Calvary; and it was necessary that He who opened the heavenly portals should be the first to enter therein. Hence, then, He who was triumphant over sin and death was followed by these holy souls, as the trophies of His victory, when He entered into the eternal sanctuary, which He had opened never to be closed again. What joy filled the heavenly hosts when they beheld those legions of human souls joining their ranks, and uniting with them in glorifying the Blessed Trinity and the Divine Lamb as their Lord and Master!

Jesus ascended into heaven not only to take possession of His kingdom with the victorious army that accompanied Him, but also to prepare places for us there. As the eternal High Priest, He appears before the Throne of God, and prays without ceasing for us to the Father. He presents that Body, once sacrificed for us, now glorified, adorned by His five wounds; and His Heart transpierced by the soldier's spear. He reminds His Heavenly Father of the obedience by which He humbled Himself unto the death of the Cross, and through His mediatorship He secures grace and mercy for us by reason of the sacrifice, infinite in value, which He constantly offers. As the King of kings and Sovereign Lord of Heaven, He governs His Church upon earth. He has invested her with the plenitude of sacerdotal and doctrinal authority, that thereby He may extend His grace and truth, and

direct us in the way which He Himself has traced out. He has sent us the Holy Spirit whom He had promised, and who bestows His gifts upon us. Through His all-powerful grace, acting sweetly and efficaciously, He is constantly drawing hearts to Himself. When the thought of such ineffable graces and blessings is present before the mind, with what sentiments of love and gratitude may we not repeat, "He hath done all things well"!

At the same time this beautiful and consoling truth brings home to us an important and necessary duty. The Apostle says: "If you be risen with Christ, seek the things that are above, where Christ is sitting at the right hand of God."* It is as if he said to us: Why, O children of men, defile with the mire of this earth your souls which have been bought at so great a price? All these earthly splendors with which you are now intoxicated are but dust and ashes, and one day will be buried with you in the tomb. You are made for something higher and nobler than what the world can place before you. Your true country is not earth but heaven, where Jesus Christ is seated at the right hand of His Father. Lift up your hearts on high, where Christ your treasure is! Let all your thoughts, aspirations, and desires be fixed on that abode of everlasting peace and joy.

This earth of ours would indeed be more like Paradise if minds and hearts placed their treasure in heaven. How light and easy would our burdens become! How agreeable our intercourse with one another! What consolation, and even joy, would be found in the pains and sorrows with which we may be afflicted did we follow in all sincerity and truth the admonition, *Sursum corda!*—lift up your hearts to God on high!

Finally, we must bear in mind that it was only after many sufferings that Jesus entered into His glory. Now, we profess to be His servants, His devoted followers. And can we desire to be better treated than our Master? After the cross comes the crown. The Scriptures frequently tell us that it is only through many tribulations we are to enter the kingdom of heaven. And how slight and trivial are all the trials and troubles of life in com-

* Colos., iii, 1.

parison with the joy and glory of eternity! All upon earth passes quickly away. The longest human life is but as a winter's day, or as the dawn that goes before the break of morn. The whole span of time is but a moment when compared to eternity.

Let us remember, then, that it was not only to His Apostles but to all of us that our Blessed Lord said on leaving this earth: "A little while and you shall not see Me, and again a little while and you shall see Me; for I go to the Father."* And this should incite us to say in our hearts: O my Divine Saviour, by Thy glorious Ascension, we beg Thee to accomplish the words spoken to Thy Apostles when Thou didst say to them: "You now indeed have sorrow, but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice; and your joy no man shall take from you."†

Thoughts such as these well up in the soul as we reflect on the second Glorious Mystery of the Rosary—the Ascension of our Divine Redeemer into heaven. Naturally, in our reflections, we associate His Blessed Mother with the glory and triumph of that admirable event. For as St. Paul tells us: "As you are partakers of the sufferings, so shall you be also of the consolation."‡ And we earnestly invoke the aid of her powerful intercession before the Throne of Grace, that our hearts may be lifted above the things of this world, and be fixed on Him in whom alone they can be at rest.

A Companion of Bishop Berneux.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

(CONTINUED.)

DURING his career at the seminary Just was distinguished for his great kindness and charity toward his companions. One of these, writing to Madame de Bretenières after her son's death, gives touching details on the subject. He relates that during the first months of his seminary life sad and anxious thoughts often crossed his mind. "If I had the happiness to persevere in my vocation, I owe it to him, after God. When the thought

of my home, my family, of those I loved, overcame me, I went to his room. At whatever moment I entered he was always ready for me,—always gentle, kind, and bright. He used to make me sit down by his side on his bed. 'What! do you really wish to leave us—to leave God?' And then he spoke of the missions, of the happiness of serving God, with such sweetness that I always went away quite comforted and encouraged. . . ."

The same spirit of zeal and charity inspired Just in his apostolic labors among the workmen of the stone quarries near Meudon, where the seminarists spent their holidays. The ignorance of those poor men moved the young students to pity, and Just was among the most zealous in coming to their assistance. In a letter to his parents he thus describes his dealings with them:

"I begin by convincing myself that those poor people may be much better than I am,—and this is very possibly the case. . . . My wish is to win their souls; and when I see them tired by their work, exhausted and incapable of doing more, I throw away my hat and book, turn up my sleeves, and, seizing the pickaxe and other tools, I begin to work with them. . . . When they are once convinced that, though I wear a cassock, I am, after all, a man like themselves, then I am able by degrees to elevate their minds and thoughts. . . . I speak to them of the things of God, and very often I succeed in converting them."

He goes on to develop his ideas on the subject of the dealings of the rich with the poor, impressing upon his father and mother, in his simple and earnest way, the necessity of entering into the material interests and occupations of the poor in order to reach their hearts. "Work with them," he writes; "help them; show them that you know all about their work; and then they will believe you when you speak to them of God."

Although Just had given up the idea of becoming a friar, because he wished to consecrate his life to the Foreign Missions, he retained all the instincts and aspirations of monastic life, especially an intense love of holy poverty. "There is one thing that gives me great pleasure here," he writes to a friend: "holy poverty is practised. The seminary

* John, xvi, 16. † *Ib.*, xvi, 22. ‡ II. Cor., i, 7.

receives no pension for the students, but only alms. We are lodged, fed and supported by the seminary; all we possess, all that we have in our cells—books, furniture, clothes,—all is given to us by the house or by our friends. How happy this makes me! It brings me nearer to a monastic life, and establishes among us all community of goods. What joy to be able to say, 'I eat the bread of charity'!" And again, in another letter: "My one idea all those years has been to embrace a life of poverty. If there had existed a religious order exclusively devoted to Foreign Missions and whose members made the vow of poverty, I think it would have attracted me more than anything. Every day I long for poverty with an ever-increasing ardor."

Madame de Bretenières, eager to preserve some memorials of her intimate conversations with her son during the last year of his seminary life, was accustomed to write down some of his sayings. In these notes we find a passage that shows how perfectly Just's ideal of holy poverty was realized in the life he had chosen. "The missionary is the poorest among religious," he once said to his mother. "The Carthusian knows that to-morrow he will receive his portion of food as he did to-day; but the missionary, while partaking of his frugal repast, is not sure whether he will find anything to eat the next day. He never knows how far his privations may extend."

Soon after his arrival at the Rue du Bac, Just divided all his own linen among his companions, and henceforth he wore only the clothes and linen that were given to him by his superiors. His cassock was so old and threadbare that, in spite of frequent patchings, it seemed falling to pieces; while the shabby hat of Père de Bretenières became a by-word among the students.

Such were our young missionary's characteristic traits during the three years he spent at the seminary. In the meantime his inner life was growing more and more perfect; and, as often happens, while his soul daily advanced in the ways of renunciation, his exterior demeanor gained in simplicity. Like many souls who aspire to the highest degree of perfection, his first upward efforts were more generous in spirit than wise in practice. For instance, at one time his wish to be perfectly

humble and obedient made him constrained in manner; and, in his desire to prepare more worthily for his approaching departure, he almost broke off all communication with his parents. He soon understood, however, that this was not God's will; and, without relaxing his earnest efforts toward a perfect life, he learned to give each duty its proper place. Whatever may have been exaggerated and excessive in his first fervor became toned down and harmonized; and even his letters bear the impress of greater tenderness, peace, and simplicity.

On the 30th of May, 1863, Just was ordained subdeacon, and about the same time his brother resolved to become a priest. The future martyr, who had affectionately watched the development of Christian's vocation, heartily rejoiced at his decision, while his parents gave their only remaining son to God with characteristic generosity. Madame de Bretenières prepared herself for the coming separation by a few days' retreat, leaving her husband and his younger son to make one of the geological expeditions in which both delighted. Just writes to her about this time: "May the peace of Our Lord be ever with you, my very dear mother! May He give you the grace to belong to Him entirely and forever! Good-bye, my good mother!"

In the following autumn Christian de Bretenières entered the Seminary of Issy, where his elder brother's letters often came to help and encourage him in his new life. "Do not be surprised," he writes, "to receive these few lines from me. If I write to you so soon after having seen you, it is to tell you once more not to be alarmed if, during your retreat and your first days at the seminary, the devil should endeavor to frighten you by temptations of discouragement, or of regret for the past. Do not linger on these thoughts. Do you not wish to do everything for the love of God? Offer Him, therefore, every kind of trial, as a sacrifice that will gladden His Divine Heart. Be joyous always, whatever may be the trials that come upon you. . . . We must reserve nothing; we owe ourselves entirely to Our Lord. All our love must be for Him, and the love we have for others will thus return to Him. Our love for Him—if indeed He gives us this grace—must so govern every affection

and every thought that we should care for nothing except as regards this love."

In these letters Just, while leading his brother on to perfection, gives us an insight into his inner life during the last months of his stay at the seminary. In December, 1863, he was ordained deacon; and during the six months that still remained before he was raised to the priesthood his recollection and spirit of prayer increased in an extraordinary manner. He began his day by three hours of mental prayer, and his letters to his brother at this time literally overflow with joy. "Yes, happiness ought to fill our hearts and keep them in peace. We are privileged sons: we rest on the breast of Jesus, who gives us nourishment, life and strength, and who is Himself our food. Alleluia!"

For his parents, on the contrary, these last weeks were very painful. They knew that immediately after his ordination would come his final departure for the missions; and, brave though they were, their hearts sank at the prospect. God permitted that these generous souls, on the eve of their final sacrifice, should taste the terrors and anguish of Gethsemane. Monsieur de Bretenières especially felt his courage give way at the idea of a lifelong separation from his elder son, and he went so far as to reproach Just bitterly for embracing a vocation which now seemed to him fraught with perils for soul and body. In some notes written after his son's martyrdom, the poor father relates with touching humility the incidents of this painful time; he describes Just's gentleness and firmness, and pathetically accuses himself of having "unconsciously tortured" his beloved son by his severe upbraidings. We shall see how, when the hour of separation really came, these doubts and fears passed away; and how God, who is never outdone in generosity, stood by His faithful servants and endowed them with supernatural courage.

At last, on the 21st of May, 1864, Just de Bretenières was ordained, in the church of the Missions Etrangères, by Mgr. Thomine-Demazures, Vicar-Apostolic of Thibet. Both his parents were present; but, knowing his desire for solitude, they did not ask to see him, and he passed the solemn day in unbroken prayer. The following morning he said

his first Mass, which was served by his brother and his former tutor; while the venerable *curé* of St. Pierre de Châlon assisted the young priest, whom he had baptized twenty-six years before. One of those present afterward exclaimed: "I have just heard Mass in Paradise!"

It is customary that the new-made priests of the Missions Etrangères should be told of their destination about three weeks after ordination, and their departure then follows almost immediately. Entirely absorbed by the intense joy of his priesthood, Just showed no curiosity on the subject; he had given himself to God, heart and mind, soul and body; and after this total oblation all minor details seemed to him utterly insignificant. His intimate friends at the seminary remember his absolute indifference as to his future destination; never in his conversations were they able to detect the slightest desire or repugnance on his part. He had one secret wish—that of shedding his blood for Christ; and those who knew him best, writing to his mother after his death, assured her that they knew for certain that he never offered the Holy Sacrifice without asking for the grace of martyrdom.

On the 13th of June, less than a month after his ordination, Just had occasion to speak to the superior of the seminary, Monsieur Albrand. As he was leaving the room, the latter called him back and said, playfully: "By the by, if I were to tell you now where you are to be sent?"—"I am quite ready, Father," replied Just.—"What do you prefer?"—"I have no choice."—"Well, then, I will send you to Thibet."—"Very well."—"No: you shall go to Tonquin."—"Perfectly satisfied."—"No: after all, I mean to send you to Cochin China."—"As you like best, Father."—"Let us speak seriously," now said the superior, whose countenance suddenly became grave.—"Ah, Father, if you are in earnest it is another matter! Let me listen to you as I ought to listen to God's commands." And with these words the young priest knelt down.—"You are to go to Corea," said the venerable Father.—"It is what I should have chosen," replied Just, and he withdrew.

The new missionary's joy burst forth in his letters. "I think that Our Lord has given me the better part; for the time being, this is

one of our best, if not quite the best, of our missions; one of those where it is easiest to spend oneself for the sake of Jesus. Long live Corea, the land of martyrs! It is true that at present there is no open persecution, but there is so much to do that one dies in harness.

On y meurt à la peine."

Three of his companions—Fathers Beau-lieu, Dorie, and Heine,—were appointed to the same mission; and, in the designs of Providence, they were destined likewise to share his glorious martyrdom. Monsieur Dorie had not at first heard to what country he was going, but only that he was to accompany Just. This was enough for him; and, without inquiring further, the young priest went about the house saying to all those whom he met, "What happiness is mine! I am with Père de Bretenières!"

Just immediately began to prepare for his approaching departure—which was to take place a month later—by diligently reading all the books that could enlighten him as to the history, manners and customs of the country where he hoped to spend his life in God's service. During this time his poor mother, uniting herself generously to her son's sacrifice, busied herself with providing the missionary with the things that might be useful to him in his apostolic career. Faithful to his love of poverty, Just would accept only what was absolutely necessary; but, entering into his mother's loving wish to identify herself with his future life, he begged her to adopt as her sons his three companions, whose families were poor, and to do for them all that she did for himself. Madame de Bretenières gladly consented. "He put all in common between us," writes one of the young priests; "even his mother's purse."

The austerity that had sometimes characterized Just's dealings with his parents entirely disappeared as the time of his departure drew near. During his seminary life he had found it necessary to keep a strict guard over his natural impulses and affections, lest the slightest self-indulgence should dim the purity of his sacrifice. Now that sacrifice was well-nigh accomplished: the last links that bound him to home and country were to be broken to-morrow, and he could afford to unbend and reveal the real tenderness of his strong nature.

His heart was now so firmly set in God that nothing could disturb its calm.

During the month that elapsed between his appointment to the mission and his final departure he saw his parents frequently, and even encouraged their visits; he sought to associate them to all his preparations and plans; and by his tender thoughtfulness, simplicity and confidence, he softened as much as might be the keen edge of their natural sorrow. Only during the last few days before the eventful 15th of July he begged them to let him make a last retreat in his seminary home. "God will repay you a thousandfold," he writes to his mother. "He will reward you for the sacrifice you are making in allowing me to prepare myself for my departure by a few days' solitude."

(To be continued.)

A Memory.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

ALONG the paths where violets blow,
With pensive mind and footstep slow,
At evening's tranquil hour we stroll
Towards yonder grassy, sunlit knoll.

Above, the flowering birch twigs fling
Their tassels to the airs of spring;
The lone wood-pigeon's dulcet throat
Gives forth its meek and plaintive note.

Faint perfumes from the budding vine,
From tufty sprigs of eglantine;
While orchard swells, with perfumed breath,
Proclaim life's victory over death.

Thus gently Nature times her charms:
The season's rigor quite disarms,
Then leads us, by her loveliest ways,
To Mary's month of song and praise.

Yon knoll, which flowering hedge-rows bound,
Our Lady's shrine with joy has crowned;
Our Lady, passed all women, blessed,
Her rapt palms folded on her breast.

Her name all vernal zephyrs breathe—
The while her shrine, with buds, we wreath,
In hearts and homes let discords cease—
Our Lady, olive-crowned, of Peace!

The Disappearance of John Longworthy.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

(CONCLUSION.)

XXXV.—ESTHER'S OPINIONS.

ESTHER devoted herself as much as possible to the O'Connors. The problem which John Longworthy had tried to reach through glittering generalizations, she was studying in a little circle. Her music became for her only a secondary consideration. She practised as usual; but the excitement of seeing dressmakers, and the necessity of checking her joy in life by a rein of unselfishness, made her forget for a time even the rapturous prospect of a trip abroad.

John O'Connor and his daughter Maggie had gone into more comfortable rooms. Maggie had been compelled to give up "living out," and to come to look after her father. She was a girl of admirable qualities, but entirely without training. She had been sent to a public school from the age of seven until she was fourteen, as her mother had insisted that she should earn her living in some "genteel" occupation. Her mother, who had longed to see her boy in a "white shirt" every day in the week, and her girls in some employment where they should not have "to wet a finger," had succeeded in making a corner lounge of the former, and the latter thoroughly discontented.

At the age of fourteen Maggie O'Connor was able to read and write decently; her spelling was not altogether without flaws; she could "bound" any country in the world with amazing glibness; she knew the Constitution of the United States by heart, and she hated housework. She was unfit to keep books, in the business sense; she had tried her fortune as an entry clerk and failed; she was too big to be a cash-girl, like her sister Rose. There was nothing for her to do but to "live out."

Maggie had much to learn before she could keep a place, and the fact of having "lived out" ranked her, socially, much below Nellie Mulligan in the estimation of The Anchor.

At first Maggie felt this deeply, but soon she came to understand that the standard of The Anchor was not the standard that ought to rule her life. She gained in self-respect what she lost in the opinion of the social circles from which the Lady Rosebuds were recruited. Maggie had never been religious; the difference between her and little Rose, who had received all her limited education from the Sisters, was marked. But the sudden death of her mother, following the tragedy of Rose's translation to her friends, the angels, had made a great change.

Esther found that John O'Connor could not be in better hands than in those of his daughter. He believed, with a fatal pessimism, that what had occurred would drive him farther into the teeth of his enemy, Drink. He told Esther so, he told Maggie so; and when the young priest remonstrated with him, he only said, in a stupid way:

"It's too late, Father,—it's too late! I've nothing to live for now—and I hadn't much before."

The young priest found in Esther an anxious ally. John Longworthy advanced the money to make the father and daughter comfortable. Much was not needed. Esther and Maggie soon transformed the three rooms into a cheerful place, and when John O'Connor came out of jail—there was no evidence against him—he found himself for the first time in his life in rooms that were neither uncared for nor gloomy.

Maggie was hopeless about his reformation; and Esther herself was doubtful, but she did not show it. The lithographs on the walls attracted his notice first,—one of John Mitchell recalling reminiscences to which Esther and Maggie paid marked attention. Esther felt that if his interest could be aroused and kept up in his home everything might be done. She haunted the second-hand furniture stores in the Bowery until she had supplied the O'Connor apartments with a miscellaneous collection of Irish patriots in all attitudes. She had a theory that if John O'Connor could be made to find attraction in his home, and that if he were fed well, half the battle for him with the devil would be fought. She knew the young priest could finish the fight then, and come off victorious.

But she saw that the priest had no chance while the malarious influence of years of living in *The Anchor* benumbed John O'Connor.

Maggie had learned, after many tears and tribulations, to cook. And Esther, whose mother had been as sensible in her treatment of the girls as she had been foolish in her bringing up of Miles, added some needed improvements to Maggie's knowledge. For two days John O'Connor was kept at home; he was ashamed to go out—had he not been in jail?—and, besides, he was kept warm, comfortable, and interested at home, with the help of the two housekeepers and a second-hand copy of *Picturesque Ireland*. Esther began to understand that this could not go on: he was growing restless; work must be found for him.

About the middle of April John Longworthy had leisure to talk about *The Anchor*. Except for occasional country strolls with Esther, he had not done anything of late but prepare for the step he was about to take. He was under instructions, and the priest who was his director almost feared the intensity of his eagerness to master truths so new to him. It was arranged that he should be baptized on the Feast of Our Lady of Good Counsel. His director almost exasperated him with his calmness and serenity.

"He is the most cold-blooded man I ever met!" Longworthy said, a little ruefully. "I had always thought that your Church was anxious to make converts, but this priest doesn't seem to help me to get in at all. He is very clear, very kind, very fervent—'lucid,' as Matthew Arnold would call it; but he seems to think that I should not only knock but open the door myself. If a convert has an opinion that he honors you Catholics by going among you, he ought to try this priest." And he laughed a little, remembering how one or two of his unconscious pretensions had been coolly set aside.

"Don't you think he is right not to hurry you?" inquired Esther, a little anxiously. "You see, when a man marries a Catholic girl and adopts her religion, it seems as if he were more anxious for the seventh Sacrament than the first."

Longworthy paused, and went over the Sacraments as they were set down in the Little Catechism. Then he laughed.

"Well, young lady," he said, "I am anxious for both. There is some consolation in the thought that I shall not have to receive Matrimony conditionally, as I have to take Baptism—"

"O John!" Esther interrupted, "what shall we do with the O'Connors? I must find some work for the old man. I have been thinking of something. Will you let me tell you about it?"

"You can talk for three hours if you like," he answered, drawing his chair nearer to the piano-stool, on which, as usual, she sat,— "provided you sing at the end."

"I haven't done much toward solving your tenement-house problem," she said, looking at him, with a slight blush,—it seemed so audacious for her to teach *him* anything; "but I have found out several things."

"And these are—?" he asked, seriously.

"That you can not induce people like those in *The Anchor* to go into the country; that a brass band playing in the street of a summer night is more to them than all Bach or Chopin—"

He smiled.

"That there is very little hope of changing the gossiping and careless habits of the older women. That so long as these are not changed most of the men will drink, particularly as the temptation of saloons is so frequent. That if the men were better fed they would not drink so much. That if the young girls had cheerful homes they would not be so extravagant and so much given to dangerous amusements. That if New York city were differently shaped you could get rid of the tenement house. That you can not expect workingmen to pay rent for little cottages beyond Harlem, and to rise at four every morning to get down to their shops. That the landlord of the tenement house may be as autocratic as any Irish landlord if he pleases."

"Good gracious, Esther, you overwhelm me! But go on,—but the remedy?"

"There is no remedy, except a very partial one,—and that is, to get at the young people, and to begin by opening good markets and closing some of the dram-shops."

"Opening good markets! Why, I saw strawberries for sale near *The Anchor* yesterday, and a ragged woman was buying a box!"

"No doubt—and probably on trust. But have you observed how wilted the vegetables are, and how dear the meat is, and how blue the milk is, and how small the buckets of coal are, and what long bills these poor people must run up to live at all? If you had no money left after you had paid your rent and your grocery bill, I believe *you'd* take to drink, too."

"Not if I had *no* money left."

Esther did not notice this.

"I tell you what you ought to do, John. You ought to turn that music-hall of yours—it has been closed, you know, for some time now—into a market-house, and get some trustworthy people to supply you with good meat and fresh vegetables every day."

"And injure the small grocers?"

Esther thought a moment. "No: get the small grocers to take charge of the place, and guarantee them a fair profit for six months, —or something like that; I never could manage details like Mary. And can't you set John O'Connor to work in remodelling the hall at once?"

"I can find him something to do," Longworthy said, thoughtfully.

"Arrangements might be made with the greenhouse men and the farmers. Oh, let us do it, even if we have to give up our trip to Europe!" Esther said, with sparkling eyes. "You don't know how the poor women and the little babies in The Anchor suffer for want of ice and pure milk in the summer!"

"But this doesn't settle the great problem," observed Longworthy.

"Oh, I don't care about the great problem, and I *do* care about the O'Connors and the poor mothers and children in The Anchor! How can they help being extravagant when everything is so dear? You ought to see how much they pay for lots of wretched canned things! If we could only teach the children how to help to make homes, and provide good food at a moderate price—"

"They would have more money to spend on frills, like our friend Nellie Mulligan!"

"But Nellie has never been taught better. She is a good girl," Esther went on, eagerly. "If she is so good in such an atmosphere it is because of the Little Catechism, which you find it so hard to learn. But the Catechism

doesn't teach girls how to cook or to be careful and economical. I am sure some of the rich Catholic women might do it, instead of—"

"And, in return, Nellie Mulligan and her sisters might give dancing lessons to their amiable teachers!"

"If Nellie and her sisters dance a great deal," said Esther, with flushed cheeks, "who sets them the example? Rich people and poor people are just the same; what is bad in one is bad in the other. And I don't believe there's any more harm at the dances that Nellie goes to than at the *cotillons* one hears about in the fashionable places. If girls like her had cheerful homes they wouldn't want to dance in outside places all the time."

"*Tête de femme!*" said Longworthy, smiling very tenderly. Esther had never seemed so good in his eyes. "I suppose, then, I shall have to narrow down all my grand plans to one, and begin by seeing that the people around The Anchor get milk and ice and greens, etc., at a moderate price, in order to give John O'Connor work?"

Esther laughed. "And you must give the priests at the church some money to buy shoes and clothes for the children. Why, the parochial school puts shoes on half the children in The Anchor!"

"Well, I will," said John Longworthy.

And Esther began the little French song, which was interrupted by the entrance of Arthur and Mary. The announcement of Miles' renewed engagement to Nellie Mulligan was received with qualified approval. Arthur pitied her, and Longworthy pitied him; it was a relief all around to find that he was provided with a tyrant,—in the Greek sense.

XXXVI.—NELLIE HAS THE LAST WORD.

The day of the double wedding was heralded by a storm that made everybody fear there would be no sunshine. But the wind only scattered a few superfluous pink and white blossoms about, and the rain vivified the green of the creepers and trees. The clematis that ran up the side of the Galligan house changed its appearance in a day, and put on a veil of color as soft as the spring air.

There was to be a Nuptial Mass, of course. And John Longworthy, who delighted in the smallest ceremonial detail of his newly found

faith, pleased the rector by insisting that the accessories should be as magnificent as possible. Arthur Fitzgerald shrank from all this; but Mary and Esther were pleased, though they would have preferred that the ceremony should have been performed within closed doors. Palms and orchids were arranged in every available space, and the altar of the Blessed Virgin was actually banked with white hyacinths. The people of The Anchor were invited specially, and a supplementary breakfast arranged for them in the crimson and gold music-hall.

When the lovely music of Mendelssohn's Wedding March pealed through the perfumed church there were many present. Somewhat to Esther's surprise, John Longworthy had insisted on Nellie Mulligan being the only bridesmaid,—Miles officiating as groomsman. Nellie was resplendent in a gown presented to her by Arthur, and in a set of pearls from Longworthy. For once she was almost perfectly happy. There was only one blot on her bliss: her shoes were not her own, and she knew how uncertain Lize Brown's temper was.

The two brides made a lovely picture, kneeling in front of the officiating priest for the nuptial blessing. Esther was in silver-brocaded white satin—a wedding relic of John Longworthy's mother,—with a necklace of rubies; and Mary, in white tulle and hyacinths, with no ornament but a little diamond hair-pin Arthur had given her.

The solemnity and beauty of the service—the only appropriate one for a Christian marriage—were unbroken; and in his heart Arthur felt grateful that his foolish shyness had not been considered.

There is no use in trying to express the inexpressible, and the joy of these happy and reverent people was too high and too subtle to be dragged to earth by English speech.

Nellie Mulligan was moved to better thoughts by the influence of the august ceremony. She forgot her visions of diamonds and a trip to Saratoga in June, and prayed that she might make Miles a good wife.

The Mendelssohn March pealed out again; the visions in white passed into their carriage,—Esther, with a radiant smile, kissing her hand to Maggie O'Connor; and Mary, with one long backward look at Miles.

Nellie Mulligan leaned heavily on the gentleman's arm, and he was very proud of her. Her manner of entering her carriage was applauded by the crowd. It was the general opinion in the street that she was more beautiful than either of the brides; she thought so herself.

"Now, Miles," she said, as her devoted slave tried to pull shut the door of the carriage, "I know I am taking a risk in marrying beneath me; but I expect"—here she raised her voice—"that you'll try to live up to *me!*"

Mary Fitzgerald is almost happy. If it were not for some doubts about Miles she would be as happy as any human being can be; but no day passes without the fear that this brother of hers may die in his sins. She knows that Nellie—now his wife—keeps him from the grosser forms of vice; but Nellie seems to think that religion is something not to be thrust on men until they are about to die. Sometimes poor Mary feels that, for the certainty that Miles had performed his Easter duty, she would be willing to give up the love that makes her life one thanksgiving to God, and go back to the old drudgery and the old hopelessness. A sister's love surpasses all understanding.

A happier man than John Longworthy could hardly be found. The world into which he reappeared is one of real sweetness and of light. The sweetness is hope and the light is love. In seeking a way to help the poor he found the One who said, "Whatsoever you do unto the least of My brethren you do unto Me." God blessed his disinterestedness. John Longworthy often declares that he began to live only when he met Esther; and that, true to her name, she was his guiding star when all was dark around him. She says reverently that the light she shed on his path was the light of Christianity,—the light which every true Catholic can not fail to reflect.

Although no man is better known to his friends—they all love him—than Mr. Longworthy, there is still a mystery about him in the minds of certain of his acquaintances, and one gossip of The Anchor insists that his real name is Bastien, and that he used to run a photograph gallery in the Bowery.

The Middle Ages an Epoch of Enlightenment.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

IN previous papers we have endeavored to show the foolish waste of much of the pity bestowed by nearly all modern philosophers on the shortcomings of the Middle Ages.* We would now add a few words to what we have already said in reference to the supposed ignorance of those times, in which men are alleged to have lost the faculty of reasoning.

In this epoch flourished Abélard, Dante, Albert the Great, Thomas Aquinas. It is true that the hunting and soldiering barbarians at first disdained the peaceful triumphs of letters, and regarded the fine arts as a disgraceful inheritance of the people they had conquered; that for a time even the olden subjects—of the secular order—of Rome lost taste for the sublime and the beautiful. But then science found friends in the sanctuary and in the cloister; and the clergy preserved, as a sacred deposit, the traditions of literature and art. As for moral science, have modern times surpassed SS. Anselm and Peter Damian, Lanfranc or Peter Lombard? As for practical science and the arts, are we much more advanced than our medieval ancestors? We will here mention a few of the inventions and improvements which we owe to these compassionate men:

I.—The paper on which we write (linen) is, according to Hallam, an invention of the year 1100; and cotton paper was used in Italy in the tenth century. Casiri, drawing up a catalogue of the Escorial Library, says that most of its medieval manuscripts are of rag-paper, or *chartaceos*, as he styles them in contradistinction to the membranous and cotton ones. He cites the "Aphorisms" of Hippocrates in a paper codex of the year 1100, but does not deem it remarkable. Venerable Peter of Cluny, in a treatise against the Jews, speaks of books made from the shreds of old cloths.

II.—The art of printing, or rather the *press*, was invented in 1436, either by Lawrence

Coster, a priest of the Cathedral of Harlem and a xylograph printer, or by the artist Gansfleisch, called Gutenberg;* but printing by hand was done in the tenth century. The "Chronicles of Feltre" tell us that Panfilio Castaldi, a humanist of that city, taught his disciple Faust, in 1436, the use of movable types. Stereotyping, now the perfection of printing, was practised by Coster; though of course he knew of no way of casting the plates.

III.—That music may now be called a science is due to an Italian monk, Guido of Arezzo, who determined the scale, hitherto uncertain, in 1124. His "solmization"—or the use of the *ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la*—was signified by means of the words of the first verses of the Vesper hymn for the Feast of St. John the Baptist. Before the time of Pope Gregory the Great (el. 590) the Italians used an alphabetical notation composed of the first fifteen letters; but that Pontiff reduced them to the first seven for the diatonic scale, distinguishing the octaves by capitals for the lower and small letters for the upper. Ughelli proves, in his "Sacred Italy," that the Italians used pneumatic organs in the ninth century.

IV.—In the twelfth century the mariners of Amalfi first applied the knowledge of the loadstone to navigation, thus enabling subsequent Italian navigators to prosecute geographical discovery.

V.—It is amusing to learn that in those days of alleged ignorance, and hence of presumed neglect of study, one of the most important aids to study should have been invented. To enable persons of defective eyesight to read, the ancients used a sphere filled with water; but about 1285 a monk of Pisa, named Salvino d'Armato, invented spectacles. In a sermon preached in Florence on February 23, 1305, the celebrated friar, Giordano di Rivalta, said: "Only twenty years ago

* The Abbé le Noir, in his rearrangement of Berrier's "Dictionary," analyzes the known facts concerning this invention, and thus concludes: "Coster, we believe, invented and first employed movable types. Gutenberg came across Coster's plans, perfected them, and with invincible patience tried to execute them on a grand scale. But, constantly needing funds, he was forced to put himself into the hands of an adroit banker, Faust, who played upon him the trick he himself had played upon Coster: appropriated the invention and gathered the profits."

were spectacles invented; I knew and conversed with the inventor."

VI.—By a people's language we can surely judge of their refinement and intellectual calibre. Humboldt may have erred when he pronounced that grammatical forms are not the fruit of the progress made by a nation in the analysis of thought; but he was right in saying that these forms "are results of the manner in which a nation considers and treats its language." And we are asked to believe that the densest ignorance and the grossest sentiments were the portion of those times which produced the sweet and philosophic Italian, the majestic Spanish, the graceful French, and the forcible English and German tongues. When the decay of the Roman Empire and of Roman civilization had entailed that of the Latin language, the succeeding jargons could not be termed languages; but Christianity took hold of the raw material, and, to use the words of Gioberti, "placed therein the embryonic principles of new organizations, and fecundated them with the hieratic word, performing the two duties symbolized by the Oriental myths of the cosmic egg and androgynism. Thus the modern idioms were born from the material of the old, informed and organized by the religious idea and by the sacerdotal word. At first each of these idioms was a mere dialect,—that is, a vulgar speech, rude, ignoble, private, unfit for public use and for writing; not yet possessed of a life of its own, independent of the mother's. And just as the fetus becomes a man, the human animal an infant, coming out into the light, and entirely separating from the maternal body, so a dialect is transformed into an illustrious language, fit to signify ideal things through the work of noble writers, who divert it from popular usage, and introduce it into the forum, the temple, the schools, and the conversation of the learned." *

VII.—Have modern times rivalled the Middle Ages in architectural skill and taste? With the exception of St. Peter's at Rome—itsself a result of the *spirit* of that despised period,—all the most magnificent structures of Europe, all the real triumphs of architect-

ure, are of mediæval conception and execution. Glass windows, too, introduced in the fourth century, commenced to present beautiful colors in the early Middle Age; and in the twelfth century the Church, by means of those wonderful window-pictures, developed her plan, begun in the Catacombs of Rome, of reaching the hearts and intellects of such of her children as, perchance, were not penetrated by the words of her preachers.

VIII.—In 650 windmills were invented; in 657, organs; Greek fire in 670; carpet-weaving in 720; clocks in 760; in 790 the Arabic numerals were introduced; in 1130 the silkworm was first cultivated in Europe; in 1278 gunpowder was invented; engraving in 1410; oil-painting, though many ascribe it to Van Eyck, was in use in 1415.

As for the science of criticism, which many regard as a peculiar pride of our century, it is generally supposed to have been so little understood as to indicate by its absence the intellectual decadence of the Middle Ages. And yet modern critics can point to very few questions, agitated by themselves, which were not raised during that period. It is a remarkable fact that while the critics of the Golden Age of Leo X. credited the tales of Annio of Viterbo (the Chatterton of the fifteenth century), and while even the skeptics of the "Encyclopedia" believed in Ossian, the darkest century of the Middle Ages—the eleventh—disputed the authenticity of the false "Decretals" of Isidore Mercator. Centuries before the Protestants of England and America gave up their persecution of witches, Bishop Agobard and King Luitprand had condemned such absurdity (ninth century); and the former had protested against trials by combat, and against ordeals by fire and water. Nor can modern times claim all the credit of having discovered what is called the Copernican system; for Bishop John of Salisbury (d. 1180), and four centuries before him the Irish monk, Virgilius (Ferghil), had taught the correct mundane system and the existence of the antipodes.

Never in modern days have the pretensions of sovereigns been more jealously watched and more heartily resisted by the peoples than in the days so generally supposed to have been a period of prostration before royal caprice. Whereas the legislation of ancient

* "Primato Civile e Morale degli Italiani," Capolago, 1846, vol. ii, p. 275.

Rome had established the sole will of the prince as the reason of all law, the Canon Law of the Church, a crowning glory of the Middle Ages, teaches that law supposes the consent of the people, and has for its end only the good of the community. As far back as the eighth century Rattier, Bishop of Verona, proclaimed that human nature is ever equal to itself, and that therefore no man has received from God the right to command his neighbor. The science of government has never been laid down better than by the Angelic Doctor, that light sufficient of itself to dissipate the darkness of an entire epoch.*

No modern abolitionist has more earnestly pleaded in favor of universal freedom than did the monk Smaragdus in the eighth century. The masses were no more content in those days than they are now to quietly accept whatever they found at hand. "Every dogma, rite, and system," observes Cantù, "found champions and opponents; and the political heresies of Arnold of Brescia and of Friar Dolcino, the philosophical ones of Origen and of Abélard, the religious ones of Photius and of the Albigeuses, left nothing new for Luther and Socinus to pronounce. And what if we reflect that these rude ancestors of ours civilized half the world; that by the translation of the Bible modern languages were formed; that hymns were composed which were sung by the most refined centuries; that entire nations were withdrawn from licentious and ferocious superstition? Undoubtedly, much was wanting; but deny, if you can, to Alex-

ander the title of consummate general because he would not have been able to conquer at Leipsic or to reduce Antwerp; or the title of poet to Homer because he was ignorant of geography and astronomy."

In the Middle Ages the science of government had already been able to abolish that system of centralization which in later times became, and is yet, the curse of modern Europe. In England, then perfectly Catholic, parliamentary government was developed, at least as to its essentials; for the English liberties date from the Charter of Henry I. in 1103; and above all from the Great Charter of John Lackland in 1215; and the Provisions of Oxford in 1258, the source of the House of Commons. Spain had her liberties developed in her *cortes*, and Germany in her diets. In France political life was nourished by the Champs de Mars and of May, and then by the Estates. And in Italy, where the influence of the Papacy was the most immediately exercised, the most favorable ground for republican institutions was found and cultivated; the glories of the medieval republics, of Genoa, Pisa, Sienna, Florence and Venice need no description. This last point is beyond contestation; political liberty existed in the "dark" ages, and under the full domination of the Catholic Church.*

Well might Augustin Thierry call the Middle Ages the real epoch of liberty. Even in the Papal States, the government of which at this period might naturally be supposed to have been redolent of absolutism, the Popes of those days carried on their government in

* "Two things are necessary to found a durable order of things in the state. All must be participants in the general government, so that all may have an interest in maintaining the public peace. That form must be adopted which combines all powers most happily. The happiest combination is that which places at the head a virtuous ruler, who will surround himself with a number of notables who will rule according to equity; and who, being taken from every class by means of a universal suffrage, will thus associate the entire people in the cares of government. In its beneficent organization such a state would combine royalty, represented by its one head; aristocracy, in its magistrates chosen from among the best citizens; and democracy, manifested in the election of the magistrates, effected in the ranks and by the voice of the people." (See Ch. Jourdain's "La Philosophie de St. Thomas d'Aquin," vol. i, p. 407. — "Summa Theol.," p. 1, 2, q. 2, c. 8, a. 7.)

* Balmes says: "The greatest development of the royal power in Spain occurred on the appearance of Protestantism. In England, commencing with Henry VIII., it was not monarchy that prevailed, but a cruel despotism, the excesses of which could not be disguised by a vain shadow of representative forms. In France, after the war of the Huguenots, the royal power was more absolute than ever. In Sweden Gustavus mounts the throne, and from that moment the kings exercise almost unlimited power. In Denmark the monarchy perpetuates and strengthens itself. In Germany the kingdom of Prussia is formed, and absolutism generally prevails. In Austria, the empire of Charlemagne retains all its power and splendor. In Italy the little republics disappear, and the peoples recur to the domination of princes. In Spain the ancient *cortes* of Castile, Aragon, Valencia, and Catalonia, fall into abeyance."

union with their people,—that is, with the “Roman Republic.” It was not until 1353 that Cardinal Alborno, legate of Pope Innocent VI. (residing at Avignon), tried to introduce a sovereignty like that in other monarchies by destroying the petty lords; but even he guaranteed many of the ancient privileges by his “Egidian Constitutions,” which for centuries remained the real public law of the Romagna; and down to the revolution of 1797 the pontifical sovereignty remained rather nominal than despotic. In fact, not before the Congress of Vienna, in 1815—the royal members of which, says Cantù, wished that all mediate jurisdiction should cease, and that, especially in Italy, no written rights of the people should exist,—did absolutism in any sense prevail in the Papal States.*

Nor was the will of a nation, as to its choice of a ruler, a thing generally ignored in the Middle Ages. In England the early kings mounted the throne only with the consent of the “witan,” or great ones; and the olden writers ordinarily speak of election as the title to reign of their sovereigns. Even after the Norman Conquest, William and his first successors rested their claims on the national will. After the death of the Lion Heart, it was the great council of England, assembled at Northampton, which definitively settled the crown on John Lackland; and at the coronation at Westminster the primate justified the exclusion of Arthur by alleging the right of the nation to choose, from among the royal princes, him who seemed to be most worthy of the sceptre. In Germany, after the death of the last descendant of the German branch of Charlemagne, an assembly of the lords placed Conrad I. on the throne,—subject, of course, as was ever the case, to confirmation

* “Absolutism was an entirely new thing in the Papal States,” says Cantù; “and when Pius IX. initiated and blessed the Italian movement, he protested, in his Constitution of March 14, 1848, that he did nothing but ‘restore some ancient institutions which were for a long time the mirror of the wisdom of our august predecessors’; and that ‘in the olden time our Communes had the privilege of governing themselves, under laws chosen by themselves, with the sovereign sanction.’ Behold one of the thousand proofs that liberty is old and despotism new. But to-day, all moral and political sense being lost, the name of one is bestowed on the other.” (“Heretics of Italy,” *dis. viii.*)

by the Roman Pontiff. This right to choose the emperor of the Holy Roman Empire afterward passed to the ten and then to the seven Electors. In France, from the very origin of the monarchy, the nation participated in the inauguration of the supreme power. Under the Carolingian dynasty the sovereign was proclaimed in a general assembly, and then raised on a buckler supported by the chiefs of the nation. And these notables exercised, down to the fall of the Merovingian dynasty, the right to depose unworthy kings; thus, Childeric I. was deposed because of his oppressions, and Childeric III. on account of imbecility.

When Charlemagne divided his states among his three sons, he decreed that “if one of the three brothers should have a son *whom the people would be willing to elect* to the kingdom of his father, his uncles should consent.” Similar dispositions were made by Louis le Debonnaire in his two successive divisions of the empire. When Louis le Bègue was crowned at Compiègne he styled himself “King, by the mercy of God and the choice of the people.” On the death of Louis V., his successor by heredity should have been his uncle, Charles of Lorraine; but as that prince had alienated the hearts of the people, the prelates and lords met at Senlis in 987, and gave the crown of Charlemagne to Hugh Capet. Nor can it be said that the *people* were ignored in all this development of the exercise of political right; for the Third Estate—all of the nation that was not clergy or nobility*—shows itself during the Middle Ages ever vigorous and aggressive. In France, at least, the political life of the Third Estate began with the monarchy. After the king came his “leudes,” or great vassals, who were the source of the nobility, or “grande noblesse”; then came the *people*, composed of freemen (“*ingenui*”) and serfs. The freemen, possessors of their own lands (called “*allodiales*”), were

* Some have held that the Third Estate comprised only the middle class, what we now call the *bourgeoisie*; but this opinion is historically false. The ordinance of Louis XVI., convoking the Estates of 1789, speaks of the immemorial right of attending the Third possessed by “all the inhabitants who are French by birth or naturalization, of twenty-five years of age, domiciled, and subject to taxation.”

obliged to military service. These men voted in the general assemblies of the nation or the Champs de Mars or of May. Behold the origin of the Third Estate.

But with the twelfth century began the great influence of this body. Louis le Gros emancipated the Communes, gave liberty to the cities, and thus started municipal life. The Benedictine Abbot Suger—the greatest statesman of his age, who ruled France under Louis Lejeune,—developed these liberties, and very soon serfdom disappeared in the greater part of the kingdom. Under the Capetian kings, the Estates General, properly so called, succeeded the old assemblies of the nation, the first solemn reunion being held under the arches of Notre Dame de Paris in 1302, and the people having their votes and *cahiers* equally with the clergy and nobility. And the resolutions of this assembly surpass, in some respects, the modern guarantees of constitutional government.*

Montesquieu, that genius whom Cantù appropriately characterizes as “imprisoned in his own century,” was constrained, despite his prejudice as to the “barbarism” of medieval law, to avow that government was then “well moderated”; and precisely because “the civil liberties of the people, the prerogatives of the nobility and clergy, and the power of the sovereign, moved in concert.” When even the positivist Augustin Thierry declares that the Middle Ages formed “the true epoch of freedom,” one is prepared to hear Montalembert—who, with the sole exception of Cantù, penetrated the spirit of this calumniated period better than any other modern publicist—announcing his conviction that “the Middle Ages were the era of really representative government, of institutions more sincerely and efficaciously representative than any which have been imagined since that time. Yes, representative government was born in the Middle Ages, and belongs to them. It was born of a natural combination of the elements which then constituted society; it came from the common action of the Church, Catholic royalty, the owners of the land, and the emancipated municipalities.”

A Story of Mary and of May.*

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

IT was four o'clock in the afternoon when a lady of middle age, dressed in deep mourning, descended the steps of the only hotel open in the town at this season of the year; for the summer influx to seaside resorts had not yet set in. She had been ordered by her physician to seek change of air in some quiet place; and, although she knew that the cause of her weary days and nights was due to no bodily ailment, she obeyed this command, hoping to find in new scenes some relief from sorrowful thoughts and painful memories.

As she walked slowly along, on her way to the beach, pausing occasionally to look at the pretty gardens, many of which were already being put in order preparatory to the arrival of their owners—mostly wealthy residents of New York, who came here to enjoy their summer holidays,—her attention was arrested by the sound of a church bell close by. “That must be the bell of a Catholic church,” she said, half aloud; and, although she had not practised her religion for many years, she felt impelled to turn in the direction of the sound, and soon found herself in front of a small but handsome building, surmounted by the cross, which formerly distinguished the Catholic church from all others. We say *formerly*, because in these latter days the long-banished emblem of Christianity may often be seen on churches of other denominations.

As she stood, irresolute, moved by an impulse to enter, yet hesitating, and unable to account to herself for the interior voice which urged her to cross the threshold, a procession of children filed out of a large gateway, on the other side of the church grounds, which she at once and correctly judged to be that of a convent school. Two Sisters walked in front of the children, who all bore bouquets, wreaths, and small baskets of cut flowers.

* The incident herein related occurred at a watering-place near New York some years ago. As one of the parties concerned died an exemplary death not long since in France, and the other is a lay-brother in a religious institution in that country, I consider it not untimely to make the incident public.

* See Augustin Thierry's “Essai sur l'Histoire de la Formation du Tiers-Etat,” ch. 2, Paris, 1853.

Almost mechanically she followed them into the church, where a blaze of lights surrounded a beautiful statue of *Mater Admirabilis*, half hidden in a wreath of lovely flowers. One by one the white-robed children advanced to the shrine, placing their offerings at Our Lady's feet. A flood of memories rushed over the woman's soul. The waxen candles shining like stars amid the bloom, the bower of fragrance wherein Mary sat enthroned, the perfume of the flowers—she knew them well, she remembered them well! It was the 1st of May, and these little girls were about to consecrate themselves anew to Mary's sweet service, and to invoke her benign protection.

The children returned from the altar steps, ranging themselves on the left-hand side of the church, in the front pews. On the opposite side about twenty boys were already kneeling, a Sister also having them in charge. The lady in black entered a pew behind them, and, kneeling, made the Sign of the Cross for the first time in many years. A few old men and toil-worn women came in at intervals. Presently a pale-faced priest, with two acolytes, appeared from the sacristy, and the service began.

In a few well-chosen words the priest explained the meaning of the devotion of the Month of Mary, exhorting the children to practise it through life; telling them how in after-days they would treasure as a precious remembrance these short, sweet half hours snatched from the turmoil of the day, and spent with the dearest and truest of mothers in her own flowery month of May. After this followed an act of consecration, recited in a clear, expressive voice by one of the larger girls; skilful hands then touched the organ, and a hundred childish voices uprose in waves of prayerful song.

More than one of the children marked with surprise the sudden tremor that shook the black-robed woman as she buried her face deep in her hands; while the gentle nun who knelt behind them said a fervent *Memorare* for her, whom she instinctively divined must bear the burthen of a troubled soul. Lower and lower she bent her head, her whole frame shaken with convulsive sobbing. Those beautiful old canticles,—had her life been but a long, miserable dream since she last heard

them, in French, in her happy convent home?

When she lifted her tear-stained face the church was deserted, the lights extinguished; only the undying sanctuary lamp illumined the twilight gloom, from which the fair, sweet face of the Virgin Mother seemed to smile sadly but tenderly upon her. She hurried from the place, once more directing her steps to the hotel, and deferring her walk to the beach until later. After a slight repast she set forth again, longing to be alone with God and memory by the shore of that strange, sad, mysterious sea, whose ceaseless, everlasting ebb and flow seemed in harmony with the tumult of her own soul.

As she sat on the sand in the twilight, far removed from the laughing groups with which the shore was irregularly dotted, her whole life rose up, like a swift-passing panorama, before her. She saw herself in a new aspect; regret, remorse, compunction, and firm resolve followed in quick succession through her agitated mind. Once more a happy girl, she walked hand in hand with her companions in the old convent garden at Nevers, reciting the Rosary aloud or singing May canticles.

Je suis la bergère fidèle,

she could hear Léonie's voice, clearest of all in the chorus; and surely that was Blanche softly lisping the pretty solo:

La bergère fidèle, nous appelle.

How well, too, she remembered that grand *Chrétiens, nous combattons aujourd'hui sur la terre!* With what feeling they sang it, as though it might have been a Christian "*Marseillaise*"!

Then she arose and began to walk up and down, tears falling from her eyes. Presently she dwelt on another scene—all gaiety, light and perfume; the glamour of worldly pomp and pleasure; the reign of coquetry, of fashion, of so called enjoyment; hours, days, months, given, to frivolous amusement. No room there for childish canticles, no time for prayer; vanity her god, the pride of life her goal. After that a loveless marriage, a cruel, heartless husband; the gradual hardening of her own heart; her life and its uses unredeemed save by one unselfish passion—a mother's love for her only child. And then—oh, sharpest pang of all!—widowhood, unblest by one tender memory of the departed. An ungrateful, extravagant son, returning her

lavish kindness with indifference, meeting her reproaches with insults and sarcasm; finally, an angry rupture and abandonment.

For five years she had walked the world alone, rich in its goods, none poorer in affection. From him she had received no sign. Where was he now, that wayward boy? Why, during all these years of anguish and desolation, had she never until to-day turned to God and that sweet Mother, to whom she had once been so devoted, for help and consolation? How could she have lived so barren and arid a life, untouched even by the sting of remorse, since that happy time when her dearest charge had been to deck the altar of her tender Mother, since her proudest title had been that of Child of Mary!

And her boy? She now realized how responsible she was for his downfall and possible reprobation. Had he ever learned from her a prayer? Ah, yes! there had been one, and she took comfort in the thought. When he was a very little child, while yet her own heart preserved a faint trace of its former piety, she had taught him to lisp beside her knee, "Holy Mother of God and my Mother, guard me, guide me, and take me, when life is over, to dwell with you in Paradise!" "Say it every day, Louis," she had enjoined him; but that was a great many years ago, and she had long since neglected to repeat it herself. Sometimes, when half awake in the early morning, she had heard the faintest echo of the pious ejaculation in her careless soul.

Lashed by thoughts like these, she walked across the long stretch of sand,—across and back again, till her tired feet warned her that she could not endure much longer. Then, seating herself on the timber of an abandoned boat, she watched the moon rise, a quivering globe of molten gold; and, suddenly waking to the time and place, found herself alone upon the sands. Wrapping her shawl more closely about her, for the wind blew sharp and fresh, she started homeward; but instead of going directly up the long street to the hotel, some strange chance, or, better, a kind Providence, led her toward the little church, now shadowy and dark amid embowering trees. The soft rays of the sanctuary lamp shone through the half-open door, making a dim pathway of light to the vestibule, and she was fain to

turn her weary steps toward this brightness before she slept.

There was no one visible; she knelt in the last pew, praying fervently. Her boy was never absent from her thoughts, but her heart seemed to cry out with a mighty longing for him to-night. "O my Mother," she murmured, "if I could once more hear him call me 'Mother!'" Something stirred in the shadows behind her; in the almost painful silence she fancied she heard a whispered "Mother!" Quickly turning her head, she peered into the darkness, but saw nothing: "Only my overwrought fancy," she thought, rising to leave the church. Near the holy-water font she paused, with hand uplifted to her forehead. Again a stir in the darkness, an agonizing sigh, a whispered, tremulous "Mother!"

She was not a timid woman, and now her faculties were all alert. She felt a human presence near her. Reaching forth her hand, it rested on a crouching figure, close to the wall, —on a mass of short, thick-curling hair,—a man's head, she knew.

"Who are you? What are you doing here?" she cried. For answer came again, but more distinctly now, that one word, thrice repeated, each time more imploringly, "Mother—mother—mother!"

"Come!" she said, dragging him to the open door, where the moonlight lay in broken lines upon the threshold.

And this was what she saw. A man, pallid, repulsive, grimy and unshaven, with matted hair and scarred and furrowed forehead,—an outcast of the streets, in soiled and tattered clothing; a pariah of the slums, whom to see was to avoid as one might Cain or Judas;—one from whom little children must have shrunk in trembling as he passed them by, so haggard, so woe-begone did he appear; yet one who, faithful to a single blessed memory of childhood, was wont, upon his weary tramp, to loiter sometimes near the shadow of the sanctuary, there to murmur, in his dull, besotted way, the words of a never-forgotten prayer;—a pitiful, abject thing, looking up at her now, with hope and shame and love and doubt strangely blending in his sin-veiled eyes,—*yet her own boy still*, as, with all the passion of a mother's heart, she clasped her arms around him!

Notes and Remarks.

In one of Murillo's pictures in the Louvre he shows us the interior of a convent kitchen; but doing the work there are, instead of humbly-clad religious, angels with beautiful, luminous wings. One is putting the kettle to boil, one lifting a pail of water, and another reaching for some plates in the cupboard. A little cherub is running about, trying to help; but, one fears, only getting in the way. Is this not a sweet lesson that there can be no such thing as drudgery or ignoble toil when the purpose is lofty? A little love will sweeten toil, and so blessed be drudgery! For it links us with our struggling brother, and binds us closer to the angelic hosts, who hasten about at God's behest,—nay, more: it unites us to God Himself when done for Him; for He did not disdain when upon earth to handle the lowly tools of the artisan.

The latest letter written by Cardinal Lavigerie is addressed to the President of the International Anti-slavery Conference at Brussels. His Eminence makes a strong appeal—citing facts—for Christian interference with the growing Mussulman power in Africa. Apologists for the Mahdi and the other inhuman sectarians should read this letter; it shows beyond a doubt that the Snoussya and other Mahomedans are bent on perpetuating and increasing the horrors of the slave trade.

Professor Pettenkofer, one of the most prominent of the Old Catholics, has made a full submission to the Church and been reconciled. The death of Döllinger has had a different effect from that anticipated by his Protestant apologists. It seems to have made the best of the Old Catholics see the terrors of their position in the face of death.

The Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, in a recent sermon at Coventry, on the occasion of the restoration of a church there, alluded to the "secular greed" which had devoured the temporalities of the Catholic Church. He referred to the ancient guilds, the creatures of the Christian ages, some of whose chapels yet exist in the church. "Look round you," he said, "and see here the chapels of all those merchant and trade guilds. When these were built there were other guilds existing still, which had simply religious objects for purposes of mutual protection for person or for property. They had lasted on with all their observances. But here you had a wholly

different class of worship—the drapers' chapel, the mercers' chapel, the cappers' chapel, and the dyers' and the smiths' and the girdlers' chapels,—each wealthy trade dedicating itself by solemn worship and sacred ties to God's service, 'as to the Lord, and not unto men.' Here, every Friday, came the mayor of the city, with all his officers, to offer special prayer to Jesus, Our Lord, before he went to open and preside over the market."

It is a pregnant episode in modern civilization, this spectacle of the Primate of the Anglican sect looking back with admiration to the days that are no more in England.

Father Disney, of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Louisville, Ky., lately wrote to the *Catholic News*, describing his experience just after the recent disastrous cyclone. "I had no time to think, but, taking my boots and an oil-cloth, I ran out, and—O God save me from such another sight!—I immediately made my way to the Sisters' house. Here I learned that four were buried under the ruins. The exact location was not easy to determine. The night was fearfully dark; but, summoning all the assistance I could, three were gotten out alive, and the fourth dead. May God have mercy on her! We lost everything—church, school, pastor's residence, Sisters' house,—our parish being right in the track of the cyclone. The work of eighteen years swept away in ten seconds! The statue of the Blessed Virgin in my church is the only thing left standing, and it is the admiration of the many hundreds who come to see it."

A donation of five thousand dollars has recently been made to Georgetown College by a benefactor, whose name is not given, for the purchase of a telescope, to replace the one in use since 1845. This instrument, with a photographic corrector, camera, and other appliances, will cost about \$10,000. When completed the telescope will be devoted to the observation of variable stars.

The Rev. Father Jones, S. J., of Montreal, is the inventor of a new fire-escape. The invention has been put to practical tests, and found to work admirably.

John Howard, the great philanthropist, had a rule for giving, which well deserves to be remembered: "Our superfluities should give way to other men's conveniences; our conveniences should give way to other men's necessities; and even our necessities should sometimes give way to other men's extremities." Alas that there should be many persons calling themselves

Christians whose hearts do not prompt them to retrench even luxuries for the benefit of the needy,—to whom charitable appeals are often made in vain!

It is probable that the Sisters will be restored to their place in the public hospitals of Paris. Medical men, irrespective of religion, have never ceased to protest against their expulsion; besides, lay nurses have been found more expensive and otherwise seriously objectionable. Although economic reasons have greatest weight with the powers that be, at the time of elections the freest of Freethinkers are apt to turn Opportunists. The opinion of M. de Marcère on this subject is worth quoting. It will be remembered that he was formerly Minister of the Interior and is a pronounced Republican. After showing how the budget of the Public Assistance has been considerably increased since the banishment of the religious from the hospitals; he says: "So much for the pecuniary side of the question. Its inhuman side belongs to the moral order of things. Men who, in following out a party and sectarian spirit, banish chaplains and Sisters of Charity from the hospitals, without troubling about the moral sufferings they inflict upon the inmates, deserve to be likened to those individuals who are represented as quietly torturing their victims in order, as they say, that good may come of it."

Rome, under the new dispensation, is rapidly becoming a city of beggars. The poverty in the city is so great that even one or two of the bronze ornaments of the statue of Giordano Bruno have been stolen. The municipality, which can not protect the statues of its gods from the hands of the poverty it has helped to create, is now considering a project for the erection of a monument to Arnold of Brescia—who will probably be succeeded by Martin Luther and perhaps Mahomed.

Mr. Gladstone's paper in *Good Words*, on "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture," deals very reverently with what he calls "The Creation Story." He concludes that "the Ordainer of nature and the Giver or Guide of the creation story are one and the same."

The interest of the late Empress Augusta in Catholics is shown by the gift, just paid over in accordance with her will, to St. Hedwige's Catholic hospital in Berlin.

At a recent teachers' examination in Brooklyn, N. Y., three young ladies from St. Elizabeth's Academy, who have not yet been graduated, re-

ceived high percentages and were honored with teachers' certificates. Another example of the care with which composition is taught in parochial schools is the fact that a prize offered by the Rochester *Post-Dispatch* was won by Miss Agnes O'Connor, a pupil of St. Patrick's parochial school in that city.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Borgess, who died at St. Augustin's Rectory, Kalamazoo, Mich., on May 3, is widely and sincerely mourned. He was born near Essen, in Hanover, Germany, but came to this country when a child. His parents settled in Cincinnati, where he was educated and, in due course, elevated to the priesthood. He succeeded Bishop Lefevre in the Diocese of Detroit, on April 24, 1870. The mitre came to him undesired; he lived among his people in Cincinnati as among dear friends, in each of whom he had a particular interest. His removal to Detroit, though looked on by the world at large as a great honor, was accepted by Father Borgess in the spirit of duty. His humility revolted against it, while his thorough appreciation of the necessity of obedience to the voice of the Holy Father caused him to accept it. His kindness and gentleness, his humility, and especially his charity, marked him as a man of God and a Christian gentleman.

Cardinal Manning has written a note to Canon Murnane, in which he says that, except in churches where the higher kind of church-music can be sung by priests and cantors, "the congregation ought to sing in a body simple music—the responses in Holy Mass and hymns."

John A. Lonigan, B. A., M. D., has made an earnest attempt at the trisection of the triangle. He has not succeeded, as a reference to his pamphlet—"The Trisection of the Triangle"—will prove; but he has shown that he is one of the cleverest of young American mathematicians.

The cause of the dear and holy priest of Ars is slowly progressing; the expenses of the process are large, as the necessity of employing a great number of clerks in it, and of having many examinations made, is scrupulously insisted on. The preliminaries to the canonization of a saint at Rome are more carefully conducted than any great case in the most exacting of law courts. The following additional offerings have been received by us in response to the postulator's appeal for funds:

C. D., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., \$1; the Rev. J. J. Pike, \$1; A Friend, Newry, Pa., \$5; A Friend, Warren, R. I., \$3.15; A Friend, Newport, Ohio, \$1.50.

New Publications.

AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING TO READ, WRITE, AND SPEAK THE LATIN LANGUAGE. By the Rev. Matthew P. O'Brien. First Course. Kellyville, Pa. : M. P. O'Brien, Publisher.

Evidently the work of one who has had much experience in teaching, this book compresses a large amount of instructive matter into a small space. There are none of those "copious notes," supplied merely to show the erudition of the writer, and which are invariably skipped by the learner. We are glad to see that Father O'Brien, in his directions for speaking Latin, has recognized the fact that a Latin pronunciation has naturally grown up among us in America. We are not "Kikeronians," aiming to get back to the Latin pronunciation which may have prevailed in the days of the Roman Republic. Neither are we "Tchitcheronians," slavishly imitating the pronunciation that prevails at headquarters, whether right or wrong. Nor "Tsitseronians," after the models of Teutonic erudition. No: we are simply Ciceronians; and if a chorister of foreign extraction sometimes departs from our usual method of pronunciation, his peculiarity is drowned amid the vortices of the general chorus. There is one thing, however, in this Latin book to which we must take exception. In the author's desire to be brief he sometimes forgets precision. "The nominative case comes before the verb" is not necessarily true of a *Latin* order of words. If he means that the nominative, *when translated into English*, comes before the verb, he should still remember that there is a predicate nominative. But these little slips will not impair the value of the book, which will be found of great use to both teacher and pupil.

LIFE OF ST. JUSTIN, MARTYR. By Mrs. Charles Martin, Author of the "Life of St. Jerome," etc. London: Burns & Oates, Ltd. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

This excellent little work, although the life of a Saint whose epoch marks the wane of Greek and Roman paganism, is not inappropriate to our own times, in which we see manifested such a disposition to revive that paganism, at least in its spirit of limiting human aspirations to terrestrial aims. When we better understand what an odious thing it was that Christianity labored to shake itself free from, with many struggles and much loss of precious lives, we shall better appreciate our debt to the Fathers of the Church, and be less liable to succumb to the witchery of antique marbles and literature. Mrs. Martin has done a good work in giving us this book; although we would

rather not hear St. Felicitas called "Felicity," as we are used to the Latin form of her name. It is a happy thing for us that this spirit of translation has not gone any further, and that in speaking of Quadratus she does not call him "Square." But, in truth, we have no serious fault to find with this valuable, concise biography, and we cordially recommend it to the attention of our readers.

SONNETS OF HOLY LAND. With an Introduction on the Pilgrimage to Palestine. By the Rev. John Durward. Illustrated by Photogravures from Photographs taken by the Author. 1890.

Father Durward's sonnets have already been appreciated in the varied ways in which they have come before the public; and this little white and gold volume, coming without any publisher—needing none, in fact; for its own merits will waft it to Catholic and cultured homes on the wings of beauty and truth—is the most delightful form in which anything from his gifted pen has yet appeared. The subjects of the photogravures are not the trite repetitions of such views as may be found in a tourist's guide: they are striking scenes, which would escape the ordinary observer and reveal themselves only to the poet.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister Mary of St. Illuminata, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, and Sister M. Loyola, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. Francis J. Feenan, who died at Albany, N. Y., on the 24th ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mrs. Elizabeth Yendley, who peacefully yielded her soul to God on the 22d ult., at West Roxbury, Mass.

Mrs. Mary A. Collier, of Pittston, Pa., who departed this life on the 26th ult.

Mr. Michael T. Lynch, who passed away on the 18th ult., at Willimantic, Conn., after a long illness.

Mr. Thomas Moran, of Wilmington, Del., whose happy death occurred on the 22d ult.

Mrs. Mary McDermott, whose exemplary life was crowned with a precious death on the 20th ult., at Lowell, Mass.

H. A. Redmond and Nannie M. Majors, of Springfield, Mo.; Anthony and Patrick Rogan and Mrs. Delia McDermott, Fillmore, Iowa; Mrs. Katharine Isherwood, Delphi, Ind.; James Gubbins, New York, N. Y.; and Mrs. John Gavin, St. Paul, Minn.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



"Sadie."

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

SHE lay, like a little princess,
Asleep on her silken bed;
But the couch was strait and narrow,
And the death-lights burned at its head.

The slender, dark-haired maiden,
Scarce eight sweet summers old,—
She slept—but the sleep was dreamless,
She smiled—but the lips were cold.

And the eyelids' jetty fringes
Shadowed the cheek below;
And the brow where the ringlets clustered
Was white and chill as snow.

But never a poet's fancy
Was fair as that sleeping face,—
As that form in its robe of satin,
Half-veiled in creamy lace.

And never the dream of an artist
Was half so sad or sweet
As the little, rose-filled fingers,
And the small, white-slipper'd feet!

O cover her up with flowers,
The whitest and the best!
Her dust shall grow pure lilies,
From roots within her breast,—

The breast where the God of the lilies
Reposed that last sweet day,
When He sent His shining angels
To bear her soul away.

With outstretched arms, our princess
Followed their pinions wide;
For the Son of the King of Heaven
Had claimed her for His bride.

APRIL 20, 1890.



Sweet Clover.

BY FRANCESCA.

I.



T first it was such a happy family—
John Tucker, his wife Ellen, and
the two little girls. The elder
was named Mary, and the baby,
although she was baptized Margaret, had
never been called anything but Clover. She
had laughed and crowed with joy at a bunch
of the sweet clover her father brought her,
and he had tossed her high in the air and
said: "You are fresh and sweet as the clover
yourself." That was the beginning of it, and
Clover, Sweet Clover, she had always re-
mained, except upon rare occasions of cere-
mony, when her true name was brought forth,
and put away again as something too fine and
stately for daily use.

The Tuckers had a tiny farm just out of
town, and raised vegetables for the market.
The place was Ellen's, as it had been her
father's before her; and this was something
which John, try as he might, could never
quite forget or forgive. It seemed a reflection
upon him that all they had came from her,
and he had been unfortunate from the first.
The farm was all there was to stand between
them and the wolf which prowls about the
doors of the poor. For two summers the bugs
devoured the potato vines and the frost had
ruined the strawberries. Then John Tucker
took to drinking.

At first poor, innocent Ellen did not know
why he came home with a flushed face and
in an ungracious mood; and so she did his
work herself because she thought him ill,
leaving her baby crying in the cradle while
she went through the potato vines with the
poison for the beetles, or filled the celery
trenches. At night, while he slept heavily,
she would walk the floor with little Clover,
hushing her cries that her father might not
be disturbed; and then would be out of doors
at peep of day, toiling like a field-hand. No
wonder that this wore upon her; no wonder
that, when at last it dawned upon her that
her husband was becoming a common drunk-
ard, and spending his time and her money

with the loafers of the town, she grew sour of visage and sharp of speech.

Then Ellen Tucker set to work all the harder, denying herself everything, and hiding every small coin in an old sugar-bowl, upon the cupboard's highest shelf. How they would get through the winter she did not see. Mary must have a warm cloak, and she had set her heart upon having a stove for the sitting-room. Her own new gown, for which she had hoped, must be given up. She went nowhere but to church and the market-house; her old shawl would hide deficiencies another winter, and perhaps her husband would do better.

She would have lost all heart but for her girls, sweet little things, with the sunshine still in their faces,—Mary, with womanly ways from the first, getting to be such a help; and Clover as yet only a laughing toddler. She took them both with her when she went to town one October day, to dispose of some eggs and a few late vegetables; and as they drove home she confided to Mary that the cloak would be forthcoming soon; and to the baby, who did not understand it but fancied it delightful, that there would be money enough for two little pigs in the spring if all went well.

As Mrs. Tucker went into the house her husband came out.

"I thought you were going to be gone all day!" he said, surlily. "I've an errand in town this afternoon, and I've been waiting for the horse."

"Don't be long, John!" pleaded Ellen, knowing well what the errand was.

He made no answer, but turned the patient horse's head again toward the town. As he disappeared a horrible misgiving took possession of her, and she flew to the cupboard and took down the old sugar-bowl. It was as empty as a robin's nest after cruel boys have robbed it of its treasure!

"Children," she cried, "we have been robbed!"

Poor soul! her heart was very sad, and she had no other human ears into which to pour this new trouble.

"Yes, we've been robbed!" repeated little Clover, thinking it a great joke.

The mother went on, trying to shield her

husband. The children must not know the truth. It was enough that *she* knew it.

"It may have been a tramp, Mary. We must never leave the house alone again. And perhaps"—taking heart—"your old cloak can be pieced down?"

"Oh, I am sure it can, mother!" answered the girl, gaily.

"Where are the little pigs?" asked Clover. "I want the pretty little pigs!"

"Some day, my darling!" rejoined Mrs. Tucker. "And, Mary, I think your shoes will bear mending again."

"Nicely, mother," answered the little woman, who was used of late to the office of consoler.

"And I heard Mr. Hawkins say that he was sure we should have an open winter and an early spring," continued Mrs. Tucker. "It won't be very long, and then we can make up the money."

Mary knew, poor child! where that money had gone; but she, as well as her mother, had become accustomed to throwing a veil over the faults of the erring man, who at that moment was shrieking with merriment at the story of a rough companion he had picked up on his way to town.

He crawled into the house late that night like a whipped spaniel, expecting a torrent of bitter words, but they did not come. The children had long been sleeping, and their mother, with the old shawl about her, was trying to see how the slender wardrobe of the family could manage without additions. She would not have believed, when the loss of the money confronted her, that she could ever be so calm. And yet she knew the reason of that peace.

From the town, nearly two miles away, had come, after the night and the house were still, the sound of bells. It was the Month of the Holy Rosary, and she knew that the faithful were assembling together to implore the aid of Mary, Comforter of the Afflicted. Before the beads of her own rosary had passed through her toil-worn fingers, as she united her prayers with those ascending afar off, she had forgiven John.

After this things seemed to go better. John, having no money to spend, avoided the town except at rare intervals. Once or twice during the winter he came home with the same flush

on his face that it had worn before. Once he was absent for two whole days without a word of explanation, and the explanation was not demanded. The horse was sold, and Mr. Hawkins agreed to do the necessary ploughing in the spring for a slight compensation. He proved a true prophet, too, about the season. Dandelions were blooming on Christmas Day; most of the ploughing was done in January, and in February the bluebirds and robins came. So it was not an unhappy winter, after all.

The month of May had come. The garden was green, and each one of the Tucker family was busy as a bee. Even little Clover could keep the chickens from the lettuce bed, and the weeds from the radishes; but, more than all, she loved to watch the growing sweet clover, now wandering at its own will along the path which led to the gate. She gathered it to breathe away its fragrance amid the slender store of household linen, and before the white image of the Blessed Virgin she placed the thriftiest and greenest clusters. Mary, her sister, would have replaced it with the wild flowers that were making a garden of the woods and fields; but the little one said:

"I think Our Lady likes the clover best; for it grows sweeter as it dies."

Upon the heels of all this hope and content a great blow came treading. It was the middle of the month, and John had been to town with a load of early vegetables, selling them readily; and what he had done with a part of the proceeds his flushed face told. Among the old companions who flocked around him was one with a persuasive tongue, who had a wild scheme, whereby, with a small capital, a fortune could be made. He urged John to join him.

"I have no money," said John, thinking this would end the matter.

"But your wife has a piece of improved land." And the man put forth his ideas so adroitly, appealing to all that was best and worst in John Tucker's nature, that he went home and told Ellen that if she cared for him, or wished to help her children, she would mortgage the little home and raise the money. But he had asked too much.

"Never, God helping me, will I rob my children in that way!" she said, and would

say no more. He begged, he stormed, he commanded, but she made no answer. Then he burst out:

"A pretty wife you are, so proud of your land, and treating me like a beggar! It's no wonder I'm driven to take a glass with the boys now and then, where there's a kind word said. Now, once for all, is it 'yes' or 'no'?"

She took Clover in her arms and looked steadily at him. "No," she said.

He took his hat and went out of the door, slamming it behind him. "I'm off for good this time," they heard him say.

Mrs. Tucker did not believe he meant what he said, and watched him from the window, the child waving her tiny hand. He stopped and picked a sprig of sweet clover, pulled his hat over his eyes, and was gone.

(To be continued.)

A Little Boy who Loves the Blessed Virgin.

Louis is a little boy who lives in the old Canadian city of Quebec, and who loves the Blessed Virgin very much indeed. Some months ago Louis, who was only thirteen years old, obtained a situation as parcel carrier in the store of an English merchant of Quebec. He gave satisfaction to his employer, and all went well, until time brought round a holiday of obligation.

To absent himself from the choir on a feast of obligation, and to work, were things that Louis had never even thought of doing; so he went to Mass and Vespers as usual, and joined in singing the sweet hymns of the evening Benediction. On the morrow he hurried to the store; but, alas! stern looks and cold reproaches met him for being absent without permission. He was dismissed and turned adrift.

Poor little Louis' heart sank. What was he to do, and what was his poor mother to do,—she who worked so hard and earned so little, and who was so dependent on the help which even his small earnings gave her?

Down in the Lower Town of Quebec stands the oldest church of Canada—the sanctuary dedicated to Our Lady of Victories. To its sacred precincts Louis repaired, and told his

dear Mother in heaven all his troubles, promising a High Mass in her honor should he succeed in obtaining another situation.

Then he began to think. In a certain corner shop, near the street of Sault-au-Matlot, a party of embryo politicians, during the winter previous, used to congregate for an evening chat. They were much older boys than he, but now and then he had been admitted into the charmed circle, and he remembered how they used to talk about the Hon. M. Mercier, the Premier of Quebec,—how generous he was, and how much he had done for the Church and for religion. Louis thought it all over, and then he took the resolution of going to see if the Premier wanted the services of a little boy, who would work for him faithfully in some humble capacity.

Up the hill to the Parliament buildings Louis trudged manfully, and asked the first messenger he met to show him the way to M. Mercier's office. He was kindly received, and the generous heart of the Premier was touched with his story. M. Mercier, who is gifted with remarkable penetration, needed no confirmation of the little fellow's statement; and, as he was then in want of a page, at once took him into his service.

It is said in Quebec that on the day when his first month's wages came due Louis received, over and above, the sum for the promised High Mass. Certain it is that a very happy little boy named Louis, looking very important also, went into the sacristy of Notre Dame des Victoires with an envelope in his hand, and a little later came out without the envelope, and knelt a long time in grateful thanksgiving before the altar of Her who is the certain and unfailing Help of Christians.

Charlemagne at Home.

Many young people, and perhaps many old ones, have thought: "If I were only a rich and powerful king in what splendor would I live! I would always wear the finest garments and eat nothing but delicacies. I would be just as idle as I pleased, and associate only with those who could do the same."

There is a notable instance in history of a powerful sovereign who held different opin-

ions. One could not well, even to-day, be greater than Charlemagne: he had the whole civilized world at his feet, and a word from him could, if he chose, make a million subjects tremble; yet he was a man of the simplest tastes. He preferred a book to a feast, and would rather have a talk on philosophy with his friend, the scholar Alcuin, than to be the centre of any royal pageant.

There was a school in the palace, of which the illustrious Alcuin was head master, and the Emperor chief pupil. The princes and princesses belonged to it also, and no doubt they learned their lessons like any other scholars. Each of them, through a pleasant whim of Charlemagne, took a new name in that court academy, the Emperor himself being called David. It is amusing to think of Alcuin calling out: "Davy, my boy, if you insist upon whispering in study hours you can not go out and play ball at recess." At night, when all the royal household were sleeping, Charlemagne would steal out upon the house-top, Alcuin by his side, to study the courses of the stars.

An ancient historian tells us that the great Emperor's dress, in winter, was a woollen tunic and a sheepskin coat. Over his shoulders was thrown a mantle of blue, and his shoes were not shoes at all, but sandals—strips of strong cloth wound round and round his feet, as was the custom at that period. When he noticed that any one of his courtiers was uncommonly well dressed he would take him on a hunting excursion, and make him leap hedges and thickets until his fine clothes were ruined. Then Charlemagne would remark, naïvely: "If you dressed as I do you would not be in such sorry plight. Clothes are for use, not show."

The tastes of the Empress were as simple as those of her husband, and she was never happier than when keeping her household accounts and stopping the waste in the royal kitchen. She attended personally to all the palace expenses, and had an eye on every department of the servants' labors. She took an especial pleasure in looking after the kitchen-garden; and, after the needs of the palace table were served, she always sent every vegetable and all of the fruit to the poor of the neighborhood.

THE AVE MARIA

TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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In Maytime.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

MADONNA, in the orchard and the croft,
All beautiful with blossoms, and aglow
With the warm kisses which the winds bestow
On their uplifted faces, white and soft;
Lingering among them lovingly and oft,
Athwart the daisied meadows, to and fro,
Beneath the blue skies as they gaily go,
Their snowy shapes the fruit-trees rear aloft:

For it is May, sweet Mother, when all things
That in the gardens and the green fields grow,
Because to thee the month is consecrate,
Assume their fairest forms and colorings,
That we who see them thus arrayed may know
The Queen they honor is immaculate.

The Day of Pentecost.



FEN days after His triumphant
Ascension, our Divine Re-
deemer, seated at the right
hand of His Eternal Father,
sent down upon His Apostles
the Holy Spirit, the great
Comforter, whom He had
promised. He sent Him upon
His Apostles whilst they were

gathered together in the same place, with
Mary, the Blessed Mother of their Lord; for
the Holy Ghost is the link uniting in love all
true followers of Jesus. He sent Him under

a visible form; for the Holy Spirit was to
take the place of the Son of God, who had ap-
peared in visible flesh. "And suddenly there
came a sound from heaven as of a mighty
wind coming, and it filled the whole house
where they were sitting. And there appeared
to them parted tongues as it were of fire, and
it sat upon every one of them: and they were
all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they began
to speak with divers tongues, according as
the Holy Ghost gave them to speak."*

This sound "as of a mighty wind" recalls
the words of the Saviour of the world: "The
Spirit breatheth where He will; and thou
hearest His voice; but thou knowest not
whence He cometh or whither He goeth; so
is every one that is born of the Spirit."†

The fire was the symbol of the ardent zeal
and love with which the Holy Ghost fills
those hearts wherein He takes His abode. The
parted tongues that rested upon the heads
of the Apostles signified the gift of speech
bestowed upon them, by which they were to
give testimony of Christ, according to the
words He addressed to them before leaving
this world: "When the Paraclete cometh,
whom I will send you from the Father, the
Spirit of Truth, who proceedeth from the
Father, He shall give testimony of Me; and
you shall give testimony, because you are
with Me from the beginning."‡

How wonderful were the effects produced
upon the Apostles by the presence of the
Holy Spirit within their souls! Hitherto they
had been ignorant and narrow-minded; now

* Acts, ii, 2-4.

† John, iii, 8.

‡ *Ib.*, xv, 26, 27.

they surpass in wisdom the philosophers of the day, and thousands yield to the power of their words, and are brought into the light of faith. Hitherto they had been influenced only by earthly desires and hopes, and sought after the first places; now they prefer the Cross and humiliations of Christ to all the honors of the world. One thought alone inspires them—the glory of their Redeemer, for love of whom they are ready to lay down their lives. Hitherto they had been weak and timid, and shrunk from any suffering and sacrifice: during the time of the Passion of their Divine Master they had abandoned Him through fear, and their chief had denied Jesus in the presence of poor, idle servants and loiterers; now they are animated with such holy courage that they go forward boldly and confess His name and His glory openly before kings and rulers, and rejoice to suffer persecution for His sake.

There is in this the evident fulfilment of what their Lord and Master had said to them when He was about to leave them: "You shall receive the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon you, and you shall be witnesses unto Me in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria, and even to the uttermost part of the earth." *

Our Divine Redeemer, in the promise made to His Apostles, affirmed that both He and the Father would send the Holy Spirit. He said: "The Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name, He will teach you all things." † And again He said: "It is expedient for you that I go: for if I go not the Paraclete will not come to you: but if I go, I will send Him to you." ‡ From all eternity the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son; conformably to this relation of eternal procession, He receives from the Father and the Son His temporal mission. Still He is not less than They. In the most Adorable Trinity there is no distinction of superiority or time, but only of order. The Three Divine Persons have one and the same nature, one and the same power, one and the same wisdom, one and the same goodness.

And this Holy Spirit has come down not once only, nor upon the Apostles alone. He

still continues to descend from heaven, and enters into every soul enlightened and sanctified through the saving waters of Baptism, or through the Sacrament of Penance if unfortunately the grace of Baptism has been lost. The Spirit of God takes possession of the soul in a state of sanctifying grace, and dwells therein as in His own temple. He bathes it in the flood of His divine light, and inflames it with the fire of His ineffable love. For the Holy Ghost is not like the physician, whose services are no longer required when the patient has been restored to health. But just as the air that surrounds us must be illumined by the sun in order that we may enjoy the light, so the Holy Spirit abides in the soul, in order to preserve the justice with which it is clothed, until that soul by sin obliges Him to leave it.

How blind must be the soul that can drive away this Spirit of Love and give itself over to Belial, its worst enemy! Such a soul once separated from the Holy Spirit is like the cold, repulsive corpse. It remains indeed the principle of the animal life of the body, but in the sight of God it is dead and incapable of eliciting the slightest act meritorious of eternal life. The faithful Christian, possessing the Holy Ghost within his soul, will cherish His presence as the most precious treasure. And if he should be so unfortunate as to be separated from Him he will not remain at rest, but will pray and lament his offences until he shall have recovered that priceless gift, the light and life of his soul.

The Holy Ghost, who sanctifies us in Baptism, communicates to us in His own Sacrament—Confirmation—the fulness of His Seven Gifts, under sensible signs that, in regard to their signification, have a marked affinity to the signs which accompanied His descent upon the Apostles.

The Apostles received the Holy Ghost under the form of tongues of fire, because through the gift of tongues their words would resound throughout the world to give testimony of Jesus Christ. Those who are confirmed can not all indeed bear witness to their Lord and Master by apostolic preaching, but they may and should accomplish this work by the good example of Christian charity and the fulfilment of the duties of a Christian life. Love was symbolized by fire when the Holy

* Acts, i, 8. † John, xiv, 26. ‡ *Ibid*, xvi, 7.

Spirit descended on the day of Pentecost; in Confirmation it is signified by the oil, which nurtures fire. On Pentecost the testimony of Christ was prefigured by the parted tongues; in Confirmation it finds its symbol in the odoriferous balm mingled with oil. The symbols may differ, but their significance is the same. The words spoken by our Blessed Lord to His Apostles are applicable to Christians of all times: "When the Paraclete cometh, whom I will send you from the Father, the Spirit of Truth, who proceedeth from the Father, He shall give testimony of Me; and you shall give testimony."*

Thus the Christian soul, animated by the spirit of Jesus Christ and influenced by His love, will give testimony of Him, realizing that without this testimony—without the profession of his faith—he can not be saved. For the Lord has said: "Everyone that shall confess Me before men, I will also confess him before My Father who is in heaven. But he that shall deny Me before men, I will also deny him before My Father who is in heaven."†

The extraordinary gifts which the Holy Ghost bestowed upon the Apostles—the gift of tongues, the power of working miracles, the gift of prophecy, and the like,—were especially necessary, and assisted most wonderfully in the rapid spread of the Christian religion. However, these gifts have not been wanting during the lapse of time even to our own days. They still continue to manifest themselves in the lives of the saints; for the Holy Ghost ever communicates Himself as He wills and when He wills. An additional reason is thus given the Christian soul, impelling him to direct every effort to preserving the kingdom of God within him,—that is, the seven ordinary gifts of the Holy Ghost, as well as all the other gifts with which the same Spirit enriches him.

How little do Christians generally appreciate the great gift of divine grace! How little do they realize its infinite value, purchased as it has been at the price of the Precious Blood of the Son of God! The Fathers of the Church speak of a *measure* of grace which will determine our condition for eternity. If these graces are used faithfully they will open

heaven to us; if, on the contrary, they are abused they will one day be our most bitter accusers before the judgment-seat of God. Then for the lost soul that indelible character impressed upon it in Baptism and in Confirmation will be transformed into an eternal stigma of dishonor. Through an eternity of misery it will reproach itself with the innumerable graces that it despised and rejected, but which were more than sufficient to secure its salvation.

Alas, how many there are at the present time who trample under foot the merits of their Divine Redeemer, and sin against the Holy Ghost! But this Divine Spirit will continue His presence and influence with the Church until the end of time, communicating to each member the truths and graces of Jesus Christ. The Holy Roman Catholic Church is the pillar and ground of truth, the treasury of graces, the house of God, and the temple of the Holy Ghost. The true Christian will be faithful to her, that when called from this earth he may go forth strengthened by her prayers and blessings.

He will be influenced, therefore, by the great devotion which the Church associates with this month of May—the devotion to the Mother of God. He will realize that the fact of her presence with the Apostles for the great event of Pentecost shows how earnestly she accepted the legacy committed to her by her Divine Son dying upon the Cross, when He entrusted to her maternal care those souls whom He had come to save. He will cling with confidence to her powerful protection, and follow the light of her example in the faithful performance of all the duties of a truly Christian life.

THE disciples, from the moment of their call to follow Jesus, learned to know, reverence, and love His Mother. She was the Mother of their Master,—of Him who had spoken to them as never had any man spoken before. His words penetrated and fascinated their hearts with a thrill of awe and love such as no human voice had ever caused till then. He had manifested in their presence alone an honor to His Mother such as He showed to no other.—*Cardinal Manning.*

* John, xv, 26.

† Matth., x, 32, 33.

A Companion of Bishop Berneux.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

(CONTINUED.)

AT last the day of departure came. On the morning of the 15th of July Monsieur and Madame de Bretenièrès, with their younger son, assisted at Just's Mass, in the seminary chapel, and received Holy Communion at his hands. After their thanksgiving they went to the parlor, where they were soon joined by the young missionary. In a few brief notes, pathetic in their simplicity, Monsieur de Bretenièrès describes this last interview:

"Our conversation was not a long one. We were standing all the time, like travellers who meet for a moment and who are soon to part. Till then we had controlled our emotion; but a single word, the slightest incident, would have been enough to break down our courage. We knelt to receive his blessing for the last time; then, after straining him to my heart, I tore myself away. . . . Thanks be to God! our adieux were the adieux of Christians, and we parted without weakness and without tears."

To these lines, that breathe an heroic spirit worthy of the early days of the Church, Madame de Bretenièrès added these touching words: "It was a day of sorrow, more painful for me by far than the day when I heard of his martyrdom and felt certain of his eternal happiness."

The same afternoon, according to an ancient custom, the community assembled at the foot of a statue of Our Lady, honored under the title of Queen of Martyrs, in the garden of the seminary. Here the students of the house and the missionaries about to depart sang the litanies and the *Cantique du Départ*, composed by Gounod for the occasion. A procession was then formed, and on entering the church the ten young priests who were to leave that evening stood in a line on the altar steps; and while the choir sang the words, "*Quam speciosi pedes evangelizantium pacem, evangelizantium bona!*" (How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace,—of them that bring glad tidings of good things!)

their companions and all the men present knelt and kissed their feet.

During this touching ceremony, which can never be forgotten by those who have once witnessed it, Just stood on the epistle side of the altar. His arms were crossed on his breast, his eyes raised to heaven, and his whole countenance beamed with superhuman joy. When his brother came in his turn to kiss his feet he embraced him affectionately, and whispered: "Courage, courage! Remember all I said to you: Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. *Vive Jésus!*"

At the same moment his father and mother, hidden from all eyes in a tribune overlooking the church, were reciting the *Te Deum* aloud, with bursting hearts. "After the ceremony," says Monsieur de Bretenièrès, in his notes, "we came down from the tribune, where we had made our last sacrifice. The omnibus that was to take the missionaries to the railway station stood at the door; around it were gathered a few persons, anxious to lose none of the emotions of that day. Should we also remain? We hesitated; the mother yearned to stay, but the father thought it wiser to go, and we went home in silence."

Meantime Just was calmly bidding adieu to the seminary and to his friends, among whom was his future biographer, Mgr. d'Hulst; and a few minutes afterward he and his companions were on their way to the Lyons railway. Four days later the little band of missionaries left Marseilles on board the *Said*. They travelled through Egypt by rail, on the 26th of July embarked at Suez on board the *Camboje*, and on the 28th of August entered the port of Hong-Kong,—forty days after their departure from Marseilles.

Just wrote frequently to his parents during the journey. His bright letters, full of graphic descriptions and amusing incidents, with an undercurrent of deep piety, must have been eagerly welcomed by those whom he had left so desolate. He relates the thousand little events of the long voyage: how on board the *Said* he made the acquaintance of two young Protestant missionaries, whose spirit contrasted strangely with that of the Catholic priests; how, in Ceylon, the travellers had the great joy of finding a mission served by Benedictines; how, finally, several of his

companions had left the little party, in order to proceed to the different missions to which they were appointed.

Just and the three missionaries who were to accompany him to Corea remained for a month at Hong-Kong before proceeding to the province of Leao-Tong, in the diocese of Mgr. Verroles, where they were to spend the winter. As we shall see, their entrance into Corea was an undertaking of extraordinary difficulty and danger, and they were not to attempt it before the following spring. This delay was a trial, but Just accepted it with his usual serenity. He writes to his parents:

"Le bon Dieu wishes us to wander some time longer before reaching the Promised Land. His will be done! We have never been more happy than we are at present. . . . Do not expect to have news of me often. Communications now begin to be very difficult; but converse with Our Lord, who loves you and who can take the place of everyone else. . . . Good-bye, dear father and dear mother! Serve God with all your strength, and pray that I too may serve Him. Forgive me all the sorrows I have ever caused you, and forgive me also this long yarn, which I send only because I think it will please you. Good-bye, dear Christian! I often think of you in Our Lord. . . . Good-bye to all, and may our Lord Jesus give you His peace and His joy!"

After a long and difficult journey the four missionaries reached their new destination—the mission of Notre Dame des Neiges, in the province of Leao-Tong, not far from the frontier of Corea. Here they were affectionately welcomed by the Bishop, Mgr. Verroles, who after a few days gave to each a post in one of the missions of his diocese, where, under the direction of an older missionary, the newcomers were to learn the language of the country.

Just was appointed to the new residence of Notre Dame du Soleil, served by Father Metayer. Here he spent the whole winter, partly alone, as his companion was called away to Peking on business connected with the mission. During those long months of solitude, in a country whose severe climate was in striking contrast with the sunny skies of his native Burgundy, Just devoted himself to the study of the Chinese language, and his prog-

ress was so rapid that at the end of three months he began to communicate with the natives. He also followed with ardent interest, not unmingled with holy envy, the events of the neighboring missions at Thibet and Tonquin, so repeatedly watered by Christian blood; and his longing for the martyr's crown breaks forth in his letters to his Paris superior, Monsieur Albrand.

At last the long, hard winter came to an end, and the moment drew near when the missionaries were to attempt an entrance into Corea. This was no easy undertaking; the Government looked upon all strangers as enemies, and the laws of the country strictly forbade the natives to have any dealings with them, even for commercial purposes. These laws were so severe that the only way in which the missionaries could effect an entrance was by embarking on a Chinese vessel, which undertook to land them on a desert coast, where the native Christians, who had been informed of their coming, might seek them and guide them into the interior of the country.

On the 2d of April Father de Bretenières writes to his parents: "If Almighty God favors our efforts to enter Corea, this letter will be the last that you will receive from me for a whole year. I regret this little privation for your sakes, but the road leading to heaven is strewn with thorns, and the more we tear our feet on the way the better it is. Let us ask God to make us understand this: that a single hour of suffering here below is more precious than a whole year of pleasure."

Three weeks later Father de Bretenières was joined by his companions, and they started together for the port of Tsouang-Ho, where they were to embark in the first days of May. The weather was very stormy, and their frail bark, after being beaten and buffeted by the winds, only reached Melinto, a small seaport of Corea, on the 12th. Here they expected to find another boat, which was to be sent to them by Mgr. Berneux, the Vicar-Apostolic, who was now their ecclesiastical superior. But the promised bark never appeared, having been seized and confiscated a few days previously by the authorities. Happily, however, the Bishop was able to find another, manned by a few devoted Christians. During the night of the 18th of May, writes

Just, "at about eleven o'clock, the sea being then calm and still, we heard a boat come toward us; and the name of our Bishop pronounced by those who were on board made us recognize the brave Christians, who had risked their lives in order to come to our assistance."

Only a few days before, the captains of two barks, suspected by the Government of communicating with the Chinese, had been put to death; the greatest caution was therefore necessary, and it was only on the 27th of May, after nine days of perilous navigation along a coast bristling with rocks and reefs, that the missionaries were enabled to land. They were joyfully welcomed on arriving by Mgr. Daveluy, the coadjutor of Mgr. Berneux. He immediately dispatched Just to the holy Bishop, who was anxiously waiting for news of their safety.

The perils and fatigues of the long journey were over at last,—the "Promised Land" was reached; but other perils awaited Christ's messengers, and already for some amongst them the hands of angels were weaving the martyr's crown. The annals of the Catholic Church in Corea have a peculiar interest; it would be too long to give a complete account of its birth and development, yet those who have followed so far the fortunes of Just de Bretenières will be glad to know something of the country for whose salvation he generously shed his blood.

Although the Corean Government pays tribute to China, it has an independent existence, and at all times its chief object seems to have been to isolate itself from all foreign influence. For this reason it has been named the Hermit Nation. Even the Anglo-Franco expedition to China in 1860 was not able to break down the barriers raised between Corea and the outer world by the jealous fears of its rulers. The people are naturally gentle, and, as events subsequently proved, the teaching of the Gospel finds a ready echo in their hearts. The past history of the mission is a curious one, and offers some traits of resemblance with that of Japan, where two hundred years after the death of the last missionary Christian colonies were discovered. In some respects the religious history of Corea is still more remarkable; it offers the unique picture of a Catholic Church founded and preserved

for many years without priests, consequently without any Sacraments save Baptism.

In 1783 Peter Seng-Houn-i, a Corean of some learning and position, went to Pekin with the embassy which the King of Corea sends every year to the Emperor of China. Here he became acquainted with Alexander Govea, the Franciscan Bishop of Pekin; later on he resolved to embrace Christianity, was instructed and baptized, and finally returned to his own country with controversial books, crucifixes and pictures, which he distributed among his friends. These were chiefly learned men, who, after hearing his explanation of the Christian faith, received Baptism at his hands, and in their turn became apostles.

In a very short time the faith had made rapid progress, first among the higher classes and then among the poor. Peter Seng-Houn-i continued to instruct his converts with singular ability, but at the same time he sent urgent messages to Pekin, begging the Bishop to send him some Catholic priests. However, obstacles without end prevented the latter from complying with his request, and the Christians of Corea continued to be governed by lay teachers, who, on the whole, exercised their mission with great prudence. Once only, in their passionate longing to have priests among them, they took upon themselves to administer Holy Orders; but on being told of their error by the Bishop of Pekin they humbly submitted, and begged with greater fervor than ever that missionaries might be sent to them.

Meantime the increasing number of converts attracted the attention of the Government, and especially of the ultra-national party, whose hatred of new practices was only equalled by its terror of anything like the introduction of a foreign element. A persecution broke out in 1791; but, although there were a few apostasies, the greater number of the neophytes endured tortures and death with heroic fortitude. They had no priests to exhort them, no Sacraments except Baptism to give them strength; but God watched over them in their spiritual loneliness, and once more it was proved that from the blood of martyrs spring new converts. Many of their countrymen were present when they were brought before the judges; the confessors of

Christ defended their faith by glowing discourses, and countless witnesses went away convinced by words which became doubly eloquent when the speaker sealed them with his blood.

Finally, in 1794, ten years after Peter Seng-Houn-i had baptized his first converts, a Catholic missionary landed in Corea. He was a Chinese priest, named James Tsiou; and we may imagine his amazement and admiration when he found himself, on arriving, in the midst of 4,000 Christians, all of whom led exemplary lives, and many of whom had suffered violent persecution for the faith. The apostolic career of this good priest was one of great labor; the open persecution had almost ceased, yet he and his flock were exposed to endless vexations, and in 1799, on the death of the king, new edicts were issued against the Christians. Two years later, on the 31st of May, 1801, the brave missionary was beheaded, after enduring the usual tortures.

It is impossible to determine the number of martyrs who during this long and bloody persecution sacrificed their lives for the faith of Christ. In the capital alone over three hundred perished; and, though there came now and then periods of comparative peace, we may safely state that for more than fifty years the persecution never entirely ceased. Strange as it may seem, it was not till about fifty-two years after the baptism of the first neophytes that a Vicar-Apostolic of Corea was formally instituted by the Holy See; and during all this time, with the exception of Father Tsiou's brief apostolate, the Christian colony of Corea existed with no teaching save that of the catechists, no Sacraments save Baptism. During the terrible persecutions of 1791, 1801, 1815, and 1827, this little band of Christians, cut off from all exterior help, sent over one thousand martyrs to heaven, not to speak of countless confessors and virgins.

Now and then they contrived to dispatch pathetic messages to Rome. In 1792 Pius VI., to whom they had written, placed them under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Pekin; but about the same time the Catholic Church in China was attacked and well-nigh destroyed by a terrible storm, and their interests were forgotten in the general confusion. In 1811 they wrote again; but when their letter

reached the Pope he was a prisoner at Fontainebleau, and when at length peace was restored there were too many wounds to heal in Europe for their wants to be noticed. Finally, in 1825, they again appealed to the common Father; and Leo XII., moved by their heroic fidelity, offered the mission of Corea to the society of French priests of the Missions Étrangères, by whom it was promptly accepted.

The first Vicar-Apostolic, Mgr. Brugnière, spent three years in trying to force an entrance into the jealously guarded country entrusted to his care, and died in 1835 without having set foot in Corea. At length, however, two French priests contrived to break through all barriers. They found 9,000 Christians awaiting them; and shortly afterward they were joined by Mgr. Imbert, who had been named Vicar-Apostolic; but in 1839 a terrible persecution broke out, and the three missionaries were among its first victims.

Some years passed by; at length Mgr. Ferreol, who had been appointed to succeed Mgr. Imbert, managed to enter the country, and, by dint of incredible efforts, he reorganized the Church of Corea, shaken to its very foundations by a succession of tempests. After him came Mgr. Berneux, who, assisted by his coadjutor, Mgr. Daveluy, and a mere handful of priests, continued to work wonders.

Each missionary had his own district, which he was obliged to visit during the winter months, going from one village to another, and taking every precaution to avoid notice. The two bishops worked like their priests. They often walked for whole days through the snow and frost; and on arriving at their destination they spent their time in receiving the faithful, examining their affairs, in giving instructions, baptizing, and hearing confessions. Toward evening they snatched a few hours' sleep on a mat stretched on the ground; but in the middle of the night they rose to hear more confessions, to say Mass, and give Holy Communion to the Christians from the neighboring villages. Before daybreak, they started again, always on foot, to avoid attracting the attention of the heathens.

The results of these stupendous labors were most consoling. During the year 1859 607 adults and 1,700 children were baptized;

over 1,400 confessions were heard; 7,000 people received Holy Communion, and 200 Christian marriages were celebrated. The number of native Christians at this time had increased to 16,000.

A period of comparative tranquillity had succeeded the last great persecution; but toward 1864, after the death of the king, who had always been opposed to violent measures, matters changed, and to those who could penetrate below the surface it became clear that danger was at hand.

Such was the state of affairs when, on the 27th of May, 1865, Just de Bretenières landed in Corea. We have seen how the four young priests were welcomed on their arrival by Mgr. Daveluy, who sent each one to the post he was to occupy. Just had orders to proceed to Seoul, the capital of the kingdom, where Mgr. Berneux had his headquarters. Here he took up his residence in a native Christian family, in order to learn the language of the country; he thus describes his new abode in a letter to his parents:

"I have remarked that the missionary is given the best room, in the most retired part of the house, where, according to the customs of the country, strangers are not allowed to enter. Do not imagine, however, that it is anything very grand. The whole apartment is four or five feet high and ten feet square; there is room enough to take three or four steps in each direction. The furniture is in keeping,—nothing but the bare ground, which serves, as the case may be, as seat, bed or table. . . . It is here that the missionary gathers together a few Christians, here that he offers the Holy Sacrifice, and administers the Sacraments."

After describing the national dress which the missionaries were obliged to adopt, and the food, which was trying to a European stomach, Just enters into some details upon the state of the mission.

"The work to be done is immense," he writes; "and the missionaries are not numerous enough. All are worn out, and drag on as best they may. This comes partly from the food, but still more from the excessive fatigue. Out of six missionaries five are now ill. . . . One of our Bishops, Mgr. Daveluy, only keeps up by taking the medicines of the country;

the other, Mgr. Berneux, is exhausted by a fever that has lasted several months, yet he does more work than a simple missionary. When he can not walk he has himself carried to the bedside of the dying to give them the last Sacraments. . . . Most of the work has to be done at night, and it is easy to understand the fatigue that this entails; but the assistance of God is visible; without it, it would be impossible to stand a life like this. No one complains, however,—on the contrary; for the more the missionary wears himself out, the more God blesses his labors. Many envy the lot of the missionaries of Corea, and if their work were better known they would be still more envied. Happy indeed is he whom God calls to labor in this portion of His vineyard!"

Just's ardent desire to take his full share of missionary labors made him indefatigable in his efforts to learn the language of the country, which is even more difficult to acquire than Chinese. At the end of a few months of hard study he was able to undertake the instruction of the neophytes, and during the absence of Mgr. Berneux he occasionally replaced him. Thus during the last months of 1865 and at the beginning of 1866 he heard between sixty and eighty confessions, baptized forty converts, celebrated several marriages, and even administered the Sacrament of Confirmation, by a privilege conferred on priests in missionary countries. Now and then, carefully disguised, he went to visit the sick Christians, and his zeal and capacity in these various duties delighted the venerable Bishop, who built the fairest hopes for the future on his young auxiliary. Mgr. Verroles, with whom Just had spent some time before coming to Corea, looked upon him as the type of a perfect missionary.

In spite of his numerous occupations, Just continued to write to his parents. The last letter they ever received from him was dated November 5, 1865; its tone is singularly grave and austere, and it breathes the language of a soul already detached from this world. Yet when he wrote it Just saw before him a long vista of years spent in missionary labors; he little thought that the martyr's crown awaited him on the very threshold of his new life.

"Good-bye," he writes,—"*good-bye* [till next year, when I hope again to give you

news of myself, unless an unforeseen event should prevent me. I hope that this new year will bring you many graces, and that during its course you will accept from the hand of God sorrows as well as consolations, giving Him thanks for both. Perhaps Almighty God will send you what are called by the world trials and sorrows, but to him whose heart lives for Jesus Christ these are but jewels added to his crown. . . . May the grace of Our Lord be with you all, dear parents, and may He increase every day the number of your virtues! Pray for your missionary son, that he also may sanctify himself, and that one day we may all meet in our real country. Good-bye in Jesus Christ!"

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Promise 'Neath the Remonstrance.

I.

A STRANGE and beautiful message
Came in the Forty Hours',
As I knelt in our sweet, hushed chapel,
'Mid the incense of glowing flowers.
High up in the marble columns,
The remonstrance, blazing with light,
Stood like the promised foreshadow
Of the great Beatific Light.

II.

With my "white cloak" folded about me,
At my hour of prayer I knelt,
'Midst the unseen, throbbing angels,
In the place where His glory dwelt.
I felt the invisible harpers
Were there with their golden strings;
I almost felt the contact
Of their snow-white, rustling wings.

III.

My heart was full of thanksgiving,—
Too full to utter a prayer:
I could only kneel in silence,
And love Him for being there.
His mercy to me was so gracious,
His love so tender and sweet,
I longed to draw closer, closer,—
To lie at His wounded Feet.

IV.

And then my eyes I lifted
To the 'monstrance throned in light;
The tapers shone on the crystal lens,
Illuming the Host so white.

And this thought came like a message
Borne by the angels above:
"Those you love on earth, like that crystal lens,
Show you Jesus, your dearest Love."

V.

Then I made, ere I left, a promise
That whenever I knelt in prayer,
At the hour of Benediction,
Their names should be whispered there.
I'll never see the remonstrance
Throned in a blaze of light,
But I'll think of the strange, sweet promise
That went from my heart that night.

MERCEDES.

By the Shores of Lough Derg.

BY WILLIAM P. COYNE.

I.

IT was a lovely scene. The sun was just setting on a beautiful August evening,—just dipping behind the purple peaks of the distant Galway hills, and pouring over the almost motionless waters of Lough Derg a flood of rich gold, which lay like the path to some promised land, until it was shattered into a thousand lances of fire by the wavelets which broke on the Tipperary shore. Save for the music of these tiny breakers, all else was still. Away toward the horizon, on either side of the lake, long lines of fir-trees stretched in unbroken array. Here and there behind these, and farther into the land, a handsome villa arose, surmounted by a flag, from the midst of a patch of verdant sward. And far down, just peering above the water, and forming, as it were, the centre-piece of the vast bracelet, a round tower, springing from an unseen island, stood "gloriously" and sharply defined against the evening sky. Near at hand, knee-deep in the thick sedge which grew for some distance into the water, several cows were standing, restful as their shadows but for an occasional switch of their long tails. Now and then a heron rose noiselessly from beside some hidden pool and sailed landward. An old boat was tossing with the waves on the beach.

Horace Parsons, as he stood on the doorstep of the farmer's cottage where he had

found himself after a wearisome drive from the neighboring railway station, was not unconscious of the beauty which surrounded him; and yet he gazed on it with an indifference which was by no means affected. His mind was, in truth, preoccupied with other matters. He had but just arrived from England for a short holiday, which was to be devoted to solving the mystery of the Irish question,—‘to see things for himself,’ as the phrase went. This was not a very detailed programme, but it was not in our young friend’s nature, and certainly not in his character, to have any very definite plans in his undertakings. To be honest, this question of *dilettante* political economy was merely the excuse he offered the many friends who expressed surprise that he should be anxious to “bury” himself, as they put it, in such a country for even a few weeks.

For his own part, Horace looked upon himself as the slave of circumstances. A certain mild indisposition—“a want of robustness,” as the doctor said vaguely, with a professional air of mystery,—having necessitated his temporary withdrawal from Oxford, he had gone on a visit to his uncle, Sir Rowland Bouchier, whose lovely demesne at Heath Park, Surrey, had always been a favorite resort of Horace’s boyhood. He had not now seen his uncle for some years, and the meeting was sincerely cordial on both sides. Sir Rowland and his nephew were devotedly attached to each other, though, in their English fashion, they seldom made any outward display of their affection; and it was to his uncle that Horace, on a lovely July afternoon, as they strolled arm in arm under the fine oaks which shaded the avenue, confessed the trouble which had somehow escaped through the tube of the stethoscope.

It was a very old story, but the baronet’s eyes filled with tears as he listened to the youth’s passionate recital of his fair one’s faithlessness. Sir Rowland had himself known the Holmes family quite intimately, and he could well realize what an impression Blanche would make, with her charming blue eyes and fresh young girlhood, on the sensitive heart of the youth at his side. But he had no consolation to offer.

“My dear Horace,” he began, when he had recovered sufficiently to reassume his man-

ner of dignified reserve, “I’m afraid it must be borne. You know these Catholics have a strange repugnance to mixed marriages of any kind; but as to marrying an agnostic—or what do you call yourself?—it’s entirely out of the question, my dear boy,—entirely out of the question. I was talking to Bob Holmes myself—you know we were at the University together—not long ago, and he alluded to this very matter. He felt a shade guilty, he said, for throwing you young people so much together; but, then, you had known each other so long he found it difficult to part you. And so, my dear young friend, it’s all ended, you say? Well, well! But what did Miss Holmes herself say? Was the parting *very* tragic?”

“Oh, *don’t*, uncle!—don’t please!” pleaded the nephew. “Blanche said, of course, that it almost broke her heart to have to separate from her old playmate; that she would never care for any one just as she did for me; that she would always pray for me—oh, you know how those people talk when they’re in that mood! And so it ended.”

One morning, some days later, as Horace and his uncle sat at the breakfast table, sipping their coffee, and looking out dreamily over the beautiful lawn which extended away before their eyes, Sir Rowland abruptly broke the silence.

“Look here, my young friend!” he said. “I don’t think you are improving in this place. Somehow, Surrey beauty has lost its charms for you.”

Horace blushed as he roused himself from his reverie.

“What would you think,” continued his uncle, “of taking a run over to Ireland for a week or two? It might help you to forget this unfortunate affair, and you could interest yourself in their confounded politics for a change.”

“O uncle,” rejoined Horace, “I shall never forget Blanche! But perhaps the trip *would*, as you say, do me good. I really don’t seem to get on here.”

“Yes,” approvingly: “what you want is a complete change of scene. You could find your way down to my property, which skirts the Tipperary shore of Lough Derg; and you might spend some time in studying the Irish difficulty, as those blessed politicians call it.

You could have a nice, clean room, which is kept especially for my rare visits, in my steward's lodge. Molony, the steward, is a good, decent man, as far as I know, and will make you comfortable; but, in any case, a little 'roughing it' will do you all the good in the world. Besides, you would be nearer the reality of things in such a place than if you idled away your time in some provincial hotel. If you want society, you can have letters of introduction to the surrounding gentry."

So it came to be arranged. Sir Rowland accompanied his nephew to Euston Station, and gave him parting advice not to come back with any of those socialistic ideas which seemed to find such a congenial soil in Ireland.

"It's bad enough to be irreligious," the baronet forcibly put it; "you see what it has cost you. But to be a democrat, a socialist, —Heaven preserve you from *that*! Well, my boy, jump in,—there's the bell! Good-bye," as the train moved out of the station, "and God bless you!—but I forgot, you Oxford youths don't believe in God."

"*Au revoir*, uncle!" was all the reply the Oxford youth deigned to this sally; and in a moment the baronet was out of earshot, and Horace was rummaging in his valise for "*Marius the Epicurean*," which was the only book he had thought fit to bring with him by way of casual interruption to the study of the problem he had undertaken to solve.

Nevertheless, it was of his uncle's last words he was now thinking, as he stood gazing on the tranquil scene at his feet, lightly as he had seemed to treat them at the time. *Did* he believe in God? He had not thought seriously of the matter before. It had not seemed, somehow, till recently, to have had any personal significance for him. He had wealth, talent, friends, and above all youth, to make him forget his dependence; and if annoyance and sorrow occasionally intruded even in his life, it only, in a measure, served as a background for his normal happiness, and dissipated itself in some pessimistic lines from one of his favorite poets:

"Ah, love, let us be true

To one another! For the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain."

Little by little, since he came up to Balliol, the slight religious observances which his mother had taught him were allowed to fall into disuse. They seemed, to his clearer vision, meaningless forms. He tried now to recall his earlier days. Something in the landscape before him brought them back. He remembered—how vividly!—the old manse which had been his home: the quaint, ivy-covered house, with doors and windows in the most unexpected quarters, with the wild-rose bushes peeping in everywhere intrusively, and yet, as it seemed, with a certain delicate reserve. How it all came back! There, on June mornings so long ago, Blanche and he, as children, chased the butterflies among the flower plots, or played at horses on the gravel-walks, till a tall, black figure tapped on the window-pane of the library, and signified that their joyous shouts were unwelcome just then. How they stole away, awed somewhat for the moment, yet forgetting it all in the delightful pursuit of cowslips in the neighboring meadow! Dear old times! The young man tried hard to rivet before his eyes the face of his dead mother, but it would not stay; and he could only recall the dark, staring eyes, which seemed always wet with unshed tears as they bent over his little couch at night.

His mother was a Spanish lady, of a good Catholic family, who had given up her religion and her country for the love of the blonde young English traveller she had met in Madrid society. Horace was still too young at the time of her death to bring to mind with any distinctness the relations which existed between his parents; but, in the light of experience, the dignified reserve which he recognized as the atmosphere of his home in those days had a pathos beyond any more open display of discord. His father had always been a recluse, whose duties as rector of the village of Wrexham, in Somersetshire, had ever been performed with a severe conscientiousness, which gained him the respect if not the love of his flock. But with him Horace had little in common, and it was with unfeigned pleasure that he accepted the invitation to spend his vacations, after his mother's death, at his uncle's place in Surrey. From such associations he had passed through the

curriculum of an English public school, and at the age of nineteen had gone up to Oxford.

At the University he came under the influence of his classical tutor (a tall, thin man, with a fine intellectual forehead, light-blue eyes, and a greyish white mustache), who was credited with holding odd theories as to the relations of art and religion. Horace did not hear anything directly from his professor's lips on the subject, but first encountered the new doctrine in a book entitled "The Renaissance," which was just then creating a strange stir in the intellectual world. It was a volume that, from the quiet power, choice diction, and rare artistic culture displayed, could not well be overlooked. And it was, in fact, assailed from every side, by Christian and positivist alike.

On young Parsons it made a profound impression. His old ideals were, as far as they ever existed, crumbling away, and he yearned for some new deity to whom to offer his worship. Here, in this quaint treatise on art, was something made to his hand. The author, in the now famous Epilogue, developed his theory of a modern eclectic epicureanism. "Love art for its own sake and you will find consolation. Live and learn," he seemed to say, "for the fruit of a rich experience. Gain the most exquisite throbs from each moment as it passes, purely for the moment's sake; the night comes wherein no man worketh. *Nous sommes tous condamnés à mort avec des sursis indéfinis,*" quoting Victor Hugo with approval. "A little while and our place knows us no more; therefore let us make the most of what remains."

So through many phases the undercurrent of the book flowed. On our young friend's impressionable mind it produced, as we have said, a deep effect. He was caught by a certain delicacy and mysticism in the author's presentment of the theory, crude enough, Heaven knows, when viewed in its naked reality. He had at last, so he thought, found something worth living for. Art, the ideal of Raphael and Del Sarto,—surely here was a goddess that would not betray his devotion. Thus, in the first flush of enthusiasm, he argued. But as years had run on, and his experience of life widened, he had come to realize what little significance such a gospel could

hold for the vast majority of his fellow-men. He was too keen not to perceive, and too honest not to frankly acknowledge, that to them all this apotheosis of Art for its own sake, however just and sincere it might really be from some points of view, would be a tale of little meaning,—"full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Even amongst his companions—mostly, like himself, freethinkers—Horace noticed how slight a restraint their devotion to Art exercised on their actions. He did not find that their culture had in reality an ennobling influence on their life; and, though he himself, as a rule, refrained from many of their excesses, he felt very well that that was mainly a question of personal education and temperament, and it was in vain that he looked for any logical grounds for his abstention. As a consequence of all this he was growing dissatisfied with the teaching of this modern Cyrenaic. While youth and spring lasted it seemed reasonable enough—so much was true; but was there not also winter? The senses would grow blunted with age, and thus much of the reputed significance of life would be imperilled by a purely subjective transformation.

Horace Parsons was roused from this somewhat gloomy reverie by the sound of a sweet feminine voice behind him, announcing that his supper was ready, 'if he pleased.' He turned around to thank his informant, but was so much surprised by the beauty of the face that met his eyes, that he forgot this ordinary courtesy and stood staring at the doorway, which was still occupied by the sylph-like figure of Kathleen Molony. She made a pretty picture as she stood there, one hand resting on the half-door which still stood ajar, and her eyes full of the dying sunlight. Such pretty eyes, too!—deep-blue eyes, that seemed so easily read and yet were full of unfathomed depths of feeling; blue eyes that didn't at all match the dark, curling hair that ran riot over her forehead and neck, and yet seemed all the more alluring on that account. The girl was dressed very simply—in a gown of light-blue print, caught at the waist by a cincture of a darker material, and relieved at the throat by a bunch of violets. Yes, a very pretty picture, no doubt; and it

was thus that Horace always remembered her in after years, when circumstances had made this scene one of the most cherished reminiscences of his life.

Just now, however, he contented himself with following her mutely into the clean little room, with the whitewashed, pictureless walls, where his homely meal was laid on a spotless cloth, merely reflecting that the Irish question might develop many points of interest if he could hear it explained by such lips as he had just beheld. The bunch of violets which stood in a wine-glass on the table, and filled the room with their perfume, he recognized as a touch of attention and welcome from Kathleen to the "English visitor."

The meal over, Horace put the first volume of "Marius" under his arm, lit a cigarette, and strolled out on the doorstep once more. The scene had changed considerably within the last half hour. The sun had disappeared, and all the color had gone out of the sky, save where a few tiny clouds still caught a faint blush of rose on their bosoms; and along the western horizon lay a long bank of yellow mist. A cool, delicious breeze was freshening on the lake, and came up to fan Horace's cheek as he smoked, lost in meditation. He was prospecting for some quiet spot to enjoy a read, and had finally decided to make his way down to the rocks which lay, at intervals, along the shore, when his host, with a rough apology for the intrusion, asked if he wouldn't take a seat while he was smoking. Horace thankfully accepted the proffered wicker chair, and sat down in front of the cottage. Molony was about to retire, with that instinctive delicacy so characteristic of the Irish peasant, when he was invited to stay and have a smoke himself. A dirty clay pipe was forthwith produced from some recess, and both smoked for some time in silence, as they allowed their eyes to rest on the grey expanse of water, which was beginning to ripple under the evening breeze.

(To be continued.)

IF God were our last end, and His love our dearest desire, all our natural affections would be calmly and securely centred in Him, while those which are imperfect and inordinate would find no place in our hearts.

Our Daily Bread.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

GIVE us our daily bread, we say,
And look no farther than to-day;
And be to-morrow grey or gold,
Or plentiful, or pinched with cold:
Thine be to-morrow as to-day!

Even as the small bird shall receive
The food its mother gives, nor grieve
Lest that to-morrow fail; so we,
Lifting our lips and hearts to Thee,
Trust Thee for all the days we live.

Keep us within Thy Heart that's wide;
Thy love our nest in which we hide;
Thy thought, the wing to fold us in
All night till the new day begin,—
The day for which Thou wilt provide.

Reverence for the Blessed Virgin.

WHEN it was reported some time ago that a notorious French actress was about to present a "religious drama" in which she would take the "part" of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the whole Christian world was shocked and scandalized. And among the protests that were made against such a profanation not the least forcible were those that came from Protestant lips. To cite one of many, the *London Telegraph* spoke as follows:

"It is difficult for those who do not belong to the Roman obedience to appreciate the horror with which they must hear of a Parisian artist posing before a Parisian audience as Holy Mary's representative. One need not, however, be a Roman Catholic to understand the objections to this proposition. The Virgin Mother lives tenderly in the memories of all men, as the purest type of a high ideal, and her crowning sorrow has been the world's greatest tragedy in the traditions of nearly 2,000 years. The most vigorous asserter of secularism and free thought must respect the feelings of the Christian world on a subject so tender and so sacred in its majestic outlines. She lives in legend, she looks down on us from the canvas of the greatest painters, and poets have brought their homage to her feet. Now the Parisians propose to make her

the theme of the green-room—the topic of the boulevard,—to present an image of her based on the undoubted but utterly alien genius of the great Sarah, aided by the wigmaker, the property manager, and all the purveyors of washes and paints, with limelight effects lavishly thrown in. Voltaire threw dirt at Joan of Arc, but in this insult to the Virgin there is something more than defamation of a national heroine: it is an outrage on the feelings of one-third of the human race.”

The marked development of a spirit of reverence toward the Mother of the world's Redeemer among heretical minds is one of the most consoling signs of the age in which we live. It is another proof of the great fact that those who live in heresy are beginning to realize their inconsistency, and that the struggle in the religious world is rapidly narrowing down to the conflict between Catholicity and infidelity. A logical mind, however deeply steeped in heresy, can not fail to see that to deny that Mary is the Mother of God is to deny the whole truth and divinity of the Christian religion. For the truth of Christianity depends upon the truth that its Founder, Jesus Christ, is God; and therefore to deny that Mary, His Mother, is the Mother of God, is to deny that Jesus is God and that Christianity is true; therefore, to deny the honor of the Mother is to deny the glory of her Son, and to deny the redemption of one's own soul.

One whose heart is filled with faith and love toward the ever-blessed Mother of our Divine Lord needs not the cold, precise, formal language of reasoning and demonstration to remind him of all that belongs to her honor and dignity. The bright light of faith illuminating his soul, and the fire of love glowing within his heart, lead him on naturally and convincingly to all that concerns the mysteries of our holy religion. True Christian souls look upon our Blessed Lord as the cause of all their good; they believe Him to be the Son of God, and for that very reason God of God, Light of light, true God of true God; and therefore they value His merits and satisfaction as being infinite. And all this, to their minds, is implied by His sacred name; and thus irresistibly, but sweetly and lovingly, they say: Mary is the Mother of Jesus; Jesus is God, therefore Mary is the Mother of God.

Notre Dame de Bon Secours.

THE season of pilgrimages will soon begin in Canada, and thousands of people, suffering from various afflictions of mind and body, will flock to the now famous shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

When the boats and trains leave their different points of departure, bearing their freight of faithful pilgrims, there are always some aching hearts left behind,—those who, from want of money or other reason, are debarred from participating in the happiness of the pilgrimage. It is to encourage such souls that I relate what happened in Montreal during the course of the summer of 1889.

A large pilgrimage of French Canadians from the United States had been to the shrine of La Bonne Ste. Anne. They had confessed and communicated at the sanctuary, and they wished to make a second Communion at the venerable shrine of Our Lady of Bon Secours, in Montreal, while on their homeward journey.

Among the pilgrims was a little blind boy, who had prayed devoutly at Ste. Anne's, but who had not regained his sight. He was resigned to the will of God, but yet he prayed with fervor to the Blessed Virgin that his eyes might be opened; and his fervor was, perhaps, never so strong as, when returning sightless from Ste. Anne's, he knelt in the hallowed sanctuary of Notre Dame de Bon Secours.

When the priest came down to the railing to give Holy Communion he observed something unusual in the blind boy's face, as he laid the Sacred Host on his tongue; and, looking a second time, he saw the sightless eyes bright with intelligence—the boy could see! The priest, who, by a singular coincidence, happened to be the chaplain of the Nazareth Blind Institution, was greatly moved, and immediately, at the conclusion of his Mass, inquired into the matter. To his great joy it proved to be an undoubted miracle—the blind boy's sight was perfectly restored.

From which it will be seen that devoted clients of Mary will not always need to go to La Bonne Ste. Anne to be cured, but may, if they ask with strong faith, expect marvels at their own altars from Her who is in truth the Health of the Sick.

A. M. B.

Notes and Remarks.

Before the close of May the second Catholic Spanish Congress will be held at Saragossa, the capital of Aragon, famous for the shrine of Our Lady of the Pillar. The tradition is that St. James, when preaching in Spain, was favored by a vision of the Blessed Virgin, and in gratitude he set up an image of her on a pillar of jasper. The image is of cedar wood, and excellently well preserved.

Three hundred years ago St. Peter Claver, the recently canonized apostle of the negroes, exclaimed at a great meeting in Portugal: "Remember, ladies, that your ornaments are stained with the blood of the poor blacks!" The other day Stanley, speaking in Belgium, almost repeated these words,—“Remember, gentlemen, that each elephant tusk” (that is, those brought to the African coast by the contraband dealer) “is stained with the blood of the negro; for it has been got at the price of the lives of five blacks.”

Cardinal Manning's coming Silver Jubilee has drawn from the bishops and archbishops of the United States, who are represented by Cardinal Gibbons, an affectionate and reverential letter. Cardinal Manning's reply reflects the modesty and humility of this truly great man. He says that the letter will be formally answered. "Nevertheless," he remarks, "I can not let a day pass before I tender to you, and to all my brethren in America, my heartfelt and grateful thanks for the great consolation of your affectionate words. They are only too kind, but they come at the end of a long and eventful life as a witness that I have not altogether failed in my desire to serve our patient Master. Such a testimony from your great Episcopate will cheer me, now that the day is far spent and my slender work is nearly done."

Mr. William Henry Hurlbert is of opinion that the hold of the Christian religion upon the body of the French people is stronger, not weaker, than it was before the present propaganda of atheism began. The evidence he adduces to show this in his lately published work, "France and the Republic," is both abundant and striking. The true social, intellectual and religious life of the vast majority of the population of France is little known to foreigners. As an illustration of what the French people are doing to protect the faith of their children, Mr. Hurlbert mentions

that more than 17,000,000 francs have been contributed during the last few years to establish the Catholic educational system in Paris alone; and more than 2,000,000 francs are yearly subscribed there to keep it up. The University at Lille represents an expenditure during the same period of more than 11,000,000 francs, and a still larger prospective expenditure.

"It would be interesting, if it were possible," says Mr. Hurlbert, "to learn how much out of their own pockets the propagandists of unbelief have expended during this same decade upon the irreligious education of the children of their countrymen. Were the truth attainable, the amount expended by them would be found to bear to the amount received by them from their propaganda of unbelief much less than the proportion of Falstaff's 'pennyworth of bread' to his 'intolerable deal of sack.' While the Catholics of France have been giving millions to defend the right of the French people to protect the faith of their children, these men have been expending hundreds of millions of the money of Catholic taxpayers upon school buildings, the contracts for erecting which have been controlled by themselves for their friends; they have been finding places in the public educational service for their friends, dependents, and allies; and they have been comfortably drawing large salaries themselves from the treasury."

The Hon. William J. Onahan, of Chicago, Ill., explains the status of the World's Catholic Congress, to be held in 1892, in a carefully written paper in the *Statesman*. Mr. Onahan writes of the first American Congress in Baltimore with extreme modesty, "not," as the Boston *Pilot* says, "as if he was the largest factor in its success." But everybody knows that the proposed meeting of 1892 will depend as much on Mr. Onahan's disinterestedness and energy as did that of last year. The article in the Chicago *Statesman* is the first bugle call of the leader of a movement that will make an epoch.

Señor E. Castelar, the famous Spanish advocate of universal suffrage, brought down on himself the ridicule of the "Liberal" press by giving up the week before Easter to religious duties.

John Taaffe, Esq., D. L., of Smarmore Castle, County Louth, Ireland, whose death we noticed with regret in our recent Irish exchanges, was the representative of a family remarkable in many ways. He was a relation of Count von Taaffe, the famous Austrian Premier, and had many ancestors who suffered for the cause of

faith and fatherland. In his own person he maintained the traditions of his family, as his name in the County Louth was synonymous with everything that was good and charitable. May he rest in peace!

The death of Mr. Henry L. Hoguet, of New York, is announced. He was born in Dublin, on November 5, 1816, of French parents. Mr. Hoguet, during his long life, was a successful business man; but his devotion to material interests was subservient to his love for religion. He never spared himself when the Church or the poor needed him. He was always at the Archbishop's service in forwarding the cause of the orphans, and his charity was almost boundless. He died as he had lived, in the grace of the Sacraments. May he rest in peace!

Gounod, the great composer, is looked on in France as a friend of the poor. Verdi, who is equally great, has almost as fortunate a reputation; and Santley, the English singer, who, like the other two, is a devout Catholic, never misses an opportunity of helping the poor. In fact, professional people—authors, actors, artists, doctors, lawyers—seem to be generous instinctively; and they never, in matters of giving, "let I dare not wait upon I would."

Among the opinions of Mr. Gladstone quoted in the Manchester *Guardian* the following are of special interest:

"The three handsomest men of their time were the late Duke of Hamilton, Sydney Herbert, and Cardinal Manning; the three most naturally eloquent speakers of their day, the Duke of Argyll, the late Lord Elgin, and Bishop Wilberforce."

On the principle that handsome is who handsome does, the Grand Old Man himself is deserving to rank among the handsomest men of his time; and few more naturally eloquent speakers could be named.

The Princess Blanche of Orleans has joined the community of the Ladies of St. Genevieve. Mgr. d'Hulst, delegated by the Cardinal Archbishop, received her, with a dignified and beautiful speech.

Father Dortère, a well-beloved missionary in Dahomey, is a prisoner of the King Kondo. Kondo had the benefit of a French education, and he is using all his resources now against the French themselves. He maintains an Amazon army of 10,000 women, and annually sacrifices thousands of human beings in "grand ceremonies." The population of Dahomey was formerly

8,000,000; it has fallen to 900,000. The annual feasts of slaughter, lasting two months each, have so reduced the population that Kondo now makes raids into villages under the French protectorate to secure victims.

Father Schynse has joined Emin Pasha's expedition, at his request and with the permission of Cardinal Lavignerie.

Shakspeare was not indifferent to a coat of arms; Alfred de Musset was notorious for having invented "ancestors"; and now Robert Browning's friends are claiming a descent for him as illustrious as that of Lord Tennyson from the D'Eyncourts. Browning himself would have laughed at this. His father was a clerk in a bank, a good scholar and a good man, descended from Sir J. Banke's butler. "The rise of the family from the ranks," Mr. Furnivall says, "is a creditable one; and it is a pity to try and tack it on to noteworthy namesakes, who have nothing to do with it."

The Very Rev. William Keegan, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Brooklyn, who died recently in the episcopal city, was prominent in all movements that were made for the good of his fellow-citizens. His chief work lay in the direction of education; he was devoted to the proper Christian training of the young people of Brooklyn. One of his practical efforts in this direction was the establishment of a class in the art of cookery for the young girls of his parochial school. Father Keegan was born in King's County, Ireland, in 1824, and was brought, while yet a child, by his parents to Brooklyn. He celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination on October 16, 1878. *R. I. P.*

The Brazilian bishops will address a pastoral letter to their flock on the present situation in that country.

A writer in the *Churchman* describes a recent visit to the tomb of Mendelssohn. The great musician's grave is as plain as the humblest peasant's, but the visitor found it covered with recently-placed crosses and wreaths on the day of his pilgrimage, as he calls it; proving that the composer's memory is still green in the hearts of his countrymen, and that Mendelssohn is great enough not to need an epitaph:

"An old-fashioned black iron fence encloses the Mendelssohn lot, and three cypress trees rise within the enclosure, in which six persons lie buried. They are the composer himself, his dearly beloved sister Fanny, her husband, Hensel, court painter and pro-

fessor, and three of Mendelssohn's children. His wife is not buried here with her husband. The inscription on the musician's tomb is as follows: 'Jacob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Born at Hamburg, February 15, 1809, died at Leipsic, November 7, 1847.' There is not a word to hint his profession or his renown. On the stone of his sister Fanny, however, who lies next to him, is cut a bar of music, with notes to the words 'Songs and aspirations fare e'en to heaven's gate,'—a beautiful and fitting sentiment for the kinswoman and companion of a creator in music,—herself, be it remembered, a precocious and talented performer. One tarries tenderly by these two graves, recalling how soon Mendelssohn followed his sister into the silent land, broken down, so the reports tell us, by grief at her death. Recently-placed wreaths and crosses covered the mound of Felix on the day of my pilgrimage, and over all the six graves ran a luxuriant, graceful growth of ivy,—a common sight in German burying-grounds. Mendelssohn lived little in Berlin during his life, having rather an aversion for the city; but here his kinspeople lived and died, and it was fitting that his remains should be brought hither, after they had received funeral honors at Leipsic, where he breathed his last."

M. François Coppée, the popular French poet, asked and was granted an audience with the Holy Father during his recent visit to Rome.

Last month the little Republic of San Marino held its annual election. The voting took place in the principal church, after the singing of the *Veni Creator*.

New Publications.

THE ONE MEDIATOR; OR, SACRIFICE AND SACRAMENTS. By William Humphrey, Priest of the Society of Jesus. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

This work forms a very important and valuable contribution to Catholic doctrinal literature at the present time. The learned author sets forth Jesus in His perpetual presence here on earth, and in His present personal influence on individual souls of men. The first chapter exhibits Him as *morally* present in His priests, who personate Him, and as *physically* present in that which they offer. He by means of them, as by His intelligent instruments, offers sacrifice, and in that sacrifice He is Himself the Victim. The second chapter deals with His mediatorial ministry of grace by means of sacraments. These are channels through which sanctifying grace is conveyed to the souls of men. In the seven succeeding chapters the sacraments are considered separately. Using them as His instruments, Jesus

begets children unto God, strengthens them with His Holy Spirit, feeds them with the Living Bread of Life, heals them in their sickness, and prepares them for death and judgment. He provides also for the permanence of His priesthood, and He sanctifies society in its foundations. Two chapters treat of the "grace and truth" that were *in* and that came *by* Jesus Christ. Another considers the indwelling of the Holy Ghost in the mystical body of Christ and in its individual members. The series ends with the ultimate destiny of the sanctified intelligent creature in the Beatific Vision of his Creator. The whole is a masterly treatise on the essential elements of the Christian religion—sacrifice and sacraments.

An idea of the instructive nature of the work may be formed from the following brief extract from the chapter on sacrifice:

"There are two systems in the present day which go by the name of religions, and from which their founders, like the pagan philosophers, excluded the idea and rite of sacrifice. The one is Protestantism, and the other is Mahomedanism. In both systems the highest service is that of prayer. And prayer is, as we have seen, not a divine service, not an act of divine homage or of supreme worship, such as can be offered to God alone. Prayer may be offered to the creature as well as to the Creator. We make petition and supplication to our fellow-creatures every day, and what is this but prayer? The distinction between prayer and sacrifice is analogous to the distinction between the creature and its Creator. No wonder that those who have nothing more than prayer to offer to their Creator should come at last to regard it as a *divine* service, and hesitate to offer it to their fellow-creatures, the saints of God.

"Take two tests and touchstones of true belief in the Incarnation of a Divine Person: Salute Mary by her own title of Mother of God, adore with divine worship what Mary bore,—and in the relation of the one to the other we behold in brightness and relief the essential distinction between *prayer* and *sacrifice*. To say Mass to Mary would be an idolatry as foul as if we were to say Mass to one another; for Mary, Queen of Heaven and throned Empress of the created universe, is, nevertheless, our fellow-creature and a created person. To pray to Mary is an act of wisdom and spiritual understanding; and when we say to Mary 'Pray for us,' we say words which it would be an impiety for us to address to her Divine Son. The man who should say to Jesus 'Pray for me,' would stand convicted, or at least suspected, on the evidence of his own words, of being a Nestorian heretic. . . . For all such and similar poison of unbelief and misbelief, the Sacrifice of the Mass is a divine antidote. There before God's Altar are all creatures on the level in the presence of their one Creator. There do we unite our prayers with those of Mary, and ours and hers alike derive their value and their efficacy from the sacrifice of Himself which, in the Holy Mass, is offered by her Divine Son."

OUTLINES OF MEDIAEVAL AND MODERN HISTORY. A Text-Book for High Schools, Seminaries, and Colleges. By P. V. N. Myers, A. M., President of Belmont College, Ohio. Boston, U. S. A.: Published by Ginn & Co.

The author tells us in his preface: "I have tried to keep ever before me the necessity of condensed and suggestive statement." What he means by this may be gathered from such expressions as "Having purified the churches of Antioch—for they had been profaned by having been used as mosques by the Turks,—and re-established the worship of the Cross in that city," etc. The "worship of the Cross" is sufficiently condensed and sufficiently suggestive, but what is it intended to suggest? From a Catholic pen and in an imaginative work it would suggest "that worship of which the Cross is a symbol"; and we have no doubt that President Myers would explain it, if pushed to do it, in some such unobjectionable way. But it is quite possible, judging from the context, that he really means to suggest a worship of which the Cross is not merely the symbol but the actual object,—to revive in a sort of sneaking manner the old calumny that Catholics worship the Cross. A writer of history should avoid ambiguities. The work is attractively presented by the publishers, and illustrated by a series of very useful reference maps.

WORDSWORTH'S PRELUDE. An Autobiographical Poem. Annotated by A. J. George, A. M. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

SELECTIONS FROM WORDSWORTH. By A. J. George, A. M. Same Publishers.

Professor George's edition of Wordsworth's "Prelude," with copious notes, will be gladly received by all teachers of English Literature. Wordsworth, thanks in a great measure to Aubrey de Vere, has of late years been more and more appreciated. His power not only as a poet striving to cast some of "the light that never was on sea or land" on common things, but as a philosopher longing for the full vision of immortality, is now generally acknowledged. "The Prelude" is the most valuable of Wordsworth's poems for advanced classes; and Professor George's notes, so careful—so scrupulously careful,—so sympathetic, and so comprehensive, leave nothing to be desired. The spell of Wordsworth's poetry is deepened by a knowledge of the poet's personality, and this Professor George gives us in a most effectual yet unobtrusive way.

The "Selections from Wordsworth" are not equally valuable, because Matthew Arnold's appeared before them; and those who do not follow Arnold prefer, as a rule, to make their own quotations. Nevertheless, "The Selections" are done

with the same care and taste which characterize Professor George's edition of "The Prelude." We hope that "The Excursion," annotated in the same manner, may soon appear.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN. By Clara Mulholland. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

Miss Clara Mulholland has succeeded in giving some interest to the slight materials of her plot, which is not very original. The scene is, of course, laid in Ireland; and, as natural, the cruel landlord, the honest but ill-treated tenant, and the charming heroine appear. Some of the descriptions of natural scenery are pretty, and the moral is inoffensive. The book is well printed and neatly bound.

1791; A TALE OF SAN DOMINGO. By Edward W. Gilliam, M. D. Same Publisher.

The author was well advised in publishing his story in book form. It is written in a graphic and vigorous style, and gives a spirited account of the famous negro insurrection in San Domingo. The horrors of this event are set off by an interesting love affair, which, though it does not always run smoothly, ends well. Dr. Gilliam has produced a readable and instructive volume.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Francis J. McAteer, who piously yielded his soul to God at Beatty, Pa., on the 11th of March.

Mr. Thomas J. Halloran, of New York, who passed away in peace on the 8th inst.

Mr. Robert M. McEvilla, who departed this life in Boston, Mass., on the 1st inst.

Mrs. Ellen L. Lavelle, of New York, whose death occurred on the 19th ult.

Miss Mary Chassaing, who died suddenly on the 3d inst., at St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. John Kelly, P. P., of Fermanagh, Ireland; Mr. John McMinn, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Nolan and Annie Murphy, Troy, N. Y.; Alice Johan, Green Island, N. Y.; Mr. Owen Dunn, Whittier, Cal.; Thomas Quinn, Williamstown, Mass.; Mr. James Hare and Mrs. Ellen Clark, Pawtucket, R. I.; Mrs. Eliza B. Curner, Mary Land, Minn.; Mary McCaffrey, St. Thomas, North Dakota; Francis McCaffrey, Hyde Park, Minn.; Philip Powers, James Coffee, John H. Dillon, Patrick Cahill, Mrs. Honoria Connors, Mrs. Mary A. Lawlor, Mrs. Mary Meehan, and Mrs. Julia Ralahan,—all of Albany, N. Y.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



A Song for May.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

COME, ye children! All the birds are singing,
 All the earth is teeming with delight;
 In the meadows blossoms fair are springing,
 Down the mountains rush the streamlets bright.
 Come, ye children, to our Mother's altar,
 Bearing treasures from the garden bowers;
 Hasten, hasten, little feet that falter!
 She is waiting for you, 'mid the flowers.

Come, ye children, from the broad, rich valleys,
 Smiling with the Maytime's fertile bloom;
 Come, ye children, from the crowded alleys,
 From the sunshine, from the grime and gloom;
 Come, ye children old with toil and sorrow,
 Little hands too soon all soiled and seamed,
 Here to find a promise for the morrow,
 Here the love your aching hearts have dreamed.

Come, ye children! All the world is singing,
 Earth and sky and sea are full of light;
 In the woodland violets are springing,
 Thro' the meadows blossoms pink and white.
 Come, ye children,—hear your Mother calling!—
 Bearing precious gifts or having none;
 Softly on your ears her voice is falling:
 Mary's Heart holds room for every one.

Ethel's Punishment.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

SO, my boys and girls want a gypsy story to-night, do they?" said grandma.

"Oh, yes, yes!" exclaimed the chorus. "Gypsy stories are so exciting!"

"Exciting stories are not good for young people," ventured the old lady, with a little smile around the corners of her mouth.

At this there was a general exclamation of Ahs! while Alice hugged grandma, protesting it was just the night to get warmed up and excited, for it was such cold weather. Coaxing

always had a good effect upon grandma, and she had almost consented, when, looking round the group, she exclaimed:

"But you are not all here! Where is Alfred? And Ethel,—where is she?"

As if in answer to her latter query, at that instant a few crashing chords were struck upon the piano in the parlor below, followed by a rattling air executed with a tremendous amount of energy.

"Ha!" laughed Will. "Ethel's mad, and she's fighting the piano."

"Alfred and Ethel went off somewhere together this afternoon," said Mary. "I haven't seen either since."

"Alice," observed grandma, quietly, "tell Ethel I want to see her."

There was silence after Alice left the room, for grandma looked somewhat displeased. Abruptly the sounds below ceased, and in a few moments the messenger re-entered, followed by her sister. The latter looked quite "out of sorts." Her usually bright face was clouded, her hair tumbled, her collar awry, and one cuff gone.

"Ma'am?" she said, interrogatively, standing just within the door.

The tone was so decidedly defiant that all eyes were turned upon her in amazement.

"Ethel!"

The little girl knew what that meant. She advanced a step nearer, dropping her eyes as she again spoke.

"Please, grandma, did you want me?"

Grandma rarely looked stern for more than a minute. Now the muscles of her face relaxed as she asked:

"Why were you treating the piano so savagely, dear?"

"Because—because I wish I could hit somebody!" said Ethel, rubbing her eyes very hard.

"And so you chose the poor piano? Well, now, that was cruel," replied the old lady, smiling openly. "But come," she added, "tell us why you want 'to hit somebody.'"

Here Will broke in.

"Come on!" he exclaimed, assuming a pugilistic attitude. "I'll let you have a few raps at me."

To the consternation of all, his sister turned on him furiously.

"I hate you!" she exclaimed, with flashing

eyes. "I hate you! I despise that cry-baby Alfred, and I wish I hadn't any brothers—I do!" And Ethel threw herself into a chair.

After Will's involuntary whistle of amazement, there was such a complete silence in the room that you might hear a pin drop. The family were accustomed to occasional ebullitions of temper from Ethel, but nothing so violent as this had ever before occurred, especially in the presence of grandma.

Grandma's voice, low and sad, was the first to break the silence.

"Have a care, child, lest God should take you at your word. Where is Alfred, Ethel?"

For the first time Ethel glanced round the group, and then her color changed from red to a startling pallor.

"He went home before I did," was the answer. "I—I thought he was here."

"Where have you been since school?"

"Up at the toboggan slide," acknowledged the girl, somewhat hesitatingly.

"I thought that was forbidden?" said grandma, and now her voice was a little stern.

The toboggan slide to which Ethel referred was a public one, sometimes the resort of objectionable characters. The children had been forbidden to go there unless accompanied by their parents or some other responsible older person. The accidents on the slide had been frequent, for it was more than a quarter of a mile in length and graded almost perpendicularly. We know from experience that the wild, swift motion does bring a sort of ecstasy, to which nothing else can be compared. Ethel had felt this exhilaration on more than one occasion, and the fascination was strong upon her to try it again.

By dint of questioning, grandma found that this afternoon she had persuaded her younger brother to take his toboggan and steal off with her, unknown to the others. Alfred, usually an honest, upright little fellow, had yielded reluctantly in so far as going to the slide. When arrived upon the scene, however, they found a rough crowd, amongst them being some "toughs," as Alfred called them, who on more than one occasion had been heard to declare they "wouldn't mind having a toboggan like young Lenox."

Laboring under a sense of disobedience and the fear of the big rowdies, the boy begged

his sister to come back at once. But to this wayward, headstrong Ethel would not listen, adding, however, that he might go if he was such a "fraid-cat"; she would take the slide alone. But Alfred would not let his precious toboggan out of his grasp a minute with those envious eyes looking on. Then Ethel had lost her temper, and mocked and taunted him with cowardice, and that in audible tones before strangers.

"I wish you would go away! I don't want ever to see such a selfish little coward any more," she had said to him. Then the child had turned away, his eyes full of tears at her unkindness. That was the last Ethel saw of her brother, but she concluded he had gone home. She lingered somewhat longer, watching the sport, and then, too, turned her steps homeward. Her temper was not improved by the memory of her words to her brother, so she shrank from presenting herself as usual in grandma's room at "grandma's hour."

While Ethel had been telling her story the winter twilight, always short, had deepened into gloom, and now the firelight was the one spark of brightness in the darkened room.

"Will, my son," said grandma, "put on your overcoat and hurry up to the slide. Alfred may yet be loitering round there."

The children could not see grandma's face, but her voice had a troubled sound. She did not speak again to Ethel, who was now trembling visibly. But grandma's silence of disapproval was more expressive, more keenly felt than the sternest of reproaches.

"Has mamma returned from her shopping yet?" she asked of Mary.

"No, ma'am," was the answer. "She said she would probably call at the store and come home with papa."

"God grant the child may be found by their return! Make a light, dear; this darkness is oppressive."

Mary rose to obey with alacrity. They all felt it so.

Nell slipped out to search regions below stairs, but returned almost instantly, exclaiming joyously,

"Why, grandma, he must have come back! His toboggan is down in the hall."

This was a gleam of hope, surely. Immediately Mary, Alice and Nell, together with one

of the servants, began a thorough search from attic to cellar, but in vain: there was no trace of the lost boy. The minutes dragged on, oh so slowly! At length the hands of the clock pointed to the hour at which the return of papa and mamma was expected, and still Will was absent.

"Surely he could be up there and back three times!" exclaimed Nell, fretfully. And grandma, though trying hard to conceal her anxiety, echoed the same words in her heart.

Presently a latch-key turned in the hall-door, and mamma and papa came in, followed by Will. All three were pale and agitated.

"I—I can't find him anywhere!" said Will, addressing grandma. "There's nobody round the slide now. I've told mamma and papa."

"O mother!" was all mamma said; and then she sank into a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

"Where is Ethel?" asked papa, sternly.

A trembling figure came forth from a shadowy corner.

"Tell me what you know of this," he commanded.

Again Ethel recounted her story, her voice broken by sobs, which she vainly endeavored to suppress.

Papa knit his brows in greater perplexity, and, buttoning up his overcoat, said he would go to the police station at once, and have a thorough search instituted. The supper was left untouched, and all gathered round the statue of Our Lady in the sitting-room, praying, with their hearts in every word, that the dear little son and brother might be restored to them safe and well.

Ethel could not endure the sight of her mother's tears, grandma's pale face, and the look of reproach in Alice's soft eyes. She went to her own room, and there, on her knees, besought pardon for the hasty temper and disobedient act which had led to such dreadful consequences. Oh, if her brother, her dear little brother, whom she *did* love with all her heart, might only be restored, she would never, never be unkind or hateful any more. If God would only forgive her, and not punish her so frightfully! As she knelt beside her bed, her violent grief expended, she buried her face in the bedclothes, and for the next fifteen minutes there was silence. Then she

suddenly started to her feet to hear a cry of horror burst upon the air.

The voice was her mother's. Heavy footsteps followed, and then the great front door slammed to with a bang. She rushed downstairs, but paused outside the parlor door. It had been in darkness all the evening, but was now brilliantly lighted. The family were assembled there, and all appeared to be confusion. She heard her grandmother's voice: "Ah, poor Ethel! dear child! Do not let her know of this."

The girl, listening without, grew cold all over, and then impetuously burst into the room. There lay her mother on the lounge, grandma bending over her, Mary holding a glass of water, Nell and Alice staring with tearful eyes at a little polo cap which Will held in his hand, while papa and Uncle Ben questioned him.

"Yes, sir, right on the curb of the well," said Will, in a shaking voice. "I found it there this minute."

In one dreadful second Ethel comprehended. Alfred had been drowned,—fallen into the old well! Alfred was dead; she was to blame! Her limbs refused to support her; everything seemed to go round, and she was unconscious for many minutes. When at length she opened her eyes, mamma's and grandma's tones blended with—oh joy!—with Alfred's, with her brother's familiar, boyish voice.

"Ethel! Ethel! I'm all right!" he cried. "I wasn't lost at all."

And then everybody seemed to burst into an almost hysterical fit of laughter, which was so very like crying that there were tears in some eyes. Will was going off into convulsions of merriment.

"Well, that's the richest!" he exclaimed between his gasps. "Never before heard of a fellow getting lost under a piano, and having the whole town looking for him!"

Then everybody went off into peals of laughter again, while Alfred, rubbing a pair of very sleepy-looking eyes, protested:

"Well, I didn't mean to fall asleep; only crept under there to—to be ready to stick a pin in Ethel when she'd come to practise. Was just going to do it when I heard Alice come tell Ethel grandma wanted her. Somehow, I fell asleep 'cause it was dark under

there, and—and first thing I knew was mamma screaming, and then you, Will, saying you found my cap on the edge of the well. There isn't anything else to tell. That cap is my old one; haven't worn it for ever so long. Grandma, did you tell them the gypsy story?" asked the hero of the hour, calmly turning to his grandmother.

"I think we have *lived* a more exciting story to-night," answered grandma, looking at Ethel. "I don't think Ethel will ever forget it."

Sweet Clover.

BY FRANCESCA.

II.

They thought he would come back, as he had done before; but the days went on, and little Clover called for him in vain. "To-morrow," Mary would say,—"to-morrow, Clover, father will surely come." But he did not come. They planned pleasant surprises for him when at last they should hear his familiar tread and cheery voice (for John was cheery when drink did not get the better of him), but the darkness settled down each night upon a dreary home.

It was such a busy time, too, when strong arms were sadly needed. Strawberries were ripening and frequent rains made the weeds very bold. Worst of all, the mother seemed to lose heart and grow melancholy. She would stand at the window for an hour at a time, looking down the road with wide-open eyes.

Uncle Hiram Hawkins, the old neighbor—who was now their chief reliance, coming daily to lend a hand,—beckoned to Mary one day, and she went out where he was hoeing the potatoes to see what he meant.

"Has it struck you, child, that your mother is getting a little strange—sort of queer-like?"

Mary admitted that it had. "She doesn't sleep, Uncle Hiram; and last night I missed her, and found her out picking sweet clover. She said father liked it so, and he might be coming any day."

"Well, now, little gal, I want to say this. Your mother's got to be humored—dealt with gently, you know. You mustn't ever speak one cross word to her."

"As if I would!"

"But, you see, we're all poor critters, and the best of us loses our patience now and then. Now, I tell you," he went on, giving a vigorous dig at a stubborn weed, "women is like flowers: there's nothing but love that'll bring 'em out all right. You must be good to her. And I was thinking that maybe I could come over here and sort of run the place till your father gets back. I can fix me up a cot in the loft, and if your mother should get any queerer it might be comforting to have somebody round. The boys will be glad enough to have me away."

"Oh, God is good!" thought Mary, who had suffered more than she could tell from fright and anxiety and loneliness, not knowing what turn this awful "strangeness" might take.

"You can tell her that you guess the boys think I need a change," he hastened to add, when she did not answer; but it was only because something seemed to choke her that she did not speak.

"I have been so frightened!" she said at last. "And even Clover has noticed it. And I do thank you, and—"

What she would have said was stopped by her tears—the bitter, childish tears, kept back bravely until a word of sympathy unlocked their fountains.

"There, there! Never mind, dearie! We'll call it settled. You mustn't get nervous, like a grown-up woman. There'll be plenty of time for that. And I'll think it a real treat to come over and kinder visit with you, you know."

It is to be hoped that the recording angel took a charitable view of Uncle Hiram's little white deceptions, for they were only kindly intended to make the child's load of obligation less. He went home early that night, to tell his five stalwart sons of the new plan, reappearing with his cot, which was soon put up in the room whose one window looked out upon the sunrise.

Mrs. Tucker did not appear to notice the change, only by gradually letting him do much that her own hands had done, and standing longer at the window to watch for the absent John Tucker, who, for any sign he gave, might have been as far off as the stars.

And how the garden thrived! The very sight of Uncle Hiram seemed to keep away marauding insects. He had some mysterious way of coaxing the finest peas and beans from the vines, and his squashes and cabbages were in great demand. On market-days he would borrow a stout pony that belonged to his boys, and, with Clover by his side, would proudly drive to town to turn those wondrous products of the soil into money. The old sugar-bowl grew heavy again, and many little comforts found their way into the Tucker cottage. No frost or drought or long, cold rain was known that year, but instead were bright sunshine and gentle showers, and breezes with healing on their wings.

But to one, the poor mother, all this thrift and success brought no balm. The field smiled silently beneath the August sun; the days grew short, and the robins flew southward; the Indian Summer days came on apace, turning the woods to a glory of red and gold; and the snow of winter fell,—and still she looked down the road, and still her husband did not come. She was always quiet and gentle, and she made no trouble; but she never smiled. Not once had they seen a smile upon her face since the one that died there that day in May when John made the cruel request that, granted, would beggar his children.

Uncle Hiram, though, seemed to thrive beyond all expectation. He had, he acknowledged, been treated like a child by his big boys, and he enjoyed very much his present independence. When Mary went to him with her perplexities, her simple gratitude at his wise solution of them made him feel as important as a king.

But the child soon had a trial which even he could not lighten: her mother quite ignored her. She would chatter to Clover of the happy time when they would see the father coming up the path again; but when her elder daughter, taking courage, would draw near, she would retreat into the silent world in which she seemed to dwell.

And now May had come again. Uncle Hiram was the busiest man in the country; and once more nature smiled upon the garden, and once more he took his journeys to the town,—Clover, in a bright new bonnet, his companion. When his wagon was out of sight Mary

would go to her mother, and put her rosary in her hands, saying, "It is May, mother,—Our Lady's month." Sometimes, at those words, a gleam of remembrance would light the darkness of that poor, wandering mind, and she would make the responses to Mary's prayers, until suddenly the light would seem to flicker and go out, and she would turn to the window again, muttering, "He went away in May, and he picked some sweet clover, and the baby waved her hand."

One warm afternoon, when thus left alone with her mother, Mary, tired with unusual labor—for she had been up with the birds,—fell asleep in her chair. Mrs. Tucker watched her for a moment and then stole out the door. Elated with the sense of freedom, she laughed softly as she had not done for a year, filled her hands with sweet clover, and then flew like a deer across the field. "I will go and meet John," was her vague thought.

She sat down on the grass to arrange the green sprays, looking about her with the alert glance common to the insane, when a man stepped from the wood near by.

"Ellen," he said, "I have come back!"

She stared at him wonderingly. "I do not know you," she said.

How could he know of her sad plight, or understand that his beard disguised him?

"Ellen," he said, entreatingly, "have you nothing to say to me? I'm a changed man, Ellen. Will you not receive me? Where are the children?"

"I do not know you," she repeated.

He buried his face in his hands and his strong body trembled.

"I'll not trouble you, then. I thought you might forgive me. You were always a good woman, Ellen,—too good for me. You won't mind my taking a little of this sweet clover, will you? Good-bye! You can tell the children that I came home and you treated me as I deserved."

Then he went away, with the step of an old man. Mary saw the stranger as she came running toward her mother.

"Come home, mother!" she said, taking her by the hand. "Clover will be coming soon."

Mrs. Tucker would not stir.

"And father may come. He must not come and find you away, mother dear."

At this she yielded, and, hand in hand, they walked across the field.

"Who was that man, mother?" asked the little girl. "Was he not speaking with you?"

"I did not know him."

"You must never talk with strange men. Father would not like it."

"Wouldn't he?"

"No. What did the man say?"

The mother pondered, much confused. "He called me Ellen, and said he had come home."

"And you told him—?" asked Mary, in a sudden fever of excitement.

"I told him I did not know him."

How Mary got home she never knew. Uncle Hiram was driving into the gate.

"Uncle," said the child, "father has been here, and mother did not know him! We must find him."

John had disappeared again. Night after night a light was put in the cottage window, and the sugar-bowl grew empty as the search for him went on.

"Now I have no father and no mother," Mary would sob as she knelt at night. "God help me!"

And He did help her. The little bruised heart grew strong as the year sped along and Our Lady's month came once more.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A Modest Historian.

It is always pleasant to hear of great men who are not ashamed of their humble origin. Charles Rollin, the famous writer of ancient history, was the son of a cutler; and, although he did not go about informing people of his personal affairs, he was never ashamed to own that his father followed a trade, as the phrase goes.

Charles did not remain a cutler, like his father, but entered a university, where he made such wonderful progress that he was soon elevated to the priesthood. In course of time he was received into the most exclusive circles, and it was considered an honor to entertain this brilliant scholar. He revived the study of Greek and made many reforms in the system of education. He was the author of several works besides his well-known

"Ancient History." Voltaire speaks of him as one of the first French authors who wrote a good style in prose. His character was amiable and virtuous.

One day, when visiting at the house of a nobleman, Father Poulouzat, of the Oratory, who was among the guests, wished to cut something; but the knife proved dull. Rollin at once drew his own from his pocket, and laughingly said: "Ah, take mine, reverend sir! I know that it is a good one, for my father made it."

Rollin was a most generous man, and took great delight in sending Christmas boxes around to his friends. In one of these he once put a knife, and the note which went with it said: "Do not be surprised if this gift seems to belong to Vulcan more than to the Muses. It was from the cave of Cyclops that I turned my steps toward Parnassus."

St. Felix of Cantalice.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

FELIX, the simple Brother,
With heavenly lore was wise,
But never this world's learning
Fatigued his head or eyes.

He knew six letters only—
Five red and then one white:
The Five Wounds of his Jesus,
His Mother pure and bright.

"O Mary, O my Lady!"
Low on his knee prayed he;
"Let but thy Little Jesus
In my arms an instant be!"

The child stepped from the marble,
Stood on the altar fair,
Let Felix kiss His feet, His side,
Played with the old man's hair.

"Come to my arms," said Felix,
"My Jesus, mine, my own!"
"*My Felix!*" softly said the Child,
And made his breast His throne.

The aged Felix lingered,
Earth was an exile drear;
"*My Felix!*" words of honey sweet,
He longed again to hear.

One day there came an angel,
With face of radiance bright,—
"The Little One doth want thee
Where there is no more night."

THE AVE MARIA

TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

VOL. XXX.

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The Holy Face.

"LOOK thou upon the Face of Christ thy Lord!"
 That image which Veronica obtain'd
 Now stands a silent witness to record
 The loving sorrow of His visage stain'd.
 How sweet in grief those bleeding features there!
 What tender pity in those tearful eyes!
 And oh, how mournfully the tangled hair
 Beneath that crown of thorns dishevell'd lies!
 Oh, thou Holy Face! Thou sayest plaintively,
 "My people, answer Me, what have I done,
 Or how have I brought sorrow unto ye?"
 We sinners look upon Thee, Holy One,
 Salute Thy mouth, Thy eyes, Thy blessed ears,
 And bathe our hearts repentant in Thy tears.

T. A. M.

The Idea of Mary.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.



IN the most mystical, perhaps, of his *autos*, Calderon portrays, in Philothea, the soul beloved of God,—the idea of Mary which has pervaded all time, as it also preceded it. Philothea is assailed by many enemies, under their great

leader, the devil. Judaism, paganism, heresy, atheism, are enrolled under Satan's leadership. Philothea has for allies faith, hope, and charity; and by their aid she sustains the combat against all who are inimical to the Prince of Light, the heavenly Bridegroom. Philothea,

"Heaven's favorite and flower, Whose name is the cipher of love and of power," is, of course, triumphant. From all eternity she has been the ideal creature, planned in "the eternal thought" of God to be the Mother of the Incarnate Word.

Mary, the most perfect of created beings, is the idea which has entered into Catholic literature, Catholic thought, and Catholic sentiment, down through the glorious, if sometimes terrible, vicissitudes of the Ages of Faith, to our own day. It entered into the national life of Spain, and became a vital part thereof; it seized upon schismatic Russia, and flourished amid a crop of errors; it inspired the *trouvères* and the minnesingers; it set on fire Italy, the land of art and song. It crossed the seas with Columbus, giving names to the vessels upon which he sailed, and the strange, new lands at which he touched. It rose in hymns and canticles from quiet old cloisters, built in bird-haunted solitudes, throughout the length and breadth of Europe. It penetrated into the Sagas of the North, and was sung there by Olafs and Vladimirs, sweetly displacing the old pagan Freda, who, perhaps, had her origin in some glimmering of this truth. In the depths of Canadian forests, by the Red River of the North, and near the stream which Cartier discovered, the Indian heard of it from the missionary, and together their songs arose to Mary, the perfection of womanhood.

In Ireland this idea of Mary became a dominant force. Over "the fair hills of holy Ireland" it fell like a benediction. Irish heroes—the O'Neils, the Donnells, the Geraldines,

—unfurled their banners for "God and Our Lady." Irish women honored Mary most of all by their imitation of her. From childhood till the green grass of their ancient graveyards covered them they looked up to the "Virgin blest" as to their model, their helper, and their sympathizing friend. Irish emigrants bore the devotion to her over land and sea to the ends of the earth. Thus Denis Florence MacCarthy, in his poem "The Emigrants," represents the home-staying parents as addressing their departing children:

"Go, clear the forests, climb the hills, and plough
the expectant prairies,—

Go, in the sacred name of God and the Blessed Virgin
Mary's!"

Exquisitely does this same poet show us the "Bell Founder," in the morning of youth, kneeling at the altar, vowing—

"To offer some fruit of his labor to Mary, the Mother
benign";

and in the evening of age, after wandering far, returning to die of joy when his own bells ring out the hour from St. Mary's shrine.

In the "May Carols" of Aubrey de Vere, in the ringing verses of Thomas d'Arcy McGee, in the ballads of Keegan and Callanan, in the inspired translations of Mangan,—everywhere we find the Irish Muse lending a strain to "Mary, Queen of Mercy."

England, once called "Our Lady's Dower," in those beautiful old times when the faith brought to the Saxons had ripened to fruition, seized upon the idea of Mary and claimed it as its very own. Lady chapels were built, shrines were erected on every highway, vows offered, hymns composed, chantries endowed, orders of monks brought thither from over seas, wrongs were righted, slaves freed,—all for the love of Blessed Mary. The name of Our Lady, or St. Mary, was on every tongue. It entered into heraldic devices; it became a war-cry; kings fought under its protection; while the peasant in his cot spoke it lovingly, and it was heard on the lowly lips of children in the cathedral or parish schools. Part of a rhyming chronicle learned there ran thus:

"Mary, full off grace, weel thou be;
God of heven be with thee;
Over all wimmen bliscedd thou be,
So be the Bairn that is born of thee."

The poor scholar, subsisting, in his eagerness for learning, on the charity of the rich,

sang at their door the *Salve Regina*. St. Richard, the great Oxford scholar, died with the words of a quaint Latin hymn to Our Lady upon his lips. St. Edmund built his Lady Chapel; and St. Godric's hymn to "St. Mary, pure Virgin Mother of Jesus Christ of Nazareth," was sung alike by the beadsman in his cloister and the yeoman at his plough.

A pretty tale comes to us from Glastonbury, the creation of the great St. Dunstan. Ædmer, a little boy, the pupil of St. Ethelwold (Dunstan's successor), lay prone upon a bed of illness. All at once Our Lady appeared to him in the midst of a heavenly company. Mary asked of him whether he would go with her or remain yet longer upon earth. The boy, seeing the joy upon the spirit faces, begged that he might go. He told the abbot of his vision, and then, as the story runs, departed from this world forever.

The English poets, in so far as they were Catholic, have joined with no uncertain note in the universal song of Christendom. The voice of a Protestant is heard ever and anon, in a species of minor note, out of the darkness. Thus Wordsworth, Coleridge, even Milton in his "Morning of the Nativity," strike a note to the "Virgin blest." It is not possible here to dwell upon the exceptions to the fact that the great mass of Protestant literature ignores Mary, or denies her her rightful place both in the kingdom of her Son and in the heart of humanity. One may turn over whole volumes of collected poetry without finding one line to the Blessed Virgin, or read page after page of poet or versifier and not discover one stanza dedicated to the Queen of Heaven. It was not so in Catholic times.

Chaucer, in his "Prière de Notre Dame," or the "A B C," as it is sometimes called, fully expresses that cordial and hearty devotion which belonged to the Ages of Faith. He calls upon his "Lady dere" when his "synne and confusion" forbid him to appear in the presence of God, that "the blyssful hevене's Queene, the glorious Mayde and Moder, full of sweetness and mercy, the Queene of comfort, may give help, that my Fader be not wroth." When Constance is banished from her husband, the King of Northumberland, this same poet makes her, embarking upon a rudderless ship, with her infant son, commend herself

and the child, in touching language, to the "Mother and Maiden bright, thou flower of womanhood, thou faire May!"

Again "the well of English undefiled" shows us, with the charm of a wonderful grace and simplicity, "the widewe's lytel sone," who had been taught by his mother to say a "Hail Mary" whenever he beheld a picture of Our Lady. At the village school he heard the *Alma Redemptoris Mater* sung—

"As children lerned the antiphonere";

and, discovering that it was a hymn in praise of Mary, he resolved to learn it all before Christmas time. How pathetic the sequel! Before the Christmas time had come he had "fallen asleep," as the old Christian phrase is, and his brother students had borne him to his resting-place, his "grammarian's cap lying upon the bier."

Ooclere, a follower of Chaucer, testified, after the latter's death, that the poet—

"The servant was of Maiden Marie."

Lydgate, who also came after Chaucer, left a rhyming "Lyf of Our Ladye"; and, in his poem on the sufferings of Christ, he makes Our Lord Himself describe His Mother as "swooning for grevaunce, upon the Cross, when she sawhé Me now."

The praises of our Blessed Mother were likewise celebrated in the ballad lore, the minstrelsy, of the people throughout the Middle Ages. In the ancient carols devotion to Mary was made familiar; homely incidents were related in no less homely language. Jesus the Son of Mary, as He was also the Son of God, and Mary the Mother of God, were very near to every household in those simple and devout days. Such carols as the "Twelve Good Joys of Mary," of which the verse here given is a specimen, were especially popular:

"The next good joy that Mary had
It was the joy of seven—
To see her own Son Jesus
To wear the crown of heaven."

Another favorite was "The Holy Well":

"As it fell out one May morning,
And upon a bright holiday,
Sweet Jesus asked of His dear Mother
If He might go to play."

A very beautiful and ancient carol, "The Virgin and Child," portrays "the lovely Ladye" singing "lullaby to her King veray." "The Babe of Bethlehem," "The Cherry Tree

Carol," and others principally relating to Christmas, such as "A Virgin Most Pure," "The Holly and the Ivy," "The Carnal and the Crane,"—all repeat the same affectionate yet reverential strain in honor of the Mother of the King. The old mysteries, of which the "Wepyng of the Three Maries" is an example, are but developments of this central idea. Such, too, was the poem written in Norman-French by the celebrated Groteste, called the "Château d'Amour" (afterward put into English by Robert Manning); as also various anonymous fragments, such as the "Lamentation of the Blessed Virgin" and "Dame Lyfe." From the latter is this exquisite verse, appropriate to the season:

"As she came by the bankes, the boughs eche one
Lowked to the Ladye, and layd forth their branches;
Blossoms and burgens breathed ful swete,
Flowres bloomed in the path where she forth stepped,
And the grass that was dry greened before."

So much for the ancient rhymsters. Now onward through the varied phases of English song-writing. Father Southwell, the martyred Jesuit in the reign of Elizabeth, takes up the praises of the Second Eve in a series of verses commemorating the chief incidents in the life of her who was—

"The loadstar of all engulfed in worldly waves,
The light of earth, the sovereign of saints."

Crashaw calls our Blessed Mother—

"A piece of heavenly light, purer and brighter
Than the chaste stars whose choice lamps came to
light her."

Sir Edward Sherburne has his poem to Mary; Thomas Ward deplores the iconoclastic Reformation—

"Tearing the picture of Christ's Mother."

Pope touches the same note. In fine, did space allow, it would not be hard to thread our way downward, avoiding the broad highways of heresy, to our own day and its Catholic poets.

What can be more beautiful than Adelaide Procter's "Shrines of Our Lady"? What melody more sweet and clear than Faber's? Cardinal Newman joins in the melody with a warmth which shows us that his heart is with his judgment in its acceptance of this sweetest of Catholicisms. I shall quote in full his lines of May, because of their appropriateness, because they fittingly close

which I must not dwell too long. I should like to have said a word of what the English-speaking poets of America have done in this regard: of how sweetly Eleanor C. Donnelly has sung, what sublime notes have been sounded by Father Edmund of the Heart of Mary; I should like to have given a thought from Maurice Francis Egan, a verse from Father Ryan, or some stanzas from Eliza Allen Starr. They, with many others, have had their part in the world chorus: "Behold, all generations shall call me blessed!"

Says Cardinal Newman:

"The freshness of May and the sweetness of June,
And the fire of July in its passionate noon,
Munificent August, September serene,
Are together no match for my glorious Queen.
O Mary, all months and all days are thine own!
In thee lasts their joyousness when they are gone.
And we give to thee May, not because it is best,
But because it comes first and is pledge of the rest."

By the Shores of Lough Derg.

BY WILLIAM P. COYNE.

II.

PAT['] MOLONY was a tall, bony man, between fifty and sixty years, but fresh and hale-looking. His sharply-cut features and high cheek-bones were framed by a thin, reddish whisker, which grew in a desultory fashion round his face. He had the high, narrow forehead and closely-set grey eyes which are supposed to accompany a certain amount of worldly wisdom rather than any gifts of a more imaginative order. His dress consisted of a pair of corduroy trousers, which fringed away, not ungracefully, toward his rough, mud-stained *brogues*; and a coat of black cloth, cut in the swallow-tail fashion of an earlier day, when it was never worn except with knickerbockers. This odd arrangement of drapery, if the analogy does not seem too fantastic, might be taken as typical—as the outward expression, so to speak—of the habit of mind of the wearer.

As a child, Molony (and indeed, for that matter, a certain section of the Irish population which he represents) had grown up with an inherited awe of "the quality." To this day

there remains a pathetic remnant of a kind of effete hero-worship in the Irish peasant. But half a century back the class of which we are speaking had come, by some strange logic, to invest the would-be aristocracy—roughly, the landed proprietors of the country—with a certain superiority, not of power alone (little blame to them for acknowledging *that*, for it was cruelly and mercilessly impressed on them), but of birth and attainments also; as if they had sprung from some alien and altogether nobler caste. The truth is, that the Irish had inherited from their own grand old days of kingship—"when Malachi wore the collar of gold"—a reverence for aristocracy, which, though it has since been offered to representatives that had little claim to it, is still, to this day, a potent influence in many an Irish peasant's breast.

In his early manhood Molony found it necessary to adjust this attitude of mind to a new *régime*. The day of landlordism was about to become a thing of the past; a new era of peasant proprietorship was at hand. "The land for the people" was the new doctrine he was asked to embrace; and embrace it he did with heart and soul, as the event proved. For, after all, was it not his interest to do so,—even if he sometimes took a half-regretful and wholly unreasonable glance at the days when he was a boy, and when members of Parliament were gentlemen? Thus there was a constant disquiet produced in his mind, the nature of which he was very far from understanding.

"That's a pretty view," said Horace, rousing himself from a dream of Kathleen's eyes, and a wonder what she thought of him.

"That's what it is," rejoined Molony, taking his pipe from between his teeth and gestulating with the hand in which he held it. "But it's moighty lonely at times. I hear tell—maybe yer honor knows—that if that piece av wather was over in your country it's not idle it'd be. Sorra one av a steamer passes by in the week, except it be an ould turf boat. Now and thin some of the gentry has a yacht out, but it seems a kind av lonesome, like a bird that has missed its way, so small it looks in the big stretch of wather. Does yer honor see the island down the lake forninst you?" he continued, pointing to a tower which just showed over the distant horizon, and which

Horace had noticed before supper. "Well, that's the Holy Island, with an ould round tower and the remains of seven churches on it. Maybe yer honor'd like to row down there some day,—it's only a few miles?"

"Oh, thank you!" said Horace, "I should like to see it very much, and shall go some afternoon. But tell me, Molony, how do you get on with your landlords in this district? You know I have come here principally to study the 'land agitation,' as you call it."

"Ah! then, begorra, we may well call it 'land agitation,' and a mighty tough thing you'll find it too, beggin' yer honor's pardon! I have been bred, born and reared in this parish myself, and have lived here for fifty years, and sorra one o' me understands the same 'agitation.' It's no 'agitation' it is at all, at all, but a question of payin' yer rint when the gale comes round. 'Agitation,' to be sure! If you have to pay once and a half as much rint for the land as you can't make out of it—what the divil more 'agitation' do you want?"

Horace let him run on, enjoying the rough irony of his comments.

"I'm well enough here, thanks be to God! No, I'm not grumbling; though, to be sure, Mister Johnson—that's Sir Rowland's agent, maybe yer honor knows him,—is a little hard betimes. But there's my neighbor, Mike Kearney, as pays nigh thirty shillings an acre for land that grows only stones and thisthles."

Molony paused, exhausted after his effort.

"Well, that's hard enough surely," said Horace. "But I've heard the Irish small farmers are a thriftless, lazy lot, any way."

"Thriftless, how are you! Begorra an' I dunno that," rejoined Molony. "It was hard for them when their little savings and earnings went into the landlord's pocket. If one av us was seen with a new coat or a pair of new boots on Sunday it was tould to the landlord, and our rint was raised. It's no wonder we remain dirty! There's my own little Katie—God bless her! It was only last Sunday at Mass she wore that new dress you may have seen on her, and which she made every stitch of herself. And Mister Johnson, who was driving home from church with his lady and some of the quality, got down to speak to me as I was standing at the cross-roads below. 'Good-

morrow, Molony!' sez he. 'Good-morrow, yer honor!' sez I, touching my hat. 'Molony,' sez he, 'is that your daughter?' pointing to Katie, you know, sir, who was coming out late from choir-singing. 'Begor an' it is, yer honor,' sez I; 'God bless her!' for I was a kind av proud to see the lassie look so purty, forninst the quality too. 'Oh, this will never do!' sez he; 'I can't for the life of me see what you people want with ribbons and flounces, aping the fashions of your betters, and at the same time grumblin' about your rint.' 'I dunno 'bout that, yer honor; but my Katie, as long as I live, will have what pleases her fancy, if I was to die for it. So good-day to yer honor!' And I walked away, laving him as mad as a hare, you may be sure."

Horace, who had listened with increased attention since the introduction of Kathleen's name, endorsed Molony's conduct with a warm "And served him right!" which completely won the farmer's heart, and made him set down his guest as one of the "right sort."

Their colloquy was interrupted at this point by the sound of Kathleen's voice, as it came to them from the open window of the room where she was settling the supper things. It sounded low at first, but, as the singer lost herself in the melody, the notes came clearer and more sustained. Horace was entranced, and his companion stood with his pipe half-way to his mouth, and a strange gleam in his deep-set grey eyes. She was singing "Kathleen Mavourneen," a song full of the pathos and wistful yearning which characterize all Celtic music:—

"Oh! hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?

Oh! hast thou forgotten this day we must part?

It must be for years and it may be forever;

Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?"

The words seemed to die away as a sob on the evening air, and Horace felt how inadequate any conventional words of praise would be to express the emotions he experienced.

"Yes," said Molony, meditatively, and half as if corroborating some imaginary criticism,—"yes, Katie's got a purty voice; but it kind av seems as if she never sings as she does beyant in the chapel. You should hear her there, sir!"

"I'm sure it must be indeed a rare treat; but I couldn't imagine anything better than

what we've just heard," said Horace; and both again relapsed into silence.

The night air had meanwhile turned somewhat chilly, and all hopes of reading in the open air were abandoned. Horace bade his host good-night, and went for a walk along the shore, to warm himself before retiring for the night. The music he had just listened to had moved him more than he cared to acknowledge to himself. A thousand aspirations, wishes, vain desires, sprang to life in his breast under its influence. He longed, as he strolled by the beach, and threw a stone now and then into the waves, for some one to unburden his thoughts to. He was not aware what precisely he wished to unfold, but he had a vague yearning for sympathy at his heart.

In his nervous exaltation he had gone farther than he intended, and it was already late when at length he found his way back to the cottage. It seemed quite natural, when he got to his room, that he should kneel down on the rude little *prie-dieu* which stood at the foot of his bed, and *pray*—pray for Blanche Holmes.

III.

Father Joseph Slattery—"Father Joe," as he was familiarly called,—was engaged one morning in writing a letter, some days after Horace's arrival in the village of Duncaha, in the large, gaunt room which served him for parlor and library, when a knock came to the door and a tall young gentleman was ushered in by the servant-maid—a fat person who had appeared at the hall-door, with the sleeves of her gown turned up above her elbows, displaying two large red arms, and puffing and blowing as if she had come up from the centre of the earth. She now presented Horace's card to "his Reverence," who had risen to receive his visitor, and, still gasping for breath, bowed herself out of the room. The priest glanced at the card, and with a smile of welcome, which lit up his manly face, offered one of the three chairs in the room to the newcomer.

Horace hastened to explain the purport of his visit: how he had just come from England to see something of Irish life; that he was a nephew of the local landlord, Sir Rowland Bouchier, whom Father Slattery might know; and that he was anxious to make the priest's acquaintance—*voilà tout*. Father Joe

was at once won by the frank manner of the young stranger, and by a certain manliness in his appearance, which he felt augured well for their friendship. He was not a man of many friends, but those he had he loved deeply. He excused himself to his guest for having to finish the note he was writing, and said he would be ready to have a chat presently.

Horace, meanwhile, found time to take a glance round the room. It looked bare and unfurnished. A large sofa, on which several illustrated newspapers were strewn, and over which hung an engraving of Robert Emmet as he was supposed to have stood, with folded arms, when delivering his famous dock speech, almost filled one side of the room. It just spared space enough for a small four-shelved bookcase, with lattice-work doors, which rested on a small mahogany cabinet. The mantelpiece which framed the large metal grate (just now, on account of the season, stuffed with a brilliant Chinese fan and some laurel branches) was ornamented by a pretty blue and white statuette of the Blessed Virgin, with a piece of withered palm leaning against it, and photographs of some clerical friends. On the wall immediately above was a gaudy oil-painting of the Sacred Heart. For the rest the room had the cold, uncomfortable appearance which one associates with uncarpeted floors and whitewashed walls,—although at present it was filled with the bright rays of the morning sun pouring in through the two windows which gave on the village street.

At one of them Horace sat and turned his attention to some urchins going to school up the hill, their books dangling by leather straps. Occasionally a flock of geese waddled into his range of vision, as they passed ostentatiously, if not in a very direct line, down the street. Directly opposite a carpenter was fitting some spokes into a wheel,—the centre of an admiring group of loungers, who smoked philosophically as they sat on the brilliantly colored red-and-blue carts which filled the workshop, and punctuated the work with reflections on life in general. Among the shavings at their feet a dog of no particular breed was basking in the sunshine.

Young Parsons turned from this interesting group to take another glimpse at his newly-

made acquaintance. He had not much knowledge of priests, and his ignorance had fostered a kind of suspicion of them. Indeed, it was only at the urgent request of Pat Molony, who spoke in the most eulogistic terms of "his Reverence," that he had decided to make his present call. "I might as well see what's to be seen," he had said to himself as he walked up the village street, to the great interest of the inhabitants, who leant on the half-doors of their cabins and stared with a languid look of interrogation after the intruder.

(To be continued.)

Ex Maria Virgine.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE shadow of palms is still, but stiller the tall lilies' flame
(Emblems of Venus and Lilith), and blazes the sun like a boss,—
A boss on the Archangel's shield hung in the blue of the sky,—
For the Lady of Noon has arisen and scattered her poppies abroad.
The flower narcissus is bending, drooping, yet loath to die,
But the lilies are scarlet, defiant; they, stately, with one accord,
Face the fierce gaze of the Sun God, knowing no pain or shame,
While fauns in the groves are moaning, mourning a nameless loss.
Where is there one spot of coolness, for all the wide earth seems dry,—
Dry in the pitiless beating of sun-rays for many a day?
The sleeper beside the fountain that has no waters now,
Sick of the scent of the poppies, sick of the sun's fierce glow,
Dreams of great torrents roaring, and, grateful, makes a vow;
There breathes a sound celestial across the lilies' row,
From out the court of the Virgin; it turns the sleeper's sigh
Into a song of hoping, as the toiler goes his way.
A serpent among the tall lilies raises his jewelled head,
Spotted with scarlet color, ruby-like in the sun.

"Air, or I die in this stillness!" the Tetrarch cries in his tent;
"How silent the light is growing!" the poet languidly sings;
And in the court of the Virgin a maiden's form is bent,
Safe from the glare of the sunlight in the splendor of seraphs' wings
That bear the Word of the Godhead; and the Mystic Twain are wed,
As the voice of the Virgin murmurs: The will of our God be done!

So soft,—and yet Nature awakens and the Hours from sleep arise;
So sweet,—yet the serpent quivers and dies in the scarlet sheen
Made by the flame-like lilies, no longer proud to the sun,
But sinking in shrivelled death,—and a white cloud gently veils
The heat and the hate of Apollo, and the fountains once more run;
All Nature the Mystic Mother with the gladness of new-birth hails;—
There stands the spotless lily where the crown of the red one lies,—
Love has struck the symbols of Lilith, and Venus is no more queen!

A Companion of Bishop Berneux.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

(CONCLUSION.)

MEANTIME dark and threatening clouds were gathering round the Christian Church in Corea. We have already seen how, after the death of the king, a hostile spirit manifested itself in government circles against the Christians. One of the queens, having seized the reins of government, shared her sovereign power with a mandarin whose cruelty was well known. At first no notice was taken of the Christians, but Mgr. Berneux's instinct warned him not to trust to this apparent toleration, and he felt certain that, under present circumstances, a slight incident would be sufficient to cause an outburst.
In January, 1866, a Russian vessel entered the port of Ouen-Sa, on the sea of Japan, and the captain summoned the Government of Corea to allow the Russian merchants to

enter the country for commercial purposes. This peremptory summons excited general consternation, as the advance of the Russians was a continual cause of alarm to the Government. Some of the leading Christians imagined that by working on the fears of the regent they might obtain religious liberty for themselves. They sought an interview with him, and endeavored to persuade him to contract an alliance with France or England as a means of counterbalancing the influence of Russia; they even suggested that Mgr. Berneux would be the right man to negotiate the affair, thus revealing the Bishop's name and residence to the Government. The regent expressed no opinion, but attention had been drawn to the Christians and to the foreign priests.

Some days passed. In the meantime the Russian vessel withdrew without carrying out any of its threats, and the Government of Corea was convinced that the Europeans regarded their country as too formidable to be attacked with impunity. The ministers who surrounded the regent belonged to the ultra-national party, by whom all foreigners, and especially Christians, were regarded with intense hatred and suspicion; they seized the opportunity to represent the latter as dangerous to the safety of the country, and urged the regent to take severe measures against them. Their advice prevailed, and on the 23d of February Mgr. Berneux, who had just returned from visiting his immense district, was arrested and thrown into prison.

The horror of the prisons in Corea can hardly be described. They consist of small wooden barracks, built up against a high wall; they have no windows, consequently no fresh air; and the unfortunate prisoner, lying on the bare ground and half starved, is further annoyed by the sound of a bell, which, being rung without ceasing, prevents him from communicating with his fellow-prisoners. From time to time he is taken before the tribunal, and, according to the legislation of the country, each interrogatory is accompanied by a succession of tortures. These are of various description: sometimes the victim is bound down to a chair, while his legs are beaten with heavy wooden sticks until the bones break; at other times the patient

is hung up by his hands, while thin strings of horsehair are tied round his legs and drawn tightly till they enter the flesh; or else he is beaten with pointed sticks that tear his flesh away in large pieces.

On the day of the Bishop's arrest Father de Bretenières spent part of his time at the house of a Christian in Seoul, where a temporary chapel had been arranged; here he heard several confessions and blessed a marriage. On his return home he heard that Mgr. Berneux had been carried to prison; he immediately dispatched trustworthy messengers to carry the news to Mgr. Daveluy and to the other missionaries; as for himself, he remained quietly waiting for events. On the 24th he offered the Holy Sacrifice for the last time; the next day he was placed under arrest; and on the 26th, at daybreak, he was brought before the tribunal.

Like his Bishop, Just submitted without the slightest remonstrance or resistance. He was led through the streets with his arms tightly bound by a red cord, the distinctive sign of criminals of importance. The first day he was put through a long interrogatory, but his imperfect knowledge of the language of the country made it impossible for him to enter into many explanations, and he simply repeated: "I came to Corea in order to save souls. I shall die for God with pleasure."

He was then cast into prison, and the following days he was again brought before the magistrates and submitted to the usual tortures. Many Christians mixed with the crowd that, according to the custom of the country, surrounded the tribunal, and it was from their lips that Just's fellow-missionaries were able to gather the details of his martyrdom. They related how he was tortured four different times, and with singular cruelty; for the judges looked upon his brief and broken answers as an insult to the tribunal. It was noticed, too, that while his legs and feet were being beaten by the executioners he made no sign; his face was calm, his eyes modestly cast down, and his lips moved in prayer. At the end of some days the young martyr was transferred to another prison, where he found his venerable Bishop. They were soon joined by two other priests—Fathers Beaulieu and Dorie, who, the reader may remember, had

arrived in Corea at the same time as Just.

No witness remains to tell us of the joy of that meeting, and of the few days that followed; but we may imagine how the holy Bishop, whose long life had spent itself in his Master's service, and the young priests, who had been struck down on the very threshold of their missionary career, strengthened and comforted one another. They spoke of Corea, the country for whose salvation they were to shed their blood; of distant France, where they had left behind them so many loving hearts; but above all of the heavenly land, from which a few brief hours of pain alone separated them.

Finally, on the 8th of March, 1866, the four priests were taken out of prison. None of them could walk, their limbs had been so cruelly bruised and broken; they were seated on wooden chairs, their arms and legs bound, and their head, being drawn backward, was tied by the hair to the back of the chair. The place of execution was some distance from the town, and thither they were carried, amidst a motley crowd of soldiers and lookers-on. Mgr. Berneux went first, and from time to time, when the men who carried him stopped to rest, he took advantage of the occasion to converse with his young companions, whose bright countenances struck those present with astonishment and admiration.

At length the fatal spot was reached; a mandarin, surrounded by four hundred soldiers, was already there to preside at the execution. The Bishop was called first; his face was rubbed with chalk, his ears pierced with sharp arrows, and a pole having been passed under his arms, which were tightly bound together, he was carried eight times round the arena, and finally set down on his knees in the centre. Six men armed with large knives then surrounded him, and at a signal from the mandarin executed a savage war-dance, brandishing their knives over the victim's head. His agony was prolonged, according to the pleasure of the executioners, who struck at him one after the other. At the third blow Mgr. Berneux's head was severed from his body.

Père de Bretenières' turn came next. Like his Bishop, he went through the cruel procession, the hideous preparations, the long

agony; but, say the eye-witnesses, no passing cloud dimmed his radiant look of joy. The martyr's crown, which from his boyhood had been the one object of his dreams, was in his grasp at last! At the fourth blow from the executioner's knife his head fell to the ground. The haven was reached, the victory won, and the soul that had loved God so ardently winged its flight to its Maker's presence.

Just's two companions died with equal courage, and three days later four other priests were executed on the same spot. The remains of the eight were buried in one grave by the pagans; but five months later, the persecution having somewhat abated, the Christians succeeded in discovering the spot where they lay. At the cost of great sacrifices, these poor people, whom the persecution had made beggars, procured the necessary number of coffins, and in the night they secretly removed the holy remains to a neighboring hillside, where they buried them, after having carefully marked the exact position of each coffin.

During four years more the persecution continued. Mgr. Daveluy was executed a month after Just de Bretenières, and in the space of these four years eight thousand Christians were put to death, many more dying of want and misery. In 1870 Mgr. Ridel was ordained Vicar-Apostolic of Corea; but, in spite of all his efforts, it was not till 1878 that he succeeded in forcing an entrance into his diocese. He was soon arrested and imprisoned, but finally released, owing to the intervention of the French envoy at Peking.

Since then, happily, matters have somewhat changed; commercial relations have been established between Corea and different European powers, and the jealously-guarded country has partially opened its gates. A French commissary now resides at Seoul, where an orphan asylum and a hospital have been established, both of which are served by French nuns. And if the missionaries are still obliged to be cautious when travelling in the interior of the country, they can at least show themselves safely in the chief seaports, where the natives have become familiar with the sight of Europeans. After more than a hundred years of terrible suffering, the Catholic Church of Corea can freely lift her head; and by Catholics, who know how precious in the

sight of God is the death of His saints, her present prosperity is attributed in great measure to those who laid down their lives for her sake. Now, as in the early days of the Church, the blood of martyrs is a fruitful seed, bringing forth a plentiful harvest.

We must now return to France, where Monsieur and Madame de Bretenières remained some months in ignorance of their son's fate. It was only at the end of August that the English newspapers first spread the news of the massacres that had taken place in Corea, and the martyr's parents spent some days in the keenest anxiety. At length, on the 5th of September, 1866, Mgr. Rivet, Bishop of Dijon, received from Monsieur Albrand, superior of the Missions Etrangères, a letter containing the news of Just's martyrdom, and begging him to break the tidings to his father and mother. The venerable prelate, who had known the young priest from his boyhood, immediately proceeded to the home of his parents. He gently prepared their minds, and then placed in the hands of Monsieur de Bretenières a long letter, singularly beautiful in its simplicity, where, after relating the martyrdom of the eight missionaries, without, however, naming Just, the writer thus concludes:

"I have named to you all these venerable martyrs except one,—there the thought of a father's and a mother's heart stopped me. But I now beg your pardon for having hesitated an instant before telling you of the grace God has granted to you in placing your beloved son among His holy martyrs."

Monsieur de Bretenières read this letter with eyes blinded by tears, while the poor mother remained dumb; the thought of her boy's tortures seemed to paralyze her, and the sight of her silent agony was terrible to behold. But the faith that reigned supreme in those two noble hearts triumphed over human anguish; and, kneeling by the side of the venerable Bishop, the father and mother joined with him in reciting the *Te Deum*. Amidst their tears they could still thank God for the crown He had deigned to bestow on their child.

The following year, on the anniversary of Just de Bretenières' martyrdom, a funeral service was celebrated at Dijon, in the Church of St. Benigne, in memory of the young mis-

sionary; and Mgr. Mermillod, the illustrious Bishop of Geneva, in a few burning words recalled the chief features of that life, so pure and perfect in its simplicity, so glorious in its final sacrifice.

Among those who had known and loved him, Just's memory remained surrounded by a halo of veneration, and many spiritual favors were attributed to his intercession. His parents, to whom, after God, he owed the grace of his vocation, and consequently the glory of his martyrdom, survived him some years, and more than ever, after his death, their lives became detached from this world.

Monsieur de Bretenières died in 1882, and his wife four years later; and we may imagine how the thought of their child sweetly overshadowed their death-beds, and soothed their passage to the next world, where, on the threshold of eternity, their martyr son welcomed them home.

These Last Sweet Hours.

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

THREE snow-white lilies, Mother mine,
I offer thee to-day,
That they may beautify thy shrine
These last sweet hours of May.

One for thy spotless purity,
Untainted by the fall;
One for thy deep humility,
That crowned thee Queen of all;

And one, sweet sanctuary Dove,
I place above the rest,
To typify that wondrous love
That burns within thy breast.

My wayward heart, sweet Mother mine,
To thee I consecrate;
Let me be thine, and only thine,
My Queen Immaculate.

O Mother dear, forget me not,
But keep me in thy Heart,
When from this calm and hallowed spot
Reluctant I depart!

Let these my lilies speak of me,
Even in their swift decay,—
In thy dear thoughts I fain would be
These last sweet hours of May.

A Vindication of Father Damien by
Robert Louis Stevenson.

IT was Voltaire, we believe, who said that if a lie gets a day's start of the truth there is no likelihood of its ever being overtaken. Not so with the calumnies so promptly circulated against Father Damien after Death claimed the body ceded to it before the time by a corroding disease. In this case Truth was swift, and the lie quickly crushed to earth never to rise again. Good has come out of evil, and a light to our age and to every succeeding age has been kept shining by the very means that were chosen to extinguish it. God be praised!

As soon as Father Damien was no more the Rev. C. M. Hyde, of Honolulu, wrote a letter to his "dear brother," the Rev. H. B. Gage, traducing the memory of the man with whose praises the whole world was ringing. The Rev. Mr. Gage made haste to publish that letter in the Protestant religious papers, and the scandal spread as scandals will. The Rev. Mr. Hyde meanwhile exulted in supposing he had convinced the world that, instead of being "a most saintly philanthropist," Father Damien was "a coarse, dirty man, headstrong and bigoted." But there was a rod in pickle for the Rev. Mr. Hyde and his "dear brother," of which they dreamed not. A castigation was awaiting this precious pair of Presbyterians all but adequate to their dastardly deed.

Robert Louis Stevenson is among the most eminent of living English authors. No one in the least familiar with his writings but knows that he has "learned the trade of using words to convey truth and to arouse emotion." The Rev. Mr. Hyde was to furnish him as rare a subject as his namesake, the other self of the famous Dr. Jekyll. He had heard of the most serious accusation against Father Damien, and knew what was to be thought of it; but when, months afterward, he saw it repeated, with others, in Mr. Hyde's published letter, he wondered, and his wonder grew till he had learned more about Father Damien and more about Mr. Hyde. He came at last to know that Father Damien was indeed a Christian hero, and Mr. Hyde a graceless calumniator. And then he resolved to address an open letter to the offender, that should right Father Damien and

display Mr. Hyde in his true colors to the whole world. He has done this with a pen dipped in gall. A more crushing rebuke no man ever received from a fellow-man, and Robert Louis Stevenson's letter to the Rev. Mr. Hyde will be remembered as an example of vigorous English long after the Church may have crowned with highest honors the one whose memory it vindicates.

Now, we find nothing pleasurable or picturesque in seeing a Presbyterian penman pitted against a Presbyterian preacher. We regret sincerely that Mr. Hyde should have deserved such chastisement as Mr. Stevenson administers; but, having merited it, it is well that he should receive it from one of his own. We could have wished that the eminent writer had been less unsparing,—that he had said some things somewhat differently and left other things unsaid. It is a satisfaction to witness the triumph of justice, not to see a criminal chastised. And such chastisement! We like to believe that there are few men capable of doing what Mr. Hyde did, and that most Presbyterians would hold the vilification even of a Catholic priest in as great abhorrence as Mr. Stevenson.

Without further preamble, let us give some extracts from his letter. The copy from which we quote bears the distinguished author's autograph, and has been revised by his own hand. It comes from Sydney, N. S. W., and bears date February 25, 1890.

After quoting Mr. Hyde's cruel libel in full, Mr. Stevenson contrasts the life of elegance led by Protestant missionaries in Hawaii with the daily, hourly self-sacrifice of Father Damien, and shows that Mr. Hyde's letter could only have been inspired by envy. He writes:

"You belong, sir, to a sect—I believe my sect, and that in which my ancestors labored—which has enjoyed and partly failed to utilize an exceptional advantage in the Islands of Hawaii. The first missionaries came; they found the land already self-purged of its old and bloody faith; they were embraced, almost on their arrival, with enthusiasm; what troubles they supported came far more from whites than from Hawaiians, and to these last they stood (in a rough figure) in the shoes of God. This is not the place to enter into the

degree or causes of their failure, such as it is. One element alone is pertinent, and must here be plainly dealt with.

"In the course of their evangelical calling they—or too many of them—grew rich. It may be news to you that the houses of missionaries are a cause of mocking on the streets of Honolulu. It will at least be news to you that when I returned your civil visit the driver of my cab commented on the size, the taste, and the comfort of your home. It would have been news certainly to myself had any one told me that afternoon that I should live to drag such matter into print. But you see, sir, how you degrade better men to your own level; and it is needful that those who are to judge betwixt you and me, betwixt Damien and the devil's advocate, should understand your letter to have been penned in a house which could raise, and that very justly, the envy and the comments of the passers-by. I think (to employ a phrase of yours which I admire) it 'should be attributed' to you that you have never visited the scene of Damien's life and death. If you had, and had recalled it, and looked about your pleasant rooms, even your pen perhaps would have been stayed.

"Your sect (and remember, as far as any sect avows me, it is mine) has not done ill, in a worldly sense, in the Hawaiian Kingdom. When calamity befell their innocent parishioners—when leprosy descended and took root in the Eight Islands—a *quid pro quo* was to be looked for. To that prosperous mission, and to you, as one of its adornments, God had sent at last an opportunity. I know I am touching here upon a nerve acutely sensitive. I know that others of your colleagues look back on the inertia of your church, and the intrusive and decisive heroism of Damien, with something almost to be called remorse. I am sure it is so with yourself; I am persuaded your letter was inspired by a certain envy, not essentially ignoble, and the one human trait to be espied in that performance. You were thinking of the lost chance, the past day; of that which should have been conceived and was not; of the service due and not rendered. *Time was*, said the voice in your ear, in your pleasant room, as you sat raging and writing; and if the words written

were base beyond parallel, the rage, I am happy to repeat—it is the only compliment I shall pay you,—the rage was almost virtuous. But, sir, when we have failed and another has succeeded; when we have stood by and another has stepped in; when we sit and grow bulky in our charming mansions, and a plain, uncouth peasant steps into the battle, under the eyes of God, and succors the afflicted, and consoles the dying, and is himself afflicted in his turn, and dies upon the field of honor,—the battle can not be retrieved as your unhappy irritation has suggested. It is a lost battle, and lost forever. One thing remained to you in your defeat—some rags of common honor; and these you have made haste to cast away.

"Common honor—not the honor of having done anything right, but the honor of not having done aught conspicuously foul: the honor of the inert,—that was what remained to you. We are not all expected to be Damiens; a man may conceive his duty more narrowly; he may love his comforts better; and none will cast a stone at him for that. But will a gentleman of your reverend profession allow me an example from the fields of gallantry? When two gentlemen compete for the favor of a lady, and the one succeeds and the other is rejected, and (as will sometimes happen) matter damaging to the successful rival's credit reaches the ear of the defeated, it is held by plain men of no pretensions that his mouth is, in the circumstance, almost necessarily closed. Your church and Damien's were in Hawaii upon a rivalry to do well: to help, to edify, to set divine examples. You having, in one huge instance, failed and Damien succeeded, I marvel it should not have occurred to you that you were doomed to silence; that when you had been outstripped in that high rivalry, and sat inglorious in the midst of your well-being, in your pleasant room—and Damien, crowned with glories and horrors, tolled and rotted in that pigstye of his under the cliffs at Kalawao,—you, the elect who would not, were the last man on earth to collect and propagate gossip on the volunteer who would and did."

Mr. Stevenson then tells how he gathered his information about Father Damien, and describes a visit to the scene of his awesome

labors and glorious death as only one other writer that we know of could do—has done.

"When I visited the lazaretto Damien was already in his resting grave. But such information as I have I gathered on the spot in conversation with those who knew him well and long,—some indeed who revered his memory, but others who had sparred and wrangled with him, who beheld him with no halo, who perhaps regarded him with small respect, and through whose unprepared and scarcely partial communications the plain, human features of the man shone on me convincingly. These gave me what knowledge I possess; and I learned it in that scene where it could be most completely and sensitively understood—Kalawao, which you have never visited, about which you have never so much as endeavored to inform yourself; for, brief as your letter is, you have found the means to stumble into that confession. . . .

"I imagine you to be one of those persons who talk with cheerfulness of that place which oxen and wainropes could not drag you to behold. You, who do not even know its situation on the map, probably denounce sensational descriptions, stretching your limbs the while in your pleasant parlor on Beretania Street. When I was pulled ashore there one early morning, there sat with me in the boat two Sisters, bidding farewell, in humble imitation of Damien, to the lights and joys of human life. One of these wept silently; I could not withhold myself from joining her. Had you been there, it is my belief that nature would have triumphed even in you; and as the boat drew but a little nearer, and you beheld the stairs crowded with abominable deformations of our common manhood, and saw yourself landing in the midst of such a population as only now and then surrounds us in the horror of a nightmare, what a haggard eye would you have rolled over your reluctant shoulder toward the house on Beretania Street!

"Had you gone on; had you found every fourth face a blot upon the landscape; had you visited the hospital, and seen the butt-ends of human beings lying there almost unrecognizable, but still breathing, still thinking, still remembering,—you would have understood that life in the lazaretto is an ordeal

from which the nerves of a man's spirit shrink, even as his eye quails under the brightness of the sun; you would have felt it was, even to-day, a pitiful place to visit and a hell to dwell in. It is not the fear of possible infection: that seems a little thing when compared with the pain, the pity and the disgust of the visitor's surroundings, and the atmosphere of affliction, disease and physical disgrace in which he breathes. I do not think I am a man more than usually timid, but I never recall the days and nights I spent upon that island promontory (eight days and seven nights) without heartfelt thankfulness that I am somewhere else. I find in my diary that I speak of my stay as 'a grinding experience'; I have once jotted in the margin '*Harrowing* is the word.' And when the *Mokolii* bore me at last toward the outer world, I kept repeating to myself, with a new conception of their pregnancy, those simple words of the song: 'Tis the most distressful country that ever yet was seen.

"And observe: that which I saw and suffered from was a settlement, purged, bettered, beautified; the new village built, the hospital and the Bishop's Home excellently arranged; the Sisters, the doctor, and the missionaries, all indefatigable in their noble tasks. It was a different place when Damien came there, and made his great renunciation, and slept that first night under a tree amidst his rotting brethren; alone with pestilence, and looking forward (with what courage, with what pitiful sinkings of dread, God only knows) to a lifetime of dressing sores and stumps.

"You will say, perhaps, I am too sensitive; that sights as painful abound in cancer hospitals, and are confronted daily by doctors and nurses. I have long learned to admire and envy the doctors and the nurses. But there is no cancer hospital so large and populous as Kalawao and Kalaupapa; and in such a matter every fresh case, like every inch of length in the pipe of an organ, deepens the note of the impression; for what daunts the onlooker is that monstrous sum of human suffering by which he stands surrounded. Lastly, no doctor or nurse is called upon to enter once for all the doors of that gehenna; they do not say farewell, they need not abandon hope, on its sad threshold: they but go for a time to their

high calling; and can look forward, as they go, to relief, to recreation, and to rest. But Damien shut to with his own hand the doors of his own sepulchre."

Then follow some extracts from the author's diary during his stay at Kalawao,—“a list of Damien's faults, for it was rather these I was seeking; with his virtues, with the heroic profile of his life, I and the world were already sufficiently acquainted.” Mr. Stevenson takes care to inform us that his first estimate of Father Damien was based on the statements “of Protestants who had opposed the Father during life.” The testimony of Catholics was purposely and rigorously excluded. Only once is it adduced, and only briefly and casually. Mr. Stevenson then proceeds to examine the different phrases of Mr. Hyde's letter “from the point of view of its truth, its appositeness and its charity, . . . drawing again with more specification the character of the dead saint whom it has pleased you to vilify”:

“Damien was *coarse*.

“It is very possible. You make us sorry for the lepers, who had only a coarse old peasant for their friend and father. But you, who were so refined, why were you not there, to cheer them with the lights of culture? Or may I remind you that we have some reason to doubt if John the Baptist were genteel? And in the case of Peter, on whose career you doubtless dwell approvingly in the pulpit, no doubt at all that he was a ‘coarse, headstrong’ fisherman. Yet even in our Protestant bibles Peter is called ‘saint.’

“Damien was *dirty*.

“He was. Think of the poor lepers annoyed with this dirty comrade! But the clean Dr. Hyde was at his food in a fine house.

“Damien was *headstrong*.

“I believe you are right again; and I thank God for his strong head and heart.

“Damien was *bigoted*.

“I am not fond of bigots myself, because they are not fond of me. But what is meant by bigotry, that we should regard it as a blemish in a priest? Damien believed his own religion with the simplicity of a peasant or a child,—as I would I could suppose that you do. For this I wonder at him some way off, and, had that been his only character, should have avoided him in life. But the point of

interest in Damien, which has caused him to be so much talked about, and made him at last the subject of your pen and mine, was that, in him, his bigotry, his intense and narrow faith, wrought potently for good, and strengthened him to be one of the world's heroes and exemplars.

“Damien *was not sent to Molokai, but went there without orders*.

“Is this a misreading, or do you really mean the words for blame? I have heard Christ, in the pulpits of our church, held up for imitation on the ground that His sacrifice was voluntary. Does Dr. Hyde think otherwise?

“Damien *did not stay at the settlement*, etc.

“It is true he was allowed many indulgences. Am I to understand that you blame the Father for profiting by these, or the officers for granting them? In either case, it is a mighty Spartan standard to issue from the house on Beretania Street; and I am convinced you will find yourself with few supporters.

“Damien *had no hand in the reforms*, etc.

“I think even you will admit that I have already been frank in my description of the man I am defending; but before I take you up upon this head I will be franker still, and tell you that perhaps nowhere in the world can a man taste a more pleasurable sense of contrast than when he passes from Damien's ‘China Town’ at Kalawao to the beautiful Bishop's Home at Kalaupapa. At this point, in my desire to make all fair for you, I will break my rule and adduce Catholic testimony. Here is a passage from my diary about my visit to the China Town, from which you will see how it is, even now, regarded by its own officials: ‘We went round all the dormitories, refectories, etc.; dark and dingy enough, with a superficial cleanliness, which he [Mr. Dutton, the lay-brother] did not seek to defend. “It is almost decent,” said he; “the Sisters will make that all right when we get them here.”’ And yet I gathered it was already better since Damien was dead, and far better than when he was there alone, and had his own (not always excellent) way.

“I have now come far enough to meet you on a common ground of fact; and I tell you that, to a mind not prejudiced by jealousy, all the reforms of the lazaretto, and even

those which he most vigorously opposed, are properly the work of Damien. They are the evidence of his success; they are what his heroism provoked from the reluctant and the careless. Many were before him in the field,—Mr. Meyer, for instance, of whose faithful work we hear too little; there have been many since; and some had more worldly wisdom, though none had more devotion, than our saint. Before his day, even you will confess they had effected little. It was his part, by one striking act of martyrdom, to direct all men's eyes on that distressful country. At a blow, and with the price of his life, he made the place illustrious and public. And that, if you will consider largely, was the one reform needful,—pregnant of all that should succeed. It brought money; it brought (best individual addition of them all) the Sisters; it brought supervision, for public opinion and public interest landed with the man at Kalawao. If ever any man brought reforms, and died to bring them, it was he. There is not a clean cup or towel in the Bishop's Home but dirty Damien washed it."

But Mr. Stevenson's indignation is at its highest and his pen at its greatest power in dealing with the last and the most infamous of the charges made against the Apostle of the Lepers—viz., that he led an immoral life, and that the loathsome disease of which he died was the penalty of it. Here again the reader is moved to pity Mr. Hyde. His assailant's words fall like leaded whips on the preacher's guilty shoulders. Writes Mr. Stevenson:

"Many have visited the station before me; they seem not to have heard the rumor. When I was there I heard many shocking tales, for my informants were men speaking with the plainness of the laity; and I heard plenty of complaints of Damien. Why was this never mentioned, and how came it to you in the retirement of your clerical parlor? . . . Is this the nature of the conversation in that house on Beretania Street, which the cabman envied, driving past,—racy details of the misconduct of the poor peasant priest toiling under the cliffs of Molokai?"

The sickening story, Mr. Stevenson informs us, was first told in a low bar-room in Samoa. (Fitting nest it was in which to hatch so foul a thing.) But even there the statement was

received with vigorous expressions of disapproval,—vigorous if inelegant. Mr. Stevenson wishes it could be told of Mr. Hyde that when the report reached his ears he had found in his soul holy anger enough to receive it even with the same expressions. "It would not need to have been blotted away, like Uncle Toby's oath, by the tears of the recording angel; it would have been counted to you for your brightest righteousness." But the Rev. Mr. Hyde welcomed the story, and repeated it in a letter to his "dear brother," the Rev. Mr. Gage; and the Rev. Mr. Gage gave the letter to the world. Mr. Stevenson declares that the man—"miserable, leering creature!"—who volunteered the infamous statement had been drinking, and charitably fancies that he had been drinking to excess. Mr. Stevenson, with exquisite sarcasm, expresses regret that the same excuse can not be offered for the writer of that letter. He says: "The blue ribbon which adorns your portly bosom forbids me to allow you the extenuating plea that you were drunk when it was written. . . .

"But I fear you scarce appreciate how you appear to your fellow-men, and to bring it home to you I will suppose your story to be true. I will suppose—and God forgive me for supposing it!—that Damien faltered and stumbled in his narrow path of duty; I will suppose that, in the horror of his isolation, perhaps in the fever of incipient disease, he, who was doing so much more than he had sworn, failed in the letter of his priestly oath,—he who was so much a better man than either you or me, who did what we have never dreamed of daring,—he too tasted of our common frailty. 'O Iago, the pity of it!' The least tender should be moved to tears, the most incredulous to prayer. And all that you could do was to pen your letter to the Rev. H. B. Gage!

"Is it growing at all clear to you what a picture you have drawn of your own heart? I will try yet once again to make it clearer. You had a father: suppose this tale were about him, and some informant brought it to you, proof in hand? I am not making too high an estimate of your emotional nature when I suppose you would regret the circumstance, that you would feel the tale of frailty the more keenly since it shamed the author

of your days, and that the last thing you would do would be to publish it in the religious press? Well, the man who tried to do what Damien did is my father, and the father of the man in the Apia bar, and the father of all who love goodness; and he was your father too, if God had given you grace to see it."

The reader will share the emotion we feel in copying this last passage of Mr. Stevenson's letter. How pleasant to reflect that in the place of his untold beatitude the sainted Apostle of the Lepers, who so generously laid down his life for the afflicted flock committed to his charge, will pray for his calumniators; and that they and the honest man who refers to him as "that noble brother of mine and of all frail clay" may see in his sanctity a proof of the divinity of that Church which alone can present such exemplars to mankind!

Readings from Remembered Books.

A LOVE THAT ANGELS ENVY US.

THE Mother of God! In what surpassing heights is she sublimely throned! Yet not a day passes in which she does not interest herself for us. A thousand times and more has she mentioned our names to God in such a sweet, persuasive way that the Heart of Jesus sought not to resist it, though the thing she asked were very great for such as we are. She has been in the secret of all the good things which have ever happened to us in life. She has our predestination at heart far more than we have ourselves. She is ever mindful of that second maternity which dates from Calvary, and how we cost her in the travail of her dolours a price which has no fellow except the sacrifice of her Son, our Brother and our God.

What a light does it not shed on life to think that the same love, the nameless love, the inexhaustible love, wherewith the Heart of Mary loved her Blessed Son is, for His sake and by His own command, being poured out over us this very hour! We are living now on earth, dear to heaven, because we are suffused with its pathetic splendors. Angels envy us a love which in their case can not be, as ours is, identical in kind with that which the sinless Mother had for her adorable Son. But it is not the poetry of this thought on which we need to dwell, bright revelation as it is once more of God's creative love; but on the real help, the substantial support, the immense, solid

advantages, the positive efficacy, of this love of Mary in the matter of our salvation.—"*The Creator and the Creature*," Faber.

PENTECOST AT ST. QUENTIN.

That beautiful day of Pentecost [was spent] in the charming rural commune of St. Quentin. The fine old church, near by my host's residence, has been restored with great taste and good sense. It was crowded at early Mass with the farmers and their families,—many of the men wearing their blouses, but all well-to-do; for this region is one of the richest and best cultivated districts of Northern France. The service was celebrated with much simplicity, but with no lack of due ceremony; the singing was excellent; and the priest's homily, a brief and very good discourse on the spirit of Christian charity, was listened to with great attention.

The pretty custom prevails here, as in Normandy, of handing about in the congregation, at a certain point in the service, a basket of bread. Two gravely courteous old peasants presented the baskets in turn to all the people. The service over, the farmers stood and chatted together in groups in the churchyard and about the porch; and I heard much talk of the outlook for the crops, of the price of cattle, and of certain properties which had recently changed hands; of politics, next to nothing. . . .

After luncheon on Pentecost a most interesting ceremony took place at St. Quentin. A long procession, made up of the inhabitants of the commune—the men wearing their best clothes, the young girls garlanded and dressed in white,—set forth from the porch of the church, after a brief service there, and marched around the commune. It was the English beating of the bounds without the beating, and with the old religious rites. In the midst of the procession, which extended perhaps a quarter of a mile, the parish priest walked alone, under an embroidered canopy borne up by young villagers. Acolytes, with lighted candles, moved on either side of the canopy. Before it was borne a white silk banner of the [Blessed] Virgin, and behind it a banner embroidered in gold. All the park and grounds of M. Labitte lying within the commune, and being thrown open to the people, a very beautiful altar of verdure and roses had been set up under a bower in the great garden behind the house by the daughter of M. Labitte. Here the procession paused; a brief service was performed, and then the long line resumed its march, a chorus of some twenty male voices chanting the *Magnificat*.

Nothing could exceed the unaffected simplicity and seriousness of the people of both sexes and of

all ages. The day was one of those perfect days, which, as Mr. Lowell says, come to the world in June if ever they come at all; and as the long line wound its way around the fields, green with the prospering crops, beneath the orchards and the groves, and between the fragrant hedgerows, the silvery chiming of the bells in the old church alternated with the far-off chanting of the choristers; and the fitful breeze brought us, from time to time, the grave, deep voice of the priest reciting, as he moved, the ancient prayers of hope and of thanksgiving.

It was interesting to remember that, under the first French attempt at a republic, this lovely rural spectacle would have been as impossible as it would be to-day under the rule of the Mahdi in the Soudan; and also to reflect that France is governed to-day by men who dream of making it thus impossible once more.—“*France and the Republic*,” William Henry Hurlbert.

WHERE TASSO DIED.

Upon the Janiculum, about half-way up the slope, stand the Church and Convent of San Onofrio, at right angles to each other, and with a portico common to both. Upon the wall, under the portico attached to the convent, are three frescoes by Domenichino, carefully protected by a covering of glass, representing the Baptism, Flagellation, and Temptation of St. Jerome. But the great and absorbing interest of this church and convent is derived from their association with Tasso.

The great poet, in the spring of the year 1595, was attacked by a serious illness, which he felt would be fatal, and he desired that his last breath might be drawn in the sacred retreats of this convent. He brought with him a frame prematurely old, and a heart broken by the weight of the burden of life; and his greeting to the monks who helped him from his carriage was comprised in the simple words: “I am come to die among you.” He lingered but a few weeks, soothed by friendly offices and nursed with tender care, his time principally occupied in those devotional exercises so congenial to his religious sensibility.

The close of his life of struggle and sorrow was tranquil and peaceful. The clouds were lifted up at sunset, and this great “orb of song” sank to his rest in unshadowed glory. A small slab, set into the pavement of the church, near the entrance, and containing a brief Latin inscription, marks the spot where his remains were laid. And what need is there of anything more? Why lavish the luxury of architecture and sculpture upon a name which is its own monument? In the library are some interesting memorials of him: a mask in

wax, moulded from a plaster-cast taken after death—the features sunken and wasted, but the brow noble and intellectual,—an autograph letter, an inkstand, a girdle, and a sort of vase which once belonged to him. The windows of the room in which he died were also pointed out.

The garden in the rear is a spacious enclosure, planted with oaks and cypresses; with plots and beds of homelier vegetables. In one corner is a semicircular range of seats, cut in the living turf, where the Arcadian Academy sometimes held their sessions, and where occasionally, I believe, a religious fraternity still meets. A more attractive place of gathering can hardly be imagined; for it commands an enchanting view, fitted either to suggest poetical images or awaken devotional feeling. Near it was once a venerable oak, known all over Rome as Tasso's oak, and held in due honor accordingly. It was blown down a few years ago, but not entirely destroyed; for when I saw it there were some vigorous shoots growing out of the shattered stump.—“*Six Months in Italy*,” Hillard.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

Marquette was a devout votary of the Virgin Mary, who, imaged to his mind in shapes of the most transcendent loveliness with which the pencil of human genius has ever informed the canvas, was to him the object of a veneration not unmingled with a sentiment of chivalrous devotion. The longings of a sensitive heart, divorced from earth, sought solace in the skies. A subtle element of romance was blended with the fervor of his worship, and hung like an illumined cloud over the harsh and hard realities of his daily lot. Kindled by the smile of his celestial Mistress, his gentle and noble nature knew no fear. For her he burned to dare and to suffer, discover new lands and conquer new realms to her sway.

He begins the journal of his voyage thus: “The day of the Immaculate Conception of the Holy Virgin—whom I had continually invoked, since I came to this country of the Ottawas, to obtain from God the favor of being enabled to visit the nations on the river Mississippi,—this very day was precisely that on which M. Joliet arrived with orders from Count Frontenac, our governor, and from M. Talon, our intendant, to go with me on this discovery. I was all the more delighted at this good news, because I saw my plans about to be accomplished, and found myself in the happy necessity of exposing my life for the salvation of all these tribes, and especially of the Illinois, who, when I was at Point St. Esprit, had begged me very earnestly to bring the word of God among them.”

The outfit of the travellers was very simple. They provided themselves with two birch canoes, and a supply of smoked meat and Indian corn; embarked with five men, and began their voyage on the 17th of May. They had obtained all possible information from the Indians, and had made, by means of it, a species of map of their intended route. "Above all," writes Marquette, "I placed our voyage under the protection of the Holy Virgin Immaculate, promising that if she granted us the favor of discovering the great river, I would give it the name of the Conception."

Their course was westward; and, plying their paddles, they passed the Straits of Michillimackinac and coasted the northern shores of Lake Michigan, landing at evening to build their camp-fire at the edge of the forest, and draw up their canoes on the strand. They soon reached the river Menomonie, and ascended it to the village of the Menomonies, or Wild-rice Indians. When they told them the object of their voyage, they were filled with astonishment, and used their best ingenuity to dissuade them. The banks of the Mississippi, they said, were inhabited by ferocious tribes, who put every stranger to death, tomahawking all newcomers without cause or provocation. They added that there was a demon in a certain part of the river, whose roar could be heard at a great distance, and who would engulf them in the abyss where he dwelt; that its waters were full of frightful monsters, who would devour them and their canoe; and, finally, that the heat was so great that they would perish inevitably. Marquette set their counsel at naught, gave them a few words of instruction in the mysteries of the faith, taught them a prayer, and bade them farewell.

The travellers soon reached the mission at the head of Green Bay, entered the Fox River, with difficulty and labor dragged their canoes up the long and tumultuous rapids, crossed Lake Winnebago, and followed the quiet windings of the river beyond, where they glided through an endless growth of wild rice, and scared the innumerable birds that fed upon it. On either hand rolled the prairie, dotted with groves and trees, browsing elk and deer. On the 7th of June they reached the Mascoutins and Miamis, who, since the visit of Dablon and Allouez, had been joined by the Kickapoos. Marquette, who had an eye for natural beauty, was delighted with the situation of the town, which he describes as standing on the crown of a hill; while, all around, the prairie stretched beyond the sight, interspersed with groves and belts of tall forest. But he was still more delighted when he saw a cross planted in the midst of the place. The Indians had decorated

it with a number of dressed deer-skins, red girdles, and bows and arrows, which they had hung upon it as an offering to the Great Manitou of the French,—a sight by which, as Marquette says, he was "extremely consoled."

The travellers had no sooner reached the town than they called the chiefs and elders to a council. Joliet told them that the Governor of Canada had sent him to discover new countries, and that God had sent his companion to teach the true faith to the inhabitants, and he prayed for guides to show them the way to the waters of the Wisconsin. The council readily consented, and on the 10th of June the Frenchmen embarked again, with two Indians to conduct them. All the town came down to see their departure. . . . All stared alike at the seven adventurers, marvelling that men could be found to risk an enterprise so hazardous.

The river twisted among lakes and marshes choked with wild rice, and but for their guides they could scarcely have followed the perplexed and narrow channel. It brought them at last to the portage, where, after carrying their canoes a mile and a half over the prairie and through the marsh, they launched them on the Wisconsin, bade farewell to the waters that flowed to the St. Lawrence, and committed themselves to the current that was to bear them they knew not whither—perhaps to the Gulf of Mexico, perhaps to the South Sea, or the Gulf of California. They glided calmly down the tranquil stream, by islands choked with trees and matted with entangling grape-vines; by forests, groves, and prairies,—the parks and pleasure-grounds of a prodigal nature; by thickets and marshes and broad, bare sand-bars; under the shadowing trees, between whose tops looked down from afar the bold brow of some woody bluff. At night the bivouac,—the canoes inverted on the bank, the flickering fire, the meal of bison flesh, or venison, the evening pipes, and slumber beneath the stars. And when in the morning they embarked again the mist hung on the river like a bridal veil; then melted before the sun, till the glassy water and the languid woods basked breathless in the sultry glare.

On the 17th of June they saw on their right the broad meadows, bounded in the distance by rugged hills, where now stand the town and fort of Prairie du Chien. Before them, a wide and rapid current coursed athwart their way, by the foot of lofty heights wrapped thick in forests. They had found what they sought, and "with a joy," writes Marquette, "which I can not express," they steered forth their canoes on the eddies of the Mississippi.—*The "Discovery of the Great West," Parkman.*

Notes and Remarks.

Notwithstanding the infidel influences with which they are surrounded, the French people are still animated by a lively devotion to the Mother of God. This is shown especially by the enthusiasm with which they take part in the exercises of the Month of Mary. The churches of Paris are all well filled at the special services which are held every day during this month. Many of the thoughtless and indifferent are so influenced by this deep-seated traditional devotion as to attend the services of the Church, when at other times they seldom go at all. It must be that the Mother of Divine Grace will reward this spirit of devotion, and move many a soul to return to a life of conformity to the teachings of her Divine Son.

The official organ of statistics in Prussia states that since 1867 the Catholic population of that country has increased much more rapidly than the Protestant population, owing to the greater number of births among Catholics and to Protestant emigration. If it were not for the loss occasioned by mixed marriages, the increase among the Catholic population would be even more remarkable.

Padre Denza, director of the Vatican Observatory, has received two congratulatory letters—one from Mr. Robert Scott, of the London Meteorological Society, and another from Mr. Marriott, the Secretary of the British Governmental Meteorological office,—praising the photographs of the clouds recently taken at the Vatican Observatory. This is considered a high honor among experts.

One is always sure to find something of special value and interest in the *Magazine of American History*. The current number has a paper by Mr. John Carter on the old town of Green Bay. "We are accustomed to think and speak of Wisconsin as a comparatively new State," he says; "but when William Penn made his first treaty with the Indians, and founded his model city on the banks of the Delaware, the Jesuit Fathers had been more than ten years established at the mission of St. Francis Xavier at the head of 'La Baye Verte,' a thousand miles west of Philadelphia; and their settlement was never entirely deserted through all the subsequent perils which attended the pioneers of this region. Here is a rich mine of thrilling and romantic episodes for the historian. Remains of the buildings occupied

by the Fathers were to be traced in 1822, and tradition still preserves their memories in the name of the little town occupying the site of the ruins—Dépère, originally Despères. To the Indians they were indeed fathers, revered and loved. While the natives on the Atlantic coast surrendered their lands in exchange for the smooth words and gifts of the politic Quaker governor, these wild tribes of the Northwest, wrought upon in a far different manner, yielded the obedience of love and faith to those who carried the cross through every imaginable peril and who preached and taught among them. They reclaimed many savages from a wandering life, induced them to work as mechanics and to raise corn for food. To one who has visited the historic spot imagination can easily replace the little church, surrounded by the rude buildings of the mission and surmounted by the cross, 'pointing its moral' through primeval forests to the heaven which signified to the Indians the 'happy hunting-ground' of their fathers."

This mission is thought to have been founded by Father Allouez, who, by the way, had been a pupil of St. Francis Regis. From Green Bay Father Marquette and Joliet embarked on their memorable voyage to the Mississippi River; and there the former, during the following winter, wrote his narrative of the discovery. He named the Mississippi the River of the Immaculate Conception.

Mgr. d'Hulst, who has been announced as the successor of Père Monsabré in the pulpit of Notre Dame, is spoken of as a very logical speaker—more logical than sympathetic,—and well equipped to defend the Church and to dissect modern fallacies.

Cardinal Rampolla, the Papal Secretary of State, has written a letter to the President-General of Catholic Congresses, urging earnestly the multiplication of societies for the young and for workingmen.

On Sunday, the 20th ult., the members of the great Italian pilgrimage, numbering about 7,000, were received by the Holy Father in special audience in the vast *aula* of the Basilica of St. Peter's. The pilgrims, representing the Catholic Youth of Italy, were from all parts of the country, and were accompanied by the Cardinals of Palermo, Naples, and Benevento, together with four archbishops, fourteen bishops, and many of the clergy. The President-General of the Society of Catholic Youth of Italy read an address to the Sovereign Pontiff, which was an eloquent protest

against the existing wrongs of the Church in Rome. At its close the Holy Father pronounced a characteristic discourse. When he resumed his throne, the committee directing the pilgrimage laid at his feet the collective offering for Peter Pence, and presented to His Holiness the special deputation from the city of Brescia, who petitioned the Sovereign Pontiff for the beatification of the Venerable Alexander Luxago, a patrician of Brescia—born in 1551, died in 1602,—a portrait of whom, elegantly framed, was given to the Pope, together with a volume containing 25,000 signatures.

The following morning the Holy Father said Mass on the middle or confession altar of St. Peter's, at which the pilgrims assisted, and the chief representatives received Holy Communion. During the Mass of thanksgiving that followed the Pope recited the Rosary, the faithful present making the responses. It was a most touching and edifying spectacle to witness this beautiful devotion, so simple in the eyes of many, publicly practised by the Head of the Church in union with such an immense body of the faithful, representing all classes and conditions of society.

Very recently the Queen of the Belgians, moved by the grace of God and some memory perhaps of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, stepped out of her pony carriage in a drenching rain, to succor an old woman who was pitiaibly crouched in the street. The Queen threw her waterproof over the shoulders of the old woman, gave her some pieces of money, and drove quickly on.

The episcopal council announced to be held in Carthage soon after the consecration of the new cathedral erected there, will be the first council held in Africa for fifteen centuries. All the prelates and vicars-apostolic of South Africa will attend.

A Protestant gentleman, writing from the South in the *American Missionary*, notices what he calls the "un-Christian bearing of many denominations" toward the colored people. He says: "Dropping into the Cathedral at St. Augustine, I saw graceful white ladies kneeling side by side with black women, and worshipping together. At Pensacola I went into a Catholic church, and there, in a crowded audience, were colored and white people sitting in adjoining pews with perfect freedom. I went from here into a Methodist church, and there was not a single colored person present. It would not be strange if the Roman Church gathered into its fold a large part of the negroes of the South. Whatever may be the

superstition and errors of their Church," he adds, with a touch of prejudice we can forgive, "Catholics do recognize in every human being a child of God, and offer to all freedom in Christian service."

A noted lecturer, not a Catholic, on being asked how the colored people of the South were to be saved, answered, "By the confessional."

In a letter recently received from Mgr. Osouf, Vicar-Apostolic of Northern Japan, the zealous prelate speaks feelingly of the pleasure afforded him and the Rev. P. Testevuide, the Father Damien of Japan, by the prompt and generous response, on the part of the readers of THE "AVE MARIA," to the appeal made in behalf of the lepers of that country. Many difficulties are in the way of providing proper accommodation for those unfortunates, and it is hoped that the good example given will arouse the charity of others to aid the devoted missionary in the work of securing corporal and spiritual relief for the afflicted beings whom he has taken under his care. We have received the following sums since our last acknowledgment of offerings for Father Testevuide:

G. H. S., \$5; Mrs. John Kelly, 50 cts.; E. W. Russell, 50 cts.; Mrs. Janet Clink, \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Joseph W. Fones, rector of St. Anne's Church, Waterbury, Conn., who departed this life on the 18th inst.

Sister Veronica, of the Sisters of the Presentation, Berkeley, Cal.; Madame Charlotte McNally, R. S. H., Kenwood, N. Y.; and Sisters M. Armella and M. Vincentia, O. S. D., Racine, Wis.,—all of whom were lately called to their great reward.

Mrs. Anna McDonald, whose happy death occurred on the 6th inst., at Stillwater, Minn.

Mrs. Catherine Walsh, of Wilmington, Del., a fervent client of the Blessed Virgin, who piously yielded her soul to God on the 25th ult.

Miss Margaret Nee, who died on the 13th inst., at Fort Atkinson, Wis., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mrs. Mary McFaul, of Bound Brook, N. J., who passed away on the 18th ult.

Mr. Daniel Dougherty, of Henry Clay, Del.; Mary V. MaGee, New Ross, Co. Wexford, Ireland; Mrs. Mary Kerney, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Catherine Corcoran, Rose La Mont, John Yore, Mary E. Dore and Ellen Dore, and James Nolan.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Alma's Lily.

I HAD a lily, my only lily,
So fair and stately, so pure and sweet!
On May-day morn, with the dew upon it,
I laid my treasure at Mary's feet.

Oh, how I loved it, my precious lily,
Slender and tall in its crystal vase!
It shone so whitely, it bloomed so rarely,
I moved it closer to Mary's face;

Till slowly, slowly its beauty languished,—
It grieved me sorely to see it die;
And then I laid it behind Our Lady
(We two knew it—she and I.)

And when it withered to dust and ashes,
I blew it softly just here and there,—
Close to the foot of Our Lady's image,
On lace and hanging, and everywhere.

For I could not bear that my darling lily,
Mary's flower, that had kissed her feet,
Should fade and die like a common blossom,
Soiled and crushed in the dusty street.

M. E. M.

Sweet Clover.

(CONCLUSION.)

III.

WHAT strange surprises life may hold! After an illness, during which she was tended as if she had been a child, Mrs. Tucker awoke out of a fevered sleep in her own right mind, and called Mary.

"What time of the year is it?" she asked, in a whisper.

"It is May, mother."

"Is it—I hardly dare to ask, everything seems so changed—is it the same May?"

Mary surmised what she meant.

"No, mother; nor the next May. You have not been well for a long while."

"How long is it since your father left us?"

"Two years."

She turned her face to the wall, but the new light in it did not fade.

"And I have not been quite myself since, have I, dear?"

"Not quite, mother; but you have always been very good, and have not made us one bit of trouble."

"What is Uncle Hiram Hawkins here for?"

"He cares for the garden, and sometimes Tom helps him when the work is behind."

"And all this time you have kept the house and been a mother to Clover?"

"I have done as well as I could."

"Come here and let me kiss you. There, don't cry, Mary! How rough your hands are,—your little busy hands! And mine have grown quite like a lady's. When can I get up?"

"Now, if you are strong enough."

She thought she was; and, when she was made comfortable in the easiest chair, Uncle Hiram brought in Clover, now talking plainly and having a womanly way all her own. She seemed, however, with the thoughtlessness of a child, to take this sudden and wonderful recovery as a matter of course; but Uncle Hiram was fairly dumb with joy and amazement.

"When did I go to church last?" asked Mrs. Tucker, after the excitement had subsided. Then Mary told her that no one had been able to persuade her to go into the town since her trouble began, although her good pastor had come to the farm for that purpose.

"But you and Clover?"

"We have gone to Mass almost every Sunday, mother."

"Yes, they have, the dear things!" struck in Uncle Hiram, finding his voice. "Rain or shine, them children would strike off to church as sure as Sunday came. I'm not a Catholic, as you know, ma'am, and not overly fond of going to any meeting-house, so I just stayed and looked after you."

"You are a good man, any way," answered Ellen; "and you won't mind, will you, if we pray for you?"

"Not a bit, not a bit, ma'am; in fact, I'll be much obliged."

"And, children, I believe your father is coming back, and we will ask Our Lady to bring him."

They did not tell her how, one year before, he had come, and she had driven him away.

because she did not know him, and seemed to wish to have him go; and how he had not understood that her mind was wandering, but took her at her word.

They feared, as the days went by, that the "strangeness" would return; but she continued as rational as when she awoke from the fever, and grew strong in body as well as mind. One blessed morning she was able to ride to church, going with weariness of heart because of her absent husband, who was no longer by her side, but coming away refreshed and hopeful.

Thus matters went on, and it was drawing near the end of May. Answering a rap at the door one afternoon, Mary found a lady whom she already knew,—a Mrs. Dunlap, who had long been their friend and patron.

"I've come on a new errand this time," she said. "I want something from your garden, but I do not wish to pay for it."

Mary was puzzled. This was unlike the liberal Mrs. Dunlap.

"You are welcome, I am sure," the little girl answered, glad to be able to repay some of her friend's kindness.

"I'll tell you all about it," the visitor went on. "Have you heard of the Flower Mission? No? Well, you see, a few of us go about and collect flowers, or people bring them to us. Then we take them to the hospitals, or houses where people are poor and ill, or to the factories, where a flower is a delight. We have never before been collecting in this direction. Have you some flowers you could give or send us?"

Mary pondered. The roses were not yet in bloom and the lilacs were over. They had had no time to spend with blossoms, except the sturdy kinds which helped to take care of themselves.

The little sister had been listening, and pulled at Mary's gown.

"Send them some sweet clover," she whispered. "They can put it under their pillows, and it will be as nice as flowers."

"The very thing!" answered Mrs. Dunlap, and Mary brightened up. "I noticed that you had plenty of it as I came up the walk. When will you be in?"

"To-morrow, perhaps," said Mary. "It will be market-day."

"Can't you come and distribute it yourself?"

"I shall be too busy, I fear; but Mr. Hawkins can take my little sister."

"Ten o'clock, remember," and she gave an address. "My love to your mother. I hear she is better. Good-bye!"

After the strangely assorted pair were safe in the market wagon the next morning, Mary handed them a large basket full of fragrant green leaves, still dripping with the dew. This they took to the rooms of the Flower Mission when the hour of distribution came. Shortly before ten the committees began to disperse in various directions, Uncle Hiram and Clover going with Mrs. Dunlap, who was assigned to St. Joseph's Hospital. The old man bore the basket, and the child a great bunch of the leaves. The lady herself carried flowers, handing them out to the occupant of each cot, with a cheerful word and hopeful smile. Clover paused before a bed where a man was sleeping, and, moved by some sudden impulse, laid her odorous greenery upon his pillow. He opened his eyes with a start.

"I'm sorry I woke you," she said; "but, you see, I'm a flower missionary."

He laid his hot cheek close to the green sprays.

"I always loved the sweet clover," he returned. "I have some faded bits put away safe. I won't miss them while I have these. What is your name, little girl?"

"Margaret is my true name, but my other one is Clover,—Clover Tucker. I was named for the sweet clover. My father named me. He liked it so. Do you know my father?"

Uncle Hiram and Mrs. Dunlap had moved on, but a kind-hearted Sister had asked them to allow Clover to talk with the man in cot 10. He seemed to be so interested now, and they had found it hard to arouse him.

"Yes, I know him," answered the man.

"Then maybe you know if he's ever coming back? Mother was queer for a long time just because he went away."

"What's that? Say it again!" he asked, almost fiercely, raising himself upon his elbows.

Clover did not seem to be afraid.

"I said she was queer—strange, you know. She was so an awful long while, and she's

just got well. Sometimes she didn't know anybody but me, but now she does. She's just like anybody, only she does want father to come back so! Oh, dear, if you see him I wish you'd tell him!"

"Sister," called the man, "I'm much better! Don't you think so? Can't I get away from here by to-morrow?"

"We will see," she answered, smiling. "They are waiting for you, little one."

Clover started to go, but the man put out his hand and stopped her.

"Take this bit of clover back to your mother," he whispered; "and tell her a poor sinner in cot 10 sent it."

"Who was the man Clover was talking with, if you please, Sister?" asked Uncle Hiram, meditating a hint to his young charge about being too sociable with strangers.

"He was brought in yesterday," the Sister answered; "and he gave his name as John Flower."

The little girl kept her hand shut close upon the sprig of clover, and it was a very poor, wilted spray indeed by the time they drove up to the farm-house. She kept her own counsel, too,—telling no one, but waiting with her secret until Mary was busy with the dinner, and Uncle Hiram had gone out to feed the pigs. Then she took her mother one side, and put the sweet clover in her hand.

"A poor sick man sent it to you. He is in cot 10."

Her mother gave a wild look, and the little girl thought, "Oh, dear, what if I have made the strangeness come again!"

But there was no such danger.

"Clover," she exclaimed, lifting the child in her arms, "it is your father, and we must go to him!"

Uncle Hiram's fingers shook as he tried to harness the horse a little later; but Mrs. Tucker's hands, as she tied her bonnet on, were steady and her mind was calm. Yet how slow the old man seemed as he fumbled with the tackling! And how like a snail the old horse moved over the road! But her husband was getting nearer, and soon she knelt beside cot 10, with tears raining down her white cheeks, but a happy woman once more.

John, coming home again, intending to go to the farm for a look at his wife and chil-

dren and then to depart, unseen by them, had fallen from a moving train and hurt his head. The offering of the little flower missionary had, through God's providence, been the means of leading him home to stay, where nothing but forgiveness awaited him.

Uncle Hiram alone was not happy. His boys, one by one, had gone to the Far West, where he was too old to follow, and the cottage would now have no room for him.

But John solved this problem.

"I forgot to say," he remarked, "that I have saved a snug bit of money in these two years. We will have a wing put on the house, and Uncle Hiram must stay with us."

"Yes," said Clover. "And I will teach him to love the Blessed Virgin."

Uncle Hiram smiled.

FRANCESCA.

The Politeness of Monsieur Nicole.

After Nicole, the celebrated author, published his learned works he was the most talked-of man in France. He was invited to the houses of the aristocracy, and Madame de Sévigné said, in her quaint way, that she wished that she might have all of his books made into broth that she might drink it. All this praise and flattery had no effect upon Nicole: he remained the same simple-hearted man, staying at home, devoting himself to his studies, and caring little for the world.

One great dame, however, at last induced him to withdraw from his seclusion and dine at her house. The bearer of her invitation was a kind priest, who had long been her friend as well as Nicole's. The dinner passed off successfully, and all were delighted,—the lady at having so noted a guest, the abbé because he had pleased his friends, and Nicole because he had been so kindly entertained.

At the close of the repast the visitor made a little speech, which was worded like this: 'Madame, you have been most gracious, and I thank you for your hospitality. You are a most amiable woman as well as a beautiful one; and, above all your charms, I admire your pretty little eyes.' Then he paused, thinking that now he had said the proper thing and discharged his obligations to society.

Soon after he and the abbé left, and when

they were out of the house the good priest said: "My dear friend, no doubt you meant well, but you should not tell a lady that her eyes are small; ladies like to be told that their eyes are large. I trust that Madame C—— has enough good sense to realize that you meant to be polite, but I advise you to be more careful in future."

Nicole was disconcerted. "Why, I am sure I meant to be courteous! I will go back this moment and make it right." In spite of the abbé's remonstrances, he broke away and demanded to be admitted to the lady's presence once more; then, seeing her, he exclaimed: "My dear madame, our friend has told me that ladies do not like to be told that their eyes are small; I was not aware of it, and have hurt your feelings and been guilty of rudeness. Your eyes are *not* little, they are very large, and"—making sure that his mistake was well rectified,—“and your mouth is large, and so is your nose and so are your feet.”

History does not record that the lady forgave him, but we hope she did.

Jean Hachette.

History has its heroines as well as its heroes. In the market-place of the old French town of Beauvais a famous statue is shown to all visitors. It is the figure of a woman armed with a huge axe, as if fighting upon the ramparts of a city. If you ask who the statue represents, the good people will answer, "Jean Hachette"; and will tell you that one day, in 1472, the town was besieged by the Duke of Burgundy, and was in danger of yielding to a general assault which was made. Then spoke Jean, a brave woman of Beauvais. "The town shall not be taken!" she cried. "Follow me, fellow-townswomen; we will help the men defend it." And so they fought, Jean at their head, armed with an axe. And terror seized the enemy, and Beauvais was saved.

From that time forth special privileges were granted by the king to the women who saved the city, and grateful posterity gave a new name and erected a monument to their leader, the noble Jean Hachette, who stands to-day in effigy, armed with her axe, as if fighting upon the city's ramparts.

A Golden Deed.

A great singer was strolling through the market-place of a strange city one day. He was having a triumphal tour, and crowds of people flocked nightly to applaud him and throw flowers before him as he sang. But through the day he had much leisure, and so he wandered idly about, questioning some old woman as to the quality of her turnips, or stopping to pat some peasant's baby upon its plump cheek. Finally, he came to a place where hundreds of singing birds were offered for sale. The great musician listened for a while to the melody which burst from their little throats, and when he turned around his friends saw that his eyes were full of tears.

"How do you sell your birds?" he asked of the huckster who owned them. The man saw a chance to drive a good bargain. "They are rare," he answered, mentioning a considerable sum as the price of one alone. The singer's hand went to his purse. "I will take them all. Here is the money. Go, dear little prisoners! I sing in freedom, and so shall you." And he opened the door of each cage.

The modest singer did not know why the people shouted themselves hoarse that night when he appeared on the stage, but he knew that the birds were free and his heart was light.

An Old-Time Custom.

Even the street singers of old England were in the habit of lifting up their voices in praise of Our Lady when they solicited alms. This custom is associated with a noble and honored name.

When Sir Thomas More was deprived of his office for daring to defy King Henry VIII., he called his family to him, and cheerfully told them that they must try and cling together, and must retrench their expenses to that end; but that if worst came to worst they could take their bags and wallets and turn beggars, and sing the *Salve Regina* at wealthy men's doors; "and we will," he added, "be happy and merry."

Blessed Thomas carried a joyous heart in his faithful breast even to the scaffold, where his brave life ended.

THE AVE MARIA

TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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Spes Nostra.

NO day is ended till its sun hath set,
Nor life completed till death's sombre gloom
Steals o'er its twilight, and the yawning tomb
Engulfs its sin and sorrow, toil and fret.
Who most has cause to mourn with vain regret
A guilty past, and dread eternal doom,
May if he *will* his future course illumine
And reap the saints' rich, golden harvest yet.
For she, the Mother blest whom Jesus gave,
All-potent advocate at Mercy's throne,
Lends willing ear when contrite sinners crave
The sweet compassion she has ever shown
To bruised reeds. Ah! who would not be brave
When Heaven's Queen doth make his cause
her own?

A. B. O'N., C. S. C.

Our Lady in the Calendar.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

IN the old days when England was the "Dowry of Mary" the thought of the Mother of God was a familiar one, whence it came that they called so many of their flowers after her. In those days the monks were the botanists, and the seeds of the flowers a-blowing and a-growing in cottage and hall probably were the gift of Brother Innocent of the abbey, or some such gentle gardener. So the naming of the flowers fell to the monks; and, instead of the degenerate Latin of Kew Gardens, there were quaint and

lovely old English titles. They were often named from the feast about whose time they blew; or again they had some simple allegory hidden within their naming, as the lilies of the valley were called Ladders to Heaven because they were little and lowly.

Our Lady's name came oftenest in the nomenclature, though the saints were not forgotten. There were St. Barnaby's Thistle, Herb Trinity, Herb St. Christopher, Jacob's Ladder, Canterbury Bells, Archangel, St. Paul's Botany, Basil, Herb St. Barbara, Job's Tears, Monk's Hood, Friar's Cowl, Bean of St. Ignatius, and a hundred more. But the Queen of All Saints would need a garden to herself, since there are so many flowers called from her. Marigold, Our Lady's Seal, Our Lady's Bedstraw, Our Lady's Laces, Our Lady's Mantle, Our Lady's Slipper, Our Lady's Smock, Our Lady's Hair,—these are a few of them.

In an old annual of the forties, but archaic enough to be much older, I have found much quaint and pleasant discourse on the flowers and their doings and their naming. At the very first page it is pleasant to find St. Faine, a virgin of Ireland, giving her name to the laurestinus, which opens its pretty waxen flowers on the first grey January day. An old distich says:

"Whether the weather be snow or raine
We are sure to see the Flower of St. Faine."

Our Lady's first appearance in the calendar is with the snowdrops, about the time of the Purification.

"Many, many welcomes,
February Fair Maid!

Ever as of old time
Solitary firstling:
Coming in the cold time,—
Prophet of the gay time,
*Prophet of the May time,
Prophet of the roses!"—

sings Tennyson. My calendar tells me the snowdrop was called Our Lady of February, and afterward the Fair Maid of February, or Purification Flower; and goes on: "Even as the snowdrop is whiter and clearer than all flowers, so is the purity of Our Lady fairer than that of all other virgins." Candlemas Day is a weather prophet:

"If Candlemas Day be bright and clear,
We'll have another winter to fear;
If Candlemas Day has clouds and rain,
Winter is gone, nor will come again."

The birds sing well for Our Lady's first feast: the thrush raining out his silver notes; the blackbird singing his rollicking ditty, with the dew in his throat and the brogue in his voice—for he is by excellence the Irish bird; the robin and the wren,—all are calling because spring is come again. A month later my calendar breaks into song too. "The hedge-sparrow, *Sylvia modularis*," it says, "begins to sing; skylarks sing in the morning, and the fields begin to be glad with field-larks.

"The sun shines bright, the bees are out,
Humming the early flowers about:
Of crocus, yellow, white, and blue;
Of hellebores of paler hue;
And noble liverworts that, blowing
In crimson, white, and blue, are glowing;
With snowdrops, white, low-drooping heads,—
Their purest white sweet emblem sheds
Of Mary's maiden chastitie,
Mother of God in her virginity."

My calendar-maker must have been such a one as that Brother Innocent one pictures in the old priory gardens, and kin to such gentle souls of other days as White of Selborne and Richard Jeffries. There is nothing of nature that escapes him, and at his finger's ends he has the quaintest distiches and fables,— "a bowpot of flowers of fancy," as he would say himself. Here is a jotting of his under the 3d of March:

"A meditative maiden, walking in a garden of early spring flowers, exclaimed: 'As these blooms brave the winds of March in the cold prime, but fade before the summer sun, so the flowers of virtue, which open in infancy and

resist the storms of youthful rage, fade under the heat of noontide passions and the cupidity of the meridian of life.'"

The Annunciation sees in blow Our Lady's Milk-wort and the marigold. It is a time of clear skies, with the great dog-star in the southwestern heavens, and the pleiades hanging in the west after dark. "Marigold," says my calendar, "is so called, being more or less in blow at the time of Our Lady's feasts; the word 'gold' having reference to its golden rays, likened to the rays of light around her head. At Candlemas, in warm climes, the old year's plants will show a few flowers. Even in our climate a few appear about Lady-tide. The full flowering is at the Visitation. The young plants flower about the Assumption. Seedlings of the same year will flower about the Nativity, and they continue to flower during a period embracing the Feasts of the Presentation and the Conception of our Blessed Lady."

About April 6 blows Our Lady's Smock,— "a pretty purple-white plant, which blows from Lady-tide to the end of May, and covers the moist meadows with its silvery white." On April 12 there is this luxurious little statement: "In Persia the nightingale sings among groves of red roses." The cuckoo-pint, growing on shady banks and under hedges, about the 28th of April, is called by the children Lords and Ladies,—the deep-colored flowers being the lords and the pale ones the ladies. My calendar says the name was once Our Lord and Our Lady.

The month of May, curiously enough, has no reference to Our Lady in the naming of its many flowers, perhaps because they are all hers.

Our Lady's Seal comes on the 7th of June, when all the roses are in blow. It is a plant possessing great medicinal properties. At this time the cuckoo changes his note, an event noted by Heywood in this quaint verse:

"In April the koocoo can sing her song by rote,
In June of tune she can not sing a note:
At first, Koocoo, Koocoo, sing still can she do;
At last, Kooke, Kooke, Kooke,—six Kookes to one Koo."

The campanula, blowing on June 16 or thereabouts, used to be called Our Lady's Gloves. Our Lady's Slipper comes on the 23d of the same month, "the sweet o' the

year." The marigolds in flower on June 30 used to be called "golds" by the English country folk. They open at nine and close at three of the clock.

For Visitation-tide, July 2, the clematis, or Virgin's Bower, is in full bloom, as is the Mary Lily. Of the last beautiful and stately flower my calendar says: "The great white flowers are seen the whole of the long midsummer nights of twilight, when other flowers are indistinguishable. . . . At this time the sky begins to exhibit the most beautiful phenomena, and at daybreak will seem colored as a sea strewn with roses."

About July 7 comes the Traveller's Joy, or wild Virgin's Bower, the creeping clematis of the hedgerows. On July 11 flowers Our Lady's Bedstraw. The field camomile, coming about the Feast of St. Anne (July 26), is called St. Anne's Flower, or *Matricaria*, which my calendar takes to refer to the dear-ness with which our Blessed Lady and her mother held each other. The white spiralis of the same date was anciently called Our Lady's Tresses.

For the 4th of August the Harvest Bells, or St. Dominic's Bells, awoke this thought in some one whose words are chronicled on the page before me: "The novices of St. Dominic, like those little blue flowers called his bells, which shake in the wind, do tremble when blown upon by the flattering breath assailing them from every point of the compass; but yet do hold fast like these when once they have taken root in the walls of a convent." For St. Dominic's Bells, be it understood, are often to be seen fluttering on the walls and turrets of abbey or church.

On the 15th of August we are told how Our Lady stands on the crescent, because it is an Eastern symbol of chastity. The belladonna star lily and the bur-marigold are her flowers of this date. In the Octave we have the following poem:

"Hail, Holy Virgin Mother, wedded Maid;
 Blest temple of the Trinity adored;
 All angels' joy, meek virtue's cypress shade,
 Fountain of clemency, pure Spouse of God;
 Lost pilgrims' loadstar on life's troubled way:
 Candle of heavenlie unction, patience' palm;
 Sweet light of morning, bright Star of the day,
 Lamp of devotion, wounded sinners' balm;
 Chaplet of graces, posie of our prayers;

Chastity's cedar, humility's fair cell;
 Hope's constant magnet, solace of our cares;
 Vessel of comfort for affliction's dell;
 Rose of sweet heavenlie odors, Lily pure,
 Beneath thy fostering care we rest secure!"

Under the 5th of September there is this pretty paragraph: "The Persian vinedressers do all in their power to make the vine run up the wall and curl over on the other side, which they do by tying little stones to the end of the tendril. The vine is made to entwine on trellises around a wall, where in the heat of day whole families collect themselves and sit under the shade. May this not illustrate the beautiful passage in Genesis, 'Joseph is a fruitful bough; even a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall'?" It might have been written of a later Joseph, whose office was to be shelterer and protector.

For the Nativity of Our Lady, September 8, we have gentian, Our Lady's Fringes. Under Holy-Cross Day we are told that the rood-screen in the churches had this allegory: the nave represented to pious minds the Church Militant, the chancel the Church Triumphant; and to pass from one to the other was to pass under the cross. Blue passion-flower comes in bloom to-day, and of old was sometimes called Holy-Rood Flower.

Under the Feast of Rosary Sunday my calendar notes that St. Jerome derives the name Mary from Miriam, or Star of the Sea, and that it also means Lady Star.

After September the blowing of flowers almost ceases to be recorded, but there are long lists of migratory birds arriving and departing. I notice that for the feast of the penitents St. Pelagia and St. Thais, October 8, the flower of the day, *Arbellaca aggeratum*, is called sweet-maudlin.

On All Saints' Day we learn that by custom the day was formerly supposed to have a special dedication to the angel who presides over the growing of fruits, and was called Lamas Ubhal, or *La Messe des Pommes*,—whence, I suppose, Lammastide and the fruit-eating.

Under November 18 is the curious note that the pilgrims in the Holy Land built here and there little mounds of stone surmounted by a cross, to mark their route, which were called "Mount Joyes." The last verse of a poem on a pilgrimage runs:

"And where angry winds are roaring,
 Fiercer dangers hovering round,
 Still the pilgrim's thoughts are soaring,
 Still at prayer his heart is found;
 Till from jeopardy emerging,
 Builds his Mount Joy votive stone,—
 Tribute to the Holy Virgin,
 Mercy's Mother and his own."

This casts some light on the old battle-cry,
 "Mountjoy for England!"

For the other festivals of the Queen of Heaven there are many quaint and beautiful hymns; but I will finish by giving a metrical calendar, which is perhaps more quaint and strange:

"The Snowdrop, in purest white arrais,
 First rears her head on Candlemasse Daie;
 While the Crocus hastens to the shrine
 Of Primrose Love on St. Valentine.
 Then comes the Daffodil, beside
 Our Ladye's Smock, at Our Ladye's tyde.
 About St. George, when blue is worn,
 The blue Harebells the fields adorn.
 Against the day of the Holy Cross
 The Crowfoot gildes the flowerie grasse.
 When St. Barnaby bright smiles night and day
 Poor Ragged Robin blooms in the hay.
 The scarlet Lychnis, the garden's pride,
 Flames at St. John the Baptist's tyde.
 From Visitation to St. Swithin's showers
 The White Lily's the queen of flowers;
 And Poppies a sanguine mantle spread
 For the blood of the dragon St. Margaret shed;
 Then under the wanton Rose, agen,
 That blushes for sweet St. Magdalen,
 Till Lammas Day, called August's Wheel,
 When the long corn-sticks of Camomile.
 When Mary *left us here below*
 The Virgin's Bower is full in blow,
 And yet anon the full Sunflower blew
 And became a star for Bartholomew.
 The Passion-Flower long has blowed,
 To betoken us signs of the Holy Rood.
 The Michaelmas Daisy, among dead weedes,
 Blooms for St. Michael's valorous deeds;
 And seems the last of flowers that stood
 Till the Feast of St. Simon and St. Jude,
 Save Mushroom and the Fungus race,
 That grow till All-Hallow-tyde take place.
 Soon the evergreene Laurel alone is greene,
 When Catharine crowns all learned men.
 Then Ivy and Holly berries are seene,
 And Yule-log and Wassail-tyde come agen."

How mortifying is the praise of others to those who are convinced of their own unworthiness! The keenness of hidden self-reproach thus precludes all thought of vanity or vainglory.

The Baron's Secret.

I.

IT was in the year 18—that I completed my professional education in England, and decided upon spending in Paris the two years which had still to elapse before my engagement with my guardians would require me to present myself for examination at the Royal College of Surgeons in London.

The medical schools and hospitals of Paris were then, as now, famous for their men of science; and the useful discoveries and consequent improvement in treating diseases which the clinical instruction there initiated, were the favorite themes of my young medical associates.

One of these, an old hospital acquaintance and fellow-student, James Mackintosh, was then in Paris, where he had been attending the usual hospital course for six months; and his urgent appeals to me not to waste my precious hours in England, but to join him without delay in Paris, "the finest field for operations in the world," as he remarked, finally determined me to take up my residence in that most fascinating of European cities.

My friend H—, who at that time filled the anatomical chair at Grey's, kindly offered me a letter of introduction to a professional friend and correspondent. To that letter of introduction, and the acquaintance formed by its means, the reader is indebted for the curious history I am about to relate.

At my parting interview with H—, after giving me excellent advice concerning my conduct and choice of companions in the gay Capital, he handed me the letter, saying, "I introduce you, Mr. Ashleigh, to the celebrated Baron F—, one of the most extraordinary men in Europe, and, what is more to the purpose, one of the best. Warmer benevolence, a more eager anxiety to relieve and benefit his fellow-mortals, never burned in the heart of man. He is unquestionably, incontestably, the first surgeon of the day. As a man of science he is appealed to by the whole learned world; his practice is enormous, and the fortune he has amassed by his unwearied industry and perseverance, immense. Looked up to as he is by the learned and great, you will, I think,

when you know him, agree with me in regarding his kindness to the helpless—his earnest solicitude for the disabled poor who come under his care, his unremitting attention to their complaints and wants,—as constituting the worthy Baron's chief excellence.

"We are old friends," he continued; "and for my sake I am sure he will receive you well, and afford you all the assistance and information in his power. He will put you on your mettle, and you must be no lie-abed if you would profit by his instruction. At six in the morning you will find him daily at his post in the hospital; and while sluggards are turning in their beds, he has prescribed for a hundred sick, and put them in spirits for the day by his words of tenderness and support."

"Did you study under the Baron?" I inquired.

"I attended his lectures some years ago with the greatest advantage. I never in my life was more struck by the amount of knowledge possessed by one man. I attached myself to the professor, and he was pleased to admit me to his friendship. I have lately been surprised to hear his manners pronounced rough and even brutal, and his temper morose. For my own part—and I watched him closely,—I saw nothing but gentleness, and an active disposition to do good at all times. The poor women and children in the hospital loved him as a father, and I have seen their pale cheeks flush and dull eyes glisten as he approached their beds. This, I thought, bespoke anything but roughness and brutality in the surgeon. What say you?"

"It would seem so."

"Well, I have written the Baron a long letter concerning myself and my own pursuits, believing that it will serve your interests better than a mere formal letter of introduction. He will, I am sure, be glad to see you. Remember, Mr. Ashleigh, an opportunity like the present may never occur to you again. Be wise and make the most of it."

Thus spoke my friend, and thus I received from him my credentials. My only object in Paris was the ostensible one for which I came; and accordingly, therefore, having secured a comfortable home with Madame Bichat, a worthy, motherly person, residing in the Rue

Richelieu, opposite the Palais Royal; and having spent one long gossiping evening with my ancient chum, Mackintosh, I buckled at once to my work. Postponing all recreation and amusement until the time should arrive which would make them lawful and give them zest, I left my lodgings the second morning after my appearance in Paris, and made my way straight to the dwelling-house of my future patron. It was eleven o'clock—the hour at which the Baron usually returned from the Hôtel-Dieu; five hours—from six to eleven in the morning—being, as Mackintosh informed me, the time allotted daily to the poor by the conscientious and distinguished practitioner.

The Baron was a bachelor, and he lived in elegant style,—that is to say, he had magnificent apartments, in which it was his delight to collect occasionally the united wit and learning of the Capital; and to prepare a handsome table for his friends at all times, for his hospitality was unbounded. And yet his own daily habits were simple and primitive as might be. When at home he passed his hours in the library, and slept in the small bedroom adjoining it. The latter was without a carpet, and, altogether, no better furnished than a private ward in a hospital. There was a small bedstead in one corner, a washing apparatus in another, and a table and two chairs at some distance from both. The naked and even uncomfortable aspect of this apartment had an absolutely chilling effect upon me, as I passed through it on my way to the great man himself,—for, strange as it may seem, the only passage to the library was through this melancholy chamber.

Great men as well as small have their "whims and oddities." The Baron was reported to have taken pains to make, what appeared to me, a very inconvenient arrangement. A door which had conducted to the library, upon the other side of it, had been removed, while the wall on this side had been cut away in order to effect an entrance. And what was the reason assigned for all this unnecessary labor? The Baron had risen from nothing—had spent his early days in poverty and even misery; and he wished to perpetuate the remembrance of his early struggles, lest he should grow proud in prosperity, and forget-

ful of his duties. The frequent sight of the few articles of furniture, which had been his whole stock twenty years before, was likely, more than anything else, to keep the past vividly before his eyes; and he placed them therefore, to use his own words as attributed to him by my informant, "between the flattery of the dazzling world without, and the silence of his chamber of study and meditation."

They no doubt answered their object in rendering the possessor at times low-spirited, since they were certainly likely to have that effect upon a stranger. On the day of my introduction, however, I had little time for observation. My name had been announced, and I passed rapidly into the Baron's sanctum.

I entered the library of the far-famed professor with a reverent step. He was seated at a large table, which was literally covered with books, *brochures*, and letters, opened and sealed. He was dressed very plainly—wearing over a suit of mourning a dark-colored dressing-gown, which hung loosely about him. He was, without exception, the finest-looking man I had ever seen, and I stopped involuntarily to look at and admire him. As he sat, I judged him to be upward of six feet in height (I afterward learned he was six feet, two inches); he was stout and well-proportioned, his chest broad and magnificent, his frame remarkably muscular and sinewy. The face was full of authority and command; every feature handsome, including the well-drawn lip, in which there seemed to lurk scorn enough to wither you, if roused. The brow was full, prominent and overhanging; the eye small, blue, and beaming with benevolence. Nature was mischievous when she brought that eye and lip in company for life. A noble forehead, made venerable by gray hair about it—gray, although the Baron was hardly in the vale of years,—completed the picture that presented itself to my eye, and which I noted in detail in less time than I have drawn it here—imperfectly enough.

The Baron, who had received my letter of introduction on the preceding day, rose to welcome me. His first inquiries were concerning my friend H——; the next were in reference to my own plans; and he had much to say of the different professors of London, with whose works and merits he seemed very

familiar. I remained an hour with him, and some time before we parted I felt myself quite at home with my new acquaintance.

During the conversation that took place on this memorable morning the name of N—— occurred. The Baron praised him highly; "his attainments as a surgeon," he said, "were very great"; and in other respects he looked upon him as one of the wisest and most original men of the age. It will be borne in mind by my professional readers that N——, although esteemed in England one of her finest surgeons, acquired an unenviable notoriety through the publication of certain physiological lectures, in which the doctrines of materialism and infidelity were supported, it must be allowed, with all the eloquence and power of a superior mind. With my own settled views of Christianity, early inculcated by a beloved mother—now, alas! no more,—I could not but regard the highly-gifted N—— as an enemy to his species, who had unhappily abused the talents which Providence had given him for a better purpose. Such being the case, it was with some pain and great surprise that I listened to the encomiums from the lips of the Baron; and I ventured to hint that the speaker had in all probability not heard of the infamous publication which had caused so much sorrow and alarm to all well-governed minds in England.

"Here it is," said the Baron in reply, taking up a book from the table,—“the noblest work of the age! Free from bigotry and prejudice of every kind. Had he done nothing else, this would have immortalized his name. Philosophy and science have hitherto borne him out in all his theories, will continue to bear him out, and eventually compel posterity to regard him as nothing short of the prophet and seer of nature. You may rely upon it, N—— has, by the very force of intellect, arrived at conclusions which the discoveries of centuries will duly make good and establish.”

I speak the simple truth when I aver that these words of the Baron gave me infinite distress, and for a moment deprived me of speech. At first I suspected that I had made some unaccountable mistake, and brought my letter to the wrong individual. H——, who was a most exemplary Christian, could never have spoken of his friend in such favor-

able terms if he had been aware of the views which he so unscrupulously supported. A little reflection, however, convinced me that a mistake was impossible. There is nothing in the world more embarrassing than to sit in the presence of a superior, and be compelled to listen to statements which you feel to be false and yet know not how with propriety to repel. My own youth and the Baron's profound learning and attainments were barriers to the free expression of my thoughts; and yet I was ashamed to remain a silent and, as it were, a consenting party to the utterance of sentiments which I abhorred.

"I can not hope," I managed to say at last, "that science will ultimately uphold his arguments, and prevent our relying as strongly as ever upon our old foundations."

"And why," replied the Baron, quickly,—"why should we always be timid and blind followers of the blind? Is it a test of wisdom to believe what is opposed to reason upon the partial evidence of doubtful witnessess? Is it weakness to engage all the faculties of the mind in the investigation of the laws by which this universe is governed? And if the perception of such immutable and eternal laws crushes and brings to nothing the fables of men whom you are pleased to call writers by inspiration, are we to reject them because our mothers and fathers, who were babes and sucklings at the breast of knowledge, were ignorant of their existence?"

"Newton, sir," I ventured to answer, "made great discoveries, and he revered these fables."

"Newton directed his gaze upward into a mighty and stupendous region, and he was awestricken—as who shall not be?—by what he there beheld. He worshipped the unseen power, so does this man; he believed in Revelation, so does he; but with him it is the revelation which is made in that wondrous firmament above, and in the earth beneath, and in the glories that surround us. What knowledge had Newton of geology? what of chemistry? what of the facts which they have brought to light?"

"Little perhaps, yet—"

"My good friend," continued the surgeon, interrupting me, "in the days of your great philosopher—would that he were alive now!—there was no physical phenomenon to re-

duce an ancient system of cosmogony to a mere absurdity,—no palpable evidences of the existence of this earth thousands of years prior to its formation. You perceive?"

"I hear you, sir," I answered, gaining courage, "but I should indeed be sorry to adopt your views."

"Of course you would!" said the Baron, curling his inauspicious lip, and giving expression to a feeling that looked very like one of contempt and ridicule. "You come from the land of melancholy and bile, where your holidays are fasts, and your day of rest one of unmitigated toil. You would be sorry to forego, no doubt, the prospect of everlasting torture and eternal condemnation. Mr. N—— is too far advanced for you, I am afraid."

At this moment there was a knock at the door leading to the bedchamber. The serving-man of the Baron presented himself, and announced a patient.

"Admit him," said the surgeon; and at the same time I rose to depart.

"Adieu!" said the Baron, with an unpleasant smile. "We shall be very good friends, notwithstanding your piety. I shall look after you. Remember, six o'clock to-morrow morning at the Hôtel-Dieu. Be punctual, and—do you hear, Mr. Ashleigh?—think of me in your prayers."

This last expression, accompanied as it was by a very significant look, amounted to a positive insult; and I quitted the library and house of the Baron, fully resolved never to set foot in either of them again. What an extraordinary delusion did poor H—— labor under in respect to the character of his friend! Here was a mentor to form the opinions and regulate the conduct of a young gentleman stepping into life! Great as were his talents and acquirements, and much as I might lose by neglecting to cultivate his friendship, I resigned gladly every advantage rather than purchase the greatest, with the sacrifice of the principles which had been so anxiously implanted in my bosom even from my cradle.

I was hurt and vexed at the result of my interview. Everything had promised so well at first. I had been won by the appearance of the Baron; I had been charmed with his discourse, and gratified by the terms in which he spoke of my future studies, and the help he

hoped to afford me in the prosecution of them. Why had this unfortunate Mr. N——, and his still more unfortunate book, turned up to dissipate the pleasant vision? But for the mention of his name and the introduction of his book I might have remained forever in ignorance of the atheistical opinions which, to my thought, derogated materially from the grace which otherwise adorned the teacher's cultivated mind. It is impossible for communion and hearty fellowship to subsist between individuals whose notions on life's most important point lie "far as the poles asunder." I did not expect, desire, or propose to seek that they should.

(To be continued.)

The Miraculous Host of Les Billettes.

THE sixth centenary of one of the most remarkable miracles of the Blessed Sacrament was celebrated in Paris, with great piety and pomp, on the Thursday of Easter week and during the octave, at the old Church of St. Jean-St. François, in the Marais. This annual feast of reparation dates from the year 1290, and was instituted to commemorate a supernatural prodigy, as also to atone for a horrible sacrilege. All the French chroniclers of the Middle Ages relate the extraordinary event, which became famous throughout Christendom, and was known as "the miraculous Host of the Billettes." It is so intimately connected with the history of that antiquated portion of Paris called Les Billettes that all modern historians also mention the fact; Rationalists, of course, treating it as a legend illustrative of the ignorance and credulity of the Middle Ages. The French National Archives contain more than one record of this stupendous miracle; that in black-letter, written in Latin by a contemporary, forms part of the Office of Reparation, and minutely details the prodigy in the following words:

"To preserve a perpetual and solemn memory of the blessed and glorious Body of our Lord Jesus Christ in the Sacrament of the Altar, and to revive in the hearts of the Christian people faith in this great mystery, it is

expedient and profitable to recount here the authentic miracle that Our Lord deigned to operate lately with regard to His own Body. It happened at the solemn feast of Easter, in the year 1290, that a poor woman who had pledged her best gown to a Jew, by name Jonathas, dwelling in the Rue des Jardins (*Vicus Jardinarum*), went on the eve to implore of him to let her have her gown for Easter Sunday only, that she might not be more meanly clad than other women of her class. The Jew consented to restore her garment to her altogether, and without payment, but on condition that she would bring him the Eucharistic Bread that Christians pretend is their God. The wretched woman, like another Judas, promised to do so, and on Easter morning went to the earliest Mass at the Church of St. Merry, her parish. There she received, with other parishioners, the Body of Our Lord; and, secretly concealing the Sacred Host, she hastened out of the church and carried it to the Jew.

"The Jew, having seized the Host, cried out: 'I will soon know if it is the real Body of Jesus Christ, as Christians foolishly pretend it is.' At the same moment he laid it on a box, and, taking a penknife, pierced it several times; but—O prodigy!—at once blood flowed in abundance from it as from a living body. Astounded at the sight, the Jew called his wife and children to witness it. They were terrified at what they beheld. But the deicide Jew, far from regretting his act, took up a hammer and drove a nail into the Host; blood gushed forth a second time. His wife, touched by such a sight, besought him to stop his wicked deed; but he, exasperated, only redoubled his fury, and set to scourge the Host. The more manifest the miracle appeared the harder the Jew's heart grew, like that of Pharaoh of old. Again, with his guilty hands, he took the Sacred Host, and was about to lacerate it; but he tried in vain; for, by a new miracle, it remained whole and unharmed. His rage then knew no bounds: he nailed the Host to the wall and pierced it anew with a spear. For the third time blood flowed copiously under the blows. At last he threw it into a caldron of boiling water, but lo! the Host rose out of it intact, though leaving the water dyed with blood; and suddenly over the

caldron appeared the image of the crucifix.

"At this sight the children were struck with terror, and the wife burst into tears of sorrow and repentance. The perfidious Jew, on beholding Our Lord on the Cross, was seized with a fit of madness, rushed headlong out of the room, and shut himself up. Just then the bell for High Mass tolled at the Convent of St. Croix de la Bretonnerie, which stood opposite the Jew's house. Several of the neighbors were hurrying to this church. The Jew's little son was standing before the door of his father's house, and, seeing people passing in haste, he asked where they were going. 'We are going to church to adore God,' they replied.—'Oh,' returned the child, 'my father has so beaten your God that He is dead!'

"A pious woman who lived next door, overhearing the boy's words, and doubtless by divine inspiration, entered Jonathas' house, under pretext of asking for some fire to light her own. She at once perceived the Sacred Host, which she took with all possible reverence in a fold of her gown, not daring to touch it with her fingers, and then placed it in a little wooden vessel she held in her hand. Without losing a minute, she hurried to the Church of St. Jean en Grève, the parish of the Rue des Jardins, and deposited the Host in the hands of the parish priest, and in his presence, and in that of several people, related what she had just seen. The priest immediately went to acquaint the Bishop of Paris with the facts of the sacrilege and the prodigy. The prelate, Simon de Matifas de Buci, was a man of firm character, and a learned theologian; he had been professor of Canon Law and Archdeacon of the Cathedral of Reims before being promoted to the See of Paris in 1289, just one year before the miracle took place. On learning of the extraordinary occurrence, he came at once to St. Jean en Grève to adore the miraculous Host, and thence proceeded to the Jew's house to verify the statements; he there saw the blood-stained floor and wall, the penknife, the caldron, etc.

"In the meantime the provost-marshal of Paris, with his soldiers, arrested the culprit, and cast him into prison to await his trial. The Bishop assembled in council the most eminent theologians among the secular clergy, and learned Dominicans and Franciscans. The

Jew was summoned to appear in their presence; the wretch acknowledged his crime, and all the diabolical outrages attending it, as well as the circumstances of the prodigy. The priests present surrounded him and exhorted him earnestly to believe in the God whose divinity was revealed to him by such a stupendous miracle, and not to despair of salvation; but the deicide, although aware of the conversion of his wife and children, remained obstinate in his blind incredulity. After a grave deliberation of the Bishop and clergy, the Jew was judged guilty, and was delivered over to the secular power; the provost-marshal pronounced against him the sentence of death by fire, which was soon afterward executed." (This sentence was not uncommon in the Middle Ages as a punishment for sacrilege.) "In consequence of the miracle, many Jews were converted and baptized."

According to the law of those times, the Jew's house and property were confiscated to the crown. A devout man, Régnier Flaminge, obtained permission from King Philippe-le-Bel, grandson of St. Louis (1285-1314), to convert into a chapel the room in which the Jew had, as it were, renewed the Passion of Our Lord; Régnier solicited at the same time from Rome canonical sanction for opening the chapel. In 1294 Boniface VIII., the reigning Pontiff, forwarded a bull to the Bishop of Paris, authorizing the opening of the chapel in the Jew's house, on condition that a chaplain be attached to it and Mass be regularly celebrated in it. For six years this sanctuary was frequented by numerous pilgrims, but the concourse of people afterward became so great that one chaplain was insufficient to administer to the wants of all who flocked thither.

Although Philippe-le-Bel deserves his reputation of despoiler of the Church and insulter of the Pope, in this instance he shared the lively faith of Queen Jeanne, his wife, in the miracle of the Sacred Host; and, intent upon keeping it alive in the minds of the people, he readily granted letters-patent, dated from Vaucouleurs (Champagne), December, 1299, "giving over all right on the Jew's house and its surroundings in favor of the Frères de la Charité Notre Dame; to obtain God's mercy for the souls of our dear father and mother, for ourselves and for our beloved

consort,—saving, nevertheless, the rights of others over the property in question.”

As soon as the Friars of Our Lady came into full possession of the scene of the miracle, at the royal desire, they built a larger chapel (dedicated to the Body of Our Lord—*Corpus Christi*), and began to chaunt the solemn Office of Reparation, consisting of the Office of the Blessed Sacrament, to which was added the account above given of the miracle. Moreover, a Mass of the Blessed Sacrament was offered every Thursday throughout the year; but the most solemn celebration was that of the Sunday after Easter, or Quasimodo, when the celebrants laid aside the white vestments and took the red, to honor the august mystery. The real anniversary of the miracle is Easter Sunday, but the ritual permits no other memory on that day but the Resurrection of Our Lord.

Popular devotion was not less ardent at St. Jean en Grève, where the miraculous Host was preserved, together with the wooden vessel in which the pious woman carried the sacred Species; so that in 1326 the church had to be enlarged. In commemoration of the prodigy, the same annual service was celebrated here on the Thursday after Quasimodo. Several Popes, amongst others Clement VI. (1349) and Urban V. (1362), granted many indulgences to the Office of Reparation that was performed in the two sanctuaries, to which the faithful were affiliated by an association of reparation.

In the year 1408 the Friars of Our Lady of Charity were obliged, on account of the raising of the ground of the street, to erect a larger chapel over the old one, to which were added a cloister and convent. It was about this time (1416) that the name of the Rue des Jardins was changed into that of the Rue des Billettes, and the religious and their church were afterward known by the name of Les Billettes.

In 1412 a grand procession took place in Paris, to implore of God the recovery of King Charles VI., and likewise for the suppression of dissensions between the houses of Orleans and Burgundy. The registers of the Parliament of Paris for the year 1412 mention the procession thus: “This day the court does not sit, because it has gone to the

general procession from Notre Dame to Ste. G  n  vi  ve, with the clergy barefooted; and they went to carry in procession the *Corpus Domini* to which happened the miracle.”

A manuscript history of Ste. G  n  vi  ve, preserved in the Biblioth  que Nationale, speaks likewise of another procession that took place on June 3 of the same year. The capitular records of the church of Paris also mention a procession of the Host of St. Jean en Gr  ve which occurred on Thursday, September 18, 1415. During the reign of Francis I., some heretics having placarded the walls with insults to the Blessed Sacrament, the King ordered a solemn procession as an act of reparation. The records of the H  tel de Ville (the town-house) minutely describe this procession:

“At one end of the bridge of Notre Dame was a finely adorned *reposoir*, before which was chaunted the beautiful anthem of the Blessed Sacrament. On the same bridge might be seen a handsome painting representing the story of the miraculous Host that was pierced through by the penknife of a Jew, and which is reverently kept at St. Jean en Gr  ve. People took much pleasure in looking at this picture.”

Again, in 1538, “to commemorate the truce between King Francis I. and the Emperor Charles V., another procession was made, in which the religious of Les Billettes carried a costly reliquary, containing the penknife with which the Jew pierced the Sacred Host, from which blood flowed abundantly, and which has been kept ever since in the Church of St. Jean en Gr  ve.”

All this time—more than two hundred years—the Congregation of the Friars of Our Lady of Charity continued to increase in numbers throughout the different provinces of France; the religious, now known as Les Billettes, were connected with the old and famous University of Paris. However, by degrees the Friars relaxed from their primitive fervor, and their number was so diminished at the opening of the seventeenth century that they were scarcely forty, and of these only twenty-seven were priests. In 1633 they invited the Carmelites of Touraine to take their place in the church and convent in the Rue des Billettes. The Carmelites were installed with due solemnity, and remained on the

scene of the miracle to perpetuate the memory of it by an exact performance of the Office of the Blessed Sacrament. They were finally hunted from the holy place by the despots of the first Revolution, in 1791. Fifty years before this date the church of Les Billettes had been rebuilt; this edifice still exists, and at the beginning of the century was, unfortunately, handed over to the Protestants as a place of worship, and continues as such to this day.

St. Jean en Grève was likewise desecrated by the Revolution, and, later, demolished. The Hôtel de Ville was erected on the old site of the venerable church dedicated to St. John the Baptist; one of the rooms is named Salle St. Jean, in memory of the much-frequented shrine.

The last *curé* of St. Jean en Grève, the Abbé Royer, suffered martyrdom for the faith on September 2, 1792. At the same time the Capuchins of the Marais, not far from the Rue des Billettes, were in like manner expelled from their convent; but their chapel (St. François) remained open; for the Convention had put it into possession of a priest who had taken the Constitutional oath forbidden by the Church. It was this poor chapel that furnished the vestments and sacred vessels for the last Mass at which King Louis XVI. assisted, on the morning of his death, in the prison of the Temple, January 21, 1793. The Mass was celebrated by his confessor, the holy Abbé Edgeworth de Firmont.

Napoleon, on restoring religion to France in 1801, after the Reign of Terror, transferred the extinct parish of St. Jean en Grève to the humble Church of St. François, which ever since has borne the double title of St. Jean-St. François. It naturally inherited the joint devotion of St. Jean and Les Billettes, and continues the reparation that was devoutly practised for five hundred years in the two sanctuaries of Paris so often referred to in this narrative. In the Church of St. Jean-St. François, which still retains the conventual simplicity of Capuchin chapels, may be found a series of nine magnificent Gobelin tapestries, almost life-size, and illustrating in admirable mediæval style the principal scenes of the miracle. Since the fatal Revolution every trace of the miraculous Host and of the relics relating to it has disappeared.

Sent from Heaven! NOT

BY R. O. KENNEDY.

NOTHING but beds in a long white row!
And oh, the weary, suffering heads!—
From the hour that sunset its radiance sheds
Till morn's first beams will glow,
Coughing and aching, and all that weds
Mortality here below.
But, thanks in heaven
To God be given!
In heaven—it is not so.

Nothing but white in that long white row,—
Ceilings and walls and counterpanes white!
Blinding and dazzling glances the light,
Dazing the brain and numbing the sight:
"Good enough for the paupers, you know."
God made the rich of pearls on the height,
The poor of the mud-heaps below.
Glory in heaven
To God be given!
In heaven—it is not so.

Oh, the cold of the rain and the snow!
Windows and walls, thro' rent and thro' strain,
Bid wintry winds come and go.
Hither and thither they flow,
Wailing along the white row,
Chilling the poor on their beds of pain.
A solitary fire below
Sheds thro' the ward its impotent glow.
Do our poor wear the brow-mark of Cain,—
A butt for every man's blow,
Nor mercy ever to know?
Glory in heaven
To God be given!
In heaven—it is not so.

Oh, but pain is so keen and so slow!
All thro' the night 'tis sure to remain,
Nor yet in the daylight to go.
Who'll reckon the pain of all that long row?
None but the good God may know.
Oh, for a hand then to soothe and sustain,
A heart to pity the woe!
Oh, for a tongue when sorrow's tears flow
To whisper that flowers on the crucifix blow;
And to say once again,
Be it ever so low:
'Blessings in heaven
To God be given!
In heaven—there is no woe.'

Woman's kindness and touch have been here:
I see flowers and pictures adorn the way;

There's a hand to cherish, a heart to pray,
And a gentle voice to cheer.

A Sister is bending near
That girl stricken down before her day;
She wipes the dew from the face of clay,
Strengthens the spirit passing away,
And dries the attendant mother's tear.
God bless that Sister so dear!
An Irish heart that erstwhile was gay;
But month by month, and year after year,
Now serveth the poor alway.
Angels from heaven
At times are given
To hallow this earth, they say.

By the Shores of Lough Derg.

BY WILLIAM P. COYNE.

IV.

THE friendly reception Horace had met with, and something in the *personnel* of his host, had touched his English feeling of admiration for honesty. And "honest," the more he came to consider it, was the word to apply to Father Joe, as he bent his fine, fresh face, with intelligence beaming from every feature, and his huge figure, over the work he was engaged on. Father Slattery, as he would have told you with a kind of innocent pride, stood six feet in his stockings, and was the best all-round athlete, in his day, at Maynooth. The fresh complexion and bright, if not very regular, features were distinctively Irish, as were also the prominent grey eyes and black hair, which gave a peculiarly boyish expression to his countenance.

The writing finished, he rose with a "Well! so far, so good!" accompanied by a yawn and a stretch. And Horace was at leisure to admire his fine proportions, whilst he called the servant and told her to find some boy to run down to the Widow Hogan, at the Cross, with the note he had just written.

"By the way, Mr. Parsons," he began, when this little matter was concluded, "you couldn't begin your study of Irish life more appropriately than by a thought or two on the case of the unfortunate creature I've just sent a few shillings to. She lives down there at the beginning of the street as you come from

Molony's. You may have noticed a miserable-looking, thatched cottage standing by itself on the left-hand side as you came up here? No?"—in answer to Horace's shake of the head.—"Well, any way, she owns about two acres of poor land and the cabin I speak of, and what do you think is her rent? Four pound ten, half-yearly. Notwithstanding this extortion, the creature managed to pull on (you must see how these people live,—God knows it makes my heart bleed sometimes!) until May last, when her only son, Tom, took ill and died. He looked a fine, strapping young fellow, God be good to him! But Dr. Fogarty told me he fell into decline developed from an acute attack of pleurisy. I need hardly say this almost broke his poor mother's heart. But misfortunes seldom come alone, and the potato crop was blighted early in the season, so that when the gale came around she found herself a few shillings short of the rent. She came to me, but I was powerless at the time to give her any assistance. It went to my heart to refuse her, but I could do nothing except send a note to the agent, explaining the case as one of peculiar hardship. In a week or so I received the following reply,"—opening a letter which he drew from an inside pocket of his soutane:

LAND AGENCY OFFICES,
69 — St., Limerick,
June 10, 18—.

TO THE REV. J. SLATTERY, C. C.

SIR:—Your communication *re* the Widow Hogan to hand. I am not empowered to hold any correspondence with you on the subject; and, personally, I consider your letter an unwarrantable intrusion in a matter which is outside the province of your duties.

Believe me to remain, sir, yours,

JONATHAN KINGSLEY, Agent.

"What could I do?" continued Father Joe, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I didn't mind the personal insult—we have come to expect that in this country,—but I was thinking of some way out of the difficulty. The day before yesterday came a notice to quit from the same source, and I was forced to scrape together the necessary amount to prevent the widow being thrown out on the roadside in her old age. But that can't go on always, and how it will all end God only knows."

Horace had listened with deep attention, and as the priest finished the simple narrative a great wave of pity filled his breast; but he

said nothing, whilst Father Joe busied himself in looking for some refreshments. Two decanters of wine and a black bottle containing some whiskey were produced from the cupboard under the bookcase; but Horace, who had breakfasted an hour previously, contented himself with sipping a glass of sherry.

"And is the case you have just described common in the country, Father?" he asked.

"Well, not *very* common in this part of the country, thank goodness! but elsewhere it is an affair of everyday occurrence. The fact of the matter is that there is no sympathy between landlord and tenant. They are of alien races and different religions. Do you know," he continued after a pause, "I am inclined to think that much of the Irish difficulty is a question of the religious difference between the two great classes of our people. Of course I wouldn't say that out loud, but it really, in my opinion, has a good deal to do with the matter. By the way, if you could drive over with me to the townland of Graigue, about ten miles distant, you would see an Irish eviction, and *that* is very characteristic."

"Oh, I should be delighted to go, if I thought I wouldn't put you to any inconvenience!" Horace replied.

"As for that, it's no bother," rejoined the priest. "The mare is good for a heavier load than we'll make. If you find a book here that interests you, you can pass a few moments while I bring round the car. There are not many books in it, I fear. I'm rather behind the age out here; and, any way, I stick to the old school of writers—Scott and Dickens."

About half an hour later the two newly-made friends were driving on a comfortable outside-car toward the scene of the eviction. pillow-like masses of cloud just leaned on the The day was bright and warm. Large, white, deep azure of the sky, and, as they moved slowly before the breath of the west wind, flung deep shadows on the picturesque country underneath,—shadows that passed in their wanderings over rustling corn-fields crowned with poppies; over beech woods where thrushes sang deliriously; over babbling brooks that meandered like homeless children amongst the meadow flowers; over ruins ivy-clad and sacred, which carried the mind back to ages when Ireland held the

torch of faith, which scattered its beams so far over "this naughty world"; over church and school, children at play, strong men and women at work in the fields; and Age, sitting before the cabin, and gazing with wistful eyes on a world that for it meant, now, so little—over all this and more the gay shadows passed lightly hand-in-hand away to the mountains.

Our friends, as they drove on, drank in the peace of the still August morning, and were, for the most part, silent. Now and then Father Slattery hallooed a "God bless the work!" to the reapers in the adjoining fields; and the ready answer, "Welcome!" came back cheerfully on the sunlit air, with an accompanying bow or nod of the head as "his Reverence" was recognized.

The spectacle, when at last they reached their destination, was prosaic enough to an Irishman. The doomed cabin was situated on a gentle incline, which was now crowded with a strange and motley concourse. In the immediate vicinity of the dwelling a *cordon* of police, about two hundred strong, was drawn up in an irregular line. Behind these warriors, and higher up the hill, large groups of peasants—men, women and children—were scattered at short intervals, awaiting the beginning of operations with a feverish interest, which relieved itself now and then in a lusty cheer as contingent after contingent, bands playing and banners flying, poured in from the neighboring districts.

The bailiff and his *clîntele* were adding the last touches to the rude structure known as the "battering-ram," which was placed immediately in front of the entrance. A little apart from this group two gentlemen were standing—one, the local "removable," dressed in the uniform of a police inspector; and the other, who was smoking a cigar, in a shooting-jacket worn unbuttoned, and a pair of buckskin riding-breeches. He was the agent of the property, and was rather ill at ease, if one might judge by his nervous, excited manner. Down on the road another crowd surrounded the "brakes," or wagonettes, which had conveyed the musicians to the scene. Farther on, several saddle-horses, with waving green branches at their heads, were grazing peacefully in the ditches. A fife-and-drum band was emerging from a cloud of dust up the

road, playing "See the Conquering Hero Comes!" and headed by a side-car, on which were seated the two priests of the parish and the local Member of Parliament.

The whole scene presented to Horace's eyes a mixture of drollery and seriousness, which he found it difficult to reconcile. He was introduced to the new arrivals, who straightway, accompanied by Father Slattery, proceeded to interview the agent. Our young English friend naturally stood aloof during this colloquy, which was not of a very even nature, as he could see by the excited manner of the disputants, and the loud tones of the agent, as he said again and again that he would brook no interference, and that the law must take its course. An unbroken silence reigned on every side during this deliberation, which gave way, as the priests withdrew, to a wild cheer, half-triumphant, half-defiant, that echoed away down among the peaceful hills.

The eviction must proceed—such was the verdict. The police inspector, in a pompous voice, gave some orders to his force, which merely resulted in their straightening themselves somewhat, and putting on a look of fierce but unnecessary determination. The bailiffs swung the long arm of the "ram," and banged it with much force against the door. After the first thud was over, the affair was something of an anticlimax. The priests had scattered themselves among the people, and were dissuading them from any display of violence. An occasional cheer, as the inmates of the cabin succeeded in cooling the ardor of the invaders by a bucket of boiling water, relieved the grim monotony of the proceedings.

An entrance was at length forced, and, after a slight resistance, the father and son were arrested, handcuffed, and put under police protection; whilst an old woman, the only other occupant, was driven away on a car, and cared for by some kind neighbors. The police fell into line and marched off with their two prisoners, amid the hisses and hooting of the infuriated people. Cheers were called for Parnell and the priests, and gradually the crowd dispersed to their homes. So that, two hours later, when Horace and Father Slattery, who had dined at the parochial house, were preparing to start for home again, they could only see, as they looked back at the scene of the

morning's excitement, the old tumbled-down cabin, looking picturesque in the evening sun, and a couple of goats, chained together, browsing higher up on the hill.

They had become close friends by this time—Father Joe and Horace,—and as they drove home in the cool evening air they chatted and laughed with the delicious freedom of old acquaintances. By and by they settled into a more subdued mood—the mood of confidences,—and it was some time before Horace realized that he was pouring the story of his young life, with its lack of religious influence, and even the sorrows of his recent *affaire de cœur*, into the sympathetic ears of an Irish priest!

Father Slattery, while deeply impressed by the open confession he had just listened to, was very far from wishing to offer any formal religious instruction to this new seeker for light. He preferred to allow Horace to work out the problem within his own conscience, and contented himself with saying,

"My dear Mr. Parsons, I am sure I respect your trust deeply; but, as you can perhaps understand, yours is one of those peculiar cases where each man must fight out his struggle alone. No!—not alone! I shouldn't say that; for God's aid is, as our good people say, 'nigher than the door'; and He will give you grace if you put no wilful obstruction in the way. Faith—always remember that—is a gift of God, and not a state of mind to which any syllogistic reasoning will bring you. Above all things pray—pray constantly, and I shall not forget you in my Masses."

Both were silent for some time after this,—with thoughts how different! The country around them looked even more beautiful in the mellow light of evening. Everywhere birds were singing, and the air was full of the scent of new-mown hay. Here and there the cows looked placidly over the hedges with a vague dawn of interest in their large, tranquil eyes. All nature was in a prayerful mood. At times a dog barked or a cock crew in some farm-yard hidden among the trees; but these familiar sounds rather intensified than disturbed the peace and serenity which reigned.

Horace remained for tea at Father Joe's, and they talked pleasantly of books, travels, politics—anything and everything. Young Parsons was much surprised at the intelli-

gence and *esprit* with which his host touched every topic that came up in the course of conversation. He had heard much of the "boorishness" of Irish country-priests; but now he felt that one of them, at least, could combine a charming culture with the hard duties of his sacred calling; and it was with no affected ardor that he returned the firm, honest hand-grasp with which they parted.

He was still thinking of this warmth of manner and honesty of purpose as he passed down the village street toward Molony's cottage. It was no longer early. The moon was looking down on the rude cabins, idealized in its pure light until they might have seemed the cobweb structures of some fairy scene. Against the deep-blue, star-sown vault of heaven the chapel with its cross stood out in bold relief, and behind it the tombstones of the adjoining graveyard looked weird and theatrical.

As he passed the chapel door Horace fancied he heard sounds of music, and, almost without any volition on his part, he went in. The church was intensely dark, save where the moonbeams poured in through the two side windows, casting deep shadows. A faint light was burning in front of the tabernacle, and on the left-hand side of the entrance two candles spurted in front of a statue of our Blessed Lady. Under this latter Horace knelt and listened to the music of a harmonium, which came from a gallery directly above him. Some one—he soon recognized Kathleen's voice—was singing the "*O Salutaris!*"

He was kneeling on the damp earthen floor, but in his absorption he forgot that. At first he was filled with the merely sensuous gratification of the sound; his breast heaved with strange pleasure, and he lost his hold on the world of actuality. By degrees he recovered himself, and a more sane and peaceful mood succeeded. The notes came pure and fresh as a lark's, and sank into his soul. He was now conscious of the words, and they fell on him like flakes of a new-found manna, which had the subtle power of restoring some lost treasure. He was a boy again (so it seemed), innocent and free-hearted; and there, at his very side, stood the form of his dead mother—weeping. He strove to ask if she needed comfort, but no words would come, and tears filled his eyes. Suddenly (in response to some

change of the music, as it appeared) the scene changed, and he was alone in some vast labyrinth of rock, seeking vainly for an outlet. Weary at last, he was looking for some resting-place, when lo! the vast walls seemed to part and open to his astonished eyes a broad expanse of blue heaven, where a bird was singing as if with Spring's own voice:

"Qui vitam sine termino,
Nobis donet in patria."

The voice died away softly on these words, but still Horace's dream continued, and he started violently when a step sounded immediately behind him. It was Kathleen come to quench the candles before going home. He was wide awake now, and could answer the fair intruder's apology for disturbing him with a request that they should go down together. Such an air of unreality does moonlight shed over everything that it seemed quite natural they should walk home side by side. "Why not?" Kathleen asked herself, as if answering some imaginary voice. Why not, indeed? What necessity even to go back at once? Why not wander, as indeed they did, away from the hard, practical road, down delicious byways that never seemed to end, until at length they came out on the shore of the lake, under the silence of the starlit sky?

Neither of them reflected much on conventional rules at the moment. They were caught up in the poetry of the night, and moved as if on air. Horace had begun by some commonplace compliments of her voice, but soon was displaying all his soul's troubles to the sweet girl who rested so timidly on his arm. How she might regard his revelations he did not stay to think. He only felt that her voice had spoken to him of things which in all his life he had not found; had like a silver thread drawn his mind into the pure realms of faith; had awakened before his enraptured eyes glimpses of some perfect existence, which only immortality could supply.

In such a strain he continued—for how long he never knew—until the light of the cottage came in view, and Kathleen released her arm and ran on ahead,—herself filled with emotions which, like young birds, were breaking in on the monotony of her lonely life with a subtle and rapturous music.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Story of "Mary."

IN the course of a sermon on devotion to the Blessed Virgin, given during a recent mission in an Eastern city, the following pathetic incident, coming within the preacher's own experience, was related:

He was chaplain to a workhouse in Dublin containing 4,500 persons, 3,800 of whom were Catholics. He lived a mile away, and visited the institution every morning. On arriving, the book containing the names of those who had come since his visit the day before was consulted, so that urgent cases, which were always designated, might be attended to without delay. One morning he found the following entry: "Mary—Roman Catholic—in decline." He went to the women's sick ward, and found over a bed almost the same: "Mary, R. C." The occupant of the bed looked so strangely at him that he felt almost sure she was not a Catholic, so he said to her:

"What is your name, my child?"

"Mary."

"But your other name?"

"I never had any other name."

"Are you a Catholic?"

"I don't know."

A little questioning on the simplest truths of our holy faith soon made it apparent that she was not.

"Why did you call yourself a Roman Catholic when entering here?"

"Well, when I was on the street the other night a girl said to me: 'Who are you?'—'Mary.'—'Mary what?'—'Nothing else but Mary.'—'You must be a Catholic, then.'—'Why?'—'Because Mary is the Blessed Virgin's name.' So when they asked me what my religion was I thought I might as well say I was a Catholic, seeing my name was Mary."

Her history was a sad one. Her parents she never knew; she was a poor little waif, the child of sin. On attaining womanhood she naturally drifted into evil ways. She had been living in another city, but had recently come to Dublin. On her first night in the city the conversation above recorded took place between herself and another unfortunate outcast. Soon after she fell ill, and was admitted to the workhouse. So far as religion was con-

cerned, her mind was a blank; she knew not the meaning of the word, any more than she did the meaning of God,—although she had often taken His holy name and that of our Blessed Lord in vain; but she picked up the phrases, as she would slang, from her vicious companions.

Poor Mary was far gone in consumption. What was to be done must be done quickly. The good priest visited her first every morning. He tried to instruct her, to prepare her for the reception of the Sacraments; but it was a difficult task. She would believe anything, and was oh, so eager to learn! But her mind seemed incapable of comprehending the simplest things. He tried to teach her the "Hail Mary," but she could not remember it. He asked a nurse if in her spare moments she would not assist Mary to learn the little prayer; but it was no use: Mary *could* not repeat it correctly. But she composed one of her own—"O Jesus, have mercy on me! Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for me!" She said it constantly. From morning till night, and from night till morning—for she seemed never to sleep,—were these ejaculations on her lips. When some of the patients complained that they could not sleep at night because Mary was praying, Father —— would say:

"Mary, can't you say your little prayer to yourself? You disturb these other poor creatures."

"Do I? O Jesus, have mercy on me! Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for me!"

Thus it went on for about six weeks, when one morning it became apparent that her days were nearly at an end.

"Good-morning, Mary!" said the priest, as he approached her bedside.

"Good-morning, Father!"

"Is there anything you would like this morning?"

"No, Father, only to be with Jesus and Mary. O Jesus, have mercy on me! Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for me!"

Considering her wasted form, her voice was fairly strong, and she said the prayer aloud. But soon the voice began to fail. Weaker and weaker it grew, less and less distinct was the prayer; yet she never ceased saying it. The priest drew nearer. The appeal for mercy was still ascending to heaven. He bent his head

close to her. She was still calling on Jesus and Mary. Father——held his crucifix to her lips. She kissed it, and began the prayer once more. Finally the voice ceased altogether, but the motion of her lips continued, and it was evident that the mind was repeating what the tongue could not utter. Soon the moment of separation of soul from body came, and Mary died with this prayer on her lips.

"Ask, and ye shall receive." Mary asked for mercy. Who can doubt that she received it? Or that, like the publican who cried, "O God, be merciful to me a sinner!" she was "justified"?

A Few Interesting Pictures.

THE lovers of art in London have been almost surfeited by the feasts of good things that have been presented to them in the various galleries of late. The New Gallery in Regent Street, the Grosvenor, and the rooms of the Royal Academy, have been thrown open to visitors, and were thronged by well-dressed crowds, intent upon seeing and being seen. Having been fortunate enough to obtain special admission to all these exhibitions, I would like to tell the readers of THE "AVE MARIA" something about a few of the best pictures.

Mr. Dicksee's "Redemption of Tannhäuser" is a magnificent piece of color and an excellent composition. It has been already sold for £2,500. The moment represented is that in which Tannhäuser, the lover of Venus, the pilgrim to whom the Pope has refused absolution, returns heart-broken to Eisenach. "Easier is it for my staff to blossom than for thy sin to be forgiven," is the message sent by the Pope. Returning home, he meets the funeral *cortège* of Elizabeth, the woman whom he deserted and who has died for love of him. Her dead face fills him with remorse; his heart is touched, and, with a cry for mercy and forgiveness, he falls at her side, repentant but dying. At the same instant the Pope's staff bursts forth into blossom, and a priest appears, bearing it in his hand, to absolve the unhappy penitent.

The president of the Academy shows three charming pictures—"Solitude," "Psyche," and the "Tragic Poetess."

Modern pictures of sacred subjects, I confess, I do not much admire. There is something wanting in them always. Doubtless, lack of faith in the painters prevents them giving any touch of holiness or supernatural beauty to their work; still, there is a good deal of feeling in Mr. Hacker's "Flight from Bethlehem," the pale Syrian stars looking down upon the Virgin Mother and Child. And Mrs. Adrian Stokes' "Light of Light" is very beautiful. The Divine Infant lies in a rude, wooden cradle, fast asleep; His beautiful, chubby face and two little plump hands showing above the coverlet. The Blessed Virgin kneels upon the ground by His side, one elbow resting against the cot. She, too, is sleeping. From the Holy Child a bright red light radiates and falls upon His Mother, bathing her in a crimson glow. Mrs. Stokes is one of our cleverest Catholic artists. Her husband, Mr. Adrian Stokes, shows a sketchy but suggestive bit of breezy, open sea; light, fleecy clouds above and below; the water patched with reflections of gold and purple. It is called "Off St. Ives."

But, as our space is limited, I must now pass on to what was to me the most interesting and attractive picture of the season,—namely, "Evicted," by Lady Butler. It is very beautiful, and the scene a most touching one. It is laid in a wild, picturesque part of Connemara, and it would be hard for pen to describe the beauty of the landscape. The bold outline of the high, gloomy mountains, the purple of the heather, the strange, misty atmosphere, are all admirably rendered. In the foreground, the tumbled-down huts, the broken furniture, the solitary figure of an agonized, weeping woman, the policemen and their battering-rams disappearing in the distance tell, alas! their own sad story.

Mr. Alma Tadema's pictures are always exquisite, and this year one would be inclined to say they were more sparkling, more highly finished than ever. His "Eloquent Silence" is a splendid piece of color; and his "Trigridarium" is, perhaps, one of the most perfect of all the examples of his skill. The tiny scrap of landscape seen through the opening of the colonnade, and the wooded hillside, blue sea and far-off cliff, are delightful.

C. M.

Beautiful Memories.

A VERY edifying book is "Salvage from the Wreck: A Few Memories of Friends Departed, Preserved in Funeral Discourses," by the Rev. Father Gallwey, S. J. It contains many beautiful stories of the faith and fortitude of English Catholics. Mr. Thomas Weld, who gave Stonyhurst to the Jesuits, was asked by George III., with tears in his eyes: "What, Mr. Weld!—have none of your children turned out badly?" "No, sire," Mr. Weld answered; "there is not one among them that is not a consolation to me." Another story is told of the Hon. Mr. Langdale's performance of an act which is remembered with admiration by all who heard that venerable client of our Blessed Lady speak his brave words. Father Gallwey writes:

"It was at the moment when the re-establishment of the hierarchy in this country by the Holy Father had thrown the Protestantism of England into a frenzy which made its effects felt for a long time after; and the York meeting, like many others, was meant to be a solemn protest against the act of the Pope, which was pronounced an aggression and a usurpation. At that meeting an English nobleman, full of good intentions, and not wishing to wound the feelings of any man present, contrived in a very few words to inflict three most painful wounds in the vulnerable part of Mr. Langdale's soul; for he assailed the Pope, he impugned the honor of the Mother of God, and cast a most offensive slur on the honesty and truthfulness of English Catholics. The Vicar of Christ, the Mother of Christ, the Truth which Christ is—'I am the Truth,'—all these things were dear as life to our devout and orthodox and honest patriarch.

"Therefore, when the noble lord, after announcing to the assembled crowd that Pope Pius had restored the hierarchy under the patronage of the Immaculate Mother of God and the saints of England, went on to say that he ventured to hope the Catholics of England were too enlightened to sanction such works, and put the challenge, 'I doubt whether any gentleman on these hustings would stand forward and say in words not capable of another interpretation that he be-

lieves in the patronage of the Virgin and the Saints,' Mr. Langdale lost not an instant in giving the reply. After reprobating, therefore, very discreetly the introduction of such topics in presence of a divided population, he said: 'But as the noble lord has chosen to do so, I am here in the face of the population of York, almost all of you differing from me in religion, to reply to the question he has proposed to me. He asks me would any man stand up and proclaim his belief in the assistance and patronage of the saints. Well, I am here to proclaim my belief in the patronage and protection of the Blessed Mother of God and of His saints.' And then, after the cries of disapprobation had died away, he turned to his noble benefactor, who had, without intending it, given him this golden opportunity, and said: 'Have I answered the question with sufficient distinctness for the noble earl? I ask him once more, since the noble earl seems to think we would resort to special pleading: have I spoken plainly?' 'Certainly, quite plainly,' was the earl's answer."

The Dome of the University of Notre Dame.

THE opening of the dome of the University of Notre Dame, and the unveiling of the elaborate frescoes painted by the distinguished Italian artist, Luigi Gregori, which adorn its interior, took place on the 29th ult. The Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, D. D., Rector of the Catholic University of America, presided, attended by the Very Rev. Father Sorin, C. S. C.; the Rev. E. Higgins, S. J., President of St. Ignatius' College, Chicago; the Rev. President Walsh and faculty of Notre Dame, and many others. The exercises were held in the rotunda immediately under the dome, and began at 7.30 p. m., with music by the college band and vocal societies. Mr. William P. Coyne, A. M., of the Royal Irish University, read a poem which was written for the occasion. The Hon. William J. Onahan, LL. D., delivered an address. It was an eloquent tribute to the work of the Church in encouraging and aiding the progress and development of art. In the course of his remarks Mr. Onahan said:

"We do not need to look to past ages, nor seek in other lands for examples of the lofty teaching, elevated and ennobling examples, and the patronage and intelligent appreciation of art. It can be seen here in America. It is exemplified here where we are

assembled to-day. One can not but lose patience at the boldness and stupidity of the calumny that the Catholic Church is hostile to popular education; that Pope and bishops and priests are opposed to the spread of knowledge among the masses of the people. I need not answer this charge here. Think of the hundreds of young men who have gone forth into the world from these class-rooms, whose habits have been formed and whose characters have been molded and influenced by and through the religious and moral atmosphere and teaching of Notre Dame! It has taught men to observe the Commandments of God, to reverence authority, to obey the laws, to respect the rights of others, and to cherish an unwavering attachment and loyalty to the Constitution of this free country."

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane delivered the closing address preparatory to the unveiling of the paintings, and paid a glowing tribute to the institution, the genius of Gregori, and the zeal and energy of the venerable founder of Notre Dame and his collaborators. When he had concluded the signal was given, the curtain was rolled away from the ceiling of the dome, and the magnificent work of art was revealed to all.

Many of our readers may not know that the main structure of the sixteen buildings that comprise the University of Notre Dame is surmounted by a large gilded dome, which forms a fitting pedestal for a colossal statue of Our Lady, one of the grandest monuments in her honor in the New World. The statue has a circlet of sixteen electric lamps around the head, and a crescent of thirty-two lamps at the feet, which, when lit up at night, make it resplendent far and wide. The interior of the dome has been decorated by Gregori with a group of paintings representing Religion and the Sciences. There are eight principal figures—Religion, Philosophy, Poetry, Science, History, Art, Music, and Fame. Religion, reclining on the terrestrial globe, holds in her hand an open book; her robes are of various harmonious colors, symbolic of faith, hope and charity. Philosophy is represented by the figure of a woman grave and modest, seated on a throne of marble approached by several steps. Science is represented by a matron holding a sceptre with a radiant sun upon it, and an open book symbolic of research and investigation. History, an allegorical deity, represented by a winged matron of noble aspect, and robed in white, symbolic of the truth that should reign in her writings; she appears as if listening, and in the act of writing the records of nations in a large book held by Father Time. Music is depicted by a figure wearing a crown with seven diamonds, symbolical of the seven tones. Fame appears with outstretched wings and trumpet in hand.

Notes and Remarks.

The statement was recently made by a writer in the New York *Sun* that "the Protestant sects outnumber the Catholics by some millions." This is grossly incorrect. The number of Catholics in communion with the Holy See is stated by the best authorities at from 214,000,000 to 300,000,000 (the lowest estimate). As regards the numbers assigned to Protestantism, the highest estimate—and a very doubtful one—claims 135,000,000. And in this calculation the term "Protestantism" is made to cover *all* the sects and denominations, such as Anglicans and Episcopalians, Lutherans, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Unitarians, members of the Salvation Army, and even the advocates of "Free Thought."

The Mexicans have not been backward in honoring Columbus. A colossal statue of him by Cordier, a distinguished French sculptor, is a conspicuous ornament of one of the chief squares in the city of Mexico. It was presented by Don Antonio Escandon. A large platform of basalt forms the base, around which is a handsome railing, and at each angle are ornamental lamp-posts with five globes. Above the base is a mass of red marble, ornamented with four bass-reliefs. At the four corners of the pedestal are life-size figures in bronze,—in front and to the right of the statue of Columbus, Padre Marchena, guardian of the monastery of Santa Maria de Rabida; in front and to the left, Padre Fray Diego Dehesa, confessor of King Ferdinand; in the rear to the right, Fray Pedro de Gaute; in the rear to the left, Las Casas. The figure of Columbus, which is artistically executed in bronze, represents the discoverer in the act of drawing aside the veil that hides the New World.

The tendency of all classes of the Japanese toward the Catholic Church is marked. There have been a number of Japanese priests, but there has hitherto been no Japanese nun. A Japanese lady of one of the most important families, much noticed in Munich, has just entered a Bavarian convent.

One of the most interesting episodes in Henry M. Stanley's article in Scribner's *Monthly* for June is the account of the loss of his rear column during his late memorable expedition. It forms the subject of a fine illustration. Mr. Stanley, who, like all really brave men of our century, is Christian at heart, traces these words: "Con-

strained at the darkest hour to confess humbly that without God's help I was helpless, I vowed a vow in the forest solitudes that I would confess His aid before men. Silence, as of death, was round about me; it was midnight; I was weakened by illness, prostrated by fatigue, and wan with anxiety for my white and black companions, whose fate was a mystery. In this physical and mental distress I besought God to give me back my people. Nine hours later we were exulting with a rapturous joy. In full view of all was the crimson flag with the crescent, and beneath its waving folds was the long-lost rear column."

The decease of the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor, which occurred on May 27, is felt as a great loss, not only in the Diocese of Omaha, but throughout the whole country. Bishop O'Connor, like his celebrated brother, the Bishop of Pittsburgh, was always foremost in movements for the spiritual and social advancement of Catholics. He was intensely interested in Catholic educational progress, and labored indefatigably toward improving the social condition of Irish Catholics in the West, and that of the Catholic Indians. Bishop O'Connor was ordained priest in 1845, and from that time until his death he spent a life of unremitting toil in the service of God. In 1876 he was consecrated Titular Bishop of Dibona, and became the first Bishop of Omaha in 1885. He found time, while engaged in the routine work of his diocese, to use his pen effectively, and to encourage the pursuit of scholarship in others. He was an earnest preacher, and, though gentle in word and deed, inflexible where principles were at stake. May he rest in peace!

The recent German Pilgrimage to Rome was most enthusiastic in its reception of the Pope in the Ducal Hall. When the Holy Father entered he was received with cries of "*Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!*" The choir of the German College and that of the Gregorian school, under the direction of Abate Müller, saluted the Holy Father with a hymn composed in his honor. The Pope seemed delighted, and made a feeling allocation. The triple "*Hoch!*" was given with even more enthusiasm when he departed.

An anonymous correspondent writes to the London *Tablet* in praise of mortification, and expresses some ideas well deserving of serious thought. He says that there are many people who find it harder to abstain from intoxicating liquors than from flesh meat; and, considering how widespread is the evil of drunkenness, he

suggests that a movement be inaugurated for the purpose of asking the Holy Father to make it obligatory to abstain from intoxicating drinks on all Fridays and Saturdays during the year, on the vigils, and during Lent and Advent. "A wholesome mortification would thus be imposed upon the moderate consumers of liquor, a powerful restraint put upon the more or less immoderate, many a drunkard perhaps reclaimed, and especially children be taught from their childhood to restrain themselves."

Father Cronin calls attention in the *Union and Times* to the neglect of Catholics in not seeing that the public libraries of their respective towns and cities are supplied with Catholic books. As a rule, librarians are very grateful for suggestions concerning the purchase of books; and if in the Buffalo Library the Catholic side of matters is represented by some old directories, Father Cronin declares it is the fault of the Catholics themselves.

The Holy Father has conferred the Cross of the Order of Christ on Herr Windhorst, the illustrious head of the Centre Party in the German Reichstag.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. James Adams, of St. Augustine, Pa., who departed this life on the 14th ult.

Mrs. Catherine L. Parsons, who was called to the reward of her exemplary Christian life on the 7th ult., at Piermont, N. Y.

Mrs. Robert Fergus, whose well-spent life closed in a happy death at Evansville, Ind., on the 26th ult.

Mr. C. T. Myers, of Philadelphia, Pa., whose death occurred last month.

Mrs. Catherine Ward, whose virtuous life was crowned with a holy death at Cohoes, N. Y., on March 22d.

Mrs. Mary O'Docharty, of San Refugio, Texas, who passed away on the 5th of April.

Miss Libbie McCortney, who piously breathed her last at Davenport, Iowa, on the 3d ult.

Mr. Thomas Boyle, Mrs. Anna E. Bradley, Mr. Patrick Gill, and Miss Mary Power, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Charles, Mary and Ternas Byrne, Patrick Dillon, Mrs. Alice Core, Mrs. Bridget Roberts, Mary and Michael Sexten,—all of Manchester, England; Miss Winifred Jordan, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Mary McDermott, St. Augustine, Pa.; Mrs. Ellen and Miss Ellen Burke, Wilmore, Pa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Like the Roses.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

THE days of fair June are flying, and the roses
of June are gay,—
But the roses of June are dying in splendor day
by day.
Ere they die let us place their sweetness at the
feet of the Lord of all,
And thus make fair completeness of their pure
lives as they fall.
And, oh, if, like the roses, we die ere the Vesper
chime,
If we live, if we trust, like the roses, we shall have
conquered time!

Sarah.—A Story for Girls.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

Sarah C. Magruder was fourteen years old. She was tall of her age. She had light blue eyes, reddish hair, a short nose, turned up a little. She would climb a fence, if nobody was looking; she knew the name of every bird in her part of Pennsylvania; and she had the reputation of having found more four-leaved clovers than any girl at her school. She could read and write, but she considered these arts minor accomplishments. She could make more tears in her frocks, and sew them more carelessly, than any other girl. She did many things she did not intend to do, and forgot more things than she remembered. At home she was called Sally, but after her visit to her aunt in Philadelphia she always wrote her name, "Sarah C. Magruder." The "C." represented Cecilia, which she had taken in Confirmation.

Her father and mother were not always quite happy about Sarah. She was *such* a Tomboy! And they sent her to Philadelphia because Aunt Amelia was so nice and so

refined, and had ideas about the bringing up of little girls.

Sarah had never seen her aunt, because her aunt never went to the country. The lady held that every place was "low" except Cape May; and her country relatives never disputed her opinion, for Aunt Amelia was ten years older than Sarah's mother. Her grandfather—she never seemed to remember that this great gentleman was Sarah's mother's grandfather too—had been a British officer during the Revolution. He had been wounded at Brandywine, and had settled in the city of Philadelphia.

Aunt Amelia looked down on all other Philadelphians, because their grandfathers had not fought on the aristocratic side. She visited very few people, because there were very few people in Philadelphia worthy of that honor. She kept house alone, with a colored servant so old that she might have been one of George Washington's nurses. She went to market twice a week, and carried home her own basket, filled with delicious things chosen with extreme care. If the basket was too heavy, she sometimes hired a trustworthy boy, whose ancestry she always inquired into,—also if his father took the *Public Ledger*; for Aunt Amelia held that no family could be quite right which did not read the *Public Ledger*. If the boy behaved properly, she gave him five cents and a piece of sponge-cake and raspberry jam.

Aunt Amelia never called on anybody—except some unhappy Irish relatives—that did not live north of Pine Street, south of Spring Garden, and east of Broad. Persons living in any other part of the city were "low" and perhaps wicked. She knew that some of these people actually went to Shippen Street Market, and consequently she had no respect for them, although she did not hate them.

She lived on Third Street, in a little red brick house, with two windows, closed with white shutters; a green cellar door, which slanted to the pavement; and her house rejoined in three white marble steps. The bricks of her house were painted a bright red every year in the spring, and those in the sidewalk were colored every Saturday with some scarlet pigment, after they had been carefully washed

with water turned through a hose in the hands of the colored servant.

Inside, the house was wonderfully neat, from the shadowed parlor to the little kitchen in the basement. Green blinds darkened the front windows; outside of these, the white shutters were "bowed"—tied together with black ribbon, in honor of Aunt Amelia's cousin, who had died eight years ago. The parlor, which contained high-backed chairs covered with shining horsehair, and family portraits, was seldom opened except on Sundays. In the dining-room, which adjoined the parlor, there were crisp, white curtains on each window, against which great blooms of scarlet geraniums blazed. Aunt Amelia was celebrated for her geraniums, and people came for squares around to ask for roses in the summer whenever there was a funeral.

Aunt Amelia made great preparations to receive Sally. A new rag-carpet was put down in the kitchen, and the whole house carefully cleaned by the expectant hostess and Judith. Aunt Amelia then began to worry because strawberries were out of season, and because she had found a nick in one of her best china teacups, which were to be taken down in honor of her niece. The large rose jar—which had been brought from Pekin years before, and which stood four feet from the ground,—was carried up to Sally's room.

At last all the preparations were made, and Aunt Amelia and Judith had nothing to do but wait. Aunt Amelia felt very nervous on the eventful day. She made one of her famous orange puddings with her own hands, and then solemnly opened the window-shutters of the parlor to watch for the coming of her niece. The conductor in whose care Sarah was placed was an old friend of her father, so there was no anxiety about her safe arrival. He had been instructed to send her, in a hansom, direct to Aunt Amelia's. It never occurred to the good lady that she might go to the station to meet her little niece. She had never done such a thing in her life, and this was, perhaps, a sufficient reason for not doing it now.

"She will be like her mother," she said to Judith, as she made the orange pudding. "Her mother was beautiful."

"She didn't take after you, Miss Amelia,"

observed the old servant, with a chuckle. "You was always more extinguished than han'some."

"Yes," Aunt Amelia replied, "I was, everybody said. I was a very little girl when General de Lafayette came here; there was a great ball in the Masonic Temple, and my father took me to see the decorations. Even then my bearing was observed."

And Aunt Amelia drew herself up very straight, and waved her be-floured hand with a stately grace.

"It was a long time ago," Judith said. "Third Street wasn't the low-down place it is now."

"Trade has spoiled it," sighed her mistress; "and horse-cars and vulgarity of every kind. I remember the little Misses Willings promenading past this house in pink sun-bonnets, and yet they were the best people in the city!"

Both Aunt Amelia and Judith sighed,—a long, sad sigh.

"O Judith!" Aunt Amelia cried suddenly, "*did* you clean the knocker on the front door? Dear, dear! I hope you did. What would Sally think?"

"Of course I did," answered Judith. "I forgets nothing."

Aunt Amelia sighed in relief. No door-bell had ever desecrated her house; she abhorred the modern jangling instrument as much as she hated gas-light.

"There is only one thing I could wish changed," Aunt Amelia said. "Sarah is a Catholic; she will have to go to Mass,—as I believe they call it."

"S'pose so," said Judith.

"To think of her mother having married an Irishman,—to think of her having changed from Rosabel Wharton to Mrs. Magruder!"

"The watermelon by any other name would taste as sweet, I've heard one of our ministers say," remarked Judith, consolingly; and she added with a chuckle: "An' so would hot corn an' peppery pot!"

"It can't be changed now. I suppose Sarah will be quiet and reserved and well-bred. I am sure her mother has taught her to enter a room properly and to make tea. Judith, as the currant-jelly has turned out well, we'll have Mr. and Mrs. Silas Hingginbotham, from

Germantown, to tea, just to show our niece off a little."

"I can't have 'em unless you give me ten days' notice. You know the best table-cloths are in the wash."

"Dear me! Well, I give you ten days' notice."

Aunt Amelia put on her gray merino gown, with a white lace collar, and went to wait in the parlor.

Presently a clatter of wheels sounded on the cobble-stones in the street, and the knocker struck the door.

Aunt Amelia smoothed her gown carefully, and took a hasty glance at the little square mirror between the windows. She must appear perfectly trim before Rosabel's daughter,—Rosabel was always so neat.

Judith opened the door, and a figure bounced into the narrow hall, and then into the parlor, to hug Aunt Amelia with the force of a young bear. It was Sarah, of course!

"Why, you are not a bit like mamma!" Sarah said, turning her slight little aunt around with ease,—“Not a bit! Oh, tell the driver to bring the darlings right in!” she added to Judith, who stood looking through the door, her teeth one flashing line of white,—she had never seen Miss Amelia treated so, and she rather enjoyed it.

Aunt Amelia was dazed. The girl was not at all like her mother. She had none of the rosebud tints of Rosabel, nothing of her repose of manner, none of her grace. How could such a creature ever live in the quiet house on Third Street!

The driver ascended the steps, after Judith had commanded him to wipe his shoes, and, obeying Sarah's instruction, brought two small pigs, each with a blue ribbon about its neck, into the room.

"Aren't they lovely!" exclaimed Sarah. "Mamma doesn't know I brought them,—Sam just slipped them into the carriage as we were leaving. Aren't they pretty?"

"Oh, but you don't intend to keep them here, dear child?" asked Aunt Amelia, in consternation.

"Why not?" And Sarah looked at her aunt in surprise. By this time her trunk and bag had been carried up to the room over the dining-room.

Judith stood irresolutely, holding a large coop in which a young turkey was imprisoned.

"Sam sent it:—he thought it would be nice to have it for Christmas,—you can fatten it, you know."

"It's a long while to Christmas," Aunt Amelia said, wondering what her young relative would produce next.

"Wasn't it good of Sam to think of it? He is coming to see you some day."

Aunt Amelia dimly remembered Sam—Sarah's brother—as a tall, rawboned boy, who had a habit of breaking everything he touched; and she shuddered. Judith bore the pigs and the turkey into the back-yard, and Sarah took off her hat and jacket. Aunt Amelia kissed her solemnly on the cheek, and asked her if she would have some tea.

"I am not fashionable," she remarked. "I hope your mother will not be shocked when she hears I dine at twelve o'clock, like my mother and father before me. We always have tea at six."

This apology was lost on Sarah, who had never been accustomed to great regularity, and who knew nothing whatever about fashion.

"I hope you will excuse my simple tea. Of course I can not attempt to give you anything elaborate. My sister Rosabel always had such a taste for cooking! I have not much to offer you. I am really not like those new people who have all sorts of luxuries."

"Oh, I am so sorry!" cried Sarah, impulsively. "Mamma never said you were so poor. I'm glad I came now; I am strong and I can work, aunt. And I am sure when papa knows it he'll send you all you need, he is so kind—"

Aunt Amelia checked her niece with a haughty stare. Judith threw open the folding-doors and revealed a table loaded with cut-glass and the frailest white china.

Sarah had never seen anything so brilliant in her life. The table was lit by a softly shaded lamp, and the little girl made an exclamation,—

"Oh, how pretty!"

Aunt Amelia was secretly pleased, though she preserved an unmoved expression. Sarah was pressed to eat six different kinds of cake and as many kinds of preserves, while her aunt kept up a continual wail over the diffi-

culty of getting anything good in the market just then.

"I know," she remarked, when the iced orange pudding was brought in, "that in the country you always have everything so nice and fresh!"

"We children always have oatmeal in the evening," answered Sarah, gazing with admiration at the artistic pyramid of pudding dotted with preserved strawberries.

Aunt Amelia shook her head, and said to herself that Rosabel was doubtless a poor housekeeper. Her heart warmed to her niece; she could imagine no more dreadful fate than to be the child of a poor housekeeper.

After tea—in cups so small and light that Sarah expected them to break if she looked at them—Aunt Amelia washed the china and silver herself, and she and Sarah went into the darkened parlor. Sarah looked out the window at the street-cars and the hurrying wagons with interest. Such a noise!

"How can you sleep here?" she involuntarily asked.

"Sleep?" asked Aunt Amelia, in astonishment. "Why not, dear child? I have slept in this house for about fifty years, and I have a clear conscience."

Sarah took this as a rebuke.

Aunt Amelia sat in silence, with her hands folded in her lap, for a while. Then she asked solemn questions about her sister and the family at home,—about Sam and Alice and Eugene and Georgina and little Amelia. Sarah knew that her aunt did not approve of her father, and she resented the omission of his name.

"Papa sent his regards," she said at last.

"Ah, indeed!" And then Aunt Amelia added, following her habit of thinking aloud: "I don't see what Rosabel ever saw in him!"

Sarah arose. "Aunt," she said, out of the darkness, "I wish you would ask your servant to get my trunk and bag and the pigs; I am going home. You may keep the turkey, because Sam sent it. I will not stay here another minute."

(To be continued.)

"The Shamefaced Benefactor."

Bothier, the famous lawyer, was never married, but he always declared that no one had a larger family than he; for he had adopted the poor as his children, and they were many. His income was only moderate, and so in order to provide for his dependents he was obliged to deny himself every luxury and many comforts.

Contrary to the custom of many worthy people who give alms, Bothier would never, when he could avoid it, let the recipient know the name of his benefactor; and, to further this secrecy, would arrange so that Sisters of Charity would come to his house, receive the money which he had ready for distribution, and depart under a strict charge of secrecy. Sometimes, for want of a convenient almoner, he was obliged to visit the poor himself; but he bestowed his alms in such a delicate way that he always seemed to feel that he was taking a liberty, and that his poor people did him a great favor when they accepted his charity. Thus they grew to call him "the shamefaced benefactor," a title which he never resented.

Giving was with this good man a genuine passion, and his old housekeeper was obliged to deceive him in order to keep enough of his money to buy him wholesome food. As a last resort she would say: "Master, if you insist upon giving away every cent, I shall go to the trades-people and run in debt." This threat would act as a check for a while, but before long the amiable mania would break out again. Bothier's greatest happiness was to take little friendless children, educate them, and make them useful men and women.

A great many selfish people would call this benevolent man a "crank" if he lived nowadays, but that is a name one might well be proud to wear if it were earned by such deeds as those of "the shamefaced benefactor."

WHEN Sir William Johnson returned the salute of a negro who had bowed to him, he was reminded that he had done what was very unfashionable. "Perhaps so," said he; "but I would not be outdone in good manners by a negro."

THE ability to do great things is only to be acquired by constant practice in doing small ones.

THE AVE MARIA

TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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Life.

BY MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

BY dreaming valleys where the vineyards are,
By harvest riches and green-girdled trees,
Headlands of stone, and sullen-sweeping seas;
Through cities where the sons of commerce jar,
And over plains that quake with sounds of war;
Past homesteads happy in the arms of peace,—
Forever onward a fair woman flees.
Sometimes she gazes at the morning star
With bitter moaning and the tears of woe;
Sometimes sails smiling past the harbor-bar;
Sometimes, at sound of trumpets blown from far,
Her cheeks and lips with glory's passion glow.
But whence she comes or whither she doth go
Not even he who loves her best doth know.

By the Shores of Lough Derg.

BY WILLIAM P. COYNE.

(CONCLUSION.)

V.

HORACE woke next morning with a slight feeling of displeasure as he gradually recalled the adventure of the previous night. He felt just a trifle guilty when he remembered the sweet blue eyes that looked up so tenderly into his as he told his story of reawakened faith, and the warm pressure of the arm that leaned so trustingly on his own. What if this child of nature should come to love him? But no!—the idea was so ridiculous that he banished it forth-

with, and hastened out into the fresh morning to take a swim in the lake.

Nature was in her brightest mood. On every side the air was tremulous with the music of birds. Over the water hung a white, diaphanous veil of mist, which foretold a day of intense heat. At times a bevy of wild duck rose with a startled whirr from amongst the outermost reeds, and disappeared in the mist. A rabbit or two darted across the pathway in front of him and hurried away into the woods, where a wood-pigeon was telling its monotonous plaint to the morning breeze. What a delight it was to bask in the cool waters! How he revelled in the delicious freshness of their embrace! And as he walked slowly back to the house he found himself singing, in the exuberance of his spirits, as he had not done for many a day.

During the following week he did not see much of Kathleen. He was dimly conscious of an effort on her part to avoid him; but the violets appeared every morning, with unfailing regularity, on the breakfast table, and filled the air with their subtle fragrance. He passed most of his evenings with Father Slattery, and he always looked forward during the day with pleasurable anticipation to his smoke and chat with the kindly priest. They spoke of everything, and always in that free-and-easy manner which is possible only among intimate acquaintances. Horace, to his friend's delight, attended all the services at the chapel, and now and then asked questions which showed he was seriously endeavoring to find out the truth. Father Joe answered his inquiries as fully and courteously as he could, but never

took the initiative on religious subjects. It was his plan to remove any hindrances he could, and then allow the grace of a higher power to work in its own mysterious way.

About this time Horace wrote to his uncle:

MY DEAR SIR ROWLAND:—I am delighted with Ireland and the Irish, and wonder more and more every day why you do not more frequently visit your charming property here. It is not very productive—even *I* can see that,—but how beautiful! What scenery on every hand! And, then, the very loneliness has, for me, a singular attraction. Molony has made me very comfortable. I find him, as you said I would, a good, honest man. His daughter is most attentive to my household wants—perhaps you didn't know he is left a widower since you were last in this place. I have observed with deep interest since my arrival the pure, contented lives of the villagers around me, who, in their own simple way, have a grasp on the secret of true happiness which I could never get from Pater's philosophy. I have not opened my "Marius," but I have been reading in a deeper book, and find that

"Le vrai nom du bonheur est le contentement,"

as some French poet says.

I have not yet decided on the merits of the land question, but I have seen much misery and one eviction, which, for an onlooker, was a rather tame affair. There are so many interests involved in this agrarian business, and the Irish have so little sense of the value of words, that it is impossible to arrive at any definite conclusion. This matter of exaggeration makes them, philosophically, a most absorbing study to me. It is not, as Bacon would say, a wilful love of the lie that leads them to this extravagant mode of expression: it is, in my opinion, a result of race and temperament. They are eminently unpractical, with little hold on the actuality of things, and are always moving in the regions of the abstract. Their notions of "time" and "space" would go far to favor Kant's theory that these are merely subjective "forms." This is an engrossing study, and has withdrawn my attention from *other matters*, to the great improvement, you will be glad to hear, of my health.

Trusting you are well, I am, my dear Sir Rowland, your devoted nephew,

HORACE PARSONS.

This atmosphere of purity and contentment of which he speaks sank deeper, day by day, into his nature, which was, in truth, undergoing a curious transformation. He was often surprised as he knelt in the pew, which Father Joe had placed at his service, in what a natural, uncritical spirit he accepted the elaborate and, to his eyes, strange ritual of the Catholic faith. At times—for he was nothing if not philosophical—he attributed it to a strain of heredity from his mother's ancestors; but, independently of that, it really answered—this deep, unquestioning submission to authority—to some need of his own being. "*La peur de ce que j'aime est ma fatalité*," he would often quote to himself when he felt the lack of that moral courage to take the first and last step, without which he could but ill appreciate the beauty of belief.

"You must love it, ere to you

It will seem worthy of your love."

One evening, as he returned from a long walk, he found Kathleen alone in the little garden at the rear of the cottage. She was engaged in transplanting a rosebush, and was dressed as he had seen her on the night of his arrival, with the addition of an apron to protect her dress, a pair of rough garden gloves, and a broad-brimmed straw-hat, which shaded the upper part of her face and allowed the sun to rest on her lips. She looked up a trifle disconcerted, but with a bright smile, as Horace bade her "Good-evening!" He was never so much impressed with her beauty before, as she stood there, flushed, perhaps from her work, with her eyes cast down modestly.

"Won't you allow me to help you in planting your roses?" he said at length, when the silence was becoming embarrassing.

She did not answer, but blushed still more, and offered him a little trowel which she held in her gloved hand.

"You might like to remember me," he continued, cruelly enjoying her confusion, "and my visit. You have been such an influence for good in my life! Might not a rosebush fitly typify, with its fragrant breath, our—our friendship?"

She looked up, with her large, serious eyes full of feeling, and tried to respond, but her lips moved in silence. A moment passed, and they were themselves again—or were they?—

laughing and chatting freely as they busied themselves at the planting. It was tedious work, or so it seemed; more tedious than one could imagine. First, a sheltered nook had to be chosen to save the plant from the east wind; then it was not easy to dig a large hole with the inadequate instruments at their disposal, —and what fun they had over it! And at length, when it was put down securely, it was of course necessary to pat the earth all around with their hands. Sol!—it was finished.

They both rose from their knees and laughed, apparently at nothing. Kathleen, with her Irish drollery, suggested that a small slab with the inscription, "In gratitude for the conclusion of my visit," should be erected under the drooping rosebush. Straightway, without any evident cause, they became abnormally serious; and Kathleen, explaining that she must go and prepare his tea, went into the house. Some minutes later, as he still stood by the memorial just planted, he could hear the sweet tones of her voice as she busied herself in the kitchen.

It was again on an August evening, three years after his conversion, and nearly two since his marriage with Miss Holmes, that Horace, in response to an ever-increasing desire, once more visited the shores of Lough Derg. He had since his marriage lived on the Continent for the benefit of his wife's health, and was thus away from every source of information. What thoughts surged through his mind as the road became familiar again, "with something of a sad perplexity," when they neared the village of Duncaha! He had learned to value at their true worth the two priceless gifts of faith and love which he might literally say this Irish hamlet had given him. And *she* who had crossed his pathway like an angel of light—would she welcome him now? He could almost see her, in imagination, as she pinned a knot of violets, in her proud Irish way, into Blanche's corsage. How would she regard this elegant English beauty?

They left the car at the village, as Horace preferred to walk down to the cottage; and arm in arm, after a short prayer in the chapel, they passed down the street. By a singular irony of fate, they met a beggar-man outside the village, who was endeavoring in vain to

conceal the melody of "Kathleen Mavourneen" on a fiddle made from the remnant of a soap box. What memories it brought back! Horace had tears in his eyes as he handed the man a shilling and entreated him to stop playing.

"But we must be near our destination, Horace," said Blanche sweetly, as he paused suddenly on the road. "You told me the house was very close to the end of the street."

Horace was silent. He was staring, with his lips apart, and a grim smile which aged his face, at a broken-down, roofless house, which stood some yards in front of them. The windows were boarded up, and on the barred door were several gaudy cartoons of a coming circus, with clowns and gymnasts in all kinds of grotesque attitudes. Blanche found it necessary to keep him from staggering, as he closed his eyes and murmured, "My God!"

The purblind fiddler, who had followed them in the hope of being the victim of some other act of insanity (as he considered the donation he had received), came forward and volunteered some information about the dwelling.

"Maybe an' it's the Molowneys as yer ladyship—God bless yer purty face!—is a-looking after? Sorra wan o' thim's lift. Pat's gone across to Americay,—gone six months; and his lassie—God be good to her!—is in the churchyard beyant. And it's yer own eyes that are the ded image o' hers, my lady, savin' yer presence! But she's gone to her mother, and the Lord have mercy on her soul!"

It all seemed a ghastly dream to Horace, as he sat on a stone and listened to the beggar's narrative. His eyes were fixed on the creature's wretched violin, and he found himself wondering how music could be associated with such an instrument. But this was only the lure of grief. He broke at last into sobs and groans, which it took all Blanche's powers to control. Thus he sat for hours, under the August sun, in a stupor, until some fancy seemed to strike him, and he accepted his wife's assistance to walk round to the other side of the house.

The little garden, that had been so neat in the old happy days, was overgrown with weeds. No trim flower-beds now, no violets; and, alas! though his eager eyes longed for

just that, no rosebush! He knelt down where it had been, and passed a short time in silent prayer. Somewhat relieved, he found strength enough to go across the street to the churchyard. The fiddler pointed to a small grassy mound, with Kathleen's name rudely painted on a wooden cross above it, and retired respectfully.

Blanche and Horace prayed in silence for some moments, and as they were about to leave she whispered into his ear, "What lovely roses!" He had to dry his eyes before he recognized the rosebush which, but three years before, they had planted together, and whose blooms now swung lightly in the evening breeze over Kathleen's grave!

The Pope of the Holy Land.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D.D.

AENEAS SYLVIVS PICCOLOMINI was born at Corsignano in 1405, of an old and noble, but reduced, family. His scientific and literary studies were made at the University of Sienna. He became distinguished for his legal acquirements, but his first reputation was made as a poet. After leaving the University he remained a layman, and passed some time in the service of the Cardinal Capranica and of Bartholomew Visconti, Bishop of Novara; but finally became a member of the household of the holy Cardinal Albergati, who seems to have communicated to him the great art of managing men, for which both were famous.

The Council of Basel made Æneas its secretary, and employed him in a great many nunciatures in various lands. After the pretended deposition of Pope Eugenius IV. Æneas became secretary of the antipope, Felix V., and in 1442 he was made a member of his council by the Emperor Frederick III. He was now ordained priest, and he soon abandoned the schismatics of Basel. In 1456 Pope Calixtus III. enrolled him in the Sacred College.

This Pope died on the 8th of August, 1458, and after a conclave of four days the cardinals

elected Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, who assumed the name of Pius II. Long before the world heard of Pius II. it had resounded with the praises of Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini. For years, wherever there was a great assembly, religious or political, his figure had been familiar, and all had been entranced by his eloquence. But he was now weak in health; his mind was clear, but he had almost lost the use of his limbs; his iron will, however, was to sustain him through several years of an agitated pontificate.

In the mind of Pius II. one thought dominated every other earthly one—the necessity of curbing the power of the Osmanli. Both as layman and as cleric, as secretary to the Council of Basel, to Felix, and to Frederick; as bishop and as cardinal, he had seized every opportunity to unite Christendom for its own defence. As Supreme Pontiff, he possessed an influence which a man of his calibre could not allow to lie dormant. To the realization of this one idea everything else was made to tend; nothing could claim his attention which did not, in some way, march with his great project.

Firstly, the Papal States must give the Pontiff-King no cause of distraction. Hence, since Piccinino has imitated Sforza, and profited by a vacancy of the Holy See to seize Assisi, Gualdo, and Nocera, he must be dispossessed of his spoils, even though the Pontiff has to make some minor sacrifice. Ferdinand of Naples, successor to Alfonso, has been refused the investiture of that kingdom by the late Pontiff; but Pius II. will grant it, on condition, among others, that the King will expel Piccinino from the usurped territories. When the French cardinals and the Bishop of Marseilles, ambassador of René of Anjou, protest against this ignoring or denial of René's claims to Naples, Pius asks them: "Can René expel Piccinino from our States?" So the decree of Calixtus is abrogated, Ferdinand becomes legitimate King of Naples, and the ambitious *condottiere* abandons the usurped districts. Free from distraction at home, Pius now directs every energy to the one object.

As discord among the Christian sovereigns had hitherto been the only reason why the Mahometans had succeeded in gaining a

foothold in Europe, Pope Pius II. decided to convoke a general congress of princes and peoples, and to personally attend it, there to plead the cause of Christ and of civilization. Mantua was designated as the place where the sovereigns or their delegates were to meet the Supreme Pontiff on June 1, 1459. In order to show the world how much he had the crusade at heart, and in order to have time to interview many of the princes and nobles through whose territories he would pass, he departed from Rome in the latter part of January. This spectacle of a Pontiff, broken down by infirmities and premature old age, leaving his capital to cross the Apennines in the depth of winter in order to urge Christendom to protect itself from slavery and outrage, ought certainly to have inspired the most indifferent with zeal.

After visiting the Liberian Basilica, and placing his enterprise under the special protection of the Mother of God, Pope Pius set out amid the lamentations of the entire population. He was accompanied by six cardinals; the others remained in Rome, the Cardinal de Cusa representing the Pope as legate. Throughout his journey—which lasted four months—the Pontiff was reverently and enthusiastically received; but a special rivalry in magnificence was displayed by the Orsini at Campagnano, by Cosimo de' Medici at Florence, and by Borso d'Este at Ferrara. But when, on May 27, Pius arrived at Mantua, he was grievously pained on finding that only a few of the powers were represented in the assembly from which he had expected so much good.

The month of September having arrived, with no signs of the envoys of France and England, and as Sforza, upon whose military skill the Pope chiefly relied, could not remain much longer at Mantua, the serious business of the congress was commenced. After a three hours' discourse by the Pontiff, and a thoroughly soldierly speech by Sforza, a discussion ensued as to a plan of campaign, and as to ways and means for sustaining it. Before the final conference had closed, the envoys of France and England appeared,—the former only to complain, the latter to give mere vague promises of co-operation. The Frenchmen expressed their king's displeasure because

the Pontiff had preferred a bastard of Aragon to a French prince for the Neapolitan throne, and they declared that the Pope need not expect the French to join the crusade while they were at war with England; they were not opposed to the idea of a peace conference, under the presidency of a Papal legate, but they had no definite instructions to arrange one. Then the representatives of Venice gave another illustration of that republic's characteristic devotion to Mammon. Most of the Venetian possessions lay on the Turkish frontiers, and the Senate could not break with the Sultan until it was certain that all Christendom was ready to take the field.*

However, in spite of all these drawbacks to success, Pope Pius secured from many of the powers represented at Mantua substantial assurance of a determination to second his efforts for the Holy Land. On his part, the Pontiff decreed a tax of one-tenth on the clergy; all agreed that the faithful laity should pay a thirtieth, while the Jews should be assessed for a twentieth. The Emperor promised to furnish, on the part of Germany, 32,000 "foot" and 10,000 "horse"; Hungary engaged to raise 40,000, half of whom should be cavalry; the Duke of Burgundy agreed to send 6,000 men of all arms; the Italian States were to furnish and equip, at their own expense, a powerful fleet; Scanderbeg and his brave Albanians were always, to a man, in arms; and much was hoped from a league between the Asiatic Christians and the Mahometan enemies of the Turks.

But the Holy See was destined to be again disappointed. Charles VII. of France, malcontent with Pius II., held himself aloof from all the Pontiff's projects. England preferred to spill her best blood for York and Lancaster rather than devote some of it to the ransom of Christ's sepulchre. A great part of Germany now revolted against the incapable Frederick III., and discussed the propriety of substituting in his place the King of Poland, George Podibraski. Cardinal Bessarion, whom Pope Pius had sent as legate into Germany to urge the feeble Frederick to ratify his engagements, vainly exerted all his eloquence: not one generous response did he

* Simonetta: *Life of Sforza*, b. 26.

obtain from monarch, princes, or people.* Hungary, now under the rule of Matthias Corvinus, son of Hunjady, could only act on the defensive against the Turks; but that she did bravely and well.

The reader will find in Raynald (y. 1461) the singular letter of Pope Pius II. to Mahomet II., in which the Pontiff demonstrates the divinity of Christianity, and exhorts this most fanatical of all Ottoman sultans to abjure Islam, concluding in these words: "Do not disregard our words, prince; do not neglect our counsel. Receive the baptism of Christ; be regenerated in the Holy Ghost; receive the Gospel. Thus you will save your soul, you will accomplish your grand designs, all Europe will admire you, and the glory of your name will be sung by posterity." The conqueror did not deign to answer this letter, and Pius soon realized that force alone could save Europe from the Turk.

The indefatigable Pontiff now took a resolution, of which none of his predecessors had even dreamed—that of placing himself at the head of a crusade. At first he confided this project only to six cardinals, his intimate counsellors, and after some days of consultation they agreed that the idea was a sublime inspiration. Pius II. then made supreme efforts to incite the Christian powers to immediate action. But although Louis XI. had already promised 70,000 men for a crusade, he now refused to move, and accused the Pope of being an enemy of peace. Better success attended the Pope's application to Philip of Burgundy; this prince promised to march, at the first signal, with 6,000 men. Venice, at length awakened to a sense of her danger, also corresponded to the Pontiff's zeal, and with enthusiasm; Cardinal Bessarion blessed the standard of the admiral, Ursacio Giustiniani, and a powerful fleet departed for the coasts of the Peloponnesus. The Pontiff could now hope for aid also from Hungary and Germany, as Matthias Corvinus and Frederick III. had been lately reconciled by the papal nuncios; and in celebration of this peace the gallant Hungarian had just attacked Mahomet II. at Iaickza, and forced him to raise the siege

of that place, and to flee in disgrace, leaving behind all his material of war. Assistance was also promised by Alexander Sforza and by Piccinino, who had lately completed the pacification of Italy by a treaty of mutual defence.

It was with great confidence, therefore, that Pope Pius met the deputies of the above powers; and when he found that Venice alone was ready, he nevertheless called a consistory, and definitively committed himself to the crusade. In his address he reviewed the events of his pontificate, and justified his actions; he insisted that all that he had done had been but one preparation for a great crusade.

"You yourselves," he cried, "have often urged me to undertake this expedition! Now, then, the time has come for you to show whether your religion, faith, and zeal were sincere. I shall give you the example; you will only follow me. Just as Jesus Christ, the model of shepherds, gave His life for His sheep, so I have resolved to give mine, that the flock entrusted to my care may not be destroyed by the Mussulmans. We shall equip a fleet as powerful as our resources will permit; and then, despite our age and our infirmities, we shall embark, and, entrusting ourselves to the winds, shall go into Greece, and if necessary into Asia. Do not ask the use of the majesty of the supreme priesthood on the field of battle; we declare that we can no longer defer the Holy War, unless we are willing to be dishonored in the face of the entire world. And what else can we do? All other means have been tried, and to no purpose. The earth has resounded with our exhortations; they have been received with indifference. We have imposed a levy of tithes; an appeal was made to a general council; we have published indulgences. It has been said that we extorted money to enrich ourselves. The credit of our court is destroyed, and the supreme priesthood derided. Some extraordinary measure must be taken if confidence is to be restored, and that measure shall be the sacrifice of our own person.

"No longer shall we say to the sovereigns of the earth, 'Go'; for they do not hear us. But we shall cry, 'Follow us.' Perhaps then, seeing the Roman Pontiff, the common father of the

* See William Coxe's "History of the House of Austria," v. i, c. 17.

faithful, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, a weak old man, starting for the war, men will be somewhat ashamed to remain at home, and will finally rush to arms to revenge the outrages on oppressed religion. The course we have marked out is undoubtedly perilous; we do not shut our eyes to that fact. But we do not march alone against the enemy: we shall be seconded by the maritime power of Venice, by the armaments of other Italian States, and by the Duke of Burgundy, with his valiant chivalry. The Poles and Hungarians will attack the Turk from the north, and revolted Greece will reach us her hand from the south; the Albanians, Servians, and Epirotes impatiently await the hour to unfold the banner of independence. In Asia the khan of Carmania, and the many Mussulmans, who with reason detest the Ottoman yoke, will come to our assistance."

Undoubtedly, Pope Pius II. had no intention of heading the crusaders sword in hand: "We shall appear in your midst, surrounded by the venerable cardinals of the Roman Church, and by many bishops and priests, under the standard of the Cross, and carrying the Holy Eucharist and the relics of the saints. Jesus Christ will be with us, and we with Him." The Pope then appointed the rendezvous and the date,—namely, the port of Ancona, during June, 1464.

From this moment, regarding himself as the very soul of the crusade, Pius II. took upon himself every detail of its organization. It was necessary, of course, to have a commander-in-chief, and for that office none seemed so fit as the veteran general, Alexander Sforza, Duke of Milan. To induce Sforza to undertake the charge the Pontiff appealed to his religion, his military pride, and his personal record of valor; and when the warrior objected his sixty years, Pius exclaimed: "The old will follow the old; this war will be called the war of the old!" Under the impulse of the Vatican, Christian Europe now seemed to have recovered its ancient enthusiasm, and with confidence in the success of the great design of his life the Pontiff prepared to depart from Rome. But he was now attacked by a slow fever, which, while it left him his energy of will, consumed the little physical force remaining in his frame. The

physicians were enjoined to say nothing of his condition, and they obeyed.

On June 18, 1464, the Pope visited St. Peter's for the last time, and set out for Ancona. Of all the princes and warriors who were to have met him on his arrival, not one had come; though he found an immense multitude of rash pilgrims, who, thinking that the Church would provide them with everything, were utterly without arms or resource of any kind. A powerful army might have been made of this eager crowd, but there was no general to command them; and the Genoese transports, which were to receive them, had not arrived. Impatient of delay, little by little most of them deserted, to make their way home as best they could. Nor had the Venetian fleet, the very backbone of the enterprise, made its appearance. These cruel disappointments so aggravated the Pontiff's illness that the physicians declared he had but a few days to live. At length the Venetian sails appeared on the horizon, and the Pope desired his attendants to carry him to the window. The sight of the fleet gave him, for an instant, new life; but falling back, he moaned: "Alas! yesterday the means of embarking were wanting, and to-day I myself am wanting!" He was then carried, almost dying, to his bed. After receiving the last consolations of Holy Church, he peacefully expired on the 14th of August, 1464.

Christophe says of this Pontiff: "Pius II. was worthy of the eminent place that he occupied. In youth he had yielded to the storm of the passions; it is from his own ingenuous avowal, in his Fifteenth Epistle, that we know it. But the falls that deprave some natures served to give him knowledge of life, and to save him from the snares set by the world for weak humanity. On the throne he exhibited the virtues of a saint and the qualities of a great Pontiff. He was grave in his manners, simple in his habits, zealous for discipline, knowing only duty as a rule of action, devoted to the Church—as a son to his mother; disinterested, and perhaps too much so, for a prince. . . . His conversation was brief and sententious. Many of his sayings have been handed down to us, and, in general, they are diplomatically profound. All the humanists expected protection when he mounted

the pontifical throne: he himself had promised it. But his political embarrassments and his projects of crusade absorbed all his thoughts and resources, and he was only able to furnish some partial encouragements. If we regard Pius II. as a literary man, we are astonished at the variety and plenitude of his faculties. Without contradiction, he was the foremost man of his epoch. As a humanist, he was superior, even to the most illustrious of his contemporaries, in extent of acquirements, in the use of his erudition, in taste, and in elegance of style. . . .

"There is in the historical physiognomy of Pius II. something exceptional, which sets him apart from the other illustrious men of the fifteenth century. At first we see him, agitated by those vague aspirations that are natural to men who are conscious of their own power, yearning for a great reputation in literature; then suddenly deviating, owing to circumstances, from this career, he appears amid the stormy discussions of the Council of Basel, giving to the opposition in that assembly the aid of his incontestable oratorical talent. . . . Called to the imperial court, the vast field of politics opens before him, he encounters no rival, and soon becomes necessary to the feeble monarch, whose tottering throne his genius alone sustains. To acquire the reputation of a great minister seemed to be his destiny, when Providence, leading him back into Italy, placed upon his brow the triple crown. On this summit of all human grandeur he appeared to reign only to impel the world to a last great effort for the Holy Land. Finally, after these various phases, he vanishes in the midst of the movement he has produced,—a worthy end to an existence so active, so agitated, and so glorious."*

* "La Papauté pendant le Quinzième Siècle," Paris, 1863.

THIS is an age when Talk is not only ranked among the fine arts, but is also promoted to a seat among the cardinal virtues; yet the quiet, resolute, self-contained man, who says little and does much, will assuredly live down the loud-voiced braggart, who is so full of windy words that he has no time left for doughty deeds.

The Baron's Secret.

II.

IN the evening I joined Mackintosh at his lodgings, and gave him an account of the meeting. He laughed at me for my scruples.

"I knew all about it," said Mac; "but I thought it hardly worth while to let you know it. H—— was quite right, too: the Baron is not the man to-day that he was a dozen years ago. He is a rank infidel now. He makes no secret of the thing, but boasts of it right and left; it is his great fault. He is an inconsistent fellow. If any one talks about religion, no matter how proper and fitting the time, he is down upon him at once with a sneer and a joke. And yet he drags in his own opinions by the neck on all occasions, and expects you to say Amen to every syllable he utters."

"He must be very weak," said I.

"Must he? Very well. Then wait till you see him cut for calculus or perform for hernia. Sit with him at the bedside, and hear him at his lectures. If you think him weak then, you will be good enough to tell me what you call *strong*."

"But his principles—"

"Are certainly not in accordance with ours. But the Baron does not profess to teach theology, nor did I come here to take his creed. So long as he is orthodox in surgery, I make no complaint against him. I have my own views; and if they are relaxed now and then, why, the parson is the man to apply to, and not the Baron."

There was worldly wisdom in the remarks of Mackintosh, and before I quitted him I was satisfied of the propriety of paying full attention to the professional instruction of the surgeon, without committing myself, by visiting him as a friend, to an approval of his detestable principles; and, accordingly, at two minutes to six o'clock on the following morning I presented myself at the hospital. Many students were already in attendance, and precisely at six o'clock the Baron himself appeared. He bowed to the students as a body, and honored me with a particular notice.

"Well, young Christian," he said, shaking me by the hand, "have you prayed for my reformation? It is very remiss of you if you

have not done so. You know I made you yesterday my father confessor."

There was immediately a general laugh from the students,—medical students being, it should be known, the most unblushing of parasites.

These words were spoken under the low portico of the building which forms, with its long ascent of steps, one side of the square in which the Cathedral of Notre Dame has its principal entrance, and is certainly not one of the least interesting adjuncts of that magnificent edifice. We passed, without further speech, through the range of buildings within, the professor in our van, and in a minute or two found ourselves in a spacious, clean, and well-filled ward.

The surgeon took his seat at the foot of the first bed in the sick chamber, and the students all crowded around him, evidently so as not to lose a syllable that should fall from his lips. I shall never forget the lesson of that morning. The judgment, the penetration, the consummate skill of the surgeon compelled my warmest admiration. I forgot our ground of disagreement in the transcendent ability that I beheld. His heart and mind were wholly given up to his profession, and his success was adequate to the price paid for its purchase.

The Baron was, however, a mass of contradiction. I discovered this before we had been an hour in the ward. It was clear that he had risen by the sheer strength of great natural genius, and that he was lamentably wanting in all the agreeable qualities which spring from early cultivation and sound training. He was violent, sudden and irregular in his temper and mode of speaking, when his temper and speech were directed against any but his patients. He had no regard for the feelings of men of his own rank, and his language toward them was rather emphatic than delicate and well chosen; and where he had occasion to review their treatment, his comments were often offensive.

"How much," I mentally exclaimed, time after time, "must this man have altered since H—— parted with him as his respected friend!" And yet in some regards he was not altered at all. There was the same consideration for the poor sufferers, the same attention

to their complaints, the same tenderness and kind disposition to humor them, which H—— had dwelt upon with so much commendation. There was no hurrying from case to case; no sign of impatience at the reiterated, unmeaning queries of the patients; no coarse jests at their expense; not a syllable that could wound the susceptibilities of the most sensitive. Did one poor fellow betray an anxiety to take up as little of the Baron's time as possible, and, speaking hurriedly, almost exhaust his little stock of feeble breath, it was touching to mark the happy mode in which the surgeon put the flurried one at his ease. Had these creatures, paupers as they were, been his brothers, he could not have evinced a more tender interest on their behalf.

It will not be necessary to dwell upon the proceedings of the place. I could extract from my note-book pages that would delight the medical reader, necessarily dry and tedious to the uninitiated. Suffice it to say that many hours were spent in the surgical wards by this indefatigable surgeon; every individual case received his best attention, and was prescribed for as carefully as though a handsome fee waited upon each. The work being at an end, I was about to retire, agreeably surprised and gratified with all that I had seen and heard.

"Wait a while," said the Baron, noticing my movement, and touching me upon the arm. "You are not fatigued?"

"Not in the least," I answered.

"Come with me, then."

The Baron, full of life and spirits, and with the air of a man whose day's work was about to begin, bowed to the students and tripped quickly down-stairs. I followed, as commanded, and the next moment I was in the Baron's cabriolet, driving through the streets of Paris.

"Have you courage?" inquired the Baron, suddenly.

"For what, sir?" I replied.

"To see an operation."

"I have been present at many, sir," said I—"some bad enough too,—and I confess I have been less womanish and weak in beholding them than I felt this morning witnessing your kindness to those poor creatures."

"Ah, poor creatures, indeed!" repeated the

Baron, in a softer tone than any I had heard him use. "The poor need kindness, Mr. Ashleigh. It is all we can do for them. God help them! it is little of that they get. Poverty is a frightful thing, sir."

There were two circumstances that especially struck me in the delivery of this short speech. One was that the eyes of an intrepid operator filled with tears when he alluded to a very commonplace subject; the other, that a confirmed atheist was inconsistent enough to invoke the Deity whose very existence he denied.

We drove on, and arrived at the home of one of the richest and most influential noblemen of France. The cabriolet stopped, and the gates of the house were thrown open at the same moment. A servant in the hall of the mansion was already waiting for the Baron, and we were bowed with much ceremony up the gilded staircase. We reached at last a sumptuously furnished chamber, where we found three gentlemen in earnest conversation. They were silent upon our entrance, and advanced, one and all, with great cordiality to salute the Baron. The latter returned their salute with a distant and haughty politeness, which I thought very unbecoming.

"We were thinking—" began one of the party.

"How is the patient?" asked the Baron, suddenly interrupting him.

The other shook his head despondingly; and the Baron, as it were instinctively, unlocked a case of instruments which he had brought into the room with him from his cabriolet.

"The inflammation has not subsided, then?"

"No."

"Let us see him."

The gentleman and the Baron opened a door and passed into another room. As the door closed after them I heard a loud and dismal groan. In a short time the two surgeons again appeared. The Baron in a few words said that there was nothing to be done but to operate, and at once. The three practitioners—for such they were—bowed in acquiescence, and the Baron prepared his instruments.

It is the fashion to speak of medical men slightly, if not reproachfully; to accuse them of practising solemn impositions, and of being, at the best, so many legalized charla-

tans. It is especially the mode of speaking among those who will give "the doctor" no rest, and are not satisfied until they make that functionary the most constant visitor at their abodes. No one would have dared to breathe against the surgeon's sacred office, who could have seen as I did the operation which the Baron performed that day. It has been done successfully seven times within the memory of man,—twice by himself, who first attempted it. It was grand to mark his calm and intellectual face; to see the hand, armed with the knife that cut for life or death, firm as the mind that directed, the eye that followed, its unerring course. I could understand the worship that was paid to this incomparable master by all who knew him.

Within five minutes by the clock, and in the sight of men whose breathless admiration made them oblivious of the throes of the poor sufferer, the process was completed. The Baron left the fainting invalid, retired for a few seconds, and prescribed. He returned and felt his pulse, and then, turning to the man who had first spoken, said:

"Should anything arise, sir, acquaint me with it."

"Unquestionably he will do well."

"No doubt of it. Good-morning!"

"Good-morning, Baron!" said the gentleman, obsequiously. "His excellency bore it wonderfully."

"Pretty well for an excellency. We don't notice these things in paupers. Now, Mr. Ashleigh."

And thereupon the Baron turned upon his heel with such manifest disdain that he lost half the credit which he had gained by his wondrous performance.

We sat for some time silent in the cabriolet. I was bursting to praise the Baron, and yet fearful to speak, lest I should be insulted for my pains. At last I became so excited that I could hold out no longer.

"Baron," said I, "I beg your pardon—it was the grandest thing I ever saw!"

"I have seen a grander," said the surgeon, frowning and pursing those unhappy lips of his again,— "much grander, Mr. Ashleigh. I have seen a nobleman rolling in riches, flattered by his parasites, renowned for his Christian piety, refusing the supplications of a poor

boy, who asked only for a few coins to carry him through a cold and killing winter. The refusal might have been the lad's death, but he *was* refused. It was, as you say, a grand thing, but the lad has had his revenge to-day."

The Baron drove to his own home. At his request I entered his library with him. He placed some books in my hand, which he believed would be of service to me; and as we parted he said, kindly:

"Don't mind my rough ways, Mr. Ashleigh. I was educated in a rough school. I shall be glad to see you often. I have been disturbed. The father of that man whose life I verily believe I have saved this day hunted me from his door many years ago, when I begged from him—condescended to beg from him—alms which his meanest servant would not have missed, and which I wanted to save me from absolute starvation. I have never forgotten or forgiven him for the act; but I have had my revenge. The great man's son owes his life to the beggar, after all. A good revenge, *n'est ce pas ?*"

I was very much disposed to consider the Baron subject to fits of temporary derangement; but I simply nodded my head in answer to this appeal, leaving my questioner to interpret the action as he might think proper.

There was a hearty shake of the hand, another general invitation to his house, and a particular invitation to the hospital, where, as the Baron observed, "all the knowledge that could serve a man in after-life was hoarded up," and then I made my bow and took my departure.

Three months passed away like so many days, in the midst of occupation at once the most inspiring and satisfactory; and during the whole of that period I am bound to acknowledge the treatment of the Baron toward me to have been most generous and kind. In spite of my own resolutions, I had attached myself to the professor by a feeling of gratitude, which it was not easy to extinguish or control. His wish to advance me in the knowledge and understanding of my profession was so earnest, the pains he took to communicate the most important results of his own hard-earned experience so untiring, that had I not felt a heavy debt of obligation I must have been a senseless, undeserving wretch indeed.

The Baron was manifestly well-disposed toward me; and, in spite (it might have been, with so strange a character, by very reason) of our religious differences, he lost no opportunity of bringing me to his side, and of loading me while there with precious gifts. I attended the professor at the hospital, at the houses of his patients, and in his own private study. He was flattering enough to say that he liked to have me about him; that he was pleased with my straightforward character, and with the earnestness with which I worked. I trust it was not his good opinion alone that induced me, by degrees, in opposition to my first resolution, to associate with the Baron, until at length we became intimate and almost inseparable friends. I would not acknowledge this to my own conscience, which, happily, never suffered me to violate a principle or yield an inch of righteous ground. The Baron persevered in his attacks upon religion. I, grown bolder by long and familiar intercourse, acted as firmly on the defensive; and I must do myself the justice to assert that the soundness of fair argument suffered no injury from the light weapons of wit and ridicule which my friend had ever at command.

III.

It was a fine morning in the early spring, and I sat with the Baron, as usual, in his library. On this occasion I was helping him in the completion of a series of plates which he was about to publish in connection with a work on cancer,—a book that has since made a great sensation upon the Continent. The engraver had worked from the professor's preparations under the eye of the latter; but a few slight inaccuracies had crept into the drawings, and the Baron employed me in the detection of them. We were both fully occupied—I with the engravings, he with his lecture of the day,—and we were both very silent, when we heard a loud ringing at the porter's bell. The Baron, at the same time, looked at his watch and resumed his pen. A note was brought to him by his servant. It was read, and an answer given.

"Say I will be there at four o'clock."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the servant, "but the prince's *chasseur*, who gave me the note, desired me to add that the prince wished to see you immediately."

"Very well, sir," said the Baron, haughtily. "He has delivered his master's message, do you deliver mine. I am busy, very busy, and can not see the prince till four o'clock. That is the answer."

The servant knew his master, and left the room immediately.

"These insufferable nobles!" exclaimed the Baron. "They imagine that mankind was invented for their pleasure and amusement—to be their foot-balls. Does this man think we have nothing better to do than to humor his fancies, and attend to every ailment that waits on his gross appetite! He makes a god of his belly, is punished for his idolatry, and then whines by the hour to his doctor."

"Is he not ill, then?" I inquired.

"He may be, but that is no reason why my students are to be neglected for a prince. He must come in his turn, like all the rest. I allow no distinctions in my practice. Suffering is suffering; the pain of the peasant is as acute as the smart of the king. Proceed with the drawings, Mr. Ashleigh."

In less than a quarter of an hour there was a fresh disturbance. The servant knocked softly at the door and entered timidly.

"There is a dirty woman at the gate, sir," began the man. "I have told her that you were engaged and could not speak to her, but she would not move until I had brought you this letter. She is a dirty creature, sir."

"Well, you have said that once before," answered the Baron, taking the note—if a soiled strip of paper, with blots, erasures and illegible characters, may deserve that title.

The Baron endeavored to read it; but failing, requested François to show the poor woman up. She appeared and justified the repetition of François. She was indeed very far from being clean; she had scarcely a rag on her back, and seemed much distressed.

"Now, my good woman," said the professor, very tenderly, "tell me what it is you want, as quickly as you are able to do it, and I will help you if it be in my power."

The poor woman, bursting into tears, went on to say that she resided in the Quartier St. Jacques, that her husband was a water-carrier—

"A what?" asked the Baron quickly, as if he had missed the word.

"A water-carrier, sir."

"Go on."

That he had come from Auvergne; had fallen into a dreadful state of disease, through want of nourishment and fuel during the winter; that he was now lying without a crust of bread or a particle of fire, and that she was sure he must die, leaving her and her children to be thrown upon the world. She filled up her short narrative with many harrowing details, and finished by imploring the surgeon to come and save her husband if he could. "We will pay you, sir, all that we are able, if he gets to work again; and if he should not, God, I am sure, will not listen to your prayers the less, because you have helped the unfortunate and poor."

Before the woman had finished her story the cheeks of the Baron were as pale as her own, and his eyes scarcely less moist. He had put his hand in his pocket, and when the woman ceased he drew it out again, and presented her with a five-franc piece.

"Go home," said he, "with that. Buy bread and fuel. I will be at your lodging this afternoon."

The woman was about to exclaim.

"Not a syllable!" said her benefactor, preventing her. "If you thank me I will do nothing for you. Go away now, my good woman. I can not accompany you, for you see I am very busy; but before the day is out I will prescribe for your good man. Good-bye to you,—good-bye!"

The woman went away without another word. Before she reached the bottom of the stairs, the Baron spoke.

"Mr. Ashleigh, be kind enough to call her back."

She came.

"You must not think me harsh, now," proceeded the Baron, by way of apology. "I did not wish to be so. I shall do all I can for you; and your husband will no doubt soon be well again. There, keep your spirits up, and go home and cheer the good fellow. I shall see you by and by. *Adieu, ma chère!*"

The professor resumed his labor, but not for five minutes before he appeared to be very uneasy at his work. He put his pen down and sat for some time absorbed in thought; then he rose and paced the room, then took

up his pen again; at last he started from his chair and pulled the bell.

"François," said he to the servant, "let the cabriolet be here immediately. Yes," he continued, as if speaking to himself, "it will be better to go at once; the man may be seriously ill,—his life may be in danger. It can be done in an hour; there is still plenty of time for the lecture. We must go and see this poor fellow, Mr. Ashleigh," added the professor, addressing me. "Come, you will give me your opinion of the case."

And the lecture and the engravings were laid aside, and we dashed through the streets toward the Quartier St. Jacques, with every chance of breaking our own necks, as well as that of the spirited animal that flew before the whip of the excited practitioner.

"Well," said I to myself, as we alighted, "it may be, Monsieur le Baron, as you state it—'the pain of the peasant is as acute as the smart of a king.' It is, however, very certain that you do not hold to the converse of the proposition."

The water-carrier was, in truth, alarmingly ill; and he was not likely to hold out much longer if left to himself, for it was already the eleventh hour with him. He was living in a filthy hole—lying on a bed of straw, without the commonest necessities of life. The man had become diseased through want and confinement—that cause and origin of half the complaints to which the human frame is subject: lack of wholesome food and pure air. The Baron perceived instantly that nothing could be done for the unhappy fellow in his present abode, and he therefore insisted on his being at once removed to an hospital.

"I can't walk," said the man, gruffly.

"No, but you can be carried in a coach, I suppose," replied the Baron, in a similar tone, "if I wish it. Let him be dressed," he continued, turning to the wife. "I will send a coach for him in half an hour, and take charge of him until he is better. That will buy you some bread for the present." And, giving her another five-franc piece, he hastened away.

In the afternoon the Baron attended the patient again at the hospital. He ordered him a bath and prescribed medicines. For a month he visited him daily, and did not quit him until he was convalescent. Nor then; for

upon the day of the poor fellow's discharge he presented him with a horse and water-cart, and a purse containing five *louis-d'or*.

"Take care of the money," said the charitable donor; "do not be extravagant. If you are ill, come to me always."

The water-carrier—a bluff, sturdy fellow—would have thanked the Baron could he have kept quiet; but he stood roaring like a child, overcome with the kindness he had received.

It was some months afterward that François announced two visitors. When they appeared I recognized my old acquaintance, the water-carrier, grown hale and hearty, accompanied by a stranger of the same condition in life as himself, and looking very ill.

"Ah, my friend!" exclaimed the Baron, shaking him by the hand; "how does the world use you?"

"Look at me!" answered the carrier,— "just look at me!"

"Aye, aye!" said the Baron; "flesh enough upon you now! Who is your friend?"

"Ah, it is about him I came! He is very ill, isn't he? He is a water-carrier too. He was going to another doctor, but I would not allow it. No, no! that wouldn't have been the thing, after all you have done for me. I hope I know better. He is very bad, and hasn't got a franc in the world."

I could not help laughing at the original display of gratitude, and the Baron laughed outright; his heart grew glad within him, as he answered, pressing the carrier's hand:

"Right, right,—quite right, *mon enfant!* Bring them all to me!"

Mackintosh, who was not honored with the Baron's confidence, seemed to be well acquainted with his peculiarities. I mentioned to him his extraordinary treatment of the water-carriers, and attributed it all, without hesitation, to downright insanity.

"Not that exactly," answered Mac. "It is caprice and the inconsistency of human nature. He is strongly attached to all *Auvergnats*, and to water-carriers in particular. His predilection that way is well known in Paris. Perhaps his father was a water-carrier, or his first love a girl from Auvergne. Who can tell what gave rise to the partiality in a mind that is full of bias and contradiction?"

(To be continued.)

Commemoration Ode.*

BY W. P. COYNE.

I.

NOBLE is faith, and keen the piercing eye
That looks beyond the sensual mists of life,
With heart-hopes fixed on that eternity
Where rests the soul from every earthly strife.

Such faith was thine, brave spirit of the deep!
No second aim, no alien lure,
Could lull thy dream-charmed mind to sleep,
Compel thy restless bark to moor.

And so it is, that we who fear the strife,
Whose hearts are tempest-tossed by vague unrest,
Can read the pictured story of thy life,
And, since we think so, dare to call thee blest.

Oh! teach us then, brave mariner, who still
Sail sadly on thro' time's vast rock-strewn sea,—
Teach us, when passions rage in mutiny,
Our hearts in peace to bear, the right for aye to will;
To hail each breath that blows anear,
Each breath of love and calm serenity,
As sacred tokens sent to cheer,—
Sent from our home beyond the sea.

II.

What thoughts were thine, Columbus,—what lofty
thoughts were thine,
As thou kneltst in benediction by the ocean's fretful
brine?

Did thy raptured fancy wander o'er the future that
would be
As thy soulful eyes first gazed upon this home of
liberty?

Mayhap: and yet the seed was planted on that day
Which bears a harvest wondrous above thy sanguine
thought,
And God's sweet words are scattered, as the ages
roll away,
Amongst a mighty nation with mighty issues fraught.

Said I that thy spirit's dead? Nay, lives it not to-day
In the homes throughout this land where Religion
holds her sway:

In the heart of Priest and Sister, true guardians of
the soul,—
In the sanctity of each, in the reverence of the whole?

Ah! yes, thy spirit lives! 'Tis with us here,
Who 'neath this Virgin-crownèd dome,
Which flashes in the sunlight clear,
And points us to our one true home,
Do meet, to-day, in praise of him

Who ever hoped tho' clouds were dim.
'Tis ours to feel that when *we* pass away,
And fade into the dreamless quiet of the tomb,
Some other eyes shall catch the heavenly ray,
Some other heart be solaced in its gloom
Beneath thy tranquil smile, O Mother-Maid,
Where *we* have prayed!

III.

Some other souls shall own the master's touch,
And feel in gazing on his faultless art,
How true the hand was guided by the heart;
How much was given, because he loved much;—
Shall read how knowledge lives in haunts of prayer,
And Science mates Religion there;
Since both have God for single aim,
Since each must glorify His name.

And thou, thrice holy Maid, to whose protecting care
This shrine of sainted learning is resigned,
Oh! grant to hear our earnest prayer:
That love for thee enrich the mind
Of those who drink at Wisdom's fount;
That all their gains for naught may count
Unless they lead to things above—
To firmer faith and purer love.

Facts about St. Anthony of Padua.

ST. ANTHONY of Padua had the gift of
tongues. He was a Portuguese by birth,
yet when he was commissioned to preach in
Italy he spoke Italian, and when he was sent
to France he preached in French, without
having ever studied those languages. More-
over, when he addressed assemblies composed
of representatives of many nationalities, he
seemed to every one present to use his speech
and his dialect.

He died on Friday evening, June 13, 1231.
His remains were at first interred in a marble
tomb in the Church of Santa Maria, in Padua.
In 1263 they were translated to the high
altar of a church under his invocation in the
same city—for he was canonized in the May of
the year succeeding his death. St. Anthony is
called "the eldest son of St. Francis," because
he was the first of the Seraphic Father's spir-
itual sons to be canonized.

The removal of his sacred remains was
made by order of St. Bonaventure, and under
his personal direction. When the tomb was
opened, it was found that the flesh had turned
to dust and the disjointed bones were mould-
ering; but the skin of the face and head, with

* Read at the opening of the Dome of the University of
Notre Dame and the unveiling of Signor Gregori's paintings
of Religion and the Sciences, May 29.

the hair and the teeth, remained; and, strange to relate, the tongue was whole and incorrupt. For a little more than eight years that tongue had been preaching for God nearly every day, and frequently several times a day. No wonder that the Almighty bestowed on it a mark of approval. St. Bonaventure took it in his hands and reverently bore it to his lips, saying, "O sacred tongue, which always didst bless the Lord and cause others to bless Him, now does it appear plainly how highly thou wert esteemed by Almighty God!" The tongue was placed in a separate reliquary. It is still to be seen in the city of Padua, and on the feast of the Saint (June 13) is exposed for public veneration.

The Right Rev. Bishop Watterson, of Columbus, Ohio, had that tongue in his hands in January, 1887, when he spent four days in Padua, and celebrated Mass on the altar under which the body of the Saint reposes. The Bishop says that it is shrunken and bloodless, but otherwise well preserved.

The people of Padua, the Bishop was told, are pious and faithful. He did not need to be informed of their love for their patron, for St. Anthony pervades the town. The inhabitants rarely mention his name; to them he is *Il Santo*—the Saint. On one of the sign-boards at the corner of two streets, the Bishop noticed the words *Al Santo*—to the Saint. There was no need to say, "to St. Anthony," or "to the Church of St. Anthony." The meaning was sufficiently clear already.

The Church of St. Anthony is almost a unique building, since it combines three styles of architecture—the Gothic, Byzantine, and Romanesque. It has eight domes, and somewhat resembles the famous St. Mark's in Venice. Outside it is unimpressive; the façade is not grand; the structure, as a whole, is not magnificent. But inside it is gorgeous. The chapel of the Saint is especially rich. Its walls are covered with frescoes and reliefs; the finest marbles add to the beauty of the decorations, and the ornaments of the altar are of gold.

An old convent adjoins the church. A few monks remain in it to take care of the shrine. They are the Black Franciscans. Their home has been seized by the Italian Government, and has been turned into a museum.

St. Anthony's great gift of finding what is lost was often proved by the first members of the San Antonio colony in Florida. It was a saying among them that a man couldn't lose anything there if he tried.

Devotion to the beloved Saint of Padua is steadily making progress in the United States. So far as can be ascertained from the Catholic Directory, there are dedicated to God under the invocation of St. Anthony in this country one hundred and eleven churches, chapels, and stations. Of these shrines in the archdioceses, Baltimore has 2; Boston, 1; Chicago, 1; Cincinnati, 3; Milwaukee, 3; New Orleans, 2; New York, 1; Oregon City, 1; Philadelphia, 2; St. Louis, 2; St. Paul, 1; San Francisco, 2; and Santa Fé, 28. Of places in the dioceses where St. Anthony is publicly honored, Alton has 2; Belleville, 1; Brooklyn, 1; Burlington, 1; Charleston, 1; Cleveland, 3; Columbus, 1; Concordia, 1; Covington, 2; Davenport, 1; Denver, 2; Detroit, 3; Dubuque, 2; Duluth, 1; Erie, 2; Fort Wayne, 1; Grand Rapids, 1; Harrisburg, 1; Hartford, 1; Jamestown, 2; La Crosse, 3; Leavenworth, 3; Lincoln, 1; Little Rock, 1; Louisville, 2; Marquette, 1; Monterey and Los Angeles, 1; Newark, 2; Omaha, 4; Peoria, 1; Pittsburg, 1; Rochester, 1; St. Augustine, 1; St. Cloud, 1; Syracuse, 1; Trenton, 1; Vincennes, 5; and Wichita, 2. Not one of the Vicariates Apostolic, so far as can be learned from the Directory, has a church dedicated to our Saint.

It is strange that the Cathedral of the Diocese of San Antonio is not named after him—being called after San Fernando,—and that no church in that diocese has *Il Santo* of Padua as its patron.

The "Holy Man of Tours" used to go to St. Anthony for the recovery of lost graces. "We can never know," he declared, "how much a true sentiment of faith is capable of effecting in the search for lost graces."

SYMPATHETIC attention to a pitiful story may be even more comforting to a wounded heart than an act of real kindness ungraciously performed; and you will probably earn, even if you do not deserve, more gratitude in the one case than in the other.—Notes for Boys (and their Fathers).

Notes and Remarks.

Castel Petroso, a small village of ancient origin in the province of Campobasso, in Southern Italy, has become very famous throughout Italy,—an apparition of Our Lady having been witnessed there on March 22, 1888. Two peasants, of middle age, were collecting their sheep, when they saw a bright light shining through the fissures of a steep cliff. Through a crack they saw, with fear and trembling, the dead Christ on the floor of the cave, with the Mother of Sorrows kneeling beside Him, her hands and eyes raised to heaven and her heart pierced with seven swords. A spring, which was afterward found to be of wonderful healing power, had gushed from the rock. The Bishop of the diocese was at first incredulous regarding the report. At last, by command of the Holy Father, he examined the evidence, and he was convinced that the apparition was a fact. A beautiful Gothic church is being built on the spot. The corner-stone was laid last month.

Our excellent and reliable contemporary, the *Indo-European Correspondence*, declares that the news of the conversion of King Mwanga (Uganda) is premature. However, his Majesty, having issued from his retreat on the Victoria Nyanza, and retaken his capital and kingdom, has appointed Christians to all offices and dignities, and proclaimed full liberty for Christianity to be preached. He is fully conversant with every point of Catholic belief, and encourages it among his subjects, but he himself remains unconverted. Mwanga is a polygamist.

The German pilgrimage to Rome was quickly followed by one from Spain. It numbered about six hundred persons. The pilgrims were received in collective audience by the Holy Father, who delivered a short address and imparted the Apostolic Benediction. A blessed medal was presented to each of the pilgrims by order of his Holiness.

In a recent number of the *London Tablet* there appears an admirably written *résumé* of the progress of the Church in England during the last fifty years. The following allusion to Cardinal Newman's conversion is interesting:

"Forty-five years have gone since Newman abjured the State religion—'not,' as he wrote to a friend, 'not from disappointment or impatience, but because I think the Church of Rome the Catholic Church, and ours not a part of the Catholic Church, because not in communion with Rome; and because I feel

that I could not honestly be a teacher in it any longer.' Father Dominic did the deed, of which the effect can not even now be measured. The ripples made in that baptismal font have eternal motion, to be merged at last in the 'pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding from the throne.'"

In the same article these suggestive words about other converts occur:

" 'The ignorant and the idle.' These are the words, and they describe themselves. We meet them by no hollow phrases. We have given instead names which stand for learning and labor. And for each letter of them we could give new names to slay over and over again the already slain. Mr. Froude sits down in the same club with Mr. Aubrey de Vere; and does he know what great literary traditions, and what great performance too, are the inheritance and the hard-earnings of him whose praises have been sung by poets from Landor to Swinburne? Mr. Froude reads *Punch*, and has heard perhaps that Mr. Burnand's many activities include the control of a paper from whose staff, forty years ago, Dickey Doyle retired rather than travesty Truth. Miss Adelaide Procter made verses, and Mr. Coventry Patmore is a poet greater than his time. Dr. St. George Mivart's name needs no bush among scientists; nor Lady Butler's among painters, nor Pugin's among architects, nor Mrs. Bancroft's on the stage."

Preparations are being made in Rome and elsewhere for the celebration next year of the tercentenary of St. Aloysius Gonzaga. The event will be celebrated with extraordinary splendor, and it is announced that the Holy Father will soon issue a brief recommending devotion to the angelic patron of youth.

The Rev. Dr. Jessopp's "Trials of a Country Parson" shows the deplorable condition into which the Anglican ministry has fallen. He asserts that the bishops have no power over the lower clergy, and says it is almost impossible to turn a clergyman out of his benefice, no matter how scandalous his life may be.

A writer in the *Review of Reviews* estimates the Catholic population of the United States at "at least" 9,000,000,— "a strong-stranded, hard-twisted agency, which no one can ignore."

The *Edinburgh Review* seems to be edited in the spirit of John Knox. Charles Reade once said that it was constantly engaged in cooking stale cabbage over the light of farthing candles. Mr. Bodley, whose admiration for the work of the Church is well known, contributed to the April number of that periodical an appreciative article on Catholicity in the United States. What was

his indignation and amazement when he found this paragraph appended as part of a passage in the article!—

"It fills us with unbounded astonishment that a people which claims to be and is so intelligent and enlightened, and which was once so ardent in the cause of religious freedom, should worship the idols of ecclesiastical despotism."

This is as impertinent as it is bigoted, and it shows that Charles Reade's expression was not so exaggerated as it seemed.

The late Dr. William Kirby Sullivan, formerly President of Cork College, ranked as one of the most eminent scholars in Ireland, and his death is deplored as a great loss to science and letters. He was especially distinguished as a chemist and philologist. The organization of the Scientific Department of the Catholic University is due to his efforts and prestige. Dr. Sullivan was no less modest than learned, and was admired and beloved by all who knew him.

A painting by Murillo—probably by Murillo—"The Adoration of the Shepherds"—is offered for sale in New York. The canvas measures six feet eight by five feet eight inches, and contains seven interesting figures, executed with strength and fine in color. The picture came from the collection of Don Benito Garriga, Madrid.

One thousand Catholic workmen recently traversed the streets of Brussels to assist at High Mass in the Church of St. Gudule. The Catholic workingmen of Belgium are uniting, in an energetic and practical way, to solve the social question.

The last convent of Franciscan Sisters at Dubno in Russia, wherein all the religious from other convents which had been already confiscated were living, has been closed by the Government and turned into a prison.

The *Athenæum* remarks that "Cardinal Newman proves that the deeper you go into history the less Protestant you become."

During the illness of the wife of the Shah of Persia while in Vienna, his Majesty chose two Sisters of Charity as her nurses.

We find the following item in the *Catholic Union and Times*: "Twenty years ago a mission was preached by the Jesuit Fathers of St. Clements in Metz. Two army officers—one French, the other an Austrian—were noticeable for their reg-

ular attendance. They again met in Rome the other day, but what a contrast! The Austrian officer is now Cardinal Schönborn, Archbishop of Prague, and the Frenchman is now the Rt. Rev. Abbot-General of the Trappists, Dom Wyart."

The revival of Catholicity in Denmark and Sweden is remarkably hopeful. The auspicious moment seems to have come when Catholics throughout the world should unite in praying for the conversion of these countries.

Many of the Florentines are protesting against the burial of Garibaldi in their beautiful Cathedral of Santa Croce.

The following additional offerings have been received for the promotion of the cause of the holy Curé d'Ars:

Dr. Sabal, \$5; J. M. Vianney Picklin, 60 cts.; Friends, New Bedford, Mass., \$2; the Rev. Louis Hiussen, \$5; E. Little, \$2.50; N. N., Memphis, Tenn., \$2; Henry McKenna, \$5; Mrs. M. P. Nichol, \$1; "A sad mother," \$2; M. A. C., \$1; A Friend, St. Louis, Mo., \$2.

For the needy missions of the Passionist Fathers in South America:

Mrs. Jeanet Clink, \$1; A family offering, \$2; A Friend, Logan, O., 50 cts.

New Publications.

NATURE'S SERIAL STORY. By Edward P. Roe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The late Mr. Roe had a wide and, in a sense, well-deserved popularity. His novels, though giving no evidence of any great powers of characterization, were healthy and refreshing after the morbid realism of recent fiction. He had, besides, a deep sympathy with external Nature, was a keen and accurate observer of her manifold phases, and was gifted occasionally with a power of expressing the fruits of his observation in bright and intelligent English. He was what the French call *un idéaliste manéque*; and it is highly creditable to the taste of the public, and at the same time a significant piece of evidence in the case of Realism vs. Idealism, that his books had such a large and appreciative circle of readers. The story before us has most of its author's merits and all his defects. It is simple to a fault. Amy Winfield is bequeathed by her father on his death-bed to the guardianship of his early friend, a certain Mr. Clifford, into whose household, at the outset, Amy brings the element of fresh, young girlhood,

which was hitherto wanting to it. It is merely necessary to hint to the practised reader of fiction that the household contained likewise two young gentlemen, sons of Mr. Clifford, and he will at once see the *dénouement*, tragical or the reverse, as he wishes. We must, however, pay a tribute to the delicacy with which Amy's character is sketched. The *insouciance* of the girl dying away into the seriousness of woman before the dawn of love, is conceived in a charming spirit. The story is framed by bright descriptions of the landscape amid which the scenes are laid; but in reference to these it must be said that Mr. Roe falls into the error of a far truer lover of nature—the late Richard Jeffries,—and often mistakes a catalogue of the various charms of his mistress for an adequate representation of her beauty. The illustrations are artistically conceived.

CARMEL IN AMERICA. A Centennial History of the Discalced Carmelites in the United States. By Charles Warren Currier, Priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1890.

The patience and industry required to collect the historical facts and letters which make up this large book are beyond all praise. It begins with Mount Carmel itself and the Prophet Elias, and proceeds with a sketch of the foundation of the Carmelite Order, and of the reform effected by St. Teresa. The American Carmel is reached in the tenth chapter, and its records occupy the rest of the book. It is enriched with delicate steel engravings of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, St. Teresa, and St. John of the Cross. We cheerfully commend it to the attention of our readers.

THE VIRGIN MOTHER OF GOOD COUNSEL. A New Month of Mary. Compiled from the Work of Mgr. George F. Dillon, D. D. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

This little book honors the Blessed Virgin as Our Lady of Good Counsel, the title so well known in Italy and becoming more commonly used in our own land. Mgr. Dillon's complete work being suitable only for those of leisure and some degree of learning, this volume has, with the author's consent, been condensed from its voluminous pages. In addition to the meditations and prayers for each day of the Month of Mary there are devotions arranged for the use of the members of the Pious Union of Our Lady of Good Counsel.

THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY. From the Original Italian Considerations of Father John Peter Pinamonti, S. J. Philadelphia: Office of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*.

This excellent translation of the renowned Considerations of Father Pinamonti is the third

complete work published in the Sacred Heart Library, and possesses especial claims to our attention, as being the work of one who was delegated to defend in Rome the cause of the Sacred Heart of Mary. The Considerations are preceded by a sketch of the venerable author, in which his extraordinary missionary labors and holy zeal are adequately set forth.

MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART FOR THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN. Translated from the French of Brother Philippe. By E. A. Mulligan. New York, Cincinnati and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

This is intended as a manual for the young Christian who would especially sanctify the month which Holy Church has dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It is compiled with a view to furthering the devotion of each day in turn by suitable meditations, and incidents taken from the lives of saints who have specially loved that Heart which has "loved men so much."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xlii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Thomas A. Hammell, an exemplary member of the parish of the Gesù, Philadelphia, Pa., who was called to his reward on the 26th ult.

Mr. James McGinn, of Toronto, Ont., whose fervent Christian life was crowned with a holy death on the 13th ult.

Mr. John H. Collins, who met with a sad death at Benson, Minn., on the 25th ult.

Mrs. Albina M. La Barthe, of Springfield, Ill., who piously breathed her last on the eve of the Ascension.

Mr. James Devine, whose happy death occurred on the 9th ult., in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Denis P. Morgan, of Chicago, Ill., who passed away on the 29th of May, fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. Patrick Connole, who peacefully departed this life at Litchfield, Minn., on the 30th ult.

Mrs. Margaret Toohey, of Troy, N. Y., who died suddenly on the 17th ult. Though sudden, her death was not unprovided.

Miss Margaret Fox, a devout Child of Mary, who piously yielded her soul to God on the 31st ult., at Stuart, Iowa.

Mr. John Beaton, of Schuyler, Neb.; Master W. J. Sullivan and Miss Margaret Kennedy, Des Moines, Iowa; Mr. John Costello, Co. Galway, Ireland; James Kelly, Mrs. Mary and Miss Mary Kelly, W. Des Moines, Iowa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Sarah.—A Story for Girls.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

(CONTINUED.)

Aunt Amelia was amazed at this outbreak. The child was a savage, who had never learned to conceal her feelings.

"Sit down," she said, noticing that Sarah had risen from her chair.

Tears filled Sarah's eyes. She was glad it was dark, so that her aunt could not see them.

"No," she answered, in a trembling voice; "I would rather go home,—indeed I would. If you do not like my father, you will never like me, and I could not force myself to stay in a house where I—"

Aunt Amelia interrupted her.

"Do not be silly, child. I have nothing against your father except that he married into our family. But I shall not mention him again, since you dislike it. I can not let you go out of my house to-night. Good gracious!—the idea of such a thing! What would people say? You had better stay your visit out; I dare say we'll get on. Now, go to bed."

She kissed her niece very coldly on the cheek, called Judith to give her a candle, and Sarah sadly went up-stairs to the little back-room, where her trunk already stood. The air was scented from the thousands of dried rose-leaves that had been added year after year to the contents of the great china jar in the corner. Sarah felt a vague sense of comfort steal over her; the roses would soon be in bloom at home, and the thought of home raised up her heart. She lit her candle, took her little statue of the Blessed Virgin and her rosary from the trunk, and said her prayers. In half an hour she was dreaming that the roses were in bloom at home, and that she was among them.

The next morning she awoke with a weight at her heart. She could not explain what it meant at first, but when she heard Judith's

voice calling her she knew that she was not among the roses at home. She dressed hastily and went down-stairs. Her aunt had gone to market. Judith greeted her cheerily, and told her to walk in the yard while she made a fresh cup of coffee.

The yard contained some chrysanthemums and a number of rosebushes just bursting into leaf. It was scrupulously kept. As Judith said, "one might eat a dinner from the brick walk." Sarah looked at the high, board fence, and felt a great desire to fly away. She wished she were a lady-bird or a sparrow, that she might go over the boards and far away. How could she ever live here! It was so different from home! And yet she must stay, for she had come with a purpose.

Sarah knew that her father was not rich. There was a mortgage on the farm, which he was slowly paying off. Sam wanted to go to college. He had finished the course in Father Ready's school; he was ambitious, and he felt that he could help his father, if he could get a good education. But there was no money for Sam,—no money for anything or anybody, except the mortgage; and so when her mother told Sarah that she was to represent the family at Aunt Amelia's, she made up her mind to learn how to earn some money. Sam had often told her what he would do if he once got through college. He would pay the mortgage off, he would buy a new piano, he would send his sisters to the best schools in the country,—what wouldn't he do? Sarah was fired with the hope of helping him. She had dreamed that Aunt Amelia would sympathize with her, but she had no thought of that now. She would have to observe and think a great deal, and then act.

Judith called her. There was a dainty omelette, coffee of the clearest kind, and crisp rolls. Judith wondered whether Sarah had ever seen anything like *that* before. She stayed in the room on the pretence of keeping away the flies with a feather fan, although no fly had yet made its appearance.

"I heard you talkin' back to Miss Amelia last night, honey; and I was jest glad. She had no business to treat you as if your mother had married a nigger!"

Sarah's coffee almost choked her.

"Not but what the Whartons were great

people, and of course you know what the Irish sometimes are. We never had any Irish people in the family until Miss Rosabel married your father, and then Miss Alice married another Irish person. She's dead; her children live somewhere in Southwark; we never visit them unless there is a death."

"Have I really cousins in this city?" asked Sarah, with sparkling eyes.

"Oh, yes! But we never took much stock in them, and I don't think Miss Amelia cares for them; they're working people. We never worked until we married into the 'wrong families.'"

"Oh!" Sarah said, and her heart sunk. She had come hoping to learn to earn money in some way; she was unprepared for this view of life.

"Drink your coffee, honey. It was the old Judge that taught me to make coffee like that, when I lived down near the old coach factory with a no-account white-trash family; but the old Judge used to drop into my kitchen jest to pass the time of day. He was a slave to an old judge of the court, and he always kept the title. Bless you! many a time *he* saw the headless horseman drive right down into the river!

Sarah was all attention, and Judith was delighted.

"Yes, the coach factory was once a great house; it belonged to some big-bug. And one night somebody murdered a coachman who was driving over the lawn; and the coachman, without his head, dashed, horses and all, straight into the river!"

"What river?"

"The Delaware, of course."

"Was there anybody in the coach?" asked Sarah.

"Lots," responded Judith, in a sepulchral voice; though she had never before considered the inside of the coach, the headless horseman always having been the principal character in the legend.

"Did you ever see him?" Sarah asked.

"No," said Judith, regretfully; "but Miss Amelia dreamed of him the night before Miss Rosabel was married. She took it as a warning against her marrying a Catholic,—you know what them Catholics are!" Judith continued, forgetting whom she was addressing.

"I am a Catholic," said Sarah, reddening; "but I hope you won't judge Catholics by me,—I'm not good enough."

"You were brought up that way, but I guess Miss Amelia will bring you around to the narrow path. I used to be a Methodist, but she argued with me until I joined the 'Piscopalians. If anything should happen to her, I don't know as I wouldn't go back."

Sarah had finished her breakfast; she helped Judith to wash the dishes, and then went into the parlor and opened the shutters of one of the windows. She remained at the window until Judith came in and closed it, saying,

"We never open our windows in the morning. It isn't respectable. Miss Amelia would be powerful mad if she saw that the shutters weren't 'bowed.' You'd better tidy up the rooms up-stairs until she finds something for you to do."

Sarah obeyed meekly.

Several days passed. The afternoons were spent in sewing,—not with a machine; for Aunt Amelia looked on sewing-machines as vulgar. Sarah, who was more at home in hunting for eggs or in weeding flower beds, hated the work; but she had to endure it from one o'clock until six every afternoon. On Saturday Aunt Amelia said she might read "Jack Halifax," a little book, with pictures in it of little girls with very short-waisted gowns, in the old fashion. It was about a boy that went to sea. There was one story in it at which Sarah laughed,—the story of two country boys from New Jersey, who thought a gilded mirror frame must be solid gold. When she had finished this she was offered Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia," the only other book in the house, except the Bible and Young's "Night Thoughts." She sat, instead of reading, looking out the window, and thinking dismally of home.

"I don't see why that child mopes so!" she heard her aunt say. "I guess we had better not ask the Hingginbothams until we see how she turns out. I don't see why she doesn't enjoy herself: she has every luxury."

"She didn't like your giving the little pigs and the turkey to the milkman," said Judith.

"I can't help that," answered Aunt Amelia, from the dining-room. "She ought to have

had better sense than to bring the nasty creatures."

"I'll open the new preserved plums to-night," said Judith, from the kitchen, "and see if they won't cheer her up. If they don't I wash my hands of country people."

A mist came into Sarah's eyes. As if preserved plums could pay for the loss of father, mother, Sam, and the rest! To think of the dear little pigs being called "nasty creatures"! When her aunt entered the parlor poor Sarah was in tears. This made Aunt Amelia uncomfortable.

"Dear me," she said, "I wish you would be more cheerful! I am sure you have everything to make you happy. Think of the ragged children that live in courts and alleys and little streets!"

"They have their mothers—and Sam," Sarah answered, sobbing.

"The child is crazy!" Aunt Amelia said to herself. "But I can't send her home yet."

On Sunday Aunt Amelia, groaning in spirit, prepared to take Sarah to church. It was bad enough to have to forego her own morning service at St. Peter's, but to enter a Romish Mass house! She shuddered at the thought. If anybody should see her,—the Hingginbothams, for instance! She half resolved not to go. But Aunt Amelia believed that it was wrong to let a young girl walk in the streets alone. Things had been different in the old days; but at the present time there were so many "new people," whose grandfathers nobody ever heard of, that the streets were positively not safe.

There was a great struggle between inclination and duty. She hated from her heart the necessity of entering a Catholic church, and yet she could find no excuse for preventing Sarah from doing so. She could not let her go alone: it would not be proper. She could not send Judith with her: Judith must stay at home to get dinner ready; and for fifty years dinner had never been a minute late in Third Street on Sunday. Aunt Amelia certainly deserved some reward for the victory she gained over her prejudices.

At ten o'clock she set forth with Sarah for the High Mass at St. Joseph's Church. How lovely and solemn the old church appeared to Sarah! The air was so sweet that it seemed

to have been embalmed for a hundred years in myrrh and frankincense. The red-covered windows cast a soft glow over everything. There were lilies on the altars, and their perfume seemed to rise visibly from among the clustering lights.

"Oh," cried Sarah, involuntarily pressing her aunt's hand, as they entered a pew—Sarah with a low genuflection, Aunt Amelia bolt upright,—“oh, aunt, I am at home!”

This took Aunt Amelia by surprise; and at the Offertory, when a rich, deep contralto voice—a voice that gave a new meaning to the words it uttered—rose in the "*O Salutaris*," Aunt Amelia felt a vague understanding of Sarah's words. The voice sunk low, weighed down by the tenderness of yearning faith, thrilling every heart with the poetry that is felt but seldom uttered. It filled the church; for the worshippers, there was for a moment in that building nothing but the Blessed Sacrament and that voice,—the one adored, the other adoring. Tremulous with love, it went on, mingling the sonorous Latin words with the silver links of the melody; it seemed to carry all loving human hearts in its current to the door of the tabernacle. The organ music, always so majestic, was but a ripple to the dignity and breadth of tone of the voice. At last, with all the fervor of hope, of love, of longing—like an ocean wave that loses itself in the bosom of the mother for whom it longs,—the voice uttered the words:

"Nobis donet in patria,"

as they have never been uttered in any church but old St. Joseph's and by that voice.

Aunt Amelia had forgotten herself for the first time in many years; and when, at the end of the Mass, she rose to go, she was not surprised at the gentle look in Sarah's eyes. She forgot to wonder whether Judith had burned the roast beef,—the first time in her career as a housekeeper she had omitted to do so.

(To be continued.)

MANY a very polite man is anything but a gentleman,—that is to say, his politeness is not a part of his real nature: it is intermittent, not constant; and his fine, or superfine, manners only thinly varnish the coarse, common substance beneath.

The Act of Kindness that Cured François.

I.

The child lay in his little white bed, his eyes bright with fever, looking straight before him, in that fixed way with which those who are very ill appear to see something that can not be perceived by persons around them. The mother, at the foot of the bed, biting her fingers so as not to cry out loud, anxiously watched the poor pinched face; while the father, a fine-looking young tradesman, forced back the tears which now and then trembled on his eyelashes.

And the day dawned clear and bright, the sun stealing cheerily into the small room in Rue des Abbesses, where François, the child of Jacques Legrand and Madelaine, his wife, lay dying. He was seven years old. Only three weeks before he was all pink and white, alive in every limb, and gay as a sparrow. Returning from school one day, with hot head and cold hands, it was evident that he had been stricken with fever. Since that day he had never left his bed; while time and again, looking at the little well-blackened shoes placed by his mother in one corner of the room, he cried out:

"You may give my shoes away now, if you like, mamma. Little François will never put them on any more; little François will never go to school again."

And the father would answer, weeping: "Hush, little one! Hush!" But the mother buried her head in the bedclothes, that the child might not see her tears.

The night before the boy had not been delirious, but the doctor was amazed by the indifference, or *abandon*, which he showed,—as though he, a child of seven, had grown tired of living. There the little fellow lay, sad and silent, tossing his head violently from side to side; not wishing to take either food or medicine; never a smile on his attenuated features, his piercing eyes seeming to look far away into vacancy.

"It is absolutely necessary," said the doctor, "that this state of things be done away with. You are his father and mother," he continued; "you should know your child.

Seek for something—think of something that will reanimate his little body and bring back his thoughts from the clouds." With these words he was gone.

"Seek for something! think of something!" Ah, yes, they knew him well, their darling little boy! And they had known well how to amuse him,—but now!

The father had bought him some toy soldiers and some Chinese figures; these he brought to the bedside, and with breaking heart caused them to go through their evolutions on the coverlet, trying to make the child laugh.

"See, darling, here are the soldiers! Tra-la-la-la! Look, here is a general! You remember, François, one time we saw a real live general in the Bois de Boulogne? If you will only take your soup I promise to buy you one with a cloth coat and gold epaulets. Do you see him, François? Would you like to have a fine one?"

"No," replied the child, wearily.

"Would you like a little pistol, some marbles, or a bow and arrow?"

"No," again said the sharp, almost cruel, little voice. And to all questions, all promises, all offers of beautiful tops and balloons and kites, he only repeated, with great weariness: "No! no! no!"

"But there must be something you would like to have, François?" said the mother. "Let us think again. Is there not something you want, my pet,—some toy that will please you? Whisper in mamma's ear. It shall be a little secret."

Then the child, turning on his pillow, and gazing into space as at something held by an invisible hand, exclaimed in a loud voice, at once suppliant and imperative, "I want Boum-Boum!"

"Boum-Boum"? The poor mother looked at her husband in dismay. What did the child mean? Could it be possible that frightful delirium was about to return? Boum-Boum! She did not know what it meant, and her heart misgave her at the sharp words; all the more as the little fellow, once having giving expression to his hidden desire, now excitedly repeated:

"Yes, Boum-Boum! Boum-Boum! I want Boum-Boum!"

The mother seized her husband's hand. "Ah, Jacques!" she exclaimed, "what does he say?—what does he mean? It is all over with him!"

But the father's face wore a peculiar smile, at once happy and sad, like the smile of the condemned who dreams of the possibility of freedom.

Boum-Boum! He well remembered that Easter Monday when he had taken François to the circus! He could still hear the joyous shouts of the child when the clown, gay in his parti-colored suit, with a huge scintillating butterfly on his head, performed his droll antics,—now slyly administering a kick to his neighbors, his countenance wearing a most innocent expression; now tumbling over his companions in the ring; now forming with them a great pyramid, while he, the topmost figure, graciously waved his hand to the audience, and with every new feat, every comical position, called out to a blast of the orchestra, "Boum-Boum!" over and over again and again.

Alas, he remembered it but too well! And this was what the sick child craved and longed for all the while,—the clown of the circus, the fun-maker for the million,—and whom he could not by any possibility see or hear, because he lay weak and dying on his little white bed!

That evening the father brought home a miniature clown, so neatly and perfectly appointed that it had cost him a day's earnings. But the devoted parent would have given twenty, thirty—yes, a year's wages to bring a smile once more to the pallid face of his little boy.

The child looked at the toy a moment, then said sadly:

"That is not Boum-Boum! I want to see Boum-Boum!"

Ah, if his father might only wrap the bedclothes around him and take him to the circus! But that could not be. Wait! it was the inspiration of a moment. He left the room hurriedly and hastened to the circus, afraid that his courage would ooze away before he got there. They gave him the address of the clown, and he soon found himself mounting the stairs which led to that gentleman's lodgings.

"Ah, but I have assurance!" he said to himself as he went. "Still, perhaps he has a kind heart,—perhaps he will consent to come and say, 'How do you do!' to my little François—what! this gentleman is not Boum-Boum! It can not be! In an elegant room, surrounded by objects of art, plainly and tastefully attired, with a grave but pleasant face! There must be some mistake!"

Jacques stood with his hat in his hand, not knowing how to begin. The other waited. Then the father, after a few moments, began to excuse himself.

"It is an unreasonable thing that I have come to ask, Monsieur," he said; "but the child is so anxious and excited! A dear little child, Monsieur; and so intelligent! Always the first in his lessons, except arithmetic, which he can not understand. A dreamer, you see, Monsieur; yes, a dreamer! And to prove it—to prove it—"

Here Jacques' voice failed him; he stammered; but, summoning courage again, he blurted out:

"In short, he is ill and he wants to see you; he thinks only of you, and that you are there before him like a star, which he would fain hold in his possession."

When he had finished the sweat stood in great drops on his forehead. He dared not raise his eyes to look at the clown, who regarded him attentively.

"Where do you live?" asked the clown, at length.

"Oh, very close by,—Rue des Abbesses!"

"Let us go," replied the other. "Your sick boy wishes to see Boum-Boum? Very well, he shall see him."

II.

When the door opened to admit them, Jacques Legrand cried out joyously,

"François, be content, you little rogue! Here he is,—here is Boum-Boum!"

A joyful light broke over the countenance of the child. He lifted himself from his mother's arms and turned his head toward the two men, wondering who the man in the overcoat was, standing beside his father.

But when Jacques said, "This is Boum-Boum," his expression changed, and he sank once more upon the pillow and gazed fixedly at the wall, where he saw, in all the glory of

spangles and laces, the Boum-Boum of his memory, the idol of his dream.

"No," he said, slowly and sadly, desolation in his voice,—"no, that is not Boum-Boum!"

The clown, approaching the little bed, gazed on the child with great tenderness and compassion. Then, raising his eyes, he looked at the sorrowing father, the despairing mother, and said with a smile: "He is right: this is not Boum-Boum."

And so he departed.

"I shall never see him! I shall never see him!" cried the child, in a mysterious, far-away voice, as though talking to the angels. "Perhaps Boum-Boum may be there where little François is soon going."

All at once, about half an hour after the clown had disappeared, the door opened, and, clad in his parti-colored costume, his golden butterfly on his head, a beaming smile on his lips, appeared the real Boum-Boum, the beautiful Boum-Boum of the circus, the Boum-Boum of the populace,—the Boum-Boum for whom poor little François had been pining and dying.

And from his little white bed, the joy of life in his eyes, laughing, weeping, happy, saved, the child clapped his hands, and cried out with the gayety of his seven years:

"Bravo, Boum-Boum! It is he, it is he this time! Hurra for Boum-Boum! Hurra for Boum-Boum! How do you do, Boum-Boum?"

When the doctor returned that day he found seated at the head of little François' bed a pale-faced clown, who laughed himself while he made the child laugh, saying now and then, as he dropped a morsel of sugar in a cup of tea,

"You know if you do not drink, little François, Boum-Boum can not return."

And the child drank.

"Is it not very good, François?"

"Very good! Thank you!"

"Doctor," said the clown, "do not be jealous. It seems that my grimaces do him as much good as your prescriptions."

The father and mother wept, but this time for joy. And as soon as little François was able to stand on his feet a carriage came every day to Rue des Abbesses, and a man descended wrapped in a long cloak, the collar well up about his throat, which covered a

parti-colored costume, but could not hide his broad and genial smile.

"What do I owe you, Monsieur?" said Jacques, when the child had taken his first outing. "For I do owe you much."

The clown extended his Herculean hands to the grateful father and mother.

"Nothing but a friendly shake hands," said he. Then, imprinting two big kisses on the rosy cheeks of the child, he added, laughingly: "And, over and above, permission to put on my visiting cards, 'Boum-Boum, acrobatic doctor, physician in ordinary to good little François.'"

An Incident of Waterloo.

The battle of Waterloo was over, and the French army, cut to pieces and disorganized, was in full retreat. Two companies of artillery stopped at the little city of Soissons for rest and food. The mayor of the town was called upon to see that the men were fed. He immediately ordered the inhabitants to provide bread, which was done. Then he said: "They must have meat also, these brave defenders of our country. Cast lots, and whoever loses must give a cow to be slaughtered."

There was some consternation at this order, but lots were quickly drawn, and it fell out that a poor old woman was the loser. She came before the mayor, leaning on her staff. "Honored sir," she said, "I have no friend except my faithful cow, who is both my support and companion. I pray you not to deprive me of all my worldly goods by taking her away to be killed. I think I should die, too, of grief and discouragement."

The mayor was patriotic, and answered that a cow was a small matter when men had been so brave and were so hungry; so he ordered the animal to be slaughtered. Then a loud voice rang from out the ranks: "We will not eat the poor old woman's cow!" cried one soldier. "No," called another; "we will imagine it Friday, and fast cheerfully." "Yes, yes!" they all exclaimed, as they crowded about the poor woman, who fell on her knees and thanked and blessed her kind champions. Then she led her cow away, and the artillerymen that day went without meat.

THE AVE MARIA

TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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Eternity.

"Time is full of eternity."—Manning.

WE prate of winged Time, how fast he flies,
Like the south wind 'neath which the flowers
bend

And rise again; as if that were the end.
But as the gentle breeze that so soon dies
Hath made a motion felt 'neath all our skies,
And to far lands its onward way doth wend,
And in its homeward course doth faster send
Some barge whose oars a gaunt Mongolian plies;
E'en so each moment of our life is fraught
With consequence eternal. In the Life
In which our little lives shall merged be,
We shall forever see how every thought
And word and deed, in all the weary strife
With sin and pain, makes up eternity.

E. S. GOWANS.

Devotion to Mary in the East.

DEVOTION to the ever-blessed Virgin Mary, which from the very beginning has formed an integral element of the Christian religion, received a marked impetus in the Eastern Church about the commencement of the fifth century. The celebrated Council of Ephesus had assembled and pronounced the condemnation of the heresiarch Nestorius, and had solemnly defined that Mary, the Mother of the Word made Flesh, was, and should be called, the Mother of God.

This definition was received with the greatest joy by the faithful, and the one thought uppermost in their minds was to seek to

make due reparation to the Queen of heaven and earth for the insult offered by heresy to her exalted dignity. Happily, the condition of the Eastern world at the time facilitated the accomplishment of the desires of loving and devoted hearts. There was nothing to restrain the free and general development of devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Persecution had ceased; paganism had almost disappeared in the light of the Gospel; the blood of the martyrs had become the seed of strong and vigorous Christians; the darkness of ignorance had been dissipated through the instructions of Christian schools and doctors.

Naturally, devotion to Mary found its public expression first in those places hallowed by the birth of her Divine Son and by the great events connected with the mystery of man's redemption. St. Helena destroyed the statue of Adonis which the Emperor Adrian had erected over the site of the stable at Bethlehem, and built a beautiful church under the invocation of Mary. She restored also the Holy House at Nazareth, and built another church to Our Lady of the Swoon, on the spot where Jesus met His Mother as He was toiling under the weight of the cross on His way to Calvary. These formed, as it were, the germs of twenty other churches that soon sprang up in as many different places in the Holy Land, with which tradition associated the name and memory of the Virgin Mother.

Following in the footsteps of his mother, Constantine consecrated to the Blessed Virgin the new capital which he had built.

Pulcheria, sister of Theodosius II. and spouse of the Emperor Marcian, who had

aided in the convocation of the councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon, procured the erection of three grand basilicas at Constantinople, each of which possessed some precious relic of the Blessed Virgin, among them her portrait, said to have been painted by St. Luke.

The Emperors Leo I. and Justinian adorned Constantinople with new temples, and built others at Jerusalem, Alexandria, Carthage, and in all the places throughout their domain which had been marked by some signal favor obtained through the special protection of the Blessed Virgin. The distinguished ecclesiastical historian, Baronius, records the erection of a memorial tablet in which Justinian thanks God for his victories in Africa. "And remark," says the historian, "how the Emperor attributes the divine protection to the Virgin Mary, and commends himself to her powerful intercession, in order to obtain from Heaven what may still be wanting to the prosperity of the empire. Between him and Mary, the Mother of God, there seemed to be a kind of mutual interchange of services and favors. In return for his defence against the Nestorians of her eminent dignity, her title of Mother of God, she bestowed upon him an empire; he erected in her honor a number of churches, notably the grand Basilica of Jerusalem, and she rewarded him with glorious conquests in Africa. Thus it is that between God and man there is, so to speak, a contest in the performance of services. But in this conflict God is always the victor, and man's glory alone is found in acknowledging, by his acts of thanksgiving, that he has been overwhelmed by the favors of the Most High."

At this period Narsus, one of Justinian's generals, while leading his soldiers against Totila, said to them: "Be brave and fear not! The Blessed Virgin is with us, and against those who refuse to give her her glorious title of Mother of God." And the word went through the ranks that the *Panagia*, the All-Holy One, had promised victory. Totila was defeated, and Italy returned thanks to Our Lady of Victory.

At Constantinople, every victory over the barbarians, every delivery from plague or any other calamity, was attributed to Mary, and public gratitude was expressed in new monuments. For many long years the history of

that city is identified with the history of devotion to its glorious patron, the Mother of God. A statue of the Blessed Virgin, under the title of *Nicopeia*, was especially honored there; it was carried into every battle, and in time of peace it was placed in the grand basilica of the Pharos.

Even the devastating inroads made by schism did not destroy devotion to Mary: it was and is still preserved among all the schismatic Christians of the East. Armenians, Copts, Ethiopians, Turks, and Persians,—all have their votive offerings and their practices of piety in honor of the Mother of God. All those nations drawn to the Greek schism have remained faithful to her, especially the Slavonic race. In this respect schismatic Russia disputes the palm with orthodox Poland, and the devotion of the Polish people to the Immaculate Queen of Heaven is one of the most beautiful and distinguishing traits of the piety of that afflicted nation.

Thus it is that in the East, as well as in the West, devotion to the Mother of the world's Redeemer is co-extensive with the propagation of the truths of the Christian religion. It permeates and adorns the teachings of Christianity, exercises its salutary influence upon all social institutions; it completes, perfects, and is actually identified with, the history of the Church and of nations. The splendor with which Mary is surrounded in heaven is reflected upon the earth. The blessed inhabitants of the realms of bliss eternal are not alone in acknowledging her as their sovereign. Men here upon earth, exiles in this vale of tears, have never ceased, wherever they may be, to pay her the just tribute of their respectful homage. Looking back into the past with the countless monuments of ages long gone by, considering the present with the marks of honor manifested on every side, we can not help being struck by the evident and long-continued devotion of the nations to that glorious and powerful Queen so worthy of our love. Harken to the concert of praises which ever since the very first ages of faith has uninterruptedly ascended to the throne of this august Virgin! How wonderful the deep veneration, the unlimited confidence, and the tender devotion that animate the manifold and expressive practices of piety by which

the Church leads her children to honor Mary, the Mother of Jesus! Everything indeed assures the Christian of the truth that as long as the glad tidings of the Gospel of Christ shall be made known throughout the world—that is to say, until time shall be no more,—so long shall universal devotion to the Mother of God remain the enduring fulfilment of her own glorious prophecy: “Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.”

The Baron's Secret.

IV.

UP to the present time I had been only puzzled and amazed by the vagaries and irregularities of the Baron: I had yet to be staggered and confounded by the most palpable and barefaced act of inconsistency that ever lunatic conceived and executed.

The winter and spring had passed, and summer came, placing our time more at our disposal. Summer is the dissector's long vacation. I permitted myself to take recreation, and to seek amusement in the many public resorts of this interesting Capital. One morning I attended the Baron at the hospital, and returned with him to his abode. We sat together for an hour, and I distinctly remember that on this occasion the unbeliever was even more witty than usual on the subject which he was ever ready to introduce, with, I am sorry to say, no better object than that of turning it into ridicule and contempt. I left him, irritated and annoyed at his behavior, and tried to forget it in the crowds of people who were thronging the gay streets on one of the brightest mornings of the year.

I hardly know why I directed my steps toward the Place St. Sulpice; or why, having reached it, I lingered, gazing at the church which has its site there. I had a better reason for quitting it with precipitation; for, while I stood musing, I became suddenly aware of the presence of my friend, the Baron. He did not see me, and I was not anxious to return again to the disagreeable discussion of the morning. As I turned away from the church, however, I looked instinctively back,

and was much surprised to behold the Baron glancing very suspiciously about him, and appearing most anxious to avoid observation. I was mentally debating whether such was really the fact, or whether the idea was suggested by my own clandestine movement, when, to my astonishment, he put an end to all doubt by making one rapid march toward the church, and then rushing in, looking neither to the right nor left, behind nor before him.

This was truly too extraordinary a circumstance to witness without further inquiry. I immediately retraced my steps, and followed the atheist into the church, where surely *he* could have no business to transact. If my surprise had been great without the sacred edifice, what was it within, and at that portion of it known by the designation of the Chapel of Notre Dame, when I beheld my friend, this exceedingly erratic Baron, upon his knees in solemn prayer,—yes, kneeling in low humility, and praying audibly, with a devotion and awful earnestness that could not be surpassed! He remained on his knees and persevered in his devotions until the conclusion of the service which was celebrating at the altar of the chapel; and then he bestowed his alms, performing all things with an expression of countenance and gravity of demeanor such as I knew him to wear only at the table upon which he had achieved the most celebrated of his surgical triumphs.

“Mad, mad!” I exclaimed, aloud; “nothing short of it!” Why, such glaring, wholesale hypocrisy had not been committed since Satan first introduced the vice into Eden! What atrocity! what barefaced blasphemy! It was the part of a Christian and a friend to attribute the extravagant proceedings of the Baron to absolute insanity, and to nothing else; and I did so accordingly, alarmed for the safety of the unfortunate professor, and marvelling what unheard-of act would next be perpetrated, rendering it incumbent on society to lock up the lunatic for life. Why, his lips were hardly relieved of the pollution which had fallen from them in my presence! And could he, in his senses, with his reason not unhinged, dare to offend his Maker doubly by the mockery of such prayers as *he* could offer up? What was his motive, what his end? That he was anxious for concealment was

evident. Had he courted observation, I might have supposed him actuated by some far-sighted scheme of policy; and yet his rash and straightforward temperament rendered him incapable of any stratagem whatever. No, no! look at the thing as I would, there was no accounting for this most perplexing anomaly, except on the ground of mental infirmity. Alas, poor Baron!

When the service was at an end I took up a position in the street, near the church, in order to observe the Baron's next movement, quite prepared for anything that might happen. I was disappointed. He looked very cheerful and very happy as he made his appearance from the temple which he had so recently profaned, and walked steadily and quietly away. I followed him, and, in the excitement of the moment, was about to accost him, when he suddenly turned into a narrow lane, and I lost sight of him.

Before I saw the Baron again I had made up my mind to keep my own counsel, and to give him no hint of my having discovered and watched him. The reasons for silence were twofold. First, I hoped, by keeping my eye on the professor, to learn more of his character than I yet knew; and, in the second place, I did not wish to be regarded as a spy by an individual of violent passions, whom I could not conscientiously suppose responsible for his actions.

It so happened that on the evening of this very day the Baron held a *conversazione* in his rooms, to which the first people of Paris, both in rank and talent, were invited. I, who had the *entrée*, was present of course, and I was likewise among the first of the arrivals. With me the chief physician of the Hôtel-Dieu entered the room. The surgeon and the physician shook hands; and, after a word or two, the latter asked, abruptly:

"By the way, Baron, what were you doing at St. Sulpice this morning? I saw you quitting the church."

"Oh," said the Baron, without changing color or moving a muscle, although I blushed to my very forehead,—“oh, a sick priest, placed under my care by the Duchess d'Angoulême—nothing more!”

"Well, I could hardly believe that you had turned saint—that is the truth."

"Not yet, not yet!" added the Baron, laughing out. "This is to be the saint," he continued, tapping me on the shoulder. "St. Ashleigh! That will look very fine in the calendar! However, my friend, if they attempt to canonize you while I live, I'll act the part of devil's advocate and contest your right to admission, if it is only to punish you for your opposition to me in this world. So take care of yourself, and read up your divinity."

And with these words the unmitigated hypocrite, chuckling at my apparent confusion, advanced to the door and welcomed his crowding visitors.

On the following day I repaired to St. Sulpice, but did not see the Baron. I went again and again, with no better success. For a week I attended the service daily—still no Baron. Afterward I went twice a week. At the end of two months I contented myself with one visit weekly—still no Baron. I did not like to give up the watch; I could not tell *why* I felt sure of meeting with him again, yet I so felt; and I was curious to know how far he carried his madness, and what object he proposed to himself in the prosecution and indulgence of his monomania.

Three months elapsed, and I was at length repaid for my perseverance. For a second time I saw the Baron enter the church, assist devoutly at the celebration of Mass at the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin, repeat some prayers, and offer his alms. There was the same solemnity of bearing during the ceremony, the same cheerful self-possession at its completion. A more methodical madness there could not be! I was determined this time not to lose sight of my gentleman without obtaining at least a clue to his extraordinary behavior. As soon as the service was over he prepared for his departure. Before, however, he could quit the church I crossed it, unperceived by him, and walked straight up to the sacristan.

"Who is that gentleman?" I asked, pointing to the surgeon.

"Monsieur F—," he replied, readily,—so readily that I hardly knew what to ask next. "A regular attendant, sir," he continued, in an impressive tone of approbation.

"Indeed!" said I.

"Aye: I will be here twelve years next

Easter, and four times regularly every year has Monsieur come to hear this Mass."

"It is very strange!" said I, speaking to myself.

"Not at all," answered the sacristan; "it is very natural, seeing that he himself is the founder of it."

Worse and worse! The inconsistency of the reviler of things sacred was becoming more barefaced and unpardonable. "Let him taunt me again!" I exclaimed, walking homeward. "Let him mock me for my childish notions, as he calls them, and attempt to be facetious at the expense of all that is holy and good and consolatory in life! Let him attempt it, and I will annihilate him with a word!"

When, however, I grew more collected I began to understand how, by such proceeding, I might shoot very wide of my mark, and give my friend an advantage, after all. He had explained his presence at the church to his colleague, by attributing it to a visit paid to a sick priest there. He should have no opportunity to prevaricate if I once challenged him. Now he might have the effrontery to deny what I had seen with my own eyes and could swear to. By lying in wait for him again, and accosting him while he was in the very act of perpetrating his solemn farce, I should deprive him of all power of evasion and escape. And so I determined it should be.

In the meanwhile I kept my own counsel, and went on as usual. I learned from the sacristan when the Baron was next expected at the Mass, and until that day did not present myself again at the Place St. Sulpice. Before that time came, however, a touching incident occurred, which, as leading to important consequences, deserves especial notice.

It was growing late one evening of this same summer; the surgeon was fatigued with the labors of the day; I was on the point of leaving him, he of retiring to rest, when François announced a stranger. An old man appeared. He was short and very thin; his cheeks were pale, his hair hoary. Benignity beamed in his countenance, on which traces of suffering lingered, not wholly effaced by piety and resignation. There was an air of sweetness and repose about the venerable stranger that at the first sight gained one's

respect, if not regard. When he entered the apartment he bowed with ceremony, and then waited timidly.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the surgeon, roughly.

"Allow me to be seated," said the stranger, drawing his breath with difficulty, and speaking with a weak and tremulous voice; "I am very tired."

The Baron, as if rebuked, rose instantly and gave his visitor a chair.

"I am very old," continued the latter, "and my poor legs are weary."

"What ails you?"

"Permit me," said the stranger. "I am the priest of a small village, very far from Paris."

"Humph!" ejaculated the surgeon.

"Two years ago I had a swelling in my neck, which the doctor of our village thought of no importance; but it burst at last, and for a long time I was confined to my bed, a useless, idle man. With four parishes and no assistant, there lay a heavy weight upon my conscience; but God is good, sir—"

"Show me your throat!" exclaimed the Baron, interrupting him.

"And my people, too," proceeded the old man, preparing to obey the surgeon's command,— "my people were very considerate and kind. When I got a little better they offered, in order to lighten my labors, to come to one church every Sunday. But it was not fair, sir. They are working men, and have much to do, and Sunday is their only day of rest. It was not right that so many should resign their comfort for the sake of one, and I could not bear to think of it."

All this was uttered with such perfect, natural simplicity that it was impossible not to feel at once great interest in the statement of the speaker. My attention was riveted. Not so the Baron's, who answered with more impatience than he had ever used toward the water-carriers:

"Come to the point, sir!"

"I was coming, sir," said the old priest, mildly; "I trust I don't fatigue you. While I was in doubt as to what was best to do, a friend strongly recommended me to come to Paris and to consult you. It was a thing to consider, sir: a long journey and a great expense! We have many poor in our district,

and it is not lawful to cast away money that rightfully belongs to them. But when I became reduced as you see me, I could not regard the money as thrown away on such an errand; and so I came. I arrived only an hour ago, and have not delayed an instant."

The surgeon, affecting not to listen to the plaintive recital of the poor priest, proceeded very carefully to examine his disease. It was an alarming one, indeed of so aggravated a character that it was astonishing to see the sufferer alive after all that he had undergone in its progress.

"This disease must kill you," said the Baron—brutally, I thought, considering the present condition of the man, his distance from home, friends, and all the natural ties that render calamity less frightful and insupportable. I would gladly have said a word to soften the pain which the Baron had inflicted, but it would have been officious and might have given offence.

The old priest, however, expressed no anxiety or regret upon hearing the verdict pronounced against him. With a firm and quiet hand he replaced the bandages, and then drew a coarse bag from his pocket, from which he extracted a five-franc piece.

"This is," he said, calmly, "a very small fee indeed for the opinion of so celebrated a surgeon; but, as I have told you, sir, the necessities of my poor are great. I can not afford to spend more upon this worthless body. I am very grateful to you for your candor, sir. It will be my own fault now if I die unprepared."

"It is the profession of a priest," said the Baron, "to affect stoicism; you do not feel it."

"I do not, sir," replied the priest, respectfully. "I did not hear the awful truth you just told me as a stoic would. Pardon me for saying that it might have been communicated less harshly and abruptly to a weak old man; I do not wish to speak offensively."

The Baron blushed for shame.

"I am a human being, sir," continued the priest, "and must feel as other men. Death is a terrible abyss between earth and heaven; but the land is not less lovely beyond it."

"You speak as you were taught?" said the Baron.

"Yes."

"And as you teach?"

"Yes."

"And you profess to feel all this?"

"I profess to be an humble minister of Christ—imperfect enough, God knows! I ask your pardon for complaining at your words. They did not shock me very much. How should they when I came expecting them? Farewell, sir! I will return to Auvergne, and die in the midst of my people."

"Stay!" exclaimed the Baron, touched and softened by one magical word. "Come back! I admire your calmness, I respect your power of endurance. Can you trust them to the end?"

"I am frail and very weak, sir," replied the priest. "I would bear much to save my life. I do not wish to die. I have many things unfinished yet."

"Listen to me. There is but one means of saving you; and, mark, even that perhaps may fail—a long, painful, and it may be unsuccessful, operation. Are you prepared to run the risk?"

"Is there a chance, sir?"

"Yes, but a remote one. Were I the priest of Auvergne I would take that chance."

"It is enough, sir," answered the old man. "Let it be done. I will undergo it, with the help of God, for the sake of my dear children in Auvergne."

The Baron sat at his desk and wrote a few lines.

"Present this note," said he, "at the Salle Ste. Agnes in the Hôtel-Dieu. Go at once. The Sisters there will see that you want nothing. Take rest for a day or two, and I will see afterward what can be done for you."

The priest thanked the Baron many times for his kindness, bowed respectfully, and retired. The infidel surgeon sat for a few moments after his departure, silent and thoughtful.

"Happy man!" he exclaimed at last, sighing as the words escaped him.

"Happy, sir?" said I, inquiringly.

"Yes, happy, Mr. Ashleigh! Untenable as the system is on which he builds, is he not to be envied for the faith that buoys him up so well through the great sea of trouble, as your poet justly calls this pitiable world? Could one *purchase* this all-powerful faith, what price would be too dear for such an acquisition?"

Who would not give all that he possesses to grasp that hope and anchor?"

"And yet, sir, you might have it. The gift is freely offered, and you spurn it."

"No such thing!" replied the surgeon, hastily. "I may *not* have it. This good, weak man is content to take for granted what my mind rejects without fair proofs. He receives as a postulate that which I must have demonstrated. I try to solve the problem, and the first links of the argument lead to an absurdity."

Hereupon ensued a discussion, which, like many preceding ones, for all useful purposes, ended as it began, leaving us both just where it had found us—our tempers rather than our views changing in the conflict. Two or three times I was tempted to rattle out a volley of indignation at his amazing and unparalleled effrontery, and of calling him to an account for his turpitude; but my better judgment restrained me, bidding me to reserve my blows until they should fall unerringly and effectually upon his defenceless head.

In the meantime the good old priest carried his mild and resigned spirit with him into the hospital. He was received with kindness and treated with especial care, chiefly on account of the recommendation of the Baron, who was interested in the unfortunate pastor to a greater extent than he cared to acknowledge. The day for the operation—postponed from time to time—at length arrived. It was performed. The process was long and painful, but the patient never uttered a complaint; his moans were wrung from him in the extremity of torture and physical helplessness. The result was successful. One knew not which to admire the more—the Christian resignation of the patient or the consummate skill of the operator; both were perfect. When the scene was over, the surgeon shook the priest by the hand tenderly and encouragingly, and with his handkerchief wiped the sweat-drops from his aged brow. He saw him afterward carefully removed to his bed, and for half an hour watched at his side, until, exhausted, the sufferer fell asleep.

During the slow recovery of the invalid, his bed was the first visited by the surgeon in his daily rounds. He lingered there long after his services were needed, and listened with

the deepest attention to the accounts which the priest gave of his mode of life, and of the condition of his dear flock far away in Auvergne. When at length the convalescent was able to leave his bed, the Baron, to the great surprise of all who knew his dispositions, would take him by the arm and give him his support as the priest walked slowly up and down the ward. It was the feeling act of an affectionate son. Then the surgeon made eager inquiries, which the priest as eagerly answered; and they grew as friendly as though they had been well acquainted from their infancy. Weeks passed away; the priest was at last discharged, cured; and, with prayers mingling with tears of gratitude, he took leave of his benefactor, and returned in joy to his native village.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Mother of Mercy.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

IN the Paradise of God, where suffering is not known,
Where there are no sad mourners and no one to console,
They cry no longer to thee, Mother of Mercy dear,
Though they remember fondly thy mercies to them here.

The angels sing forever the wondrous song of love
That names thee Queen of Heaven to all the hosts above;
And the prophets in their rapture are telling thee elect
The glorious titles, Lady fair, with which thy crown is decked.

The Apostles and the martyrs in victorious array,
The virgins bearing lilies that never fade away,—
These offer thee their joys, undimmed by human fears;
We only, O loving Mother, can offer thee our tears!

Thy mercy can not shine save where miseries abound,
And pardon only falleth where sin and shame are found;
Only we thy trembling children on thy mercy, Mother, call,
For only on the suffering can thy tender mercy fall.

A Legend of the Colosseum.

THE Roman populace was in excellent humor. One of its many favorite pastimes had been provided for the morrow. In the vast amphitheatre of the Colosseum would be presented the ever-welcome spectacle of a band of Christians torn to pieces by the savage beasts of the jungle. Moreover, as a prelude to this delightful drama, Ardelius, the popular buffoon, was to appear in an admirable comedy, in which the rites and ceremonies of Christian worship were to be held up to the most extravagant ridicule. The prospect of a hearty laugh at the drolleries of their favorite comedian, an opportunity of loading with insults the chained followers of the despised Nazarene, and the crowning gratification of beholding the effusion of the martyrs' life-blood,—truly here was good and sufficient cause for being sincerely grateful to the gods and the divine Emperor.

Ardelius, however, was somewhat anxious. Unequalled among his contemporaries in the art of buffoonery, he owed his success to his really superior intelligence; and he well knew that his proposed parody of Christian practices, however burlesque he might make it, would be completely successful only inasmuch as it bore some resemblance to reality. He must, then, attain some knowledge of these practices; and, as the Christians were careful to hold their assemblies in secret, the matter was not an easy one. One circumstance only offered him some hope.

Among his female slaves was a young woman named Tertia. He was well aware that she was a Christian—the modesty of her demeanor sufficiently indicated the fact; but he pretended to ignore it, because of the edicts which would have obliged him to denounce her to the prefect of the city. Ardelius had on several occasions questioned her, or attempted to do so, concerning Christian beliefs and ceremonies; but Tertia, fearing some profanation of our holy mysteries, had resisted his curiosity by evasive answers. On the evening before the spectacle in which he was to take part, he made another attempt to obtain from her some hints that might be utilized in his proposed farce. The fortitude of the Chris-

tians was so well known that the comedian had not the slightest hope of acquiring the coveted information by menaces or rigor: he set about the matter more adroitly, and imparted to his faithful slave a tale not less plausible than false.

"Tertia," said he, "I have heard a great deal of late concerning the Christian doctrine. So far as I have seen, I must say that it impresses me with its beauty, and I regret that I do not know it in its entirety. I can not account for my sentiments, but I seem inexplicably drawn to the adoption of your belief. The only difficulty that presents itself is, could I be instructed first? I half fear that once I become a professed Christian, I shall be confronted with practices that are absurd or even impious."

"Our enemies," replied the slave, "spread these slanders to destroy us. On the contrary, in our worship there is nothing but what is great and pure and holy. If your desire is sincere I will introduce you to our doctors, and I am confident that when once you know our beliefs you will condemn the abominations of idolatry."

"But will not your doctors despise my profession?"

"We despise no one. The kingdom of heaven is open to all, provided they desire to reach it."

"Will they forbid me to appear on the stage?"

"When you become a follower of Jesus Christ, you will order your life as seems best to you."

"After all, if they *should* exact it, I have grown somewhat tired of being a harlequin. But, now I think of it, if I visit your doctors I shall pass for a Christian. I have no desire to lose my head."

"Baptism banishes these fears. He who is fortified by its graces is endowed with supernatural strength, and far from dreading death, longs and sighs for it."

"That is exactly what I have remarked, and have never been able to understand. What is this baptism that possesses such virtue and so profoundly changes men's natures?"

"It is the first of our ceremonies, that which transforms us from children of darkness into children of light."

"A banquet, doubtless, at which you are served with magic drinks or enchanted viands?"

"Oh, no! It consists merely in pouring water on the head while pronouncing some sacramental words."

"Cabalistic words,—I thought so! Invocations to earth and hell, I presume?"

"We invoke God alone. Heaven and earth are but His creatures, and it is not permitted us to invoke them. We are baptized in the name of God three and one,—of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

"Are there no other rites?"

"That at least is the only necessary ceremony."

"What! nothing more is required to transform men and to make heroes of the most timid and feeble? And as soon as I have a little common water thrown on my head I shall become capable of enduring all species of torments?"

"Yes; and if by chance your faith becomes weakened you can always strengthen it in our *agapæ*."

"Those are the mysterious banquets with which you are reproached?"

"The hatred of our enemies compels us to hold them in secret."

"You drink at these feasts rare wines that exhilarate you, do you not?"

"We drink a celestial wine—but I am not allowed to reveal our mysteries. If you seek the truth, come. You will be instructed in all our doctrine."

"Wait a while. To become a Christian is to invite death; it is worth thinking twice about."

"I beg you at least not to abuse the confidence that I, perhaps imprudently, have given you."

Notwithstanding the promise with which Ardelius reassured her, Tertia bitterly reproached herself for her thoughtlessness. It seemed to her that some misfortune would result from her imprudence. She grew sad and affected by sinister presentiments. These latter were soon verified. She learned that a great spectacle was to be given the next day: that the Christians were to combat wild beasts, and that before the martyrdom Ardelius and other actors were to burlesque her

religion. Seized with remorse, she hastened to the priest who had baptized her, ingenuously confessed her fault, and to expiate it fasted and prayed. At her baptism she had received the name of Mary, and she now invoked her patroness with fervor, tearfully beseeching Our Lady to enlighten and teach her how to repair the scandal she had involuntarily abetted.

That evening she implored her master not to profane the holy rites of which she had told him, protesting that if he did so she would be guilty of his sacrilege. The comedian laughed at her request, and answered that her God would be delighted at the honor about to be conferred upon Him. The following day, as he entered his litter on his way to the Colosseum, he met his slave again. She did not speak, but from her attitude and her appealing glance he understood what she desired to say. He soon, however, forgot the Christian, to think only of his all-important rôle; yet twice, on looking back, he fancied he saw in the distance a woman of Tertia's height, who followed him. Entering the theatre, he proceeded, aided by his attendant slaves, to dress for the farce.

In the meantime Mary, a prey to the most harassing doubts and fears, wandered she scarce knew whither. Guided, doubtless, by an inspiration from on high, she stopped before the door of the prison wherein were confined the Christians destined for the arena. She knocked.

"I am a Christian!" she exclaimed, as the door was opened by the guard. "I also wish to face the ferocious beasts."

"Poor fool! What fury urges you to your destruction? Who are you?"

"I am a servant of Jesus Christ. Let me enter the lists, that I may win the crown with my brothers."

"Take back your words at once. I can not otherwise refuse your request."

"Do not hesitate! I have trampled under foot the orders of the Emperor, and I despise the gods of the Empire."

"Yet reflect for a moment. You are young, life is sweet; you will repent, perhaps, when it will be too late."

"I am ready: I have deliberated. I adore Christ."

"Since you are resolved, you shall take the place of the prisoner who died last night. The people will not murmur; the promised number will be complete."

So saying, the jailer introduced her into the prison, where she beheld the elect of God, —those whom His mercy destined to take possession that very day of the royalty of Christ. She was the fifth.

"May the Lord clothe you with His strength!" said she on entering.

"This evening," answered an old man, "we will bless Him in unison. Who are you?"

"My brethren call me Mary; to the world I am Tertia, slave of the actor Ardelius."

"Give thanks to God, Mary, for you are not far off from victory; and many of your brethren envy your happiness. How has Heaven brought about your entrance into the arena?"

"For you," answered Mary, "martyrdom is a glory which you have merited. Pray for me, for I seek here an expiation."

"Whatever may have been your crime, hope; it is pardoned, since God has brought you here."

They were interrupted by the jailer, who came to conduct them to the arena. They were first led around the enclosure, amid the hoarse murmurs of the populace, which were echoed by the terrifying roars of the tigers in their dens. When they had been thus presented to the people, they were brought before the Emperor's throne, which directly faced the stage. The richly carved seat of the Roman potentate was surmounted by a magnificent purple dais studded with golden nails. On seats placed somewhat lower and a little farther back were the officers of the court; while all round the vast enclosure tier upon tier of benches were crowded with patricians, plebeians, and not a few visiting vandals.

The martyrs stood, modestly but intrepid, and sustained with holy assurance the furious glances cast upon them by the multitude. At their head was the priest Avitus. He was an old man inured to suffering. He had already served his apprenticeship to the combat, and the glorious wounds which he had received were not yet healed. His body was bruised and broken, but his soul was invincible, and he awaited with placid serenity this last struggle for which he had long prayed. Two

brothers whom he had baptized, having shared his ministry, were now to share his triumph. They were still in the full vigor of manhood, and would have regretted their removal from the Lord's vineyard so soon were it not that they might confess Him boldly in death. The fourth was the especially fortunate one. Converted at the last hour, he had been baptized on the eve of his seizure. He was about to exchange the white robe of the catechumen for the martyr's royal purple, with no other title to so great a grace than his fervor and his innocence.

Suddenly the murmurs of the crowd ceased; all eyes turned toward the stage; and a moment later, as Ardelius appeared, a very storm of plaudits greeted him. Mary glanced toward the stage, and, seeing her master, trembled, bent her head and burst into tears. Avitus, noticing her emotion, and fearing that she was losing courage, exhorted her to raise her eyes to heaven and behold the Spouse whom she was so soon to embrace. The poor slave's answer soon convinced him that it was not fear but an overpowering sense of her unworthiness that troubled her; and he set about calming her mind and reassuring her as to the pardon of her inconsiderate rather than guilty disclosure.

"Dry your eyes," he concluded; "for the idolaters will imagine that you tremble from dread. We have long been accustomed to endure these outrages and insults. We should indeed esteem it an honor to be scorned by these jesters. And are there bounds or limits to the power of God? Should your master profit by the knowledge obtained from you to heap ridicule on our worship, can not God turn to His glory the blasphemy of His enemies?"

An outburst of laughter from the assembled thousands here drew their attention to the stage. It was occupied by two personages. One of these travestied the sacred functions of a Christian priest. He wore the national costume of the Jews, who had always been despised at Rome, and who, since their last revolt and subsequent dispersion, had become odious. The pagans affected to confound the faithful with the Hebrews, and thus enshroud them in a common ignominy.

The actor in question had considerably exaggerated the uncleanness common to many

of the descendants of this unfortunate people. His robe was a patchwork of different colors, faded and worn; a ludicrously-shaped bonnet covered his dishevelled locks; and his coarse, untrimmed beard fell down to his breast. He walked about barefooted, his head bowed, but casting sinister glances from side to side. In one hand he held a rudely-fashioned cross.

His companion, Ardelius, was in nowise better dressed. He wore a toga of common material, reserved for the lowest class of the populace. His head, arms and feet were bare.

The dialogue which had been proceeding for some time before the attention of the martyrs had been attracted thereto, was less notable for its *Attic salt* than for the grossest ribaldry. The laughter which had interrupted Avitus was occasioned by the cries and gestures of the infamous Ardelius, who, in the character of a catechumen, allured to Christianity by the promise of abundant gold and sensual delights, had submitted to be deluged with water, or, as the pretended priest put it, to be baptized.

As the mirth subsided Ardelius thrust out his hand and cried:

"Now, then, the money?"

"You hurried off too quickly," said the priest; "I did not pronounce the cabalistic formula. Your impatience has nullified the bath. We must begin again."

"I am drenched already, and this water is not particularly odorous, either."

"Wait a moment till I refill this vessel. And now," he continued, "let us proceed deliberately. Pshaw! have I forgotten the words? No: I have them. *I baptize thee in virtue of this water in the name of the God three and one,—of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.* Now, do you not see the riches that are to be thine?"

"Yes," replied Ardelius, in a tone that denoted the most resolute faith; "I see the heavens opening and angels advancing toward me bearing a crown sparkling with diamonds and rubies."

"I predicted it."

"Yes; now I am a Christian, and desire to meet the angels."

The audience continued their applause and laughter.

"Moreover," continued Ardelius, "the bap-

tism of water is not sufficient. The baptism of blood is necessary."

The multitude applauded vociferously. But the comedian, carried away by a spirit of holy enthusiasm, still continued:

"I retract all the lies which in this infamous parody I have vomited against the Christians' God, who is the sole Creator of the universe; and I beseech Him to pardon me in virtue of the sacrifice I am about to consummate for His glory."

At these words he leaped into the gallery that passed in front of the stage, bounded over the railing, and hastened to join the other Christians in the arena.

The people, who loved him, cried out:

"Enough of joking! Don't stay there; the wild beasts are about to be unloosed."

He did not listen to them.

"Do not refuse," he said, addressing the martyrs, "to admit me among you, all unworthy as I am to participate in your triumph. And, Tertia, be thou blessed; for it was thy praying that has obtained for me this grace."

"I implored the aid of the Virgin Mother," answered the slave.

"But I can not suffer that you should any longer bear the name of slave, since I owe you my liberty. Approach and receive your enfranchisement."

The crowd, irritated at this unforeseen conversion, muttered like an angry sea. They called on the keepers of the wild beasts to hasten the combat. Ardelius was again summoned to retire from the arena, but refused with generous pride to obey. The martyrs then embraced one another and intoned a psalm. A quarter of an hour later they had won the victors' palm.

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THERE is nothing more salutary or, when we become accustomed to it, nothing sweeter than the habit of prayer. Through it we grow more conscious of our weaknesses and infirmities, more resigned to our sorrows, more tolerant of failure, and less sensitive to disappointment; more familiar with holiness, and thus better able to resist temptation. It is at once a shield, an armor, a yoke of sweetness, a light in darkness, an atmosphere, as it were, in which we can never for a single moment lose sight of God.

Theodelinde Dubouche.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

MONSEIGNEUR D'HULST, who has recently been announced as the successor, in the pulpit of Notre Dame, of the eminent Père Monsabré, in a work published by him some years ago, gives a charming sketch of the life of Mademoiselle Théodelinde Dubouché, to whom belongs the credit of having been the first person to conceive the idea of making the devotion of the Forty Hours a perpetual prayer. The devotion itself, it is generally conceded, was inaugurated by Cardinal Paleotti, Archbishop of Bologna, a contemporary of St. Charles Borromeo, who, being deeply pained by the excesses which the people of that city allowed themselves during the Carnival, ordered the Blessed Sacrament to be solemnly exposed in all the churches from Quinquagesima Sunday till Ash-Wednesday, in order that the faithful might in a measure repair the sins and scandals of the season by their visits to and their adoration of It. His successor in the see of Bologna, Cardinal Lambertini, who afterward became Benedict XIV., fostered the devotion as archbishop, and as pope enriched it with numerous indulgences; and the Forty Hours' soon became an annual observance in many other places than the city in which it was first held.

According to Monseigneur d'Hulst, however, it was not until the revolution of 1848, in which the devoted Monseigneur Affre met his death before the barricades, while holding in his outstretched hand a promise of pardon to the insurgents, that the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament began to assume publicly that perpetual form which it now possesses in many portions of the world. The prelate tells us that the beauty and charm of this perpetual adoration of the Sacrament inspired him to investigate the origin of the devotion, and that thus he became acquainted with the lovely character of its founder, whom he describes as a woman full of zeal and piety, inflamed with a delicate charity for the poor and an ardent devotion for the Holy Eucharist.

An artist by profession, and burdened with

the care of an invalid mother, Théodelinde's earlier years were spent among scenes of poverty and privation, and she had passed her fortieth birthday before the idea of entering the religious state presented itself to her. Her life in the world was a singularly devout and exemplary one, and from her youth up she had always been remarkable for the frequency of her visits to the Blessed Sacrament. Her portrait, as Monseigneur d'Hulst draws it in his book, is that of a young Parisian who eagerly sought all that was good and beautiful, and found her greatest happiness in the practice of her religion; who illustrated in her own life, as far as she was able, the principles of her faith, and who was almost insensibly led to the accomplishment of the great work which Heaven had marked out for her to do.

When the revolution of 1848 broke out, and before it had led to the death of Archbishop Affre, Mademoiselle Dubouché formed the pious thought of gathering around the Tabernacle which she so frequently visited a number of her friends with whose devotion to the Blessed Sacrament she was acquainted, in order that by praying before the altar night and day they might make some reparation for the terrible deeds that were constantly being enacted in the streets of the Capital. This project met with the approval of the Archbishop, to whom Théodelinde submitted it; and his subsequent tragic death appeared to her almost as a consecration of her work, which she and her associates forthwith resolved to continue. The little company of kindred souls, consequently, soon became a community; the acts of adoration and reparation, which were made at first for a special purpose, without any intention of prolonging them after that purpose had been attained, continued from day to day and from night to night; Mademoiselle Théodelinde became Mère Marie Thérèse, and before her death she had the happiness of seeing her community approved by the Church, and of beholding two other houses, besides the one at Paris, established—at Lyons and at Châlons—for the perpetual adoration of the Sacrament of her love.

"Such a life," says a critic of Abbé d'Hulst's book—"lived here beside us, in our own day, and among happenings which still

engage our attention, and persons whom we have known,—interests and edifies us more than the story of a canonized saint of other days. The practice in such an humble sphere of such lofty virtues is more eloquent than any sermon, and in the person of Théodelinde Dubouché religion appears to us in another form than when viewed in the solitude of a desert or behind the *grille* of a convent. For it was here in Paris that she lived, here that she exercised her great charity for the poor; she heard the talk of our days, she followed our customs; and it was in her artist's studio, by the side of her invalid mother, in the asylums of the poor, that her faith maintained its activity, her charity became so generous, and a true vocation of love and sacrifice took possession of her."

No one community now monopolizes the practice of the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, which Théodelinde Dubouché first inaugurated on those dreadful days which Paris witnessed in June of 1848; and, as far as it is feasible, the devotion is now observed in many of our American dioceses, where the Forty Hours' is held every day in the year in some church or chapel. As Monseigneur d'Hulst says in his pages, though, there are comparatively few persons who are aware that this beautiful devotion began amid the scandals, the impieties and the blasphemies of Paris' barricaded streets, in the din and turmoil of civil war; or who know that the humble artist, Théodelinde Dubouché, was the instrument chosen by Heaven to make every day in the year, as it were, a feast of Corpus Christi somewhere.

The Reign of Law.

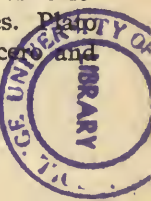
SOCIETY, or a life of community regulated by law and order, is the natural state of man. The state of the wild man or the unsociable being, as the first condition out of which, in course of time, by one means or another, society was formed and the human race progressed to systematized government and was divided into nations, is a pigment of the imagination which infidels have created, but which is contradicted by Holy Scripture and by the tradition of all peoples in every

part of the world. As there has never been found a people without some idea of a Supreme Being, there has also never been discovered one without some reminiscence of a golden age, or Saturnian reign, from which there had been a fall, and to the return of which there were hope and endeavor. There is subordination even among angels, for "order is heaven's first law"; and it was an error of the Donatist heretics that all government began in tyranny and usurpation. Brute force was never the foundation of legitimate government, and there would have been law among men even had there been no fall and no expulsion from Paradise. It would have been the government of direction, as it is called, and not of coercion, in those who commanded; of docility, and not of compulsion, in those who obeyed.

Notwithstanding original sin and its dire effects, the world has since witnessed, among the early Christians, and in monastic orders during the first fervor of their establishment, perfect examples of such well-regulated communities. Then the governmental relations between subjects and superiors were summed up on the part of the latter by the axiom "Command nothing but what is just"; and on the part of the former by the maxim "Obey for conscience' sake." So great, however, is the corruption of human nature that such a blissful condition of affairs can generally be now found only in some ideal republic; and unfortunately "the founders of a new colony, whatever Utopia of human virtue and happiness they might originally project, have invariably recognized it among their earliest practical necessities to allot a portion of the virgin soil as a cemetery, and another portion as the site of a prison."* The pioneers of freedom, who came to the New World to exercise their proper rights and to seek for a larger liberty, made no exception indeed to this stern rule of our existence.

The science of laws and the art of government are so important that they have occupied the attention of some of the most renowned sages of antiquity and some of the most celebrated philosophers of modern times. Plato and Aristotle among the Greeks, Cicero and

* Hawthorne.



St. Augustine among the Latins, St. Thomas Aquinas and Suarez among the scholastics, the Blessed Sir Thomas More in England, and the President Montesquieu in France, have left their imperishable record upon a subject which is not only momentous in itself as involving the beginnings of our eternal destiny, but is intimately concerned with the practical well-being, the social relations and the common weal of all upon this earth. The words of Cicero in his treatise *de Legibus* are well worth quoting in these times, when socialists and anarchists would probably prefer to hear a heathen than a Christian: "No house, no city, not the human race, not the world itself, can stand without government." It is the wicked only who hate government; the good love and support it. Lucifer was the first revolutionist, Michael the first champion of government; and ever since that great commotion "*Non serviam*" and "*Quis ut Deus?*" have been the shibboleth of one party and the watchword of the other.

In many places of the Sacred Scripture we are told that God interferes in the politics of nations, although often only by the hidden and mysterious ways of His inscrutable wisdom; and that there is a Providence which watches over the public affairs of peoples, in order to direct them to the great end of the divine honor and glory, which is the ultimate design of creation.* The eternal law of the will of God is the first of all laws and their foundation. The will of God, as manifested to man by the common and constant voice of reason and by revelation, is the all-sufficient cause of human enactments by public authority to protect liberty and repress license, so that men can dwell together in peace, and by mutual assistance foster the development of whatever is conducive to the comfort and happiness of the race.

Law began in heaven. The will of God is the rule of morality, to use a term of ethics; and whatever is opposed to this "higher law" can be neither just nor reasonable, and can not consequently claim the assent of the subject. We must, in all cases, obey God rather than man. How criminal, therefore, is the principle that we must stand by our country first, fore-

most, and before all things, and whether right or wrong! No, we should have the courage to say that we love our native land and we obey our country's laws in all things which conscience, enlightened by the unerring voice of Religion, does not forbid. We are Catholics first and Americans afterward, because we are Christians and not Erastians. Heathens raised the state to a divinity, and worshipped the genius of the republic and of the empire. As for us, we reject and detest every form of *statolatry*. "Justice exalteth a nation, but sin maketh nations miserable."* And there is no greater sin than the making of unjust and oppressive laws, such as those directed against the religious liberty of the subject. Patriotism is often, as the great Dr. Johnson said, only "the last refuge of a scoundrel."

Duty should be placed by us above everything, and should be preferred to every temporal advantage. There is nothing more noble in the recorded sayings of American statesmen than this one of Daniel Webster, "I would rather be right than be President," when urged to a measure which might promote his dearest ambition, but against which his conscience revolted. Let respect for the rights of others be one of our most cherished principles, and reverence for law continue to be one of the distinguishing traits of true Americans; for, as the "judicious" Hooker wrote three hundred years ago: "Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage,—the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power. Both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy." R. S.

* Proverbs, xiv, 34.

LET us be severe with ourselves, if we will, but only mild, patient and charitable with others. Thus will we reap a double harvest of souls.

To hearts that ache and eyes that weep,
If all-forgiving and forgiven,
How sweet some night to fall asleep
And wake, surprised, in heaven!

* Proverbs, viii, 14-16; Ecclesiasticus, x, 4.

Notes and Remarks.

What promises to be the largest and most successful annual gathering in the history of the Catholic Young Men's National Union will be held at Washington in October. At a preliminary meeting at the Cathedral, New York, it was agreed that Bishop Gilmour and Daniel Dougherty, Mr. Condé Pallen, and the Rev. Father Flynn, of Morristown, N. J., who has been most successful in his work for young men, should be asked to speak. New York reports from twenty-five to thirty societies, and New Jersey, Minnesota, Ohio, Virginia, and Georgia display fresh enthusiasm. The executive officers are laboring energetically to ensure a representation that will include every State in the Union.

Mgr. Pinto de Campos is well known as a distinguished Brazilian prelate and an eminent man of letters. He is a fervent servant of the Blessed Virgin, and decorates her altars in a very peculiar way. He leaves one of the many crosses which governments have sent to him at every shrine he visits. They may be found at Jerusalem, at Loreto, at Lourdes. "But, Monseigneur," a friend once remarked to him, "you arrogate to yourself the privilege which belongs to sovereigns." "I beg your pardon," he answered gently, "I execute their wish. Read what is inscribed on these crosses: 'To merit,' or rather, 'To virtue.' Well, to whom do these words apply better than to the Queen of men and of angels?"

A mosaic of exquisite workmanship, representing the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, has just been completed for the ornamentation of the crypt of San Lorenzo, in which the remains of Pius IX. repose. The mosaic is about two metres and a half square, and was made in Venice.

The New York *Tribune* remarks that "almost any candid Protestant will acknowledge that Catholicism has shown much more wisdom than Protestantism in utilizing for religious work men of every kind of capacity and ability. Until within recent years, Protestantism has been able or willing to offer the ministry alone as a permanent form of religious activity. The young man who felt called to give his life to the service of mankind was compelled in some way or other to fit himself for the ministry, although he might have no aptitude for the technical and conventional duties of a parish clergyman. As for the

young woman who felt a special call to evangelistic work, Protestantism, until recently, offered her nothing except the work of volunteer visiting and Sunday-school teaching,—vocations that at best offer only a limited field of usefulness to one who desires to give a whole life to God. No wonder that Catholicism with its multitude of orders, clerical and lay, employing men and women of many gifts and of few gifts, grows as it does."

The Protestant Episcopalians of New York have just organized a community to be known as the Brothers of Nazareth. Dr. Morgan Dix, the rector of Trinity, whose Lenten sermons some years ago showed a decided leaning toward Catholic practices, preached the inauguration sermon. The community consists of six Brothers. If the spirit of Nazareth pervades it, we shall hear of conversions amongst its members. Religious communities of Anglicans in England have sometimes entered the Church in a body, chaplain and all. The Rev. Luke Rivington, a comparatively recent convert, was one of those Anglican friars.

A word for working women has been spoken by Cardinal Manning, whose tender charity for all classes of toilers and sufferers has endeared him to the whole world. He said in a recent interview: "I think the time has come for strenuous and proper efforts to be made to protect working women, and to insure them fairness in the matter of their hours' work and their wages. The time is, perhaps, not far off when the sight of the young, ill-fed girls acquiring permanent injuries through long hours of toil, breaking their backs bending over machinery in ill-ventilated rooms, will be regarded as an act of barbarity, and will be punished as such. America, which loves to call itself 'the land of the free,' is renowned for its gallantry and kindness to women; so let us hope that the great New World will lead the crusade against everyone who overworks, underpays or ill-treats working women."

Archbishop Ireland, who was chaplain of a Minnesota regiment during the civil war, has been made an honorary member of the Grand Army of the Republic.

His Eminence Cardinal Newman was able to assist at Mass at the Oratory, Birmingham, on the Feast of St. Philip Neri, founder of the Congregation of the Oratory. Precious relics of the Saint were exposed in the church, which was decorated with banners of the Papal colors, bearing the words, "St. Philip, servant of God, pray for us." Cardinal Newman was supported by two of

the clergy; it took him several minutes to walk only a few yards. Nevertheless, though he moves as slowly as a man in his ninetieth year might be expected to move, he looked well. After Mass he was led to the centre of the chancel, and there gave his blessing to the people. "When descending the altar steps," says the *London Daily News*, "he was compelled to halt several times, and without the assistance of the accompanying priests it would have been a physical impossibility for his Eminence to have got to or from the church. At the bottom of the sanctuary steps those present had an excellent view of the Cardinal's thoughtful face, upon which time and care have ploughed so many furrows; and here he lifted up his trembling hand once again in benediction."

The peasants of Ober-Ammergau are alarmed by the disposition to vulgarize their village. The threat of the establishment of a great hotel among them is probably the worst announcement yet made to these simple and devout people, with whom the Passion Play is a religious work, not a theatrical show. "For fear of such," the *London Weekly Register* says, "they are willing to sacrifice the traditional devotion of their village; and if this is indeed the last decade to be closed by the Passion Play, those who have dedicated so much love and labor to it will give a regretful but eager assent to the Regent's decree for its suppression."

Whistler, the impressionist American painter who lives in London, has a very high opinion of his talent, as the following story will show: A lady was telling him of a trip up the Thames, and, growing enthusiastic over the beauty of the scenery, remarked: "It was really a perfect series of Whistlers." "Yes, I dare say," was the reply; "Nature's creeping up."

The rumor that the Princess Clémentine, daughter of the King of the Belgians, is ready to change her religion in order to marry a son of the Prince of Wales, is authoritatively contradicted. It was the custom at Lutheran courts to keep princesses in an uncertain state of mind concerning religion until their destination in marriage should be decided; consequently they were not confirmed until it was known whether they should marry a Catholic or a Protestant prince.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of the Most Rev. P. W. Riordan, of San Francisco, took place on the 10th inst. Archbishop Riordan began his priestly work as

Professor of Dogmatic Theology and Holy Scripture in the Seminary of St. Mary's of the Lake, in the Archdiocese of Chicago. Two years later he became rector of St. Mary's Church, Woodstock, Ill. From 1871 to 1883—when he was made a prelate of the Church—he was rector of St. James' Church, Chicago. These few dates speak volumes to those loving friends who have followed the Archbishop's footsteps during the twenty-five golden years of his life.

The announcement of the elevation of the Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva, Mgr. Mermillod, to the cardinalate has caused great joy in Switzerland. Mgr. Mermillod announced the honor to be conferred on himself and on Switzerland in a letter, in which he said the Holy Father told him that he had it in his heart to show Switzerland the same benevolence he had shown to the United States, England, and Belgium, in giving these nations Princes of the Church. The Protestant press in Switzerland has made the honor a subject for congratulations.

The *Catholic Times* quotes the following paragraph from M. Jules Simon's "Petit Journal," with the remark that it almost makes one forget that he is a French Republican, having on some matters advanced Republican views:

"When all has been done that can be done, there will yet remain a vast amount of human misery to assuage. It will be with moralists as it is with doctors, who can but lessen suffering. In the best organized society there will always be room for the exercise of two virtues essential to man—charity and resignation. If you know of a doctrine that teaches man to despise his own suffering, and at the same time to do his best to relieve the suffering of others out of pity for humanity, do not banish such a doctrine from your midst. Cultivate it, and look upon its cultivation as one of the best steps in the march of modern progress."

New Publications.

CATHOLICITY VS. PROTESTANTISM. Conversations of a Catholic Missionary with Americans. By the Rev. John C. Perrodin. Second Edition. Revised and Enlarged. To which is added a Biographical Sketch of the Author. Milwaukee: Hoffmann Brothers.

We can well understand that Father Perrodin did a great deal of good in his lifetime by these "conversations," as the words fell from his lips. It is also quite intelligible that much of this good was due to the Father's personal presence (we will not say "magnetism")—to his genial

manners, to his evident sincerity, earnestness, faith, and kindliness of heart. But all this is beyond the power of the printer to reproduce, even were he a good printer, and incapable of making such a mistake as to print "response" for "repose" in the quotation from St. Augustine on the very title-page. Now, there is much good in this controversial work, but what is good in it is generally old, while what is evidently original might pass in conversation, but will not do in print. Still, as there is a large class of people who prefer new books to old ones, simply because they are new, it is probable that this book may do good in quarters into which the standard controversial works would never penetrate. The memory of the kind and gentle author will do much, no doubt, to spread its influence wherever that memory is kept alive, as we hope that it long may be.

Der Apostel von Ohio. Ein Lebensbild des hochw. Ebuard Dominik Fenwick, aus dem Dominikaner-Orden, Ersten Bischofs von Cincinnati, O. Mit Schilderungen aus seiner Zeit, und Lebensstizzen seiner hervorragenden Mitarbeiter. Von B. Bonaventura Hammer, Priester der Franziskaner-Provinz Cincinnati. Mit dem Bildniß Fenwicks. Freiburg in Breisgau: Herbersche Verlagshandlung. 1890.

In his Life of the Rt. Rev. Edward Dominic Fenwick, first Bishop of Ohio, compiled from various reliable and interesting sources, the Rev. Bonaventure Hammer has given us a succinct and faithful account of the career of the great and good apostle of Ohio, whose name is not, we dare say, as familiar a household word as it should be in every Catholic family, particularly in that portion of the United States once sanctified by, and still bearing fruit of, his labors. We have seldom seen so interesting a book of its kind, free from the needless dissertations and dry details which often detract from the value of such publications, at least in the opinion of the average reader. It is edifying and delightful reading from beginning to end.

The typography, binding, and general appearance of the book are all that could be desired, making it a charming addition to any library. An excellent engraving of Bishop Fenwick adorns the title-page.

LORETO, THE NEW NAZARETH; OR, THE HISTORY OF THE HOLY HOUSE. By William Garratt, M. A. London: Burns & Oates, Ltd. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

There are no glittering generalities in this little book, but a straightforward endeavor to put the fact of the miraculous transportation of the Holy House beyond all question. The work of

compilation was undertaken in behalf of the Confraternity of Our Lady of Loreto, and the Bishop of Loreto has given the result his cordial sanction and approbation. The wonderful event which is the subject of its pages might be approached with some timidity by the writer who had not familiarized himself with the scientific evidences; but Mr. Garratt has made his own measurements, and affirms only that which can be proved.

Der Heilige Petrus. Eine Homiletische Abhandlung. Von Pater Gregorius Rossi, O. S. B. München. 1889.

The above treatise is a very interesting and exhaustive dissertation on the character of St. Peter, by an ardent admirer and faithful follower of the Prince of the Apostles. The little work is full of beauties, the style and diction being eloquent and charming, while the argument is both persuasive and convincing. We hope to see it translated into English.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are earnestly commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sisters Mary of St. Ildephonsus, Mary of St. Honora, Mary of St. Francis Xavier, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, and Sister M. Agatha, of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, who were lately called to the reward of their holy lives.

Mr. Michael A. Comber, a devout client of the Blessed Virgin, whose happy death occurred in San Francisco, Cal., on the 27th ult.

Mr. John Timmons, of Philadelphia, Pa., who departed this life on the 24th of April.

Mrs. Maria Luisa Gregori, whose edifying death took place at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind., on the 21st ult.

Miss Mary Crotty, a fervent Child of Mary, who breathed her last on the 18th of May, at Wilmington, Del.

Mrs. E. Hardy, of Baltimore, Md., whose beautiful life closed in a peaceful and edifying death on the 30th ult.

Mr. John Lincoln, of Lonsdale, R. I.; Mr. Dennis Taylor, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Daniel O'Neill, Pawtucket, R. I.; James Scullion, B. Clarke, Alice McGuire, and Bridget Hagerty, Trenton, N. J.; Mr. Francis Stucker, Saint Marie, Ill.; Francis Curran and Patrick McDonald, Co. Longford, Ireland.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



A Garden Rosary.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

THE pinks in my garden borders
 Are "Hail Marys," every one;
 And the roses at the corners,
 That bloom in the dew and sun,
 Are the sweetest of "Our Fathers";
 And when the day is done,
 The "Glorias" in the cloudlands
 Praise the mystic Three in One.
 And so my little garden is a rosary of praise,
 And o'er it move the fingers of God's lovely summer days.

Billy Mahon.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

"Something for my boys this evening!" said grandma. "And, though it shall be only a little story, I hope they will like it."

"When you tell a story could it be anything but interesting?" said Will, gallantly.

"Ah, flatterer! flatterer!" returned the old lady, as she let her eyes rest for a moment on the bright, upturned face. "Your old grandmother only pleads for a little mercy. Listen to my tale, and then judge for yourselves."

* * *

The bell had rung the hour of dismissal, and a troop of merry lads came bounding forth from school. For five minutes the air seemed alive with their shouts and whistles, and many a passer-by on the city streets smiled indulgently at sight of the bright faces and wild gambols, which proclaimed to all the world, "Oh, how sweet is freedom!"

By degrees they separated and dispersed, forming themselves into odd groups,—some walking forward, some backward; some hopping, some skipping, and not a few executing flying leaps and somersaults. In the footsteps

of one particular group, consisting of about ten boys, we will follow; for they had turned from the rest of their companions and taken their way down a side street.

"I say, fellows, who's 'in for a lark' to-night?"

And Leonard Cranston threw his fine head back, and with a pair of bold, handsome black eyes surveyed his companions. They were all lads a year or so younger than himself, though classmates. He, with his free, commanding manner, was their acknowledged leader in all matters not pertaining to the acquisition of knowledge. Books, he informed the fellows, he despised. Latin was only fit for "snuffy old profs"; mathematics, history, science,—why, let them all go to the dickens! Only milksops would waste time poring over them. He meant to be a man of the world—do as he would. This was the nineteenth century; people were enlightened nowadays, and he didn't propose to bind himself down to *any* rules.

All which was, of course, very fine, bravado sort of talk, and had his companions been more spirited than they were they might have distinguished the chaff from the wheat. But Leonard's was one of those personalities which seem to sweep everything along before them, and it takes a deal of moral courage for an ordinary boy to resist such a one. So now when he demanded, "Who's in for a lark to-night?" there seemed to be a unanimous answer: "All of us! What shall it be?"

"Now, look here, you chaps," he continued, once more including them all in a sweeping glance; "if any of you intend to back out, say so at once; for I want no cowards in my crowd. You little duffer of a Mahon, are you willing to keep this to yourself, or must *mammy* know about it, eh?"

This remark was addressed in a half-threatening, half-jeering tone to a small, plucky-looking, rosy-cheeked lad, evidently the youngest in the group. At Leonard's taunt the color flamed over his face and an angry light was in his bright eyes.

"Cranston, you say one word about my mother, and I'll knock you down!" he exclaimed, with his small fists clenched.

At his words, and more at his attitude, a subdued murmur broke out among the crowd;

for the fellows were surprised as they had never been surprised before. No one had ever been known to have courage enough to openly defy Cranston, though each one had often enough been conscious of a secret wish that he might. But for Billy Mahon to do it,—Billy, the youngest of the class,—Billy, whom they, in their inelegant boy phraseology, termed the "kid"! Well, it was novel, to say the least.

Eight pairs of eyes were turned expectantly on Leonard, who had seized Billy, and was holding him out at arm's-length. For a moment he surveyed him from head to foot in silence, and then, addressing himself to the others as if Billy were some sort of a curiosity or show, he burst forth:

"Well, now, do you know I like that! I say that chap has 'grit.' Just look at his eyes shine and his veins swell out! He's bound to die 'game,' for all his odd notions."

Billy's face flushed again, but this time with pride and relief; for he had been a little frightened at his own boldness; and, like the others, he was fascinated by the "big fellow." Such praise, however, from Cranston made his heart beat high.

"There, Mahon," continued Leonard, dropping his arm, "you'll do first class! You're about the pluckiest little 'shaver' I ever struck. It's an insult to suppose such a lad would 'blab.' Here, shake hands and forgive a fellow."

And, to the unbounded astonishment of all, Leonard shook Billy's small hand with effusion. The conquest was complete, and Billy felt himself a hero; so when Cranston unfolded his plan, which, after all, seemed harmless enough, Billy was one with the other boys in agreeing that it had better be kept "dark."

Cranston and Cooper expected to spend the summer vacation on a large ranch in the West belonging to Leonard's uncle. Miles and miles of prairie stretched north, south, east and west of the cattle ranch, and on the plains every lad knows there is fine hunting. Being town-bred boys, they were not skilled marksmen, but were filled with a laudable ambition to become such. For this purpose Cranston had secured a goat—at least he knew where there was a goat,—though the fact that it belonged to a poor woman did not disturb his conscience. After all, he

didn't intend to kill it, only to practise on it with a few shots. Of course this sort of practising couldn't take place by daylight: it would have to be done in the "dead of night." The eyes of the boys grew large at this; it sounded like adventure truly.

"Now," concluded Cranston, "is there any fellow here who can supply a good pistol? The one that does shall be head in this racket, and get the benefit in more ways than one."

"I can," said Billy, promptly; "mother keeps one loaded by her bedside every night."

"You *are* a brick, Mahon!" declared Leonard. "Wait till next summer, and we'll see how a cowboy's hat becomes you."

This was glorious! What could it mean to Billy's delighted ears but an invitation to the ranch?

After a few more preliminaries everything was settled, and the boys, bound to the strictest secrecy, separated, agreeing to meet at the mysterious hour of twelve that night. The place of rendezvous for all but Billy was to be a certain dark alley-way in the neighborhood. The goat lived behind a rock in an open lot far up town; and as Billy resided with his mother in a cottage in the same locality, it was thought best to call for him. At about half-past twelve Leonard would give a low whistle under his window, upon which Billy, on the watch, would lower himself and the precious pistol by means of a rope.

It was too bad Billy could not hear Leonard's remarks as he and his particular chum, George Cooper, walked away together.

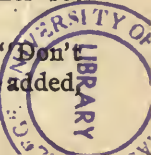
"Well," observed the former, "how do you think I did that up?"

His companion laughed heartily. "It was about the neatest thing I ever saw," he said. "What a precious little fool he is, to be sure!"

"You see," continued Leonard, "there was no other way of getting a pistol so handy; and I often heard him tell how the 'old lady' keeps one beside her at night. Now he's into the thing heart and soul, immensely flattered, so there's no backing out."

"Too bad," commented the other, half sadly,— "too bad to make him steal a march on his mother. They adore each other so! Hope she'll never know it."

"Fiddlesticks!" sneered Cranston. "Don't you fear, she'll survive it; though," he added,



in a tone that had somewhat of regret in it, "it's fine the way he stands up for her. Think I'd be a different fellow myself if I had a mother."

In the meantime Billy had gone home in a state of suppressed excitement. His mother was a widow—his father having died some three years previously,—and lived alone with her only child and a little maid-of-all-work, in a small house so far up town as to be almost country. It stood somewhat apart, with a pretty little flower-garden in front and a patch of yard in the back. At night it was a rather lonesome neighborhood, and we can hardly wonder that, having no man in the house, Mrs. Mahon, dreading possible burglars, thought it necessary to keep firearms within easy reach,—though perhaps, if we spoke the truth, we should have to confess that Mrs. Mahon was in reality more afraid of her pistol than of the much-dreaded burglars.

As Billy sat at tea with his mother that evening, for the first time in their lives there was an air of constraint between them, and of course it was all on Billy's side. He had been wont to declare to his friends that 'mother was as fond of hearing about the fellows as if she was a fellow herself.' And it was true that the closest love, sympathy and confidence existed between this mother and son. Billy felt he could tell her anything. Every hope that interested him was always sure to interest her; every joy he had, even the victory in a ball game, or the championship in a race, or—delight of boys' hearts—an exceptionally good "swap" with a companion, was a pleasure to her as well. Most of all, when he was in trouble or grief, or had been doing wrong, that mother's bosom was a sure haven of refuge; her words and caresses, even sometimes chidings, when deserved, incited to hope and renewed efforts to be good in the future.

Billy had never forgotten his father's dying words: "My son, you will never find a friend like your mother. Never deceive her, never keep anything from her which she should know. Should the day ever come when you will fear to look her honestly in the face, ah, then, my boy, know that danger is near!" And now to-night, for the first time in his life, Billy was about to deceive that fond parent. Somehow, a queer lump would rise in

his throat during the meal, and his usually hearty appetite seemed to have deserted him.

Mrs. Mahon was much concerned, fearing illness; for she trusted her boy, and believed if he were in trouble she would be the first to hear of it. But she was disappointed. There was no cosy talk in the twilight, no fond caresses between mother and son that night.

Pleading a headache, Billy crept away to bed early, feeling like the guilty culprit he was. Three times before retiring herself he heard his mother come into his room, and knew she was bending anxiously over him. Once she pressed a soft kiss upon his brow, murmuring, "God bless my darling!" But Billy gave no sign, feigning sleep, though tingling all over with shame and remorse. A moment more and he would have started up and thrown his arms around her neck; but the moment passed and she was gone.

At length Billy, in spite of all his efforts to keep awake, fell into a troubled sleep. It could not have lasted long, when he was roused by the peculiar whistle agreed upon; and, creeping cautiously to the window, he leaned his head out and nodded to Leonard. Cranston impatiently bade him hurry, and Billy, slipping his clothes on in a trice, nervously stole into his mother's room for the pistol. There it lay on the chair by her bed, and there Billy stood almost in the identical spot in which his father had died; and as he stood the dying parent's words came back to him with startling distinctness. Ah! what was he about to do?

With one hand extended, he paused, and at that moment Mrs. Mahon, always a light sleeper, stirred slightly. With nervous haste, with careless, careless haste, the boy snatched up the weapon—the next instant there was a loud report, a sharp, startled cry of anguish, a moan or two, and then a moment of awful stillness, while a stream of bright crimson stained the snowy pillows.

Leonard Cranston, from his post beneath the window, heard the shot, dropped the rope which he carried, and in two minutes nine terror-stricken boys were fleeing helter-skelter to their respective homes.

In after years Billy Mahon was wont to look back to the long hours of that dreadful night

with a shudder,—a memory that lived with him forever. For days his mother's life had hung in the balance, while grave-faced physicians came and went, and nurses hovered round the bedside. But God was good—oh, how good God was Billy never realized till then! After those dreadful hours of suspense, she was at last pronounced out of danger, though the painful operation which had been necessary in order to extract the bullet from her shoulder, where it had entered, still caused the poor invalid the most poignant suffering.

Words can not describe the first interview between mother and son, nor should we wish to describe it; every boy who has a mother can divine Billy's feelings, and draw a practical lesson from his folly and his repentance.

Sarah.—A Story for Girls.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

(CONTINUED.)

Aunt Amelia was in a softened mood; but she did not show it in any way, and how was Sarah to know it? They walked on in silence. The sun was hot, and Sarah asked her aunt if she might raise her parasol, but Aunt Amelia said nobody ever thought of putting up a sun umbrella until the middle of May. Sarah saw children running along the sidewalks, and she longed to join them in a romp. The houses on either side of the narrow street seemed to draw closer and to stifle her. Oh, if she were only at home! At this hour the family was driving over the country road on the way from Mass. Her heart sank at the thought of the dreary afternoon before her. As there is no unhappy episode in life without some consolation, Sarah found hers in wondering whether her aunt would let her go to Vespers or not. She might possibly assist at Benediction and hear the wonderful voice again.

Judith received Aunt Amelia with a look of reproach.

"You're five minutes late, Miss Amelia," she said. "I can't be 'sponsible for the victuals if this goes on."

Aunt Amelia apologized. Sarah ran upstairs to smooth her hair. The little party sat

down to the succulent roast beef and its accompaniments, while Judith waited. She did not speak until the feast was crowned by a lemon pie.

"There!" she said, triumphantly.

Sarah admired the pie honestly.

"I wish I could make a pie like that," she said. "I can make dried-apple pies. Sam likes them in winter."

Aunt Amelia and Judith exchanged glances of horror.

"Poor, poor child!" murmured Judith, helping Sarah to a large slice of her confection.

Dried-apple pies! Aunt Amelia shuddered at the thought,—the husks of the prodigal, in her estimation, were preferable to such things. She thought, with a sigh, of the sufferings of Rosabel.

After dinner Aunt Amelia took up her Bible and shut herself in the parlor. Sarah escaped to the kitchen, but Judith would not let her touch anything.

"I was brought up in the 'pinion that it's a sin for white folks to work on the Sabbath, so you needn't try to help me," that self-sufficient body remarked.

Sarah sighed. What could she do? She might go up-stairs and sit in her room with the rose jar; but the prospect was not attractive. She perched herself on one of the kitchen chairs and watched Judith, who hummed to herself, "Oh, let my people go!" It was a mournful cadence, and when she ceased a large, early fly against the window-pane seemed to take up the air.

Sarah felt utterly weary and dreary. With all her heart she wished she were home. Judith sang louder:

"Moses saw the prophet-land,—
Let my people go!
And old Aaron raised his hand,
Leading on the godly band,—
Let my people go!
Pharaoh danced and Herod sang—"

"Herod wasn't alive then," said Sarah, becoming interested.

"Much you know about it!" replied Judith, contemptuously. "You don't know your Bible,—Romish people don't read the good book. The hymn says so, and the man that made the hymn ought to know,—

"Pharaoh danced and Herod sang,
And the cymbals went clang, clang,—

Let my people go!
 Job he moaned and moaned and wept;
 Daniel, all the lions he kept
 Waiting down below.
 Mary prayed and Martha sewed,
 John preached all the words he knewed,—
 Let my people go!"

"I don't think it is right to jumble things together that way," Sarah said. "I think you might find a better hymn than that."

"It's good 'nough for *me*," answered Judith, with dignity; "and it ought to be good 'nough for people who don't know whether the Bible's a book or a hoss."

Sarah did not answer at once. Judith was offended. She turned her back to the visitor. But she could not keep silence long.

"What do you know about the good book, anyhow?"

Sarah began at once the parable of the sower.

"Yes, that's in the Bible," said Judith, when Sarah had finished. "But I don't believe you know any hymns. Laws! the 'Piscopalians have no good, rousing hymns like the Methodists! I don't mind telling you, chile, because you're close-mouthed,—but it's my 'pinion the 'Piscopalians are bound straight for the bad place. None of 'em's got religion. I've got to humor Miss Amelia by pretending to believe in 'em; but when she drops off sudden some day I'll just go back and get washed in the waters of life. I won't have much to do then, and I can think of my latter end."

Sarah looked shocked.

"But suppose you die first?"

"I ain't going to die first," answered Judith, with a wink and a chuckle. "All Miss Amelia's family, except your mother, died first, and I was put on this earth to see 'em all buried. I don't believe you know any hymns, you poor chile!"

"Oh, yes I do!" returned Sarah, and she began,—

"Daughter of a mighty Father,
 Maiden patron of the May,
 Angel forms around thee gather,
Macula non est in te!"

Judith listened until Sarah had finished the first stanza. Sarah had a low, sweet, flexible voice, which she managed very well; and as her mother made her practise every day with

the piano accompaniment, her voice had not the tendency to flatness which most young and untrained voices have.

"I like that," said Judith, taking the other chair. "Sing more."

Sarah tried the hymn she knew best,—

"When shepherds watched their flocks by night—"

She forgot herself. She was back in the farm-house. It was Christmas Eve. Father, mother,—all sat around the old fireplace waiting to start for Midnight Mass. She felt the cool night wind against her brow; she heard the horses' hoofs striking the hard road sharply. The children were all bundled up in the big wagon; the stars seemed to cut the sky, like great silver dagger points,—

"Who is singing?"

Sarah's voice rang out clearly with "Alleluia! Alleluia!"

"Who is singing?"

"My laws!" cried Judith. "Ise done forgot that ole Missus was a-reading in the front room!"

Usually Judith's speech showed the effect of her association with Aunt Amelia, but when excited she relapsed into the plantation dialect.

Aunt Amelia came into the kitchen, carrying the Bible, with her thumb in the second chapter of Isaias.

Sarah shrank back, somewhat afraid, and yet feeling some joy,—perhaps her aunt would send her home!

Aunt Amelia's eyes were not as cold as usual: there was a soft look in them.

"My dear," she said, in a kinder tone than usual, "you have Rosabel's voice. I thought for a moment I heard her again when she used to join with my mother in 'She Wore a Wreath of Roses,' or 'We Met, 'twas in a Crowd.'"

"I can sing both," said Sarah, eagerly.

"Not on the Sabbath, dear," replied Aunt Amelia. "But what a lovely voice you have!"

"Do you think so, aunt?" asked Sarah, with sparkling eyes. "Oh, I am so glad! Do you think I might learn to sing well enough to make money?"

Aunt Amelia became cold at once.

"I can not answer that question. In our family we have never considered money-making the principal object in life. I dislike to

hear a child talk in that sordid manner." Sarah looked up, appalled by this change of tone. Aunt Amelia opened her Bible again and left the room.

"We was never in trade," Judith said, "until we married among the Irish, and Miss Amelia feels it very much. To-morrow, if you are very good and help me wash the dishes, I'll show you our coat of arms. We keep it up in the garret, for Miss Amelia thinks it would be oshtententious to show it round. Why, bless you, chile, you're crying!"

"Oh, I can't help it!" said Sarah, putting her head down on the flour-barrel. "It seems so lonely. I don't mind the little pigs being sent away, for city people don't look at things the way we do in the country; but it pains me to be looked at by—by—Aunt Amelia."

"Oh, laws, honey! don't take on. These blue-blooded people can't help their looks; and, then, she is a 'Piscopalian, and 'Piscopallians always feel as if they owned the earth. Don't cry—don't!"

"I'm sure I don't want money to spend on myself—I want to send Sam to college,—and I just want to do some honest work. I sold all my strawberries last year to the city family that moved into the Lane, and I haven't spent a cent of it."

"Dear me!" said Judith, sympathetically. "I always said Miss Amelia had too much proper pride. Don't cry, dear—don't!"

Sarah's sobs came thick and fast. Judith went to the cupboard and looked for some supreme delicacy which she might minister to a mind diseased, and pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow.

"Here, dear," she said, after a mental struggle,—“here's the last but one tumbler of pineapple jelly. It's lovely. I was keeping it for the Hingginbothams."

"Oh, I can't eat now—I can't."

Judith shook her head in despair. Her power of consolation seemed to have failed. But her heart came to her aid.

"Tell me about Sam, chile," she asked.

This was what Sarah wanted. Her heart warmed to the old woman.

"O Judith," she said, "come to Vespers with me, and as we go along we'll talk about home; and you'll see the loveliest sight and hear the loveliest music!"

"You wouldn't walk in the street with me, chile. The ole folks didn't mind it, but the young ones don't like to be seen with a culled pusson."

"How foolish!" Sarah exclaimed, drying her eyes.

The knocker sounded. Judith went out, remained a few minutes, and came back to say that Sarah was wanted in the parlor.

Aunt Amelia could hardly be distinguished in the cool gloom.

"Judith has asked permission to take you to the afternoon service at the Rom—at your own church. Mr. Hingginbotham's manservant has just been here with the message that he and his wife are coming to-morrow evening."

Aunt Amelia watched Sarah for the effect of these words.

Sarah only answered: "Yes, aunt." Her mind was entirely occupied with the thought of Vespers.

"You will put on your best frock and behave properly. The Hingginbothams are very particular. They are among our best people. They live on Arch Street."

"Yes, thank you, aunt."

Sarah tried to show that she felt the last assertion to be impressive.

"They go to the Assembly, where they often met poor Rosabel in her better days."

Sarah was silent.

"They are always invited to the Assembly, with their niece, Miss Cadwallader Rittenhouse."

"Yes, thank you,—thank you very much, aunt," said Sarah.

"What are you thanking me for, child?" demanded the lady, sharply.

Sarah blushed and stammered: "I don't know—that is, you're so kind not to be cross—I mean—"

"You may go now with Judith," said Aunt Amelia. "I hope you will keep your wits about you to-morrow evening. The Hingginbothams are accustomed to the best society."

Sarah escaped, with tingling ears. After all, to-morrow was to-morrow, and to-day, with a walk to Vespers, was to-day. She was glad at heart.

(To be continued.)

A Leper White as Snow.

As long ago as the year 1480 there arose a wondrous poet in Germany. Everyone whistled his songs, everyone sang them; nothing so sweet and tender and beautiful, it was said, had been heard within the memory of living man. "Who is the author?" was asked on every hand. Nothing was known of him, but of one thing all were sure: he must be a happy man. But *who* was he?

For a long while the question had no answer; then it became known in some mysterious way that the one who wrote these ballads and lyrics, so full of beauty that they brought tears of joy to the eyes, and so comforting that they cheered the saddest heart, was a young priest, who desired that his name should not be known. But the people would not be satisfied, and, as if borne on the wings of the wind, came further information. His name was Father X, and he lived at a certain place, wishing only that he should be permitted to remain in utter obscurity. At this the people, who were shouting his matchless songs all over Germany, were more persistent than ever.

"Why this secrecy?" was the question on every tongue.

"He is the victim of a cruel malady," came the mysterious rumors again.

"What does that matter?" they cried, enthusiastically. "The honor we will pay him will heal him."

At last the whole truth was made known. The author was a leper, and while his admirers sang his songs he crept about in the shadows, more dead than living, his chief solace, next to religion, in composing the songs which had in them only joy and goodness and purity.

During the Middle Ages the life of the leper was sad in the extreme. He was forbidden to approach his fellow-men, and was compelled to go about shrouded from head to foot in a long white garment, ringing a little bell, called the Lazarus-bell, to warn others of his approach. Thus this poor young priest, condemned to hideous exile from men, but living near to God, relieved the awful hours by writing songs for happy people to sing.

Why Patru Kept His Books.

The French Academy has for its purpose the preservation of the purity of the French language, and always possesses forty members, sometimes called the Immortals, who are selected from among the masters of erudition.

An eminent advocate, Patru by name, after having served the Academy for many years, and who had been one of its ablest members and defenders, was reduced to the direst poverty, and at the mercy of a creditor who had no compassion. In vain Patru pleaded for a little time, that he might collect his scattered resources and devise some way to get out of his difficulties: the creditor was inexorable.

Patru had nothing left but his books. These he decided to sell. M. Despréance, a kind man, hearing to what straits the old academician was reduced, wrote to him, asking him to set a price upon his precious volumes. This he did. Then M. Despréance wrote again. "I will give you one-third more than you ask," the letter said; "and you will find a cheque for the money enclosed; but it is sent upon this condition: that you keep your beloved books as long as you live. If I survive you I shall have plenty of time to read them."

So Patru paid his creditor, blessed his benefactor, and joyfully kept his books.

Elias' Garden.

About an hour and a half's walk from the Monastery of Mount Carmel, in Syria, may be seen, on the summit of a hill, a barren plot of ground, which is known as Elias' Garden, or the Melon Field.

The Prophet Elias was one day passing by this place, when he saw a man guarding a field of melons. Being hungry, the Prophet asked the man to give him one of the fruit.

"A melon!" said the man. "I have none. Those things you take for melons are stones."

"Very well, let them be stones," said the Prophet, as he continued his journey.

The stingy man soon found, to his surprise and sorrow, that they *were* stones; and even now, hundreds of years after the incident, stones are found there that are exactly of the size and appearance of melons.

THE AVE MARIA

TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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On Seeing a Copy of "The Angelus."

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

CHILDREN of toil, your simple life to live,
 Its sweet abandonment and trust to know,
 What would not the unhappy sceptic give?
 Scoff as he may, there is no task so low,
 No lot so humble, no pursuit so rude,
 But 'tis more grateful than the solitude
 Of souls eclipsed by Faith's dark overthrow;
 For, stripped of all that draws man near to God,
 Nor love nor wealth nor power nor songs of fame
 Suffice for that which from the Eternal came.
 Ah! closer to that Truth the patient clod
 Than he who, treading self-appointed way,
 Bewildered, has forgotten how to pray.

The Angel of St. Uno's.

BY L. W. REILLY.

I.

IT was Commencement Day at St. Uno's College. From far and near friends of the famous institution had assembled to be present at the closing exercises. They crowded the museum, they thronged the music-hall, they inspected the class-rooms, they took a peep at the scientific laboratory, they invaded the dormitories, they flocked to the refectory; for the doors had been thrown wide open, and the guests had been invited to make themselves at home. The hospi-

talities of the college was proverbial, and it was as freely accepted as it was lavishly offered.

The day was perfect—one of June's latest and most rare. The sun was radiant in a cloudless sky, and the heat was tempered by cool breezes that blew steadily above the woods, and through the fields of undulating grain, and across the little lake within the college grounds.

Presently the large bell in the tower announced the hour for the reading of the graduates' essays, the delivery of the master's oration, and the conferring of the degrees. The crowds began to move to the western lawn, where a marquee had been put up for their accommodation; and the speakers of the day, with the most distinguished persons among the visitors and the faculty, proceeded to the platform that had been erected among the trees at the edge of the forest.

When all were seated the band began the overture to "Semiramide," and everyone present had a chance to look around and get used to the surroundings before the literary exercises opened. It was an impressive scene. The venerable founder of the institution was the central figure; beside him were the archbishop of the ecclesiastical province in which the college was located, and the governor of the State; and close by were the president of St. Uno's, the bishop of the diocese, a justice of the State supreme court, the mayor of the adjacent city, judges and generals, editors and physicians, merchant princes, and other men of mark. On the right side of the stage were the twelve young men who were to receive their diplomas; back of them were

the professors, and the class that next year were to take their places.

The stage was decorated with the papal colors, the national flag, and the college banner; and on a liberty pole planted near the termination of the lawn, and raising its gilded cap almost as high as the statue on the dome of the central building, the Stars and Stripes flapped and floated and flaunted in the breeze.

The marquee was crowded with a brilliantly attired assembly. The bright colors worn by the ladies set off the more sober garments of the men. One damsel, who occupied an end seat in the middle aisle of the central row of chairs, had on a pure white gown of India linen, decorated with a sash of cherry-color ribbon; her Leghorn hat had a bunch of cherries on the side, and in her hand was a bouquet of cream and yellow rosebuds surrounded by a circle of imitation cherries.

But, hark! listen to the applause! The band has stopped playing, and the president has come to the front of the platform to deliver the introductory address. His remarks were a greeting to the strangers present, a welcome to all old friends, and a kind reference to the heroes of the day, with a special good word for the four spokesmen who were to represent their class, and through their essays give some evidence of the spiritual and mental training they had all received.

The president was followed by the first of the four orators, who uttered his thoughts with a confident air, aided by a pleasing address, a clear voice, a rich vocabulary, and a slightly extravagant accompaniment of gestures. He was frequently interrupted by the plaudits of the audience, and was rewarded at the close of his speech with the gift of a number of baskets and bouquets of flowers, among which was one of rosebuds and imitation cherries that seemed to be especially acceptable.

After this essay there was a four-part song by the Glee Club, and this was succeeded by another essay—well prepared and cleverly spoken,—with a selection from "Aida" by the band. Then the third-honor man aroused the patriotic sentiments of his hearers with a speech on "The Glories of America," and after the applause had died away the college

chorus made the woods echo the national air.

Finally, Brendon Clarke, the valedictorian, advanced to the front of the stage, made his obeisance, and began his address. He was a splendid type of young manhood. Tall he was for the twenty years that had passed by him; sturdy of frame, in the full flush of health, with a shapely head set on a strong neck above a stalwart pair of shoulders. The beautiful soul within looked forth on the world through eyes that were clear and large and lustrous. The features were finely chiselled, and the lines of the mouth spoke of high breeding, force of will and tenderness.

He was greeted with cheers before he began his speech, for he was a general favorite; and he stood bowing and blushing at the unexpected warmth of the reception accorded to him. At last quiet prevailed, and the young orator began. His subject was "An Ideal Life." He referred to the irresistible longing among all races, in every age, for heroes to worship. He mentioned the mighty men of war who were looked upon as gods by the nations of antiquity; he praised the martyrs of the early Church—Paul and Lawrence and Pancratius; he spoke of the knights of the Middle Ages, and named Godfrey of Bouillon, Richard of the lion heart, and the Chevalier Bayard. He eulogized the monks of the desert, St. Dominic, Ignatius Loyola, Peter Claver, and other nobles of the apostolic life.

Coming to our own day, he drew the portrait of an ideal leader of men, faithful to God and loyal to country; a Christian gentleman, of gentle training, refined tastes, and high position, with the wealth to support his station in life, and to make fruitful his plans for the benefit of humanity; with the integrity of Cincinnatus and the philanthropic zeal of Ozanam,—in fine, an American citizen with the characteristics of Montalembert, Windthorst and De Mun. There was work, he said, for representative Catholic Americans,—men who were fit to perform the lay action of the Church in this country at this time; who, whether in public or in private life, were true to their convictions, consecrated crusaders in a new mission, bringing Christian principles to the solution of political, social, legal, medical, and educational questions. Rank, power, and riches were to be the servants of this

ideal citizen, whose life was to be like a fire on a hill-top.

His peroration was an apostrophe to Christian chivalry, that, whether at the stake or in the cloister, with palmer's staff or judge's ermine, honored or derided, had produced the highest types of manhood, because it followed the principle of self denial for the sake of others, established by Him who declared that when He would be lifted up He would draw all hearts to Himself; and who also said that "greater love than this no man hath, that he lay down his life for his friend."

Loud and long-continued was the applause that greeted the orator, when, having concluded his essay, and in the name of his class having bidden farewell to the college, he bowed to the listening multitude and proceeded to his seat.

The band played one of its liveliest pieces, the master delivered his oration, the degrees were conferred, the Glee Club sang another song, and all the students united to make the welkin ring with the college cry—and the commencement was a thing of history. Then occurred an event that affected the whole after-life of Brendon Clarke.

When the end of the programme was reached the persons under the marquee thronged toward the platform. Old friends greeted one another, the younger students clustered around the graduates to congratulate them, and many of the visitors endeavored to pay their respects to the most distinguished of the college's guests. Unfortunately, the stage was not strong enough for the crowd that mounted it, and, without a moment's warning, a part of the uprights and the supporting scantlings gave way, and fifty persons fell to the ground with the broken timbers.

All the victims of the disaster escaped with slight bruises and scratches, with three exceptions—one of the graduates had his arm broken, but in the stiffened hand he held tight hold of a bouquet of cream and yellow rosebuds, with a circle of imitation cherries; the mayor of the adjacent city, whose right leg was broken, and who with grim humor said that he'd have to retire from politics because he couldn't get ready to run in time for the next election; and Brendon Clarke, whose back was injured.

The untoward accident seemed to take the brightness out of the sunshine and the sweetness out of the air. The three patients were tenderly borne to the infirmary, where their injuries were skilfully attended to. The next day the graduate with the broken arm was able to leave, and in a week the mayor was taken home; but it was a month before Brendon Clarke, attended by his mother, was strong enough to stand the journey to Chicago. There he was told by the surgeons that the spinal cord had been injured, and that medical science could never make him whole again.

II.

That was eighteen years ago. For ten months Brendon Clarke was under the doctors' daily care. After that the best part of a year was spent in going from shrine to shrine: from Allegheny to Beaupré, from Beaupré to Lourdes, and from Lourdes to Padua. But the conviction finally came to the sufferer that it was not God's will to grant him a miracle, and that his life was to be lived in pain and obscurity. He came home, making acts of resignation with as heroic an effort of the will as ever comforted a confessor of the faith on the rack, or as strengthened Father Jogues to say "*Credo, Credo, Credo!*" as he walked through the forests in the midst of his Indian captors, tortured more by the doubts that assailed his faith from temptations within than by the atrocious cruelties of the savages.

In a short time after his return Brendon's mother died. To add to his troubles, the little inheritance that had kept them since his father's death had been spent in feeling physicians and travelling in search of a cure. Still he did not lose the peace of his heart, although his voice sometimes faltered when he said, "My God, Thy will be done!"

Just when the outlook was darkest before him a way to earn his bread was opened to him. During the enforced leisure of his illness he tried to do literary work, propped up with pillows in the invalid chair, which was his bed by night and his desk by day, and which he no longer left; but the concentration of thought necessary for it was too heavy a strain on his nervous system, and the doctor peremptorily forbade him to attempt any more of it before his first short article was

finished. He was pathetically docile—he who used to chafe and fret occasionally under restraint in the days of his young ambition,—and the MS. was laid aside, never to be finished.

But then he took to drawing, and quickly developed a latent talent of design. By one of those coincidences that we blindly call chance, the president of St. Uno's learned of his old favorite's new accomplishment on the very day that the drawing-master at the college had resigned. To offer the place to Brendon, to give him courage to undertake it, to make provision that it should not tax his strength, and to attend to his removal from Chicago, were works of love.

And from that time until a few weeks ago Brendon Clarke was one of the teachers at St. Uno's. His presence at the college seemed to bring a blessing with it. His old popularity as a student gave way to a stronger popularity as a professor; for the latter had nothing of envy or flattery or imitation in it. He was beloved because he was loving and amiable. His own sympathy with all the troubles of student life brought back to him a full requital of sympathy for what was sometimes called his misfortune. His pupils made astonishing progress; for they could not bear to be inattentive to him, or to displease him by careless endeavor or neglect of practice. His own life was made brighter by the consciousness that it was useful.

To the world he always appeared cheerful, but there were times when darkness inundated his being, when his utter helplessness was borne in on him, when the wreck of his cherished career was made frightfully obvious by the success of others—his predecessors and his successors at college. At these times his very soul was bruised and faint and low-spirited. But even then he kept from bitterness; he did not murmur against God, although he could not understand His ways. His heart was clouded with grief, but his will was clear in its purpose to be resigned. And when the season of dryness was passed, he used it to humble himself before God, confessing his weakness and the strong inclination of the flesh to war against the spirit.

One thing gave him continual trouble—the thought that he did so little good. His means were so limited, his opportunities so few, his

acquaintances so easily numbered, his field so narrow, his strength so small. His confessor told him to offer his very helplessness as a new sacrifice to God—to accept the poverty of his chances for well-doing, and to actually turn it to his own profit and reward.

So he went on, doing his daily work within the limits of a school,—he who had hoped to take his place among the leaders of the world; an invalid confined to a chair, who had planned to be in the forefront of men's activities; a poor man, who would have had good use for millions.

Last month he died. On a lovely morning in May—the month of Our Lady, to whom he was always devout,—his gentle soul left its frail and suffering tenement. In many homes in many States his death was mourned,—the homes of sixteen generations, as it were, of students, some of whom he had taught, to all of whom he was a friend. And the acquaintances of his boyhood, too, and the many who had met him at all the commencements since he became a teacher, and the multitude who had heard of him, and deplored what a college poet termed “the blighted promise of his life,” were sorry that he was dead.

There he lay in his coffin in the parlor of St. Uno's, his emaciated form clothed in the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis, his thin hands holding a crucifix, his noble face placid in the sleep of peace.

The students asked to be admitted to view his remains, and class after class they walked around his bier. Two of them who had been enemies, whom he had been unable to reconcile for months before his death, met unexpectedly the next afternoon beside his dear remains. Without a word, but with tear-dimmed eyes and full hearts, they shook hands across his coffin; and later, arm in arm, they followed him to his grave.

At his funeral the bishop who had listened to his essay on “An Ideal Life,” and who had since become the archbishop, preached the sermon. He spoke of the noble ambition of the young graduate, of the destruction of his plans by the permission of Providence, of the evident good that had come out of that apparent evil, of the patience of the deceased, of the gentleness that had succeeded his natural impetuosity, of his good example in the col-

lege, of his hunger to be useful in the world, and of his pain at being so poor in good works. "To-day," he continued, "standing beside his open coffin, I learned for the first time that five of the priests in this province attribute to him their perception of their vocation; that the establishment of three societies for young men in three of the largest cities of the West is directly traceable to his talks to their originators; that in at least two thousand homes his influence has gone on extending, like the ripple made by a stone cast into the centre of a pool of water; that the president of the college who called him hither made mention of him in the private records of the institution as 'the Angel of St. Uno's,' and that every succeeding president has voluntarily adopted the same title in the entries they have made in the same annals. I will say of myself that more than once, when harassed by the cares of the mitre, I have purposely journeyed to this place to see him and to converse with him." And so on.

With prayers and blessings, the remains of Brendon Clarke were laid to rest in the college graveyard. There, in the hope of a happy eternity, his body awaits the trumpet-call of the resurrection.

But it was at the month's-mind, celebrated the other day, that a fairly adequate idea of the extent of his influence could be obtained. Almost every prominent good work had in him an unobtrusive benefactor. The League of the Sacred Heart, the Holy Childhood, St. Joseph's Society for the Conversion of the Negroes, the Catholic Truth Society, and other organizations, had him among their most active members. Missionaries in the Far West blessed him for his services to their poor Indians; the companions of Father Damien sent him the corporal used by the leper-priest at his last Mass in recognition of his work for the unfortunates of Molokai. These were some of the abundant proofs that came in of his many-sided usefulness.

"Thus," said the president of the college at the memorial service, in a thousand ways he came into contact with souls, and who will attempt to estimate the extent of his influence for good? Even wealth was not denied him, although he would not take it for himself, nor even use it for others, saying to those

who, by his words or by his letters, were persuaded to bring a blessing on their possessions by returning a portion of them to God, that they must not lose any of the merit by turning over the labor of distribution to any agent. Yet I know that more than fifty thousand dollars was spent because of his advice; and I am convinced that the sums so expended of which I have not heard, but of which the angels have kept record, were fully ten times that amount. Having rank, he asked for power and riches, from a high motive, with a holy purpose; and who will dare say that, in God's own best way, his prayer was not answered?"

The Baron's Secret.

(CONCLUSION.)

V.

IT was exactly a week after the priest's departure that the day arrived upon which the sacristan led me to expect a meeting with the Baron at the Church of St. Sulpice. Resolved to confront this incarnation of contradiction at the very scene of his unseemly vagaries, I did not fail to be punctual. As I entered the street I saw the Baron, a few yards before me, walking toward the sacred edifice. He hurried into the church and took his accustomed place. I kept close upon him, and, with a fluttering heart, seated myself at his side. My cheek burned with nervous agitation, but I did not look toward my adversary. His eye, however, was upon me. I felt it, and was sensible of his long, steady, and, as it seemed, passionless gaze. He did not move or betray any symptom of surprise. As on the previous occasions, he proceeded solemnly to prayer; and when the ceremony was completed he, as usual, offered his alms.

As the service drew to its close my own anxiety became intense, and my situation almost insupportable. He rose; I did the same. He walked leisurely away; I, giddy with excitement, reeled after him. I was not to be shaken from my purpose, and I accosted him on the threshold of the church.

"Baron!" I exclaimed.

"Mr. Ashleigh!" he replied, very coolly.

"I am surprised to see you here, sir."

"You are *not*," answered the Baron, still more placidly: "you came expressly to meet me; you have been here twice before. Why do you desire to hide that fact? Can a Christian, Mr. Ashleigh, play the hypocrite as well as other men?"

"I can not understand you," I said, bewildered by his imperturbable coolness. "You laugh at religion, you mock me for respecting it, and yet you come here to pray! You do not believe in God, and yet you devoutly assist at Mass!"

"It is a lovely morning, Mr. Ashleigh. We have half an hour to spare. Give me your arm."

Perfectly puzzled and confounded by the collected manner of the Baron, I placed my arm mechanically in his, and suffered him to conduct me whithersoever he would. We walked in silence for some distance, passed into the meanest quarter of the city, and reached a miserable and squalid street. The Baron pointed to the most wretched house in the lane, and bade me direct my eyes especially to its sixth story.

"Mark it well," said he; "you see a window there, to which a line is fixed with recently washed linen?"

"I do," I answered.

"In that room—the small, close hole to which that window hardly brings air and light—I passed months of my life. The Mass at which you have three times watched me is connected with it, and with occurrences that had their rise there. I was the occupant of that garret; it seems but yesterday since I wanted bread there."

The surgeon was unmanned. He kept his eye upon the melancholy window until emotion blinded it, and permitted him to see it no longer. He stood transfixed for a second or two, and then spoke quickly:

"Mr. Ashleigh, poverty is horrible! I have courage for any extremity but that. Pain I have borne; shrieks and groans I have listened to unmoved, while I stood by laboring to remove them; but when I recall the moments in which I have languished for a crust of bread, and known mankind to be my enemy—as though being poor I was a felon,—all hearts steeled against me—all hearts, did I

say?" added the speaker, suddenly checking himself. "I lie; had it been so I should not have been here to tell the tale."

The Baron paused, and then resumed:

"High as the rank is, Mr. Ashleigh, to which I have attained, brilliant as my career has been—and I acknowledge my success with gratitude,—believe me there is not a famished wretch who crawls through the sinks of this overgrown metropolis that suffers more than I have suffered, has bitterer hours than I have undergone. In this city of splendor and corruption, at whose extremes are experienced the most exquisite enjoyment and the most crushing and bitter privation, I have passed through trials which have before now overborne and killed the stoutest hearts, and would have annihilated me but for the unselfish love of him whose business took me to the church this day. Misery, in all its aggravated forms, has been mine. Want of money, of necessary clothing, hunger, thirst,—such things have been familiar to me. In the depth of a hard winter I have for hours given warmth to my benumbed fingers with the breath which absolute want enabled me to draw only with difficulty and pain."

"Is it possible!" I involuntarily exclaimed.

"You believe that human strength is unequal to such demands? It is natural to think so, and yet I speak the truth. My parents, humble and poor, but good and loving, sent me to Paris with all the money they could afford for my education. I was ambitious, and deemed it more than enough for my purpose. When half my time was spent here, unhappily for me, both father and mother were carried off by a malignant fever. It was a heavy blow and threatened my destruction,—threatened it, however, but for a moment. I had determined to arrive at eminence, and when does the determination give way in the breast of him who feels and knows his power equal to his aim? I had a brother, to whom I wrote, telling him of my situation, and asking him for the loan of a few *louis-d'or* until my studies were completed, when I promised to repay the debt with interest. He sent me the quarter of the sum for which I had begged, with a long, cold letter of remonstrance, bidding me give up my profession and apply myself to the humbler pursuits of

my family. I returned to my brother both money and letter, and the day on which I did so saw me without a meal.

"How I existed for days I no longer remember. But I remember well hearing of a rich nobleman, renowned for his wealth and liberality, and for all the virtues which the world confers upon the possessor of vast estates. In a moment of enthusiasm and mistaken reliance, I sat down and penned a petition to this great personage. I spoke as an intellectual man to an intellectual man; as one working his difficult way through obscurity and trouble to usefulness and honor, and requiring only a few crumbs from the rich man's table to be at his ease and happy at his toil. I begged in abject humility for those crumbs, and received a lying and cold-blooded excuse instead of them. I crouched at his gate with a spirit worn by anxiety and apprehension, and his menials hunted me away from it. You have passed through that same gate with me; you were witness of my triumph at the bedside of his child."

"You mean his excellency—the operation?"

"I do."

"How little the rich," said I, "know of the misery, the privations, endured by those who in poverty acquire the knowledge that is to benefit mankind so largely! How ignorant are they of their trials!"

"If you would know of the ignorance, the folly, and the vice of the rich," proceeded the Baron, always at home on this his favorite subject, "you must listen to an endless tale. Ever willing and eager to detract from the merits of the man of science, and to attribute to him the assumption of powers beyond human grasp, and ever striving to drag down the results of his long and patient study to the level of their own ignorance, they are made the sport, the tools and playthings of charlatans and tricksters, as they should be. Mr. Ashleigh, hope nothing from the rich."

"And from the poor, sir?"

"Everything," replied the Baron, almost solemnly. "From their hearts shall spring the gratitude that will cheer you in your course and solace you in your gloom. Fame and the grateful attachment of my humble friends have furnished me with a victory which the gold of a king could not purchase—

but we forget St. Sulpice. I am not a hypocrite, as you judge me, Mr. Ashleigh. Be witness yourself if my presence there this day has proved me one.

"Refused and cast away by this nobleman, I had nothing to do but to dispose, for a trifle, of a few articles of linen which were still in my possession. I sold them for a song, and, believing failure to be impossible, still struggled on. In that room I dwelt, living for days on nothing richer than bread and water, and regarding my little money with the agony of a miser, as every demand diminished my small store. From morn till night I labored; I almost passed my life among the dead. Well was it for me, as it proved, that my necessities drove me to the dead-house to forget hunger and obtain eleemosynary warmth. Dismissed at dusk from this temporary home, I returned to the garret for my crust, and carried the book which I had borrowed to the common passage of the house, from whose dim lamp I received the glimmer that served me to read, and to sustain the incensed ambitious spirit that would not be quelled within me. The days glanced by quicker than lightning. I could not read enough; I could not acquire sufficient knowledge in that brief interval of days, between the acquisition of my little wealth and the spending of my last *centime*. The miserable moment came at last. I was literally penniless, and without the means of realizing anything. For a week I retained possession of my room through the forbearance of my landlord, and I was furnished with two loaves by a good fellow who lived in the same house, and who proffered his assistance so kindly, so generously and well, that I received his benefaction only that I might not give him pain by a refusal.

"The second week of charity had already begun, when, entering my cold and hapless room on my return from the hospital, I was detained at the door by hearing my name pronounced in a loud and angry tone. I listened with a sickening earnestness, and recognized the voice of my landlord and that of the good neighbor in high discussion. Something had been said which much offended the latter; for the words which I overheard from him were those of remonstrance and reproach. 'For shame! for shame!' said he; 'you have

children of your own, and they may need a friend one day. Think of them before you do so hard a thing.'—'I do think of them,' replied the landlord, sharply; 'and that they may not starve I must keep my matters straight.'—'Give him another week or two. You will not feel it. I'll undertake to *keep* him. It is not much, Heaven knows, that I can do for him; but at a pinch man should strain a point to help his fellow-man. Say you'll do it.'—'I have told you he must go. I do not say one thing and mean another.'

"There was no doubt as to the individual—the subject of this argument. He stood listening to his doom, far more grateful to the good creature who pleaded his cause than distressed by the obstinacy which pronounced his banishment. I was not kept long in suspense. I retreated to my den, and sat down in gloomy despair. A loud knock at the door roused me, and the indignant pride which possessed me melted at once into humility and love when I beheld the faithful Sebastian, my sympathizing neighbor.

"'You are to go,' he said, bluntly; 'you are to leave this house to-morrow.'

"'I know it,' I answered; 'I am prepared to go this instant.'

"'And whither?'

"'Into the street,' said I; 'anywhere—it matters not.'

"'Oh yes, it matters much!' replied my visitor; 'it would not matter to me or to your landlord. We are but day-laborers, whom nobody would miss. You have great things before you; you will accomplish them, if you are not crushed on the way. I am sure of it, and you shall not be deserted.'

"'What do you mean?' I asked.

"'Listen to me. Don't be offended. I am a poor man and an ignorant one, but I respect learning and feel for the distressed. You leave this house to-morrow, so do I. You seem to have no friends, I am friendless too. I lost my parents in infancy; I never knew either father or mother. I am a water-carrier, and I came from Auvergne. This is my history. Why should we not seek a lodging together? You don't regret leaving this place; no more do I. I won't disturb you. You shall study as long as you like, and have me to talk to when you are tired; that is, if it is quite

agreeable, and you won't be ashamed of me.'

"'You know,' said I, 'that I am in a state of beggary.'

"'I know,' he answered, 'that you are not flush of capital just now; but I have a little in my pocket, and can work for more. If you are not too proud to borrow a trifle from me now, I sha'n't be too proud to have it back again when you are rich. Don't let me prate, for I am rough and awkward at it; but give your hand like an honest man, and say: Sebastian, I will do as you wish me.'

"I grasped the extended palm of my preserver. 'Sebastian,' I exclaimed, 'I will do as you wish me. I will do more: I will make you independent. I will slave to make you happy. It can be done. I feel it can, and you may trust me.'

"'You'll do your best, I know,' he answered; 'and you'll do wonders, or I am much mistaken.'

"Upon the following morning we wandered through the city, and before nightfall found a shelter. To this unselfish creature, and to the sacrifices he made for me, I owe everything. We had been together but a few days when he drew from me a statement of my position and future prospects,—drew it with a delicacy and tenderness that looked lovely indeed from beneath his ragged robes.

"Now, this poor fellow, like me—like all of us,—had his ambition, and a darling object in the distance to attain. He had for months stinted himself of many comforts, that he might weekly add to a sum which he had saved for the purchase of a horse and water-cart. He was already owner of a few hundred francs; and his earnings, small as they were, permitted him to keep up the hope which had supported him through many hardships. No sooner, however, did he gather from my words the extent of my necessities, than he determined to forego the dearest wish of his life in order to secure my advancement and success. I remonstrated with him, but I might as well have spoken to a stone. He would not listen to me, but threatened, if I refused him, to throw his bag of savings without delay into the Seine. I ceased to oppose him, accepted his noble offer, and vowed to devote myself from that time forward to the raising of my deliverer. The money of Sebastian supplied

me with books and enabled me to pass my examinations. Be sure I did not slacken in my exertions. Idleness was fraud while the sweat from the brow of the water-carrier poured so freely for my sake. I revered him as a father, not before I had become myself the object of his affections—the recipient of the love which he had never been conscious of before, isolated as he was, and without another human tie. He grew proud of me, prouder and prouder every day; I must be well dressed, I must want for nothing,—no, though he himself wanted all things. He was assured of my future eminence, and this was enough for him; and my spirit well responded to his own.

“I knew my capacity, I felt my strength; I was aware of the ability that floated in the world, and did not fear to bring my own among it. What could a mind undertake from which mine would shrink? What application could be demanded to which I was not equal, prepared, eager to submit? Where lay my difficulty? I saw none; or if I did for an instant, it was exterminated before the impervious resolution I had formed to exalt and enrich my beloved and loving benefactor. Tender as a parent to me, this incomparable man was at the same time diligent and attentive as a domestic. He would permit me to do nothing to impede the easy and natural course of study. He shamed me by his affectionate assiduity, but silenced me by referring to the future, when he looked, he confessed, for a repayment for all his care and love. What could I say or do in answer to this appeal? What but reiterate the vow which I had taken never to desert him, and to fight my way upward that he might share the glory he had earned?

“A day arrived when I was compelled for a time to leave my devoted friend, for I had been received as *interne* at the Hôtel-Dieu. It was a hard parting, especially for the poor water-carrier, who dreaded losing sight of me forever. I gave him an assurance of my constancy, and consoled him by the information that another and last examination yet awaited me, for which a certain sum of money would be required. He promised to have it ready by the hour, and conjured me to take all care of myself, and to learn to love religion,—for,

I must tell you, Sebastian was a pious man, a conscientious Christian.

“Once at the hospital, I sought profitable employment and obtained it. In the course of a few months I had earned a sum—dearer, more valuable to me than all I have since acquired. It was only a trifle, but it purchased for my Sebastian his long-wished for treasure—the horse and water-cart. I took it to him; and when I approached him I had not a word to say, for my grateful heart was in my throat strangling my utterance. He threw his arms about my neck, cried, laughed, thanked, scolded, blessed, and reproached me, in all the wildness and delirium of his delight. ‘Why did you do it?’ said he. ‘Oh, it was kind and loving in you!—very kind and foolish—and wrong and generous and extravagant—dear, good, naughty boy! I am very angry with you, but I love you for it dearly. How you are getting on! I knew you would. I said so from the first. You will do wonders; you will be rich at last. You want no man’s help; you have done it all yourself—’

“‘No, Sebastian,’ I exclaimed: ‘you have done it for me!’

“‘Don’t deceive me, don’t flatter me,’ he answered. ‘I have been able to do very little for you—not half what I wished. You would have been great without me. I have looked upon you and loved you as my own boy, and all that was selfishness.’

“We dined and spent the day together. Life has had no hours like those, before or since. They were real, fresh, substantial—such as youth remembers vividly when death and suffering have shaken the foundations of the world, and covered the past with mistiness and cloud.

“The excitement of the time, or the privations of former years, or—I know not what—threw the good Sebastian shortly after this day upon a bed of sickness. He never rose from it again. He was not rewarded as he should have been for all his sacrifices, for all the love he had expended on his grateful foster-child. He did not live to witness my success—he did not see the completion of the work he had begun. In spite of all my efforts to save his precious life, he sank, and drew his last breath in these devoted arms. I lost more than a father.

"Sebastian, as I have told you, was a pious man. In truth, his faith was boundless. He was devoted to the Virgin Mary, and he loved her as earnestly and as heartily as he would have loved his own natural mother, had he known her. He was aware of my unbelief, and had often spoken to me on the subject, as a father might, in accents of entreaty and regret. While he was ill he gave me all the money he had, and earnestly requested me to spare nothing to secure for him the consolations of the Church. I obeyed him; I had Masses said for him; I procured for him the visits of a priest; I left nothing undone to give him peace and joy.

"I alone followed him to the grave; and after I had seen his sacred dust consigned to the earth, I crawled home with a heart almost broken with its grief. I hid myself in the room for the day, and, before I quitted it again, devised a mode of testifying my gratitude to the departed—one most acceptable to his wishes, had he lived to express them. I remembered that he had neither friend nor relation, that I was his only representative. He had spoken during his illness of the Masses which are said for the repose of the souls of the dead,—spoken of them with a solemn belief as to their efficacy and power. His gentle humanity forbade his imposing upon me as a duty that which I might not easily perform. My course was clear. I saved a small sum sufficient for the purpose, and then I founded the Masses which are celebrated four times yearly in the Church of St. Sulpice. The fulfilment of his pious desire is the only offering I can make to the memory of my dear foster-father. I always assist at those Masses, and in his name repeat the prayers that are required. This is all that a man with my opinions can undertake; and this is no hypocrisy, nor can the Omniscient—if that Great Spirit of nature be indeed capable of human passions—feel anger at the act, when I solemnly declare that all I have on earth, and more than I could wish of earthly happiness, I would this instant barter for the meek, inviolable faith of Jean Sebastian."

The words were spoken at the door of the Baron's residence, which we had already reached. My hand was in that of the speaker, as I answered:

"Why, then, my friend, should you not possess this enviable blessing?"

"Because I can not struggle against conviction; because faith is not subject to the will; because I know too little and too much; because I can not grasp a shadow, or palpably discern by day an evanescent, albeit a lovely, dream of night. These are my reasons. Let us dismiss the subject."

And the subject *was* dismissed, never to be taken up again. From this time forward our theological disputations ceased. The Baron forbore his wit, and the good cause was spared my feeble advocacy. Whether the Baron suspected that, after all, there might be inconsistency in continuing to laugh at religion while he persevered in visiting the church, or whether the seeds of a new and better growth of things began already to take root within, I can not say. To my relief and comfort, the solemn argument was never again profaned by ribaldry and unbecoming mirth; and, to my unfeigned delight, the teacher and pupil were without one let or hindrance to their perfect sympathy and friendship.

VI.

A year had elapsed since, in the manner shown, I received an explanation of the Baron's many inconsistencies, when, as we were passing one morning into the Salle Ste. Agnès at the Hôtel-Dieu, we were surprised to find standing at the door of the ward the venerable and humble priest of Auvergne. His face brightened at the approach of the Baron, and he bowed respectfully in greeting him.

"What brings you here again, old friend?" inquired the surgeon. "No relapse, I trust?"

"Gratitude," replied the priest. A large basket was on his arm; his shoes were covered with dust: he had journeyed far on foot. "It is a year since I left this roof with my life restored to me, under God's blessing, by you. I could not let the anniversary pass by without paying you a visit, and bringing you a trifling present. It is scarcely worth your acceptance, but it is the best my grateful heart can offer, and I thought you would receive it kindly,—a few chickens from the poultry-yard, and a little fruit from the orchard."

The Baron received the gift with a better grace than I had seen him accept a handsome fee. He invited the priest to his house,

detained him there some hours, and dismissed him with many presents for the poor among his flock at Auvergne.

And thus stood matters when the last stroke of my two years was sounded and I was summoned home. I left the Baron, needless to say, with real regret. He was not pleased at my departure. I engaged to write to him, and to pay another visit to Paris as soon as my affairs permitted me. I never have trodden French soil since; I never saw the Baron afterward. My curiosity, however, did not suffer me to be in ignorance of my friend's proceedings; and what I have now to add is gathered from a communication received, shortly after the Baron's death, from his faithful and attached François.

For seven years the priest came annually with his gifts to the Hôtel-Dieu, and on each occasion was the Baron's visitor,—at first for a day or two, but afterward for a week, and then longer still. During the second visitation it was discovered that the priest was distantly related to the Baron's former friend, Sebastian. As soon as this was known the surgeon offered the good man a home and an annuity. The former he modestly declined; the latter he accepted, distributing it in alms among the needy who abounded in his parish. The surgeon and the priest became great friends and frequent correspondents. The temper of the Baron altered: he grew less morose, less violent, less self-indulgent, less bigoted. He became the pupil of the simple priest, and profited by his instruction and example. At the end of seven years the Baron fell ill, and the priest of Auvergne, summoned to his bedside, gave the last Sacraments to a meek and obedient Christian man. He died, and the priest, shedding tears of sorrow and joy commingled, closed his glassy eyes. What passed between them in his latest moments may not be repeated. François heard but a sentence as he knelt at his master's pillow. It was among the last he uttered:

"François, love the Auvergnais; they have saved your poor master, body and soul!"

That body was borne to the grave by the students of the Hôtel-Dieu, the grayhaired priest at the head of the train, and the *soul*—Heaven in its infinite mercy hath surely not forgotten.

The Way of the World.

From the German, by S. H.

A SPARROW, swinging on a bough,
Snapped at a passing fly,—unheeded
Its plaintive prayer. "I have thee now!"

The captor cried. In vain it pleaded,
"Ah, let me go!"—"Nay, silly fly;
For thou art small and great am I."

A passing hawk, with hungry eyes,
The bird perceived, and pounced upon it.
Trembling with fear, the sparrow cries,
"Life's ended ere I've scarce begun it;
Freedom, I beg!"—"Nay, tell me why;
For thou art small and great am I."

An eagle spied the hawk. A spring,
A talon thrust,—and torn and dying,
With bleeding breast and shattered wing,
The victim on the plain is lying.
"Mercy, O king!"—"Pray, tell me why;
For thou art small and great am I."

One haughty moment, then through air
An arrow flashed,—his reign was ended.
"Tyrant," he cried in his despair,
"Cruel the blow that thus descended!"
"Ha, ha!" the hunter laughed; "now why?
For thou art small and great am I."

Our Lady of Lujan.

THE sanctuary of Our Lady of Lujan stands about fifty miles from Buenos Ayres, and the people living all along the shores of the Rio de la Plata have had their devotion so stimulated by the favors received from their august Patroness that the place has become a pilgrimage almost as much frequented as is the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes.

The ladies of the Argentine Republic recently ordered a diadem of gold and priceless gems to be made for the miraculous statue by the most skilful jewellers of Paris. This superb gift was presented to his Holiness Leo XIII. by Father Georgaire Salvaire, C. M.; the Sovereign Pontiff blessed it, and by a brief authorized Mgr. Aneiros, Archbishop of Buenos Ayres, to crown the statue in his name. The ceremony of coronation was carried out with great pomp and solemnity. Mgr.

Verqui, Archbishop of Montevideo, and three other archbishops, were present on the occasion; while a large number of clergymen, followed by over 40,000 of the faithful, headed by clerical and lay deputies, joyfully took part in the festivities, which lasted eight days.

The following account is given of the origin of devotion to Our Lady of Lujan:

In A. D. 1630 a pious Portuguese gentleman resolved to erect a chapel in his country residence, so that he might always have an opportunity of hearing Mass on festivals of the Blessed Virgin. History has not preserved his name, but he dwelt at Sunapa, a small town of the Argentine Republic, in the province of Santiago del Estero. He wrote to a friend in Brazil, informing him of his project, and requesting him to forward a statue of the Immaculate Mother with which to adorn the new sanctuary. The latter, fearing some accident perhaps, sent two statues, each one carefully packed in a separate box.

To transport these statues the bearer was obliged to traverse a long course of wilderness; often infested by hostile Indians. He therefore joined a caravan of ox teams going on the same route, and strove to keep a central position among the heavier vehicles. On the third day of their journey the travellers crossed the river Lujan, and passed the night at an inn called Rosendo de Oramas.

When, on the following morning, the man charged with the statues prepared to continue his journey, to his great annoyance the oxen refused to advance. In vain he employed all the customary means of urging the animals to proceed: they refused to move. The harness was carefully examined, and one of the boxes taken out, when, to the great surprise of all present, the obstinate oxen started off at once. Each time that the box was restored to the wagon the animals remained motionless, resisting all efforts to make them proceed. Finally, the spectators begged to have the box opened, that they might see with their own eyes what were the mysterious contents. At the sight of the image all knelt down, and some of the more thoughtful cried: "This is a miracle! The Blessed Virgin evidently wishes to remain here."

A procession was promptly organized, and the statue was borne to a farm-house contig-

uous to Rosendo de Oramas, where the pious residents received it with due veneration. With the consent of the owner it remained there, and so numerous were the spiritual and temporal favors obtained at this rustic shrine that the grateful recipients before long built a chapel over it.

For more than fifty years the Queen of Heaven proved, by her uninterrupted answers to prayer, that she had selected that spot as a throne of mercy. At the expiration of that period some inimical savages menaced the destruction of the favorite shrine, and a wealthy lady, Doña Ana, who was very devout to Our Lady of Lujan, resolved to preserve it from sacrilege by removing the statue to her country-seat. Twice she had the holy image transported thither, and twice it was mysteriously conveyed to its first home. Doña Ana had set her own slaves to keep watch night and day near the statue, and as they persisted in declaring that they could not account for the removal, she went to the Archbishop of Buenos Ayres and recounted the prodigy. His Grace, accompanied by the governor general of those provinces, repaired to the shrine; and, having heard the testimony of reliable witnesses and verified the authenticity of the various incidents above narrated, he consented to the translation of the statue to the residence of Doña Ana, fearing that the Indians might desecrate the chapel. The prelate also allowed Mass to be celebrated in the house of the pious lady, and before long abundant alms enabled him to erect a church, which, considering the epoch and the resources, is a marvel of architectural skill. In 1824 Pius IX., when returning from Chili as secretary to Mgr. Mizze, Apostolic Nuncio, paid a visit to this ancient sanctuary.

On the 15th of March, 1888, Mgr. Aneiros, with several other prelates, attended by an innumerable concourse of devout clients of Our Lady of Lujan, laid the corner-stone of a new temple, intended to be a vast and magnificent memorial of the gratitude of the Argentines to their beloved Patroness. The Sodality of the Children of Mary, on the occasion, presented their Holy Mother a splendid banner in silver cloth, on which were richly embroidered the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

E. V. N.

A Great Priest.

THE Silver Jubilee of the episcopal consecration of his Eminence Cardinal Manning, which was celebrated on the 8th inst., has evoked on all sides the heartiest tributes of affection and esteem. The press of Great Britain and Ireland teem with eulogies, and even bitter enemies of the Church have found words of unqualified praise for the great Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. There is not a Catholic in the United States who has not, at least in spirit, joined in the celebration of this Silver Jubilee; for Cardinal Manning is scarcely less beloved in America than in England. His deep interest in the welfare of the Church in this country has been shown on many occasions, and for twenty-five years our prelates and priests have had the example of his zeal, his self-sacrifice, and every sacerdotal virtue. To the laity of the whole English-speaking world his name, in an age of pride, luxury, and selfishness, has been synonymous of meekness, sacrifice, and devotion to the poor and the suffering.

One feels how inadequate are even the warmest words to express one's admiration for Cardinal Manning. He is a man of the times and a man of God,—a great man and a good man. His zeal, wisdom, and wide sympathies have made him a leader,—one whose influence has been felt throughout Christendom. For five-and-twenty years no good cause ever appealed to him for sympathy and help and appealed in vain.

We shall not dwell on Cardinal Manning's tireless activity and years of splendid service in the Lord's vineyard. His power for good is everywhere recognized, his example is everywhere felt. It were impossible to enumerate in this short article all that he has done for God and his fellow-man during the last quarter of a century. We join with Catholics the world over in praying that a life so precious may long be preserved; that for many more years he may shower blessings on the Church, which from the first day he entered her pale he has illustrated by saintlike devotion.

In the articles which have been appearing all through the month in the English papers we find personal notes of Cardinal Manning

which will be pleasant reading to his admirers on this side of the water. "The Cardinal at Home" is the title of an article in the *Pall Mall Budget*, from which we shall give several extracts, feeling sure they will be read with deep interest.

"The Cardinal's ordinary reception room is lighted by four large windows. On the round table placed somewhat close to the fireplace, so as to leave the centre of the room free, lie a dozen books and pamphlets, curiously indicative, as a rule—they are changed and added to constantly,—of Cardinal Manning's wide sympathies and Catholicity of taste and culture. Mr. Henry James' 'Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne' lies next to Mrs. Alice Meynell's account of the work and mission of the Little Sisters of Nazareth; and a couple of programmes of the great Hyde Park Demonstration lie atop of a volume of 'The Fathers of the Desert.' It is clear that the Cardinal Archbishop is true to all his colors.

"A quick, light step can be heard; a door on the right opens, and with a slight rustling of his scarlet soutane, over which is thrown a black cloak, his Eminence enters; the thin white hand, adorned with an archiepiscopal ring, held out in cordial salutation, or to receive the respectful kiss, if his visitor be one of the faithful. On first seeing the Cardinal people are generally struck with his look of fragility and delicacy. His extremely thin frame appears the more meagre by reason of his height; the sharp, clear-cut features, overhanging forehead, and deep-set eyes, covered by the small scarlet skull-cap, at once give the impression that you are before a recluse who is the very embodiment of austerity. Yet this would be an utter mistake. There is no man in London more eagerly interested in all that is going on, and better up to date in all political, philanthropic, and religious movements, than the Archbishop of Westminster. Nothing can be kinder and more courteous than his manner and speech to strangers, and he always utters during the audience some word of warning or counsel which will remain. . . .

"You may see the Cardinal anywhere and everywhere—in the palace or in the hovel, in his Cathedral or in the lobby of the House of Commons; but you can not see him to such advantage as in the bare-looking square edifice in Vauxhall Bridge Road, dignified by the title of Archbishop's House. For there no human heart has ever sought for sympathy or help in vain, and not the most indifferent or casual visitor can go there without feeling the better that there should be in this world a man of such wide sympathies, intelligence, and kindly heart as Henry Edward, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster."

Another correspondent describes Cardinal Manning's daily routine, which is the same as that of men not half his years.

"He rises at seven, says Mass at eight, breakfasts at 8.45, spends his mornings in hearing confessions or receiving visitors, dines at 1.30, drives to some mission requiring his presence, or to some place

where he has business; takes tea at seven, and retires to carry on his vast correspondence, interrupted by the duties of the day, until 11.30, when he seeks well-earned repose. The greater part of his correspondence he answers himself, often sometimes the most trivial matters. Only the other day he received a letter from some Irishman in Australia, enclosing £3 for the dockers' fund, and his Eminence answered the letter himself. He is ever mindful of any small action of kindness done to him, and takes some opportunity to make a suitable return. The children of the Guard's Institute, who dwell close by him, for some years have been in the habit of sending him a bouquet on his birthday. The Cardinal could not for some time think of a way of returning their kindness that would be the most acceptable to the little ones, until he bethought him of the ground close by, which he has purchased as the site of the future Cathedral of Westminster. Straightway he sent a note across to the superintendent of the children, telling him that for the future he hoped the children would avail themselves of this open space as a recreation ground,—an offer which was gladly accepted."

To a deputation bringing him gifts on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee, Cardinal Manning said he desired to die as a priest ought to die—without money and without debts,—and mentioned in detail the various charitable objects on which he intended to bestow his jubilee gifts.

Readings from Remembered Books.

UNION WITH THE SACRED HEART.

FAITH without charity is light without warmth; faith and charity are light and warmth together; and where there is charity in the heart, the vision of faith grows always more luminous and more full of love. Just as friends, the more intimately they know one another—the more they love one another—come to have a living consciousness of one another's character. So it is with charity: it perfects the vision of faith by a personal friendship with Jesus; and as charity grows, there is a closer union between the heart of the disciple and the Sacred Heart of his Master; and where there is union there is an assimilation, for love likens the object of love to itself. They that love one another by living together grow like one another. Love identifies the souls of friends, so that they have at last but one will; and as their wills are identified, their hearts, their affections, and their ways, and even their outward manner, their tone of voice and their accent of speech, grow like each other. They change, as it were, into each other's likeness. We say that

"a friend is another self," because there is a power of assimilation which is natural to love

And what is true in natural things is true in divine things; and those who love our Divine Lord, and are united heart to heart with Him, as they grow in likeness grow also in knowledge; they know Him better and more intimately in the measure in which they grow more like Him, and they grow more like Him in the measure in which they know Him. This is a divine paradox, a circle returning into itself. They are changed into the same likeness; and such is the meaning of the Apostle when he says, "We are transformed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the spirit of the Lord." * . .

Wherever there is friendship, in proportion as it is prolonged and matured and tried in the manifold changes and vicissitudes of life, just in that measure we grow in the knowledge of our friend. And friendship has special faculties of its own. We know how friends that are intimate with each other know each other's will without a word, know each other's judgment without asking, know how to act and how to speak in their behalf without going to them for counsel. There is an instinct and an intuition in true friendship which forecasts and knows at once what a friend would desire.

So it is in the life of a true disciple who strives to walk uprightly and in obedience and in the love of his Divine Master. Take the patriarch Abraham for an example. How did the Almighty try his fidelity? What did He command him to do? God, who spoke with Abraham as a man speaks with his friend, and who called him His friend, commanded him to offer up his son. In that He tried his trustful fidelity and his spirit of sacrifice; and in that trial Abraham learned to know God and the love of God and the mercy of God with a more perfect knowledge. He obeyed without hesitation, and was ready to offer up his only son; and by that trial he entered into a knowledge and a love of God such as he had never learned before. Again, when our Divine Lord bade the blind man go and wash in the Pool of Siloe He tried his faith; and after he had gone and washed, and his eyes were opened, he came back seeing, and he knew the Son of God. Again, St. Paul says that he was buffeted by an angel of Satan, "a sting of the flesh"—some terrible temptation; and that he had besought the Lord thrice—which need not only mean three times, but daily, continuously, and without ceasing—that it might depart from him. And what was the answer? "My grace is sufficient for thee; for

* II. Cor., iii, 18.

power is made perfect in infirmity." * After that answer St. Paul knew the will and the purpose of his Lord as he had never known till then. There is a continual growth of knowledge which comes by experience, and those who live in the love of the Sacred Heart find their whole life to be full of the tokens of His love to them.—*"The Glories of the Sacred Heart," Manning.*

THE BASKET TRICK.

The well-known Basket Trick, done by Oriental jugglers, without a special stage or platform, without machinery or preparation, and performed in any place or spot—a greensward, a paved yard, a messroom,—is one which, witnessed by thousands, has never been discovered. A girl or boy placed under a large wicker basket, of a tall, conical shape—a basket which can be previously and fully examined by all, and is evidently an ordinary basket and nothing more,—is stabbed through and through by the juggler, who uses a long sword for his purpose. Screams indicating pain follow each violent thrust of the weapon, which, drawn out, seems to be covered with blood. Thrust after thrust of the sword into the sides of the basket follows. The screams become fainter, and at last cease altogether. Then the juggler, with incantations and wild cries, dances round and round for a few seconds, when, all of a sudden, removing the basket (which is again examined by the spectators), no sign of the girl or boy is seen. In the space of a minute, or sometimes even less, the child who had been placed under the basket comes running forward from some distant spot.

Such performances have been witnessed again and again by keen and competent critics, who have been altogether unable to account for the extraordinary things witnessed, or to give any satisfactory explanation of the acts done. The late Lord Mayo, as is stated, witnessed the trick many times, and after much deliberation referred it, as so many others have done (though they keep their opinion to themselves), to the influence and power of spirits or demons. Lieut.-Colonel H. C. B. Barnett, of the 25th Regiment Madras Native Infantry, informs me that Father Gannon, a Roman Catholic priest, sometime chaplain of St. Thomas' Mount, near Madras, once found himself standing in a crowd to see an Oriental juggler perform the Basket Trick. Father Gannon, believing that it was accomplished by the aid of demons, protected himself by the sacred Sign of the Cross, and by an extemporized mental act of exorcism effectively resisted the action.

At once the juggler ended his invocations and mumbling incantations, and, turning sharply upon the priest, requested him to go away. He did so, and then it is reported that the deed was done.—*"More Glimpses of the World Unseen," the Rev. Frederick George Lee, D. C. L.*

THE THOUGHT OF IMMORTALITY.

If we must wholly perish, then is obedience to the laws but an insensate servitude; rulers and magistrates are but the phantoms which popular imbecility has raised up; justice is an unwarrantable infringement upon the liberty of men,—an imposition, a usurpation; the law of marriage is a vain scruple; modesty, a prejudice; honor and probity, such stuff as dreams are made of; and incests, murders, parricides are but the legitimate sports of man's irresponsible nature. Here is the issue to which the vaunted philosophy of unbelievers must inevitably lead. Here is that social felicity, that sway of reason, that emancipation from error, of which they eternally prate as the fruit of their doctrines. Accept their maxims, and the whole world falls back into a frightful chaos; and all the relations of life are confounded; and all ideas of vice and virtue are reversed; and the most inviolable laws of society vanish; and all moral discipline perishes; and the government of states and nations has no longer any cement to uphold it; and the human race is no more than an assemblage of reckless barbarians, shameless, remorseless, brutal, denaturalized, with no other law than force, no other check than passion, no other bond than irreligion, no other God than self! Such a world impiety would make. Such would be *this* world were a belief in God and immortality to die out of the human heart.—*"Sermons," Massillon.*

ON BEING ALONE.

Lamb said, "He who thought it not good for man to be alone preserve me from the more prodigious monstrosity of being never by myself!" Byron said, "All the world are to be at Madame de Staël's to-night, and I am not sorry to escape any part of it. I only go out to get me a fresh appetite for being alone." "In the world," said De Sénancour, "a man lives in his own age; in solitude in all ages." "Conversation," observes Gibbon, "enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius." "Solitude," as Lowell expresses it, "is as needful to the imagination as society is wholesome to the character." "Solitude," says De Quincey, "though silent as light, is, like light, the mightiest of agencies; for solitude is essential to man. All men come into this world alone, all leave it alone. Even a little child has a dread, whispering conscious-

* II. Cor., xii, 7-9.

ness that if he should be summoned to travel into God's presence, no gentle nurse will be allowed to lead him by the hand, nor mother to carry him in her arms, nor little sister to share his trepidations. King and priest, warrior and maiden, philosopher and child,—all must walk those mighty galleries alone. How much this fierce condition of eternal hurry upon an arena too exclusively human in its interests is likely to defeat the grandeur which is latent in all men may be seen in the ordinary effect from living too constantly in varied company. The word dissipation, in one of its uses, expresses that effect; the action of thought and feeling is too much dissipated and squandered. To reconcentrate them into meditative habits, a necessity is felt by all observing persons for sometimes retiring from crowds. No man ever will unfold the capacities of his own intellect who does not at least checker his life with solitude. How much solitude, so much power."

Late in life Sydney Smith wrote: "Living a great deal alone (as I now do) will, I believe, correct me of my faults; for a man can do without his own approbation in much society, but he must make great exertions to gain it when he is alone; without it, I am convinced, solitude is not to be endured." Klopstock, in his "Messiah," expresses it: "Solitude holds a cup sparkling with bliss in her right hand, a raging dagger in her left; to the blest she offers her goblet, but stretches toward the wretch the ruthless steel." Julian Hawthorne, writing of his father, says that not even the author's wife ever saw him in the act of writing. He had to be alone. Years after "The Scarlet Letter" was published, the author revisited the solitary upper room in which it was written, and entered in his note-book, "In this dismal chamber fame was won." Balzac, when he had thought out one of his philosophical romances and amassed his materials, retired to his study, and from that time until his book was finished society saw him no more. When he appeared again among his friends he looked like his own ghost. Lincoln, it is said, had a habit of occasionally spending a whole day by himself in the broad prairie under the blue expanse of heaven, which gave to his face, for a time afterward, a certain expression of otherworldliness. The only pulpit orator who ever helped me to a conception of the patriarchs and prophets was a circuit-rider who read his Bible in the wilderness. Jesus went up into the mountain alone to pray. Moses was buried in a lost ravine; "angels were his pall-bearers, and God Almighty dug his grave." No man knoweth his sepulchre unto this day.—"*In a Club Corner*," A. P. Russell.

Notes and Remarks.

The example of the Belgian Minister of Posts, Telegraphs, and Railways, might give a point to the managers of American railroads. He has abolished the bookstalls on the Belgian railway stations, because they supplied indecent literature to the public. Now, we do not propose that our railway bookstalls should be abolished, but we do suggest that the boys who sell books in the cars should not be permitted to sell translations of Zola's novels or such books as "Marion Lescaut." The evil of bad-book selling at railway stations must have gone very far indeed when such a radical measure as that taken by the Belgian Minister had to be put in force. And our railway newsmen never could become such sinners against public morality as their French and Belgian associates and exist at all. But there must be a change in the quality of books exhibited for sale in the railroad cars, or there will be an outburst of indignation in which every decent American will join. To see boys and girls, young men and young women, offered such books as Zola's "La Terre" is enough to induce even such a severe measure as that applied by Minister Vandenpeereboom.

The British Society of Biblical Archæology has chosen for its president Mr. P. le Page Renouf, the greatest Scriptural archæologist of the day. The fact of his being a Catholic ought to set at rest the assertion that Catholics are doing nothing to extend Biblical research.

Monsig. Campello, formerly a Canon of St. Peter's, who left the Church with Monsig. Savarese, has retracted his errors. This announcement has cast a gloom over the jubilations of some of our dissenting friends.

In the last fifty years six admirals of the British Navy have entered the Church.

In "France and the Republic" Mr. William Henry Hurlbert tells one of those stories about modern France which seldom get into the Parisian papers, or into those novels which Americans take as true pictures of French life. "I shall not run the risk of offending this good Catholic," he says, alluding to a man who has the spirit of Ozanam, "by naming him, though his name and his work are an open secret for every intelligent person in Lille. Suffice it that, coming of an old Flemish stock, and bearing an old Flemish name, this citizen (the title of citizen means some-

thing respectable in these staunch old free cities) of Lille, years ago, insisted to his brother, who was his associate in the ownership and management of one of the largest commercial houses of this region, that they should take regularly into the partnership account of their business, for one-third of their annual profits, the 'work of God.' This was done, and from that day to this the proportion thus set apart of their profits has been regularly devoted to the service of the Church and of charity. But this is not all. The brother, of whom I speak with the reticence and the reverence due to a type of character not absolutely common in this age of the Golden Calf, has systematically limited his own personal expenses during the whole of these years to a few thousands of francs, devoting all the rest of his income to religious and benevolent objects."

Mr. Hurlbert, who has the lost art of going directly to the heart of a subject, says: "I should really like to see a calm, business-like estimate made of the economical advantages likely to result to a country from extinguishing at an expense of several hundreds of millions of francs a year the faith which gives birth to characters such as this."

The Angelus, of Belize, British Honduras, notes the alarming spread of leprosy in New Caledonia. "Five thousand out of forty thousand Kanakas are described as suffering from the terrible disease. Till quite recently the public authorities took no steps to prevent it from spreading; but two leper colonies have now been established, and any inhabitant recognized by the medical commission is sent to one of them. Some Europeans have already been attacked by this incurable disease, and it is feared that the preventive measures have been delayed too long to be of much use now."

The popular opinion that leprosy—at least certain types of the disease—is contagious is again confirmed by its rapid diffusion in these islands of the South Pacific.

The Rt. Rev. Louis D'Herbomez, Vicar-Apostolic of British Columbia, departed this life on the 3d inst., at the episcopal residence, New Westminster. He was born in 1822, at Brillion, France, and in 1846 joined the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. After his ordination, in 1847, he was sent to Oregon, where a few years previously Archbishop Blanchet had introduced the Order. In 1858 he was appointed superior of the Pacific coast, and removed the seat of the province to Esquimalt at the earnest solicitation of the Rt. Rev. Modeste Demers, Bishop of Vancouver Island. He was appointed first Vicar-Apostolic

of British Columbia, and consecrated bishop on October 7, 1864. Mgr. D'Herbomez' whole life in the sacred ministry was devoted to truly apostolic, self-sacrificing labors among the Indians of the Northwest, and was marked by signal success in the spread of Christian principles and teachings. Incalculable indeed was the good wrought by him among these savage tribes, who now mourn his loss as that of father and friend. May he rest in peace!

Judge J. F. Sullivan, of San Francisco, who is favorably known on the Pacific coast for his earnest and eloquent work for Catholic young men, was enthusiastically received by the Young Men's Institute on his recent visit to Virginia City. Judge Sullivan, in his eloquent address, said that "the Catholic American needs no apology for his existence in this fair land, and that to be a true American no Catholic need abandon one iota of his sacred heritage." Father Kiely, of Reno, supplemented Judge Sullivan's speech with some stirring words.

The Holy Father recently administered Holy Communion to Antoine de Charette, the son of the famous General de Charette, the brave defender of the Holy See. His Holiness is very fond of the boy, and it is said that during the Papal Jubilee he asked him to choose a gift from the offerings exhibited at the Vatican. The child, instead of choosing one of the almost priceless presents sent to the Holy Father, took one which might be bought for a few dollars.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Mortimer Hanly, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a devout servant of the Blessed Virgin, whose precious death occurred on the 1st inst.

Benjamin Monroe, who was called to the reward of an exemplary Christian life at Philadelphia, Pa., on the 16th inst.

Mrs. Mary Garahan, whose happy death occurred on the 3d inst., at Pittsburg, Pa., of which city she was one of the first Catholic residents.

Miss Nellie L. Donahue, of Bridgeport, Conn., who peacefully departed this life on the Feast of the Sacred Heart.

Frances Bohan Slattery, who died on the 31st ult., in New York city, fortified by the last Sacraments.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Sarah.—A Story for Girls.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

(CONCLUSION.)

Judith trotted contentedly by Sarah's side down Third Street, which was rather dull and quiet on Sundays. It was not often that she went out. She was conscious of the splendor of her red velvet bonnet, in the fashion of the year '60—very high in front, with this front filled with yellow roses. Her shawl was red, with a border of palm-leaves. She wore brown gloves and a much-flounced silk frock. The odor of musk, in which she delighted, followed her as she walked.

Sarah enjoyed her pride in her appearance. Indeed, Sarah's taste in dress had never been very highly cultivated, and I am afraid she thought that Judith was a thing of beauty.

Judith told Sarah the history of the various houses, now stores or offices, they passed. Finally she returned to the Hingginbothams.

"You mustn't be afraid of 'em," she said, consoling. "They're nice people, though they are so blue-blooded. And if Mr. Hingginbotham is a 'Piscopalian, he doesn't put on airs. His wife, she was a Quaker, though I believe she goes to his church now."

"Is that the Assembly?" asked Sarah, recalling a remark Aunt Amelia had made.

"Oh, laws, no!" said Judith, chuckling. "Where *have* you lived? The Assembly is a dancing party, where only the ee-light go. It's not a church,—the idea!"

Sarah felt ashamed of herself, and said nothing until they reached the narrow way which leads to St. Joseph's Church. When they entered the church Judith wanted to go into the gallery, but Sarah held her shawl and made her go into a pew with herself.

"I guess the white folks will think I'm mighty impudent," she whispered. "Golly! if there ain't two niggers as black as the ace of spades right in front of us!"

The organ pealed forth, and Vespers began. Judith was very still, and soon, to Sarah's surprise, she joined, with the unerring musical tone of her race, in the *Gloria*.

When Benediction came the voice Sarah had heard in the morning rolled over the heads of the congregation in the *O Salutaris*; other voices mingled with it, but the rich, earnest tones of this contralto were heard above them all. The voice sang alone the words,—

"Nobis donet in patria."

"What's she sayin'?" asked Judith.

"She says she wants to be forever at home—in her true home with God," Sarah whispered, motioning Judith not to speak again.

Judith nodded.

The music of the deep voice thrilled Sarah. She prayed with all her heart that she might one day sing like that; and after Benediction was over she asked her patroness, St. Cecilia, to grant her this gift above all others.

Judith proposed that they should take a short walk.

"I'll show you the Cradle of American Liberty," she said. "It's the place where George Washington wrote the Emancipation Proclamation—I think a heap of your church," she added, abruptly. "I think I'll go there next Sunday. I like the way colored folks is treated. And the Lord must be pleased with all those beautiful lights and flowers. And that music—it was like heaven! I do wonder what she was sayin'! I wish you'd tell me."

"I could read it for you out of this book if we could sit down," Sarah said, showing her prayer-book.

"Law's sakes, chile!" chuckled Judith, "the city isn't the country, and you can't sit down on the pavement as if you were in a field. But we'll just go into Washington Square and find a seat."

In a very short time the little girl was feasting her eyes on the soft green of spring grass and trees.

"How pretty it is!" she said. "Do the children play here?"

"Not on the grass," answered her companion, severely. "They can come and look at the grass if they like."

Judith chose an isolated bench, and, having carefully dusted it with her handkerchief, she told Sarah that she might sit down. Sarah

then read the English translation of the psalms to her, and pulled out her rosary and showed her how to use it.

"Well, well," she said, "this beats everything!"

She admired Sarah's beads so much that Sarah told her she might keep them, if she would promise to say some prayers on them every day.

"I'll teach you the 'Hail Mary.'"

"Law's sakes!" said Judith, "to think that I'd be listening to Romanist talk from a little girl! Well, my soul's my own, anyhow; and if Miss Amelia denies it I'll just sass her to her face."

Sarah tried to show Judith how wrong this resolution was, but without effect.

As they walked around the State House, which Sarah looked at with awe—for she was well read in United States History,—Judith prattled about the past story of Chestnut Street.

"Miss Amelia pretends she remembers all about Lafayette and the other generals, but she only thinks she does. Why, she's only a little over sixty-five years old!" said Judith, contemptuously. "She was fifteen years old when she came to live in Third Street. My memory goes back to I don't know where—what are you wiping your eyes for?"

"The trees make me homesick."

"I don't see how anybody can be homesick in Philadelphia."

"Oh, yes, I am!" said Sarah. "I wish I were home! They are just having tea now."

"What do they have for tea?" asked Judith, with keen interest.

"Oh, tea and bread and cottage cheese, and sometimes cake!"

"Cottage cheese! What's that?" demanded Judith, on the alert for any new dainty.

Sarah described it as well as she could.

"You can't mean smear kase!" exclaimed Judith, scandalized. "I believe you do. Law's sakes! the idea of calling smear kase cottage cheese! Where were you brought up? I hope you'll never let Miss Amelia hear you use them words! She'd never like you again."

Sarah hung her head. These technicalities caused her to feel more homesick than ever; and, knowing her deplorable ignorance might be further shown, she was silent until Judith

asked whether Sam had grown much since he had visited his aunt four years ago.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" Sarah answered. "Sam is almost a man now, and so kind and good and thoughtful!"

Judith shook her head incredulously. She had a horror of boys of all ages, and she remembered that Sam had sent his aunt into a fit of hysterics by walking up the steps on a slushy day without the preparation required for such exercise. The steps had been rubbed with white sand, and the pavement in front carefully washed. He had big rubber boots on, and they were covered with vulgar mud. Aunt Amelia said, in her highest manner: "Go back, sir, and wipe your gums on the mat!" "Thank you, aunt," he answered, meekly; "I generally use a tooth-brush."

Sarah laughed on hearing of the incident. Judith looked at her with solemn disapprobation.

"But, Judith," Sarah said, "I know you would like Sam now. He's lovely. And he wants to know all that he can, and I want to help to send him to college. Dear old Sam! If I could only earn enough money, Judith! I'd do anything honest. If I thought I could sing—which seems to be the only thing I could do, for I can't cook or sew well enough to be paid for it,—I'd go around with a hand-organ, like the Frenchman we saw the other day who sang the *Marseillaise*."

"Miss Amelia would die. And what would the Hingginbothams say?"

"I can't help it. I'll do anything I can."

Judith looked into her face and saw that she meant it. Sarah was not at all pretty, but she had a very sweet expression in her face, which grew there because she always thought pleasantly and kindly of people. Judith was moved from two motives: one was fear that Sarah might disgrace the family by working, the other a desire to help the child.

"Do you think you could make tea for Miss Amelia while I make a little visit?"

Sarah hesitated. "I should like to try; Aunt Amelia thinks I'm so useless."

"Well, run home and try. Tell Miss Amelia I've gone to see a friend. There's nothing to make but the tea; the cold meat and currant-jelly are ready in the cupboard."

She flew off like a bird, her heart beating

wildly from a sense of her new responsibility.

Aunt Amelia asked no questions after she had shown her surprise at Judith's unusual absence. After a time Judith came back and explained that she had seen an old friend. Before the aunt and niece separated for the night Sarah was reminded that she must conduct herself well before the Hingginbothams, and a coral necklace, from which depended a medallion of the Tory officer, was ceremoniously clasped about her neck.

"That necklace, if you bore yourself properly, would be the best possible introduction to the best families of this city," Aunt Amelia said, giving Sarah her bedroom candle.

Judith had seen the Hingginbothams in the meantime. They treated her like an old friend. She found them in their large, square parlor, which contained several mirrors in carved, gilded frames and a large alabaster urn. Mrs. Hingginbotham sat in the semi-gloom, with the "Life of Mistress Ann Fairbrother, *colporteur* and preacher of the Faith," in her hand. She had a soft, pink-tinted face, and, though not exactly Quaker-like in her garb, it was evident that she leant toward the quiet colors of the Friends.

"Well, Judith," she said, cordially, "I am glad to see thee. And how did thee leave Miss Wharton?"

"Her constitution was never more salubrious," answered Judith, anxious to suit her language to the exalted social position of the Hingginbothams.

"That's good," said Mr. Hingginbotham, a ruddy, white-whiskered old gentleman, who had dropped his newspaper as Judith came in. "We're glad to see you, Judith! Will you have some tea?"

"No, thank you!" answered Judith, in an offended tone; "I've had my dinner, and will have tea when I get home. I needn't go outside of Miss Amelia's house to eat."

Mr. Hingginbotham laughed, and his wife reproved him with a look.

Judith needed no encouragement to begin her story about Sarah and Sam, and "all Miss Rosabel's family." The Hingginbothams knew she had come for her half-yearly gossip, and they enjoyed it as much as she did.

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Hingginbotham, "we must really do something for the little

girl! Miss Wharton knows so little about children, she'd never think of the right thing."

"Miss Amelia has no call to bother herself about other people's children," said Judith, with dignity.

"That's true," replied Mrs. Hingginbotham, soothingly; "but there is no reason why Sam should not go to college. Miss Wharton must have saved a great deal of money all these years. A word from you, John—"

"You're right, Martha, and I'll speak it!" said Mr. Hingginbotham. "Miss Wharton is not selfish, but she's hedged about by tradition and prejudice. And the little girl must be very nice to have melted Judith's heart; for I verily believe she hates all young people under twenty."

"I don't love 'em specially," said Judith; "they put things out of their place, and they're always eating between meals. But this is an honest, good little girl. She ain't pretty, but I'd be proud of her if she were my own child, she's so pleasantly spoken. She sings like a nightingale."

"That's good," observed Mr. Hingginbotham. "We'll hear her to-morrow night."

When Judith had gone Mrs. Hingginbotham said: "I am glad Judith has suggested our duty to us. It is rather hard on poor Rosabel that she should suffer because she married into no particular family."

"And Amelia has more money than she can spend-too."

Unconscious of this conversation, Sarah went to her room that night, very sad at heart. The term of her visit was drawing to a close, yet she had accomplished nothing. The walls of her room seemed a prison, the great Chinese rose jar a threatening spectre. What could she do?—what could she do? She knelt by the bedside and prayed with all her heart, making a special prayer to St. Cecilia. And then she forgot her powerlessness and heart-sickness in sleep.

Monday was a day of preparation at Aunt Amelia's. She went to market—though she seldom went to market on Monday—in the hope of getting some very fresh vegetables fit for the exalted palates of the Hingginbothams. The old silver and bronze candelabra were burnished till they glittered, and Judith was so cross that Sarah was actually afraid of her.

At last five o'clock came. Judith smiled behind a large white apron. Aunt Amelia appeared in her stiff black silk, with her hair distended on both sides by combs, and with her little pearl pin fastening a collar of point-lace as yellow as gold. Sarah wore her best white frock, with a pink sash, and the pink coral and medallion. She was as nervous as possible. How she wished the Hingginbothams would come and go!

Aunt Amelia was anxious too. She had made up her mind to do something for her relatives in the country; she had been moved to this resolution by the plainness of Sarah's clothes. But, as she announced both to Sarah and Judith, her decision would depend entirely on the manner in which Sarah impressed the Hingginbothams.

When the brougham of these great people drew up before the door poor Sarah's heart ceased to beat. After a while, when Mrs. Hingginbotham had come down-stairs, having smoothed her hair with the sacred brush, with the carved ivory back as yellow as Aunt Amelia's old lace, Sarah began to understand that the Hingginbothams were human beings, and very pleasant human beings, after all.

But who could describe the high tea that followed? Such a combination of delights as that repast is only possible in Philadelphia. Aunt Amelia looked at the table, and felt that it was worthy of persons who went habitually to the Assembly. Judith showed all her teeth as she brought in the oysters in a silver dish. It was a proud moment for her.

"I hope, dear Martha," Aunt Amelia began, when Mr. Hingginbotham had said grace, "that you can eat something. Our resources are so few! Don't be bashful, Sarah!"

Sarah's face was redder than her hair; she trembled all over in spite of a reassuring glance from Mr. Hingginbotham, who was at once attracted by the sweetness of her look.

"Pass the cream sauce, Sarah, please," Aunt Amelia said.

This cream sauce was a miracle of art. Aunt Amelia had invented it for escalopped oysters. She was noted for it, and people in Philadelphia, of the best families only, spoke in admiration of Miss Wharton's cream sauce.

Sarah tremblingly lifted the silver dish—a pudding dish of George Washington's

time—in which it was, and tried to give it to Mr. Hingginbotham.

"Help yourself," said Aunt Amelia, graciously, "and drown the oysters in it. I'm sure you'll like the flavor; they are quite insipid without it! *Do* help yourself! There's plenty outside in the kitchen."

Awful fears chased one another through Sarah's mind. The dish was hot, but she did not mind it. Oh, how could she ever pass it to Mr. Hingginbotham with Aunt Amelia's eyes on her! Suppose she should drop it!

"Help yourself—"

These gracious words froze on Aunt Amelia's lips. The catastrophe had occurred. Sarah had trembled a little too much, and the cream sauce was bubbling over Mrs. Hingginbotham's silk frock.

Sarah turned white. The table seemed to be whirling around her. And from the kitchen door came Judith's sorrowful and sepulchral voice bearing the burning words,—

"There ain't no more!"

Aunt Amelia sat bolt upright, as she might have sat if she were a Philistine and Samson's temple were falling on her.

Mr. Hingginbotham smiled.

"I'm afraid I jogged the little girl's hand with my elbow," he said.

"Forgive Mr. Hingginbotham, dear," his wife pleaded, turning to Sarah; "he did not mean to be awkward."

"Oh, it's my fault!—it's my fault!" sobbed Sarah, diving at Mrs. Hingginbotham with her napkin. That lady gently avoided her, retired to the kitchen for a minute, and returned without the cream sauce.

Sarah's tears choked her; she did not want to live now; she wished she were far away in a deep forest, or buried in the hay in the old barn at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Hingginbotham did their best to enliven the meal, but Aunt Amelia would not assist them; and Judith's frequent sighs, which seemed to be emitted by a bellows, did not add gaiety to the occasion.

The party passed into the parlor,—the Hingginbothams wondering how they should spend the time until ten o'clock should strike.

Sarah sat on a slippery horsehair-covered chair, with her eyes cast down, and her fingers hopelessly interlaced.

Aunt Amelia said to herself that her niece was a disgrace to her. She'd never have another of Rosabel's children in the house; they could go their own way, for all she cared! She had never been so mortified in her life!

Conversation ebbed. Mr. Hingginbotham, looking kindly at Sarah, asked her if she would sing.

"I am sure you can," Mrs. Hingginbotham added. "I know by your face you can."

Sarah went up to the little tinkling piano, made at Dresden early in the eighteen hundreds, and, with a prayer for strength, touched the keys. She must do her best to regain her aunt's favor for Sam's sake. She tinkled out the prelude, missing a note—upon which she heard her aunt sigh,—and began the old song, fashionable in other days, "She Wore a Wreath of Roses."

Sarah's love and hope gave her strength, and as she played the little interlude between the stanzas she asked St. Cecilia to remember her. Her pure, clear voice touched Aunt Amelia strangely, and Mr. Hingginbotham seemed again to hear his own mother, far up in New England, singing the old song in the twilight. Sarah sang it with all the quavers and grace notes of the past; for her mother had learned from Aunt Amelia, the eldest of a large family; and Aunt Amelia had lessons from the French *émigré* who had learned his trills from the music-master of Marie Antoinette herself.

Tears dimmed Mr. Hingginbotham's eyes, and Aunt Amelia turned her face to the wall. It was not the song itself or even Sarah's voice that produced this effect: it was the quaintness of her manner of singing,—a manner she had caught from her mother in the quiet hours in the farm-house.

"If it ain't Miss Rosabel's voice," said Judith, from the dining-room, "this ain't wash day."

This emphatic statement went to Miss Amelia's heart.

"You ought to train Sarah's voice, Amelia; you can well afford it," remarked Mrs. Hingginbotham, striking while the iron was hot. "Her voice is very good."

"I endorse that opinion," said her husband.

"Oh, not me!" cried Sarah, turning on the piano-stool,— "not me! Send Sam to college, aunt,—do! He longs for it, he prays for it!

And, if you are so kind, let me stay at home, and educate him! Oh, do, aunt!"

"If she doesn't talk like our Miss Rosabel I'm a clam!" said Judith, from the dining-room. "But I guess Miss Amelia's got enough for both "

And, under the influence of the song, which recalled other days, the approbation of the august Hingginbothams, and Judith's support, Aunt Amelia promised to educate both Sam and Sarah, and to see what could be done about the mortgage.

After this Sarah sang and laughed and was happy. Aunt Amelia wondered at the change, and said to herself that her niece was growing more and more like Rosabel.

She kept her promise. The mortgage was paid, and all the Magruders made happy by the lifting of the burden. Sam went off to a college chosen by his father, and Sarah to the Sisters' not far from Philadelphia. And after that Sarah always wrote her name Cecilia out in full.

"When Miss Amelia's gone," Judith said, "I'll just turn over and be a Catholic; for I'm convinced that some of the Romish people are good enough to go to heaven—or the Assembly!"

But St. Joseph's drew Judith to its sacred precincts many times, and long before Aunt Amelia died Judith made her First Communion in the solemn old church, and Sarah knelt at the altar rail with her.

The Hero of the Yukon.

[Under this title a writer in the *Poor Souls' Advocate* tells the story of the brave life and tragic death of the Apostle of Alaska. The edifying narrative has already been given in THE "AVE MARIA"; but we are glad to repeat it for the benefit of younger readers, especially because the writer in the *Advocate* contributes additional facts of extraordinary interest.]

The American College of the Immaculate Conception at Louvain, Belgium, has, in thirty odd years, furnished ten zealous prelates and three hundred and seventy-five

priests for our Republic's missions. Prominent among these brave soldiers of the Church was Charles I. Seghers, born at Ghent, on the Feast of St. Stephen the Deacon (martyr), 1839. His early and only ambition was to aid in spreading the word of God among the poor Indians of the wild West. After finishing his classics he pursued and completed his studies for the ministry at the American College. As a priest, the favored objects of his solicitude were the savages of the various tribes, whose dialects he learned familiarly by intimate intercourse with them. After ten years of successful missionary work on the continent and on Vancouver's Island as a simple priest, and from 1863 as bishop of the latter, Mgr. Seghers was promoted by the Holy Father to the new Archbishopric of Oregon City.

He had just finished a laborious and dangerous journey of six or seven months in his attached missions of Alaska. It is not easy to conceive or describe the sufferings he must have endured in that region of snow-clad mountains and icy plains. With but one or the other assistant, and a few native guides, he established spiritual stations along the banks of the great, untravelled Yukon. The only means of conveyance were and still are dog-sleds and snow-shoes, changed only from portage to portage for the skin canoes, when the midsummer turns glaciers into rivers. But, persevering against all difficulties, Bishop Seghers succeeded in opening many eyes to the light of the faith; and where he found only the red-man in all his ignorance of his Creator, he left, after the lapse of a season, Christians who praised God in the simple, sincere manner so pleasing to Him.

Four years were spent in organizing the province of Oregon, when the Archbishop made preparations for a visit to Rome to present his report to the Holy Father, and with the secret purpose in his mind of obtaining from the Sovereign Pontiff a release from the duties and dignities of an archbishop, and at the same time permission to return to his Indian missions as a simple bishop. Before completing his arrangements for the journey, which he did not wish to make alone, he secured the company of Father Pierre, a priest of Washington Territory.

The voyage was a well-earned rest for both,

and they arrived in the Holy City wearied but joyful, and full of anticipation of the pleasures of soul to be tasted in the Home of the Popes. Father Pierre thought it not a little singular that the Archbishop, in his first visits to the holy spots in Rome, should choose the tombs of the martyrs, as though he felt a secret kinship with the inmates. On coming out of the Catacombs the holy prelate's first exclamation was: "Oh, how glorious to give one's life for the faith of Jesus Christ! I have always had a special devotion to the preaching martyrs. I hope they, with SS. Peter and Paul, will gain us the grace and glory of imitating their life and death."

At the Tre Fontane, where the Apostle of the Gentiles bowed his glorious head to the sword, the Archbishop's eye lit with heavenly fire as he kissed the sacred spots and renewed his prayer that his "end might be like St. Paul's." The virgin martyr, St. Agnes, affected his tender heart with sweet emotion, and he besought her to enable him to follow her footsteps. Within the sacred walls of St. Peter's the pious travellers spent many hours in prayer. The Archbishop seemed never to weary of praying; and where in all the world could he have found a place whose very atmosphere was more in harmony with his own feelings than this?

At length the time came, after patient waiting, when our hero and his worthy companion should kneel at the feet of the Holy Father to beg and receive his blessing. In the eye of the venerable Vicar of Christ shone a kindly welcome, as the Bishop and priest from America were ushered into his august presence; for it is said that Leo XIII. loves the loyal New World with a special affection. The Holy Father expressed himself as well pleased with the flourishing condition of the new province in Oregon, as made known to him from the diocesan report, and was speaking words of encouragement and wishes for future success, when the Archbishop surprised him with two extraordinary requests.

"Holy Father," he said, and his voice trembled as he spoke, "now that the archdiocese in Oregon is established, and, with the help of God's grace, will continue to prosper, will it not please you to appoint in my place another archbishop, and allow me to return to

my poor Indians in Vancouver's and Alaska? They are in sad need of my help; and, Holy Father, I feel that I know better than many another how to deal with their uncouth nature, and prepare their hearts for the reception of the holy gift of faith. I know their different languages, and they have already learned to love a little the poor Bishop who preached to them four years ago. Grant me this request, most Holy Father," and his form bent lower in his pleading, "and I will teach the red-man to pray for your welfare."

Thus the earnest apostle argued at the feet of the gentle Pontiff, and when he raised himself to receive his answer he saw through his own tears a sympathetic tear in the eye of Leo XIII. that made him believe that his petition had not been in vain. Neither spoke for a few seconds, and the Pope, convinced of the sincerity of the Archbishop, and seeing with his penetrating eye that there was determination as well as zeal in the soul of the earnest pleader before him, prepared his strongest arguments to shake, if possible, that firm resolution.

These arguments, even from the lips of the Pope, did not have weight with Archbishop Seghers; and, still firm in his noble purpose, he replied: "Yes, Holy Father, most willingly would I leave all these bright rewards to some one more deserving than I, and most joyfully would I go back to my old post. It is not hard, and I do not fear danger as long as I know I am doing God's holy will. Ah, how glorious it is to suffer even unto death for that holy will of His!" Then, again bowing his head, as if secretly asking mercy at a still higher tribunal, the fervent prelate remained silent.

The Holy Father, deeply moved by the last appeal, which he could not find it in his heart to resist, yielded at length, reluctantly perhaps; for he did not wish that so able and energetic a spirit should be lost to the province once assigned to his care. He therefore drew himself erect, with that impulsive movement of dignity so natural to him, and replied in a voice trembling with affectionate emotion: "Your purpose is holy, and God can not but approve it, as I do. The transfer shall be made at your desire, and may the Almighty Father bless your heroic resolve!"

Father Pierre shared to the full the sublime tenderness of the scene, and an awe, as if of a witness to a visible outpouring of grace, deeply moved his soul.

With a face on which the tears were not dry, the holy Archbishop turned his eyes yet again upon the inspiring countenance, and said slowly: "Holy Father, one more favor for your poor missionaries. Even you can scarcely conceive the daily dangers we run, and I beseech you grant me and my companion the plenary indulgence at the moment of death, without any condition whatever."

Pope Leo's face showed surprise, and looked as if crossed momentarily with hesitation. But, the look passing, he replied: "I can refuse you nothing in my power to grant. If it be found to be possible, I also give you this singular favor,—to yourself and your companion only. . . ."

On his return to America, Archbishop Seghers did not hesitate to make use of the long-coveted privilege of going back to his beloved Indians; and, supplying himself with the necessary means of protection against the cold, for the winter season was fast advancing, and in company with an attendant, whose name was Frank Fuller, he made his way along the banks of the Yukon, visiting the old and founding new missions. But the time of his death was near at hand, and on a cold November morning, just as he was rousing from sleep, the treacherous attendant, as if in a fit of frenzy, by a rifle shot put an end to the life of the heroic apostle; and the "Hero of the Yukon" went to receive the crown which he seemed to know awaited him in heaven.

In Washington Territory, many miles away from the death-bed of Archbishop Seghers, a holy priest—the same Father Pierre whom we know as the companion of the Archbishop—saw reproduced in his sleep the same awful tragedy which at that moment was being enacted on the banks of the Yukon. 'Twas only a dream, but on awaking the vision was still with him, and so vividly impressed his mind that, breathing at the same time a prayer for his absent friend, he noted in his ordo the date, which, months afterward, proved to be the exact time of the tragic death—November 28, 1886.



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Ave Maria.

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